

A SECRET SHE CAN KEEP.

If You Would Know It Just Ask a Woman Her Age.

BOME VERY UNGALLANT SAWS.

The Daughters Dickens Draws—May the Mating Month—A Woman's Foot—A Search Warrant for a Bride.

The proverbs of most countries are rich in all subjects relating to women, although frequently they are far from complimentary, says the American Notes and Queries.

Indeed, it is curious that in this source of literature we should find so much ill-natured sarcasm—oftimes as unjust as it is untrue. According to the well-known Italian adage, "Whatever a woman will, she can," a saying which has its equivalent in other countries.

Hence, too, we are warned how: The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will; For if she will, she will, you may depend.

And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

The notion that woman cannot keep a secret is embodied in many a proverb, and it is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes Hotspur say to his wife, in King Henry IV.:

Constant you are, and for secrecy No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know, And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate.

Mr. Kell remarks, in his little book on proverbs: "If there be truth in proverbs, men have no right to reproach women for blabbing. A woman can at least keep her own secret. Try her on the subject of her age." The industry of woman has long ago become proverbial, as in the couplet:

The woman that's honest, her chiefest delight Is still to be doing from morning till night.

With which we may compare the common maxim, "A woman's work is never at an end." On the other hand it was formerly said of the woman who, after being a busy, industrious maid, became an indolent wife, "She hath broken her elbow at the church door," where the ceremony of the church porch—where oftentimes part of the marriage service was performed—having disabled her for domestic duties. Thus another adage affirmed how

The wife that expects to have a good name, Is always at home, as if she were lame.

According to our forefathers it did not look well for a woman to be away sightseeing, as such was an indication that she was not sufficiently domesticated, and was too fond of pleasure. Hence it was usually said:

A woman of ocean, a gown off worn, A-widened and held in scorn.

Even at the present day, according to a well-known Yorkshire proverb, "A zontkown (a gossip) is seldom a good housewife at home." Many of our proverbial speak of the fickleness of women, but surely this is a libel on their constancy:

The love of a woman, and a bottle of wine, Are sweet for a season, and last for a time.

One adage tells us how "Maid's say may and take a kiss, a ring, or an offer of marriage." On the same principle it has been commonly said: "Take a woman's first advice, and not her second."

Among some of the many other proverbs relating to women is the familiar one:

There's no mischief in the world done But a woman is always one.

This is somewhat severe judgment, and one which must be received with caution. According to another adage, "Women in mischief are wiser than men," and it was also said that "Women's jars breed men's wars." The Germans have the following variation of this proverb: "There's no mischief done in the world but there's a woman or a priest at the bottom of it."

There is the popular proverb which says that "John is as good as my lady in the dark," for, as an ancient Latin saying reminds us, "Penitences are seen by light," whether we agree with this statement or not, yet, as Mr. Kelly remarks, quoting the following lines:

Shows stars and women in a better light; With which may go the French hyperbole, "By candlelight a goat looks like a lady."

The Daughters Dickens Draws. There is much truth in the articles on "Dickens' Mothers," published in a recent number of the Free Press, and authors of the great novel, it is claimed to acknowledge the justice of the criticism, and admit that the heads of his families, both fathers and mothers, are rather unnatural creatures, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press.

But his old backbones are delightful, and all a father's place in all cases so well that it seems a pity not to have given them a chance. John Jarndyce, for instance, the Cherry Blossoms, Captain Cuttle and Peggy prove this, nor can any fault be found with his daughters; they must resemble somewhat the fatings of their elders. And one class in which his portrait cannot be excelled is the faithful servant. He must have known and loved such; to present them so vividly.

There is Little Dorrit, faithful and loving that, vacillating weak, her father, and to brother and sister, with such poor return; the most pathetic proof of her love shown when his mind gives way at the height of his pride. She was unspooled by riches, as by years of poverty.

Florence, Dombey, gentle and loving through all the neglect of her father, whose overweening pride was justly punished by the loss of a son, while so unkindful of the faithful daughter. Who does not feel such a personal interest in her as not to feel glad she has so true a friend and servant as the "black-eyed one," sharp of tongue, but tender hearted to poor, neglected Florence.

Agnes Wickfield is so often quoted, and always as "pointing upward," that one is too apt to think of her as too good for every-day life, but it is her every-day life, full of duties to her father, and often most unpleasant ones, that she shows to the best advantage.

Kate Nickleby, the practical, hard-working daughter, with a mother most tiresome; and Madeline, sacrificing every hope of her life, willing even to marry the old Usurer Gryde, to save her father's life and honor; Esther Summerson, faithful to the name of her unhappy mother, though debauched from serving her, as she wished to do. Caddy Jellyby, also, must not be forgotten. Attractive as much for her attention to the old model of deportment, as to her own poor father, victim of foreign missions.

In "Hard Times," Louisa is not a very prominent character, yet, considering her repressed childhood and "practical" education, a good sister to the scapegrace, and finally a comfort to her father.

I will only mention one more, Bella Wilfer, not at her best at home, but very lovable in the scenes with "E. W.," and

showing one how charming the lonely woman could be with "poor neglected pa."

Spring Weddings.

There is an old English saying that May marriages are unlucky, but it is plain that the proverb flies in the face of nature. It is in the spring that the mated beings feel the thrill of renewed vitality and the pulsations of sympathy and joy, and May, in our latitude, is the quintessence of the vernal season, says the New York Ledger. The May-day festival of our English forefathers was of immemorial antiquity, although its symbolism was lost sight of, it bore interesting testimony to the primeval recognition of the promptings of spring.

It may were not pre-eminently the month of weddings, human beings would scarcely be an all-pervasive impulse of the world in which they live. They can no more resist the incitation to conjugal happiness than dawns with the vernal equinox, than they can withstand the sense of decay and depression that seems inseparable from the short December days. It was a profound physiological principle to which Tennyson gave felicitous expression in "Locksley Hall": "In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove, In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Tennyson is not, however, the only poet who has been a close observer of physiological phenomena and who has noticed how, in the heyday of vernal expansion, the animal as well as the vegetable world takes on a new and special beauty, and is fraught with suggestions of marital bliss. The Greek mythology is full of peans to the spring. The Latin singers also delighted to celebrate the vernal period as the sweet rekindler of all genial impulses. In Dante, in Petrarch, in Ariosto, in Clement Marot and Ronsard, and in old English ballads, the vernal witchery of spring is signalized. All agree that in the vernal season the heart of the young lover is peculiarly susceptible, and that then the lady of his dreams is clothed with a transcendent loveliness. It has often been compared to a mosaic, that in novels, which, as Fielding says, are modern epics, a marriage destined to be happy is represented as solemnized in the spring, and indeed, by preference, in the merry month of May.

The pleasant season, decreed by nature for wedding festivities is now at hand, and who that has a benediction in his bosom will not look on with gladness, while the jocund bells ring out, the orange blossoms exhale their intoxicating sweetness and the fruitful rice is scattered.

Appearance of a Woman's Foot. On the principle that "All's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's foot is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have a pair sacred to rainy weather, for rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

If you insist on your dressmaker facing your gowns with velvet or velveteen instead of braid, you will lessen your shoemaker's bills and be saved from the purple bloomish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking. When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest 5 cents in a card of shining black beauties, and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. A good pair of shoes is a woman's best friend. If you have a pair of shoes that are worn out, and you are in a hurry to get a new pair, buy a pair of shoes that are made of a material that will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to buy them, and in most shops you can get a pair for \$1.65. To save your evening shoes and all the money you can invest in white fleeced-lined arctic boots, which will cost \$2, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn foot-gear. A boot that is kicked off and allowed to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shade and gloss.

Too Much Light for Women. A good many young club men have been wondering all winter why the ladies whom the escort to the theaters and other evening amusements object, with singular unanimity, to going to a certain well known restaurant for a midnight supper, says the New York Sun.

The cuisine and attendance there are universally praised, and the hotel is a very popular eating place with the ladies of society in the daytime.

"I have been puzzled all winter over this," said a club man yesterday, "and only last night did I discover it. It had to do with the opera with a very charming young woman. As we drove away after the play I suggested this restaurant for supper."

"I don't like the Brunswick," she said.

"Have asked a dozen ladies to explain to me this objection without success, and I repeated the inquiry. My companion looked at me with an amused and half-wicked expression, and then said, with a loss of the head and a laugh: 'You mean it is awfully stupid. Really, don't you know?'"

"I reassured my ignorance.

"Never tell any one I told you," replied my companion, "but it is because the electric lights at the Brunswick are brighter than those of any other cafe in town."

"What's that got to do with it? I never knew women objected to being seen when they are dressed up. I thought they liked it."

"They do, but the electric light is a spy on a woman's complexion. If she is painted, the electric light tells the story. If there be a hidden wrinkle, the light points it out. Now drive down to the house, and in the future don't ask your friends too many questions."

Grant's Sudden Rise to Greatness. He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barber and trade of his western home he was invariably treated. When the Missouri Democrat "After Dinner Speeches." As a subaltern officer in the Mexican war, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impression upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dress disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results dependent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights, unclouded by passion, jealousy, or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his strategy was not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

NOT SO BIG AS HE THOUGHT.

President Adams Was a Great Surprise to This Cowboy.

BISMARCK GROUND THE ORGAN.

The Crown Prince Danced to His Piping on This Occasion—Randall on Christianity—Bismarck Got His Boots.

It is veraciously chronicled that once upon a time, while traveling west of Omaha, Mr. Charles Francis Adams was visited in his private car by a typical cowboy, dressed in regulation costume, says the New York Tribune. He was as much above the average height as Mr. Adams was below it. Turning to the railway president, he inquired:

"Are you Charles Francis Adams?" "Yes," was the reply.

"Charles Francis Adams, president of the Pacific road?" "Yes."

"Then you are the man who writes those heavy railroad articles for the papers?" "Yes."

"Gracious, but I expected to see somebody seven feet high! You ain't as big a man as I thought you was, anyhow!"

Bismarck as an Organ Grinder. Prince Bismarck was one day passing through the royal palace at Berlin, when he entered a room in which the young princes were merrily romping and dancing to the music of a barrel organ. The youngsters insisted that Prince Bismarck should stay and dance with them, says the St. James Gazette.

"I am too old," said the stiff and stately septuagenarian, "and really I cannot dance, but if the crown prince will dance I will grind the organ." The bargain was at once struck. The crown prince joined his two brothers and Prince Bismarck ground away merrily at the organ while the children danced on in high glee. In the midst of their mirth the door opened and the young kaiser entered. He smiled to see the redoubtable reichskanzler grinding the barrel organ and, after a word of greeting to his son, he observed in mock displeasure to Prince Bismarck, "You begin in good time to make the hair of your father dance to your piping. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns to whom you devote yourself!"

Bluff General Sherman. Not long ago the photograph was exhibited at a meeting in the Equitable building and a message which Mr. Gladstone had talked into it in London was whined out by the mysterious instrument for the amusement of the audience. General Sherman and other distinguished persons had been invited to attend for the purpose of hearing this, says the New York Letter.

But after Gladstone had passed via the photograph the representative of some building and iron associations undertook, as an eye witness expressed it, "to ring in his little ad." "Hold on there!" said General Sherman. "We came to hear the photograph, and our mission is now ended. I—'But, general,—" "I pronounce this meeting adjourned." And the other celebrities, seeing that an effort was in progress for "using" them, applauded the general to the echo.

Randall on Christianity. "Two years ago," said Mr. John P. Miller, "I happened to be invited to the house committee on appropriations talking with several of the members of the committee," says the Boston Herald.

"Randall, then chairman of the committee, sat in his place at the head of the table writing letters and apparently paying no attention to the conversation. We talked about many subjects, and finally drifted past philosophy on to religion. I said nothing on the subject, but the others expressed in turn skeptical views of religion. Apparently Randall was not listening, but when we got through he rose to his feet in that masterful way which made him so impressive in the house, his face stern but bright, and said in his crisp way:

"Gentlemen, Christianity is truth. The man who doubts it discards his own intelligence. I have examined this matter for myself."

"I think I never heard anything more solemn or impressive. No one else had a word to say. Randall waited for a response, and seeing that none was forthcoming walked dignifiedly out."

Hawthorne's Joke on His Uncle. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Uncle Manning was a horticulturist, and in the spring of 1882 was much troubled by an insect which attacked his trees, says the Lewis-ton Journal. Just at this time there appeared in the Palladium newspaper a minute description of the insect, its origin, progress and the best method for exterminating it. Mr. Manning was so pleased with the article that he ordered several copies of the paper for distribution among his horticultural friends. At this time Hawthorne was a student at Bowdoin college, and happened to arrive home just when his uncle was receiving the paper and commenting freely on the article. Hawthorne said to a young friend, "I wrote that article." "But what do you know about bugs?" inquired his friend. "Nothing," was the reply; "I wrote it to pass away an idle hour, and it was entirely made up from my imagination. Next time Uncle Robert should find it out he would be very angry; so you must keep my secret. I have not the slightest knowledge of this or any other insect."

Bismarck Got His Boots. Stories about Bismarck are in order now and here is one which goes back to the days when he was a student in the university, says the New York Sun. He was invited to an evening party, where there was a chance to dance with the prettiest girl of the town. He ordered a pair of patent leather boots for the occasion and gave the shoemaker to understand that they should be promptly done. The latter was very busy and although he promised like a son of Crispin he intended to defer the job to a later period. The evening before the party Bismarck came to him. "Well, how about my boots?" said he. "Can't possibly have them done, sir," was the answer.

"Ah, by thunder, I have something to say about that!" roared Bismarck, and he left the shop. In about half an hour he returned with two enormous dogs.

"Do you see these dogs?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I swear now that if you haven't my boots ready tomorrow evening I'll make them tear you to pieces."

Every hour afterward a hired messenger came to the bootmaker and warned him to have the boots done, telling him that his life really was in danger because the student was crazy, and would surely set the dogs on him if he failed. Bismarck got his boots.

Von Moltke Hunted Easter Eggs. In the court news of the first Easter holiday was the announcement: "After

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TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

breakfast the emperor and empress went out to Bellevue to hunt Easter eggs. This egg hunting was accompanied with some curious and interesting scenes, says the Berliner-Borson-Courier. The general field marshal, Count Moltke, had been invited by the emperor to take part in the sport, and appeared in the afternoon at Castle Bellevue with a big basket of colored eggs. The emperor and empress and the old field marshal hunted the eggs and then followed the little prince about in the shrubbery to watch them capture the gay prizes. That lasted three-quarters of an hour. At length the children were called and the empress hid some magnificent decorated eggs for the great Moltke himself. The famous strategist concentrated every one of his wits on the egg hunt. Indeed, he was not ashamed to pick his way on his hands and knees through the flower gardens, where the emperor had concealed most of the eggs. He worked conscientiously till almost 6 o'clock. At 6 the pedestrians in the Thiergarten saw the emperor and empress leave the castle with Moltke in his carriage close behind them. On the seat beside the emperor, the field marshal was a big basketful of fancy colored eggs. Every one stared at the eggs and wondered how they got on the same seat with Count Moltke, but few, if any, guessed that his venerable excellency had earned them with the sweat of his brow.

A Good One on the Governor. Ex-Governor Harrison, of Connecticut was a fine specimen of Uncle Robert type in the days of his physical activity, and thereby hangs a story which he has been known to tell on himself with great gusto, says an exchange. He had been in the streams in the northern part of the state for trout when a mongrel dog followed him out of the woods and insisted on accompanying him to town. The cur was so sorry looking that the governor stopped at the first house, where an Irish laborer lived, and gave the man a dollar to take up the animal. The event was forgotten, when six or eight weeks later, as he was fishing again in the same neighborhood, the governor was confronted with an irate man who demanded an accounting for that dog. "You stole my dog and sold him to Tim Mulahy for a dollar. As they were going home that night the governor was very thoughtful. He had told the lad about the occurrence, and finally he said:

"It's pretty rough on me, Pat. I was never accused of stealing a dog before."

"That is pretty rough, yer honor," said the lad sadly, "but I wor never accused of stealin' anythin' before."

Mr. Depew's Many Facets. Mr. Depew has been interviewed oftener, perhaps, than other two men in the United States, and his good nature and tact in that line is something proverbial, says the Atlanta Constitution.

No," he laughed, in reply to the question, "I don't know that I ever got

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