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DELILAH'S PART IN HISTORY.

Royal Company.

THE MRS. O'SHEAS OF OTHER AGES.

low Man, from Sardanapalus to Sir Charles Ditke, Has Blindly Bartered Kingdoms for

a Woman's Favor.

Beshrewmy heart, but it is wondrous strange bure there is something more than witchcraft

That masters ev'n the wisest of us all. Whatever may have been the unexpressed

introspections or retrospections of the author of these lines he embodied a truth of which history abounds in confirmations. It may be said to have come in with our first garments and pids fair to last until the race has run its tourse. Indeed, the latest illustrious example may derive a peculiar satisfaction from the reflection that our common forefather ost a very desirable position somewhere beween the Tigris and Euphrates by yielding to a similar temptress on a memorable occa-

That marvelous character of whom we de lighted to hear in boyhood, Samson, could, it he were alive, sympathize with him. The biblical character tact no Tory party to contend with; no liberal allies to conciliate and is not recorded as having made any struggle for home rule or rule of any sort, but he was a man of great strength and had an imperious way of overriding opposition, carrying off city gates, snapping new cords as flax that is burnt, overcoming

REMARKABLE PHILISTINE MAJORITIES and conceiving and carrying out other radical measures in a somewhat Parnellian fashion. Whether, in these days, he would have carried his jawbone of an ass into the ranks of the landlords or pulled down the supports of the house of commons is a matter of speculation. The tale of Samson's glory was told and the scroll laid away when, in the valley of Sorek, he loved a woman. Then came the shears of Delilah and the world has the wonder-fully pathetic picture of the blind giant trailing his clanking shackles the

weary round of the tread mill. The royal warrior of Israel of whom it is said that his fame went out into all lands, and the fear of him was upon all nations, was conquered by the trick of a smile. His long life passed to the ringing of steel shafts on brazen shields. "He smote the Philistines from Gibeon even to Gazer." Moab and the Moabites met him and were like dry grass before the flames. From the time the death missive of Goliah, the giant, time the death missive of Goliah, the giant, whistled from his sling until at a good old are he died fall of the state of age he died, full of days, riches and honor he was clad in breastplate and helmet and his wars were victorious. But David, to his sorrow, had a weakness for the soft light of a dark eye and the ripple of dusky hair over the white gleam of a woman's shoulders. One night in Jerusalem at the time when kings went forth to battle, David walked on the roof of the royal palace to be

ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS. There was to be a battle in the morning and the streets of the city were filled with his chariots and horsemen, foot soldiers and archers. He could hear below him the murmur of voices in the tents and around the campfires the clanking of armor and the impatient stamping of the war horses. The palaces about him loomed up in the blue moonlight, pale and ghost like and afar off among the barren rock-faced hills he could see the glitter of gold where bristled the spears of the bosts of the foe he was to meet in the morning. But across the court the king's eye fell upon the shining

white form of a woman bathing. It was Beth-Sheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, and "she was beautiful to look upon." David evidently looked too long. Everybody knows the sequel and to what numberless complications this moonlight stroll of the royal observer of women was the prelude. For his sin the sword never de-parted from his house and evil was raised up against him out of his own home.

A great many years ago there stood in front of the Roman capitol a gentleman of good address and fluent of speech, engineer ing, with as great skill as the Irish leader ever displayed, a campaign for office and hid-ing his purpose under a copious flow of tears over "dead Clesar's wounds." Marc Antony had

SOWN HIS WILD OATS in his youth, and a plentiful crop it was, too if the published accounts are correct, but at twenty-five he was presumed to have settled down into respectable Roman citizen-ship, and until he appeared in his famous oration over the body of Cæsar had been steadily climbing the ladder. He had shown himself a brave soldier during the war in Syria, and in the three years' campaign against Aristobulus in Palestine, when he led the Roman troops through a series of brilliant victories. Such bravery series of brilliant victories. Such bravery and military skill had he displayed under Cæsar, in his Gallie wars, that the imperial butcher had made him a tribune of the people and, later, the governor of Italy. An tony's political star was decidedly in the ascendant till be undertook the restoration of Ptolemy Auletus to the throne of Egypt and met that dignitary's attractive daughter, Cleo-patra. The fact that his enchantress had been publicly known as the mistress of the great Casar years before and the additional fact that he was the spouse of a most estimable wife, Octavia, were forgotten, and the great Antony, orator, statesman and war

with a laugh and held out his wrists to be bound—a slave, enmeshed in the net of the "accursed Egyptian." Frail human nature will find many excuses for Antony, for it

PLUNG AWAY THE WORLD

The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony
Enthroned in the market place did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made agap in nature.

There was another, long before the days of Antony, in whose veins flowed the blood of Nimrod and Semiramis; "descended from a race of kings who knew no predeces-sors;" of a civilization which looms dimly up to us through a deep mist of years, majestic and mysterious; of a time when the storied hills of Greece and Italy were roamed by savages and the Eternal City had not begun to exist. Sardanapalus, the last king of the Assyrians was shorn by the shears of Delilah What a magnificent heritage was his. A LINE OF IMPERIAL ANCESTRY.

reaching thirteen centuries into the past; the stately civilization of Nineveh and the intel-lectual empire of the world. Stray frag-ments only of his tragic history have come down to us. Byron has given us a picture: In his effeminate heart there is

Has a A careless courage which corruption Has not quenched, and latent energies Repressed by circumstance but not destroyed. Steeped but not drowned in deep voluptuous If born a peasant he had been a man

To have reached an empire.

His death gives us a hint of his life. He had been snared by the "lonic eyes" of Myrrha

Would not yield
Even for the sake of all that ever stirred
A monarch into action, to forego
A trilling revel.

All the glory of his ancestry was forgotte for the velvet caress of the pink hand of his slave. When all had been lost he rifled the palace of its treasures and in the court built a funeral pyre of his richest furniture and after 'draining one draught to the memory of many a joyous banquet past' burned him-self with his concubines. So died Sardanapalus and with him thirteen hundred years of

empire. Greece has contributed a victim. The son of Jupiter and Alemena w' le still an infant with his naked hands strangled the serpents sent by Juno to destroy him. Clad in the robe of Minerva and the golden breast plate of Vulcan, armed with the sword of Mercury and the bow of Apoll and holding the reins over the horses of Neptune he swept through the world like a whirlwind. Every boy knows how easily he disposed of

the Nemean lion, the Lerean hydra, the golden-horned stag, the wild boar, the cen-taurs and all the rest of the nuisances of those days. But the classic profile and bare

were too much for Hercules, and his wife to prevent any serious complications sent the hero a robe which consumed his flesh and he sailed away from a troubled world in a thun-

A melancholy example which Mr. Parnell A melancholy example which Mr. Parnell might have remembered is found in the case of Louis XV. Louis is reported to have had a faithful wife, plain but good and he himself is spoken of as having been "unusually decent" till he came to an age when he should have been ashamed to be anything else. But alas, there was a Pompdour, and poor foolish Louis, in spite of the wardlike broad of his father and the circum. warlike brood of his father and the circum spection with which he should have carried himself as the head of a family, allowed him self to be captured by her wiles. What vivid sketches the keen satirists of the time have drawn of the enervated monarch in his Paraux Cerfs surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls who had been stolen from their nomes for his delectation. History has no more unique picture than that of the dissipated old monarch teaching these girls to read and write, praying with them and generally con-

THEIR SPIRITUAL WELFARE. Multitudes of ladies, we are told, were candidates for positions in this Parisian harem, and the history of the government at this and the history of the government at this period is little more than a history of the changes of the king's mistresses. What a pair of shears were those of Pompadour. From harmless medicerity the monarch de-generated into an object of ridicule for gods and men. Then down came disasters upon his devoted head. Wolfe captured Quebec; the victorious Clive banished the engles of France from India; Hawke demoralized and cattered the navy, and Voltaire and Rossea existence all respect for hurch or state, and paved the way for th

ploody revolution. Meanwhile Louis conducted a prayer meet

ng in the Parc aux Cerfs. In Central park, New York, stands a full length statue of a man whom America de-lights to near, but whose locks, if not shorn, were at least trimmed by the shears reserved for greatness. Boston, too, has a marble me morial of him and on the pedestal is inscribed "Alexander Hamilton—Orator, Writer, Soldier, Jurist, Financier." The ambitious bar-ber has seldom assailed a loftier head. The man whom Thomas Jefferson characterizes with the title of "Co.ossus of the Anti-Re-publican Party." whose genius originated the policy which made possible the greatest re bublic of all time, who as a stripling could coolly face a rampant mob, whose brilliant dash at the British redoubts at Yorktown put to shame his French allies, who stood first in the legal profession of his time, whose writ ings swayed the nation and are the text books of the children of another country, had his Delilah, and the prints of her fincers stain his character for ever. No Cleo-patra caught him. Before the imperiousness of no perfect, ravishing beauty, did he bow his haughty head; no perfumes of the orient stole away his soui; no fine spun silks or cloth of gold enmeshed his limbs, while languid luxuriance iulled him into a dream heaven. It was Maria Reynolds—illiterate Maria

Reynolds, the wife of an adventurer. In 1789, while secretary of the treasury, Mr. Hamilton admitted his frailty in one of the most remarkable confessions ever published by a politician. In future disasters en-countered by himself and his party, and countered by himself and his party, and even in the causes which led to the duel, can be discovered the work of the shears. Within the experience of Mr. Parnell one prominent figure occupying the same arena, has disappeared with a suddenness that was startling. Everyone remembers the story of Sir Charles Dike's intrigue with Lady Colin Campbell. He was a leader in society, a power in politics, within easy sight of the goal of every English statesman's ambition. But the shears of Delilah had been at work; the scandal cloud burst and the titled aspir-ant to the premiership, faded from the polit-

A. M. WALTON. FRANK ATRINSON.

Check Reins Condemned. Some five hundred veterinary sur-geons or horse doctors in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning tight

DANCING FOR THE MESSIAH.

Leg Religion Crazes Not a New Thing Among the Indians.

DANCES HELD IN THE EARLY FIFTIES.

They Were Very Much Like Those Which Are Exciting the Copper Colored Enthusiasts at Pine Ridge Agency.

NEBRISKA CITY, Neb., Dec. 9 .- [Special to THE BEE.]-Religious fanaticism, or craze, as it may be termed, among the In dians is not a new thing, according to the stories of old frontiersmen and Indian fight-

Early in the '50's-about 1852 or 1853-when Fort Kearney at Nebraska City, was one of the principal frontier stations, a religious excitement took possession of the various Indian tribes of Eastern Nebraska, and the craze was not unlike that which has for the past few months caused trouble at Pine Ridge and other agencies. The Nebraska tribes and their religious zeal, however, differed from the recent Indian excitement in that they had sufficient food and consequently less cause to excite apprehension among the traders and military.

During one of the visits of a trader, a mar

named Dennison, to the camp of the Otees, at that time located on Walnut creek, north of the present site of Nebraska City, all the members of the lodges were found engage in an exciting religious seance, consisting a wild and frenzied errele dance around center lodge. The trader was not allowed tapproach, but learned that the Indians were paying reverence to a "great medicine man" who was inside the lodge. Dennison failed to get a sight of the individual and left the camp, but returned with several companion a few days later and found the dance stil going on, many of the Indians having faller out of the circle through exhaustion, and some had reached such a state that death resulted. The "great medicine man" had de-parted and the dance soon broke up for that time, and the Indians explained that the man was the advance agent of an expected Mes-siah, and that he had appeared to nearly althe Indian tribes along the Missouri river. He had visited the Omahas and Pawnees be-fore he appeared to the Otoes, and less than a week later information came from the Pawnee country that the great doctor was leading that tribe in a dance, and among them joy was unconfined.

He told his dusky followers that he who came after him would turn the earth into a happy hunting ground, and the Indian should have everything better than even fancy could picture; the white people would all re-turn whence they came and the aborigines would again reign supreme. The "great medicine man" was considered by the Indians as immortal, and they firmly believed at time that his promises would be fulfilled. They had no knowledge of his first appearance among the Indians, but claimed to have heard of him for several years previous to his coming to the Otoes. The tidings of his coming was sent from the tribes to the south, and they all expected him with sincere faith. By those who saw him the "great medicine man" was described, ontrary to the regulation spirit agent, as not

haired. Texas Jack appearing individual who might have been of any age between forty and sixty. He appeared a number of times to different Indians and amounced the coming of the Indian redeemer at an early day and then be himself disappeared, the Indians believing that he returned to the spirit world.

Frequent religious dances were indulged in by the Indians, who patiently awaited the coming of the great event, but it came not, and finally the craze died out.

The strange part of the affair was that the

"great medicine man" was never seen by any white man, and the latter had many conjectures as to who the individual was. Some thought he was some insane trapper or hunter; others thought he was some

some were sure he was some white captive that had grown up among the Indians, while others refused to take any stock in the story at all and believed it an Indian trick, for no other purpose than to scare the white people. Whatever the cause, the craze was short lived, and the army was not called out to suppress the fanatics.

Judge Foster of this city, who spent many years of his life among the Indians, says such events among them are not at all infrequent and thinks there was not the least cause for alarm in the recent ghost dances and Messiah stories. The judge says that according to re port the dances near Pine Ridge are very tame affairs compared with some he saw in Montana in 1865, which continued for several months, and thousands of In-dians took part in them. He was a chief scout at the time, in the employ of the government, and the thought of danger in connection with the frenzied dancers never

occurred to them. In fact the Indians were allowed to conduct their different dances within a mile of the fort. One of the dances was known as the "Med-icine lance," which was for the purpose of making braves, and was going on in sight of of the fort. Several ladies, wives of officers were stopping at the fort, and expressing desire to witness a medicine dance, Mr. For er escorted them to the place. The making of "braves" consisted in passing a sharp pointed stick through the fleshy part of the young buck's breast. To the stick was fastened a long rope, and the other end of which was slipped with a noose to the top of a high pole. Then the dance was on. The buck who sould railly with his torus and bleed. buck who could pull with his torn and bleeding body hardest and longest and dance around the pole was a "big brave;" but the ones that fainted or dropped in the noisy waltz were afterwards known as squaw men. Hundreds of young bucks went through the

barbaric dance, but the ladies who came to witness the dance did not remain long, and fainting, retired from the sickening sight. Another method of making braves con sisted of fastening a stick in the flesh on the back, to which a rope was fastened, and a buffalo head attached to the other end. If the young Indian could thus drag the head for a distance of about a mile he was considered agreat brave, otherwise he was a squaw man. The dancing ground was completely covered with Indian blood from self-inflicted wounds. It was considered a religious duty from which none shrank, and was the only way in which they could pre-pare themselves for war, and finally insure themselves a place in the happy hunting grounds. The excitement during these dances was intense and the Indians were crazier than the ghost dance could ever make them.

THE DAYLIGHT WANETH. D. J. Donahue.

The daylight waneth and the night is near.
The russet leaf hangs restless on the tree.
The stubbled fields are brown, the meadows

And prooding silence rests on bill and lea-A listening slience that arouseth fear. The winter cometh and the night is near. The flower, are dead and scentless on The birds are gone that cheered the fading

day: The sheep are huddled in the sheltering fold— They joy not in the slant November ray The pleasures of morn are passed away. A nipping frost sits in the voiceless breeze;
The grieving skies are clothed in ashy gray The stream flows under the autumnal tress And sadly shows the sorrow of their decay. There is no sound to soothe, no sight to pleas The night is near and frost is in the breeze.

Day fadeth fast and clouds are in the sky; Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the wold; With moistened locks the white moon rides on Scattering her thin rays on the breezes cold.
I stand amid the sorrow and I sigh—
My Infe is chili, and clouds are in the sky.

Underground London.

Underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles o gas pipes, all definitely fixed. Yet not even these compare with the vast cellarage area beneath the feet of the ped-In Oxford and Regent streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140

How Its Object Has Been Misunderstood by

Many People.

THE WORK IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

The Willing But Needy Hands It Has Kept Busy and the Hungry Mortals Whom It

Has Fed.

The following is the report of Mrs. Ida V. Filden, chairman of the committee of the Woman's exchange to the Woman's Christian association :

Of all philanthropic work conducted by women, perhaps, in proportion to its value to a community, there is none so wanting in recognition as that of the Woman's exchange movement. This, we feel quite sure, is due to an ignorance regarding its work as also largely to the very nature of the work itself. Conducting its business with benevolent motives, not for its own good, but for that of those who seek its aid, it cannot be governed or judged by strictly business standards. A prime motive of the exchange is to dignify labor, and how can it better be done than by encouraging every woman to dignify her own labor by converting it to some practical use. Who can judge of individual needs! The question is often asked: "Do you really reach the needy! Some of your consignors do not seem to need

the benefits of the exchange." To this question we answer: We have helped many needy, worthy women, and h preventing others eating the bread of de-pendence, we have assurance that our work

has not been in valu.

It must be remembered that we aim at a high standard of work, particularly in the culinary department, and cannot take inferior articles, even though the one offering them be very destitute, and we are sometimes compelled to ask others, who do not need aid, to consign certain articles of food which will reach our standard. Let all underwill reach our standard. Let all under-stand that when we have a needy consigner who can do the work as well as a more favored sister, she will have the work given her to do. No one who has not been in the work can understand the many perplexing questions that have to be decided and the amount of detail required for its systematic administration. administration.

At the close of any year's work it is not only fitting, but profitable, to review the record and note all that has been encouraging a well as discouraging, all the successes as well as all the failures, and so gain knowledge for the work in days to come. The past year has seen many weary hours of service, many days of anxiety as to the outcome for the months as they came and went. Sick-ness and death have been in the families of some members of the exchange board. Some have been absent from the city a great deal of the time, and others perhaps have lost some of their enthusias n for the work. Still, some have stood nobly in their places, them in a great measure is due the gratifying results of today. We are glad that at the close of the year we are able to report our exchange free from debt. We have not only paid all the running expenses, but have been able to pay the note for \$500 which we borrowed from the association.

We have labored hard to accomplish this

and it has been unceasing labor. Every day in the year excepting the Sab-bath and some of the holidays, some of the ladies have been in the exchange rooms. In the lunch department we have succeeded best. Many encouraging words have been spoken to us and many have shown their appreciation of our work by their con stant patronage.

We have a corps of five hired workers for this department, and it is a task to always have their work planned and carried on harmoniously. We served during the lunches, averaging eighty per day. We served during the year 25,160 had ninety-three consignors, who have sup-plied the exchange with 6,751 loaves of bread, 2,329 loaves of Boston brown bread, 2,131

dozen rolls, 1,036 dozen cookies, 977 dozen doughnuts, 1,474 pies, 1,133 cakes, besides many other edibles; also 299 articles of fancy work. We have filled orders for salads, OMAHA WOMAN'S EXCHANGE. cakes, sandwiches, jellies, catsups, needla work, etc. We are sorry that lack of space foroids our doing as we would wish in the fancy work and art depart-ment. We cannot show goods to an ad-vantage, neither can we take care of them as we should. We would solicit a more generous patronage of all departments. Our greatest need is a permanent fund which would yield us an income as an assured

basis for our work.

The Woman's exchange is no longer an experiment and it is hoped some plan may be devised for adding to the annual subsciptions a sum which will provide a regular income to meet the ordinary expense and thus relieve the board of so much anxiety and insure the continuance of so useful a benevolent work.

Before closing this report I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the members of the board for their patience, forbearance and

I desire also to express my thanks to each of the employes of the exchange for the respect and courtesy shown me turoughout

I am grateful for the good work they have lone and feel confident that the future prom ises as fair. I bespeak for my successor the same generous support and consideration that has always been shown me.

The Kangaroo Dance.

When Taglioni and Ellsier, the two great dancers of the days of our grandfathers, were at the height of their fame they received an amount of homage that it stirs the blood even now to read about, says the Philadelphia Times. Everybody, except perhaps Mr. Howells, recollects what Thackery felt for Sylphide," Taglioni's most charming ballet, and it was of Ellster's dancing that, as we know, Margaret Fuller said to Emerson, "Mr. Emerson, it is religion."

Exactly what the temperatuous Margaret meant by this phase has never been certain. It fits very well, however, with the Massachusetts variety of Hellenism, which be h these distinguished philo ophers kept in a not in their front windows, and it does unpot in their front windows, and it does un-questionably speak well for the dignity of Mme. Elisler's steps. They were, to the Ful-lerian mind, something removed from the sphere of our own polkas, and so far removed as to be transcendental. The force of more adjectives could never express, to the degree that is indicated by the workings of Margaret's mind, how miraculously free from vulgarity Mme. Ellsler's dancing must have

Somewhat different is the dancing of today. The French and Italian schools of the ballet have been crowded to the rear of the stage by the English and Spanish, and skirt dancer and the ballerina reign together. poses and gyrations, graceful and charming as they may be, can hardly be said to constitute a religion. In fact, there is the strongost reason against it, since all religions are based upon some defined and universal principle, whereas almost every one of the mod-ern dancers with skirts and castanets an-nounces that she is the inventrix of her own

Otero and Carmencita have both enjoyed the sweets of American popularity, but the latest fashionable admiration is the kangaroo dance, which is attracting large audiences in New York. It appears for ten minutes in each act of a certain play, and to most people forms the play's chief attraction. Its chief chrracteristic is that it is indescribable. It demands much gymnastic ability, and is performed with audacity and vehemence. It also uses up silk and laccat a rate that must make Mr. McKinley break into a breakdown of definition in the state of t lighted imitation. It is danced by Miss Edith Kenward, and it is not a religion. But the homage of the entire city is at the dancer's

Swiftness of the Mackerel.

The Spanish mackerel, with it smooth, cone-shaped body, is among he swiftest of fishes, and for speed only finds a parallel in the colphin. There is a great similiarity in shape between these two, and both cut the water like a yacht. The first follows the fastest teamers with the greatest ease, in its dashes swimming at five times their