

THE ROYAL ROBES ENROUTE

A Glimpse of the Gowns Which the Infanta Enlille Brings.

FORTY COSTUMES AND JEWELS GALORE

The Versatility of the American Girl—Summer Fads and Amusements—Various Fashionable Fancies—Gossip About Women.

There is every indication that the welcome to America to the Infanta Enlille and her husband will be in every way befitting her rank. It is equally certain that she will be a person of great interest to Americans. The women of America will be especially interested in her. Not only is she young and gay and beautiful, but her gowns and jewels will win admiration from every feminine heart.

Her wardrobe for her American trip contains forty costumes. The day she landed at Havana she wore a shepherd's plaid wool, trimmed with dark red velvet, with hat to match. In the afternoon she wore a white foulard silk gown with sprays of purple flowers and green trimmings. In the evening at the theater she had on a gown of black and pink brocade with green trimmings. Her ornaments were pearls, a necklace of ten strings, a bridal gift from her sister Isabella. On her head she wore a diadem with a trefle. At an official banquet her toilet was a magnificent dark brown brocade with lace decoration. With this she wore no jewels.

The Infanta's costumes are marvels of the dressmaker's art, and the loom and the jewel casket have been drawn on without stint. One costume is pale blue satin woven with silver and trimmed with Brussels lace. With this toilet she wears turquoises and diamonds. A beautiful black tulle is considered with gold and trimmed with rare old lace is a reception gown. With this she wears a tiara of pearls and diamonds, given her by her brother, the late king of Spain, and a pearl and diamond necklace.

A magnificent ball toilet is a green brocade with yellow dots woven in silver thread, trimmed with lace. With this gown she wears a diadem and necklace of large diamonds, the gift of her mother.

One of the richest costumes is of white satin covered with Brussels lace, in which are woven initials and the coat of arms of the royal family. This lace was made for her wedding trousseau and her handkerchiefs and fan are embroidered. With this rich toilet she wears a tiara of ten stars formed of rubies and diamonds.

Another toilet is white satin embroidered in pink rosebuds. In her corset she wears a diadem of pearls set in seven stars.

One particularly effective gown is a design of olive-green satin covered with tulle and ornamented with ribbons. With this gown she wears in her hair a jeweled peacock of pearls, rubies and sapphires. Around the low-cut bodice at the throat are crescents of the same jewels.

A charming afternoon gown is made of two-toned blue cloth embroidered with fine straw and a little lace hat to match. At the throat she wears a diamond arrow and crescent.

Another simple gown is white crepe du chine with white tulle trimmings. A steamer gown is pale green corded silk with lace decoration and brooch in the shape of an anchor.

The princess is an excellent equestrian and has in her wardrobe three riding habits. The one she wore at the grand review in Havana was dark brown tennist. In her wardrobe are two lawn tennis costumes.

In whatever state of existence the American woman finds herself through the vicissitudes of this transitory life, whatever shadowy valleys she may be called upon to pass through, whatever heights of rapture she may triumphantly reach, she always keeps one corner of her mind fixed on the wardrobe on the subject of her clothes," says the New York Sun. "She may have found the clay feet of her idol and can't make the fire on her altar burn worth a cent for tears that drip on the dying embers. She may be tugging around a broken heart and a shattered life, but she has all interest in life, but she keeps her bonnet straight and sees to it that her dress fits in the back. She may be in the ecstasy of love's first awakening before she finds out that the great joy of her adoration is just what she has advertised to be all along, a man like the rest, a great deal lower than the angels, preferring prime beer to Browning every time, and having more use for corned-beef hash than Chopin, even if served up by a Paderewski. She may be looking unutterable things in the dusk of conversation, while the man she loves blurs out the words she is dying to hear, but she won't forget to tell him not to muss her hair. See if she does."

"She may have the cares of state on her mind, or a last year's sample to match, which in women's hands may have quarreled with her husband, or had a round-up with her dressmaker; she may have lost her lover, or sadder still, her cook; she may have more things to do before dinner than a man could get done in five days; she may know life isn't worth living, or that she is coming down with the grip; all the same, she never forgets to give that little all-comprehensive hitch to her own gown or jacket that somehow pulls it straight and makes it smart when she gets out of a car or rises from her seat at the matinee.

Why, a man with a plain cold in his head forgets to pull his trousers at the knees when he sits down, and thinks he doesn't care if they do get baggy. If he just hears that his relatives are coming on a visit or that his best girl has been eating ice cream with the other fellow, his necktie is as tight as a noose with the same nicety and he doesn't notice a bend in his hat.

"But with woman dress is an instinct. She evolved it out of her own sweet inner consciousness. She has never lost interest in it. If she has we have no hope for her."

The enormity of bread eating, it appears, is only second to that of drinking liquor. It is not yet called a vice, as vice implies consciousness of offense. But the two go hand in hand. A distinguished foreign authority says that the eating of bread inevitably leads to drunkenness. Dr. Emmott Denmore, in his recent book, appropriaes bread as the staff of death, which will be recognized as a distinctly new reading. It will astonish those apostles of cookery who are going through the country teaching women how to make good bread that, in the new light, they are teachers of unrighteousness, and almost as injurious to public and private morals as if they ran a distillery or kept a saloon. Another physician of wide reputation and large practice says that more alcohol is distilled in the stomach by the eating of bread and other farina-

eous foods than is manufactured in all the distilleries of the world. The irritability of dyspepsia, in fact, is nothing but a species of intoxication produced by the eating of bread, beans, potatoes and such like foods. This, if it does not get into the police courts, in sum produces as much domestic unhappiness as liquor. While the sale of liquor is restricted by license and excise laws, the nefarious trade of bakers and the sale of breadstuffs ravage the world unchecked.

The "lawn masquerade" will be a feature of the summer hospitality. This unique form of entertainment is certain to be appreciated by the guests, who, coming in fancy dresses and masks, beautified by lantern-hung pavilions, refreshment canopies, tete-a-tete nooks and open-air dancing hall.

The grounds are of course lighted with just the mixture of brilliancy and shadow most appreciated by couples who prefer moonlit corners to the daytime effects of electric lights. Iced coffee, chocolate, biscuits, diamond-shaped sandwiches, wines, cakes, fruit, bonbons and loaves of very description may be included in the dainties of the refreshment tent. Of course, the hostess who cannot extend a great deal of luxury to her guests economizes more in the matter of the spread than the music, which to make the lawn masquerade a success must be of the best.

Participating in this form of summer gaiety, several social belles are preparing beforehand their fancy costumes. Lady Buttercup, Water Sprite, Tree Fairy, Twilight, Moonlight, Maid of the Mist and Shadow are some of the pretty costumes in which, until the unmasking, maids and madames will conceal their identity while participating in the pleasures of the lawn masquerade.

In South Africa the Kafir servants have formed a union to which the members have to give a "character" for their mistresses. No member is allowed to enter upon a situation unless the registered character of the mistress of the house is satisfactory. Of course, in more civilized countries the superior conditions of the serving woman prohibits the need of such a union. The earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the maid servant. The mistress is a poor dowdier creature, a creature against whom there is no need to organize. She never dares to assert herself, and if she had any idea of being an exacting mistress the latest landed immigrant teaches her her duty well at the rate of \$18 a month.

When there came to the household of the duke and duchess of Portland a baby daughter some years ago the duchess insisted on the duke's converting the gift of diamonds he contemplated purchasing for her into a hospital where the tenants on his estate might be cared for. Now that a son has come to inherit the name and title, the duke has remitted 20 per cent of the rents of the tenants on the Welbeck estate, and has directed his agent to prevent the carrying out of the proposed hospital, but the tenants to the infant marquis, because in these times such a gift would be a serious tax on the resources of his friends.

It has been said often that it was a physical impossibility for women to play billiards, really well because her clothes are built the wrong way. It is principally the sleeves that are at fault, for a woman's bodice is not like a man's coat and cannot be removed, or if it is exchanged for the billiard jacket, a garment resembling a tea jacket and worn by smart women, this does not obviate the difficulty, for the garments beneath it are too tight. But dress notwithstanding, a champion lady billiard player has arisen, Lady Elena Wickham, and she won the final heat of the Huntingdonshire billiard handicap. It was played at the Grand Hotel, Peterborough, and the lady's success has caused much stir among the amateur lady players.

Fashionmakers, like poets, are born, not made. It is not the great artists of the leading society ladies, not even the famous beauties, any more that make the mode. They induce it, endorse it, realize its possibilities, and all the world follows. But the real inventors of modes, like the inventors of other marvels, live in the remotest of the world, and the other fellow gets the benefit. They are quiet women or men, unknown to the fashionable clientele, employed by leading business houses to puzzle out week after week something new and startling, to evolve from their inner consciousness effective novelties to catch the fancy of rich and capricious women animated by a desire to outshine their kind. And these quiet women are playing a great part in the cultivation of the beautiful and the encouragement of art. Why should it be accounted as less an art to distinguish the facts of fashion in the dress of women than in the elevation of the ideal in fine buildings or exquisite hangings and decorations, save only that the art of the dress has no perpetuity, no fixed and unalterable standard of excellence?

Fashion Notes. Lace frills for the neck are quite in favor. Graduated puffs, varying from four to ten inches wide, trim some of the new skirts.

Smoked ivory buttons, big and little, are to be conspicuous adjuncts to the promenade toilet.

Vivid scarlet silk blouses are shown, which are to be worn with black beaded zouaves, having lace epaulettes and bows on the shoulders.

Among the fashionable greens a prominent one is watermelon, and grenadine with a stripe of this color or white is among stylish fabrics now worn.

Very elaborately embroidered velvet or very rich brocade velvet is used for the collars, cuffs, vests and bolero-jackets on some of the ultra fashionable costumes.

Pink accessories are still used on gray toilets, but a newer and sometimes more becoming color on gray is that of pale yellow in crepe de chine, chiffon or striped silk.

All the nine-gored skirts are lined to the knee with ermine, and as a rule, the seams are either covered with narrow gimps or jet bands, or piped with silk or satin.

Broadcloths are particularly striking, their fine quality and beautiful color schemes causing them to take first rank among the fabrics that will be used for handsome street and carriage costumes this spring.

The white and light-gray tops to shoes of patent leather worn for walking and the checked tops in black and white are among new effects in footwear. Buff is also seen in such tops, with small black buttons set very close together.

A three-quarter length jacket of rough plaid, with wide belt and loose hood, is among the latest importations. It is designed for traveling, riding or evening outings. The sleeves are very loose at the tops, which is a necessity, considering the present style of dress sleeve.

Pink, violet and yellow, combined with what is known as moss red, which is a golden green, are the most fashionable combinations of colors for evening or boulevard toilets. Different shades of these exquisite colors prove

exquisitely becoming to blonde or brunette.

Gloves are coming out in the most astounding shades of green, bright blue and purple. Do not, however, be inveigled into buying them because they happen to be new—nothing could be in vogue faster than colored gloves for any wear. Soft hands and gray eyes are the only shades worn by well dressed women.

The Vandyeke sleeve capes which taper to a point above the elbow are now quite as often added to the short open jacket as the square-shaped Russian model. These capes are played very full at the top, the sleeves usually stand out prominently, thus giving a more dressy appearance to the already effective jacket.

The number of belts, girdles and chateaines shown this spring is legion. Some of them are designed exclusively for elaborate dresses. These are crusted with gems and are very expensive. They are modeled after the chateaines worn by Marie Antoinette and the Empress Josephine.

A rose ruching of pinked-out silk in contrasting color is seen at the hem of some of the fashionable dresses. A ruching of this sort made of velvet and lined with bright-colored silk was seen on a recent Paris order. The velvet was turned in at the edge and blind-stitched down to the silk, which was pinked and plaited very full.

A parasol sheath is a long and rather narrow bag of white linen drawn together at the top by white satin ribbons and lined with white silk. Between the bag and the lining little scent packets may be inserted. With the parasol sheath put inside and the ribbons tightly drawn, the fear of dust and rubbing against soiling substances is done away with.

A new kind of fichu is composed of wide bands and rosettes of pale turquoise blue satin ribbon, from which there falls a deep frill of the new serotina crease—a lovely French material, which has all the appearance of accordion-plaited crepe de chine. The satin ribbons pass over the shoulders and are fastened with a large rosette at the back.

Among the judicious provisions always made by sensible women are wraps suitable for evening outings. A handsome garment designed for this purpose, is a double cape of soft, fuzzy camels' hair. It is trimmed with a flat fold edged by a narrow double fold of satin, which is stitched under the edge of the fold of the material. The cape has a collar that rolls back, or can be turned up around the throat if required.

The little velvet jacket for spring and summer days is a novel feature, as it converts a gown of light wool into a walking costume. When the jacket is adapted and limited to a single gown it may be sleeveless and worn over the corsage; otherwise, with sleeves in the jacket, the corsage may be replaced by a vest or blouse for luncheon parties. In color the velvet may shade with that of the gown or it may be in contrast, if preferred.

Veils are very large, and so nearly approaching the cumbersome and unmanageable that the old-time fashion of buttons in the corners has been revived. These are admirable for windy weather, as the weight of the buttons keeps them from blowing off or twisting around over the face. Instead of buttons some ladies use tiny bows of ribbon with a small lead weight sewed in the corner of the veil. These ribbon knots are rather pretty, but the buttons and much more convenient. Many of them are so likely to get the corners of the veil twisted.

Among parasols for general use are those of corded silk lined with shot surah. India silk parasols in delicate tints, or in white, have a pretty wrought border at the edge, or are finished with slightly gathered pinked flounces. Fancy parasols are of crepe de chine or silk muslin sprinkled with velvet dots and of India silk draped with gauze and festooned with very beautiful lace flounces. Spanish parasols, called the Isabella models, are of vivid yellow crepe de chine with silk-dotted black lace flounce daintily scalloped in black and gold.

Florists are preparing for the coming season by far the prettiest thing in the shape of a floral fan to be used in the dining room. The waving fan may be shaped in any way to suit the hostess, and just as it is set in motion the numbers of beautiful roses, lilies and other fragrant flowers. Throughout the room will be spread the perfume of the flowers, and the dining room will be kept quite cool and comfortable. The idea is a very good one and promises to become very popular. Many of our well appointed homes have electric fans attached to the ceiling of the dining room with very good effect.

Despite the fact that fashion has decreased in favor of gay gowns for this spring and summer wear the woman with good taste will never select any of the bright, vivid, yellow, orange or red, or happy blues that are affected by those who desire to be considered decidedly up to date. Though these colors may be the fashion of the hour they most certainly are not as appropriate to wear on the street as the more quiet tones. A woman of refinement seeks to efface herself rather than to attract attention either by her attire or her manner. Therefore, for shopping or for walking on crowded thoroughfares it is well to do away with all those things that will cause remarks from passers-by.

Female Notes. Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard will retain control of the New York Mail and Express property in the interest of her son, who Colonel Shepard desires to succeed him in the ownership of the paper.

Miss Mary Conant, a teacher near Rochester, is said to have made \$400 from a two-acre plot of asparagus last year. This is one of those items which are aggravating to read in a Harlem fat.

There are women writers on the morning and evening newspapers in London as well as on the society ones; every one answers at and reads with avidity, and more than one school for training women as journalists has been opened.

Adelina Patti is very much pleased with the reception she got at Milan from the composer Verdi, whom she had not seen for twenty years. He gave her his photograph and made her a promise that he would endeavor to compose an act especially for her before he closed his illustrious career.

Mrs. Catherine Stearns, in her 93d year, was the oldest woman voter in Boston at the last school board election. She is said to have worked for one firm thirty-four years, leaving it as heavily as the age of 81. She is now in the "Aged Woman's Home"; reads, sews and is deeply interested in the public schools.

It is interesting to read of the follies and vanities of the eighteenth century belle who slept with her hands in chicken skin gloves to give the skin luster and softness, bathed her face in juice of strawberries or lemons, expensive buttermilk or April snows bottled and well corked. These fair ladies slept in corsets, too, to secure a small waist.

The newest walking sticks for ladies have the appearance of an umbrella rolled extremely tight. The handle is of

ebony or some natural wood in light colors. So the woman who levee walking with a support, and forego the pleasure because of the mannish look of the ordinary stick, may invest in this mock umbrella, which is as light as a cane and very smartly feminine.

By the will of the late Katherine Perkins of Boston, Harvard college received \$150,000 for a dormitory to be known as Perkins hall. This lady also left, as her residuary legatee, the Harvard Annex for women students; the sum available is estimated to be between \$40,000 and \$50,000. This President Elliott may perhaps consider as "something quite reasonable" towards the purchased opening of Harvard's doors to women.

Some Boston women have formed a club and have appropriated the pretty name of "The Mayflower." The members frankly avow that they are tired of "aims" and "study with an object in view." They mean to do just what strikes the arrangement committee as novel or pleasing. They don't say they will not dabble in literature, or art, or charity. Their policy is go-as-we-please in pleasure and study. They mean to enjoy each other's society in whatever they do, and they will not be hitched to any sort of line—no there.

Duelling by proxy is something of a novelty, and it hails from Paris; for none but the lively Frenchman could have devised the notion of providing associates for lady journalists who might offend people professionally. Recently Mme. Severine contributed an article to a paper at which M. Massard took offense. The gentleman called upon the editor for reparation, and was referred to M. Dabryere, who held himself answerable for any offense Mme. Severine might give. And so honor became at length appeased by Labryere accepting a challenge and receiving a wound from Massard.

On Boylston street, in one of Boston's busy sections, there is opened a midday lunch room for young women, on a novel plan. A large table in the middle of the room is furnished with a good variety of food, such as comes within the scope of palatable, healthful, inexpensive lunches. All about are comfortable chairs, and a table is set on one end for plate and cup, so that one may sit alone or near a friend or in a group of friends. Each helps herself at the table, helps herself also to coffee from the urns and takes these supplies to her chair. After luncheon she pays for what she has eaten according to her own reckoning, for this is made a matter of honor.

Grant Allen, in his endeavor to prove that women are not in the race, says that no woman was ever a discoverer. To this a clever woman answers that all her spare moments are spent in finding things missed by the male members of the family. When Mrs. Columbus told her husband that he would find her father's chart and manuscripts in the right hand corner of the top drawer, does anybody believe he found them? Doubtless he came to the head of the stairs and shouted, "Come find them!" "Elimination can find new planets, but he can't find his own spectacles. Stanley could find Livingsstone, but who doubts that Mrs. Stanley finds his pencils and mislaid manuscripts? Who can find so many virtues as a woman can find in her husband? She will, however, unaided, find his own faults." "And," concludes this lady, "if Mr. Allen has a wife doubtless she finds in him more than any man ever could."

NOT A BIT OF WORLDLINESS.

Merry Maiden and Her Maid. Discuss a Proposal of Marriage.

Smith & Gray's Monthly: Miss Mabella St. Percy—Mamma, dearest, I have something to tell you.

Mamma (anxiously)—Ah, darling?

"Yes, mamma. A Noodlehead proposed to me last night."

"Ah! did he, dearest?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what did my little girl say?"

"I didn't give him a definite answer, mamma, I wanted to talk to you about it first."

"That was right, darling. Always confide in your mother." (Weeps.)

"I don't know what to say, mamma."

"What does my little girl's heart say?"

"Oh, mamma, it says—It says—mamma, dear, it is really true that Mr. Noodlehead will have \$50,000 a year at his father's death."

"Quite true, my child, and—and—the old gentleman is very feeble."

"And I would be sole mistress of the Noodlehead mansion on Fifth avenue?"

"Yes, indeed, darling."

"And now, Noodleheads have a grand house at Bar Harbor?"

"Yes, darling, and a beautiful villa at Lenox."

"And I would probably go abroad for the London season?"

"I have no doubt of it, my dear daughter. You will have a great influence on you in the least, my child. No one could say that my child was not left to follow the leadings of her own heart in the choice of a husband; but—but—you have heard about the Noodlehead diamonds?"

"Yes, mamma."

"They are superb! I have seen most of them when Mr. Noodlehead's mother was alive, and they are all his now."

"Oh, mamma."

"Yes, indeed, darling. And you know that the Noodleheads have always moved in the very first circles of society?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And now what does my dear child's heart say?"

"Oh, mamma, it says yes!"

"My own dear child! I have always wanted to see you married to the man of your choice, to the man you loved and honored. Heaven bless you, my darling, and make you as happy as you deserve."

Decided in Favor of the Shoes. The tramp had applied for a bite to eat, and the lady had some work to be done, of which fact, however, the tramp was ignorant when he called. He would have called just the same, no doubt, but not at the house in question.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said in business tones, "if you'll clean up that flower patch I'll give you a whole pie or a pair of old shoes, whichever you prefer."

The tramp surveyed the patch and picked up the rake. "In fifteen minutes the job was done to his satisfaction and he was after his pay."

"Which will you have?" inquired the lady.

"Let me see them," he replied.

The pie and the shoes were set out for his inspection, and he hefted the pie and let it drop with a dull thud. Then he examined the shoes, which were extremely frail.

"I'll take the shoes, lady," he said, "and I'm very sorry they ain't as heavy as the pie is, for I have a great deal of walking to do," and he hurried away.

A Remarkable Hobby.

At Roubaix, France, a band of burglars after breaking through a heavy strong gate and doors into a factory, entered the office of the establishment and secured an iron safe weighing 400 pounds and containing \$2,000 francs in silver, a sum which would add considerably to the weight of the burden. The safe was carried up in railway equipment and a considerable distance along the line, after which it was rolled down the other side and probably rolled in a cart.

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