### WOMAN FOREVER A MYSTERY

Bab's Brilliant Picture of a New Type of Her Bewitching Sex.

THE "ONLY MAN" WHO UNDERSTANDS HER

Thought of and Seen a Great Deal, Yet Not Even Understood by Her Own Sex-Jane Hading on the Dress of American Women.

Every season brings forth a new type of woman. And the new type invariably causes the appearance of contrasting types, and the consequence is that pay ing a visit to my lady is extremely interesting, if one happens to be a student of human nature. My lady who affects to be something a little out of the common has long ago given up having an "at home" where everybody may come; it is possible that she may do this once during the season, but her week-day reception means that she invites people whom she feels comprehend her. fact, writes Bab in the Philadelphia Times, she says they understand her, but, as she is a delicious little fraud, she doesn't like to think even for one minute that this is true, for then the pretty little game of folly which she plays would lose its interest

The day of dull greens, of faded blues and of sulphur yellows has been given the go-by, and my lady who used to descant on her adoration of self-satisfying tints is now happiest when she is attired in a tea gown of brilliant red silk, with slippers and steekings to match. She has her jet black hair done up in a queer knot and fastened with a bright gold comb, while she lies back on a lot of cushions that show oriental embroidery and her boudoir itself is draped and furnished in the warmest of colors. If you happen to be very well acquainted with her you can sit on a quaint, oldfashioned stool at her side and she will rest her hand on your arm—that hand the fingers of which are covered with rings set with jewels, among which the ruby predominates-and she will talk to you after this fashion:

"I never knew until now what it was to live. I went through that dull neutral life when my soul was satisfied with monotonous shades, and I seemed to drift along and not to have any rea feeling. But one day the great, gloril ous sun seemed to glow upon me and said, 'Heart, awaken! Soul, come forth!' And the garment that I wore became abominable to me. I went through all the great shops and was never satisfied until I touched this brilliant scarlet; that satisfied my eyes and my heart and made me awake from the sleep that had lasted for years. And all life changed for me. And it became brilliant and glowing and full of joy." Just at this time you happen to notice that on the couch with my lady rests a jet black cat. She sees you look at it, and the hand that has been caressing your coat sleeve smoothes that abominable beast and she adds: "This is the only thing among the silent creatures that appeals to me. It seems to me that I once inhabited a body like this, sleek and smooth and

Soon after this you leave and, getting out into the fresh air, you laugh at it all; admire the good acting, find a certain pleasure in how pretty the woman looks, are glad that she will be forced to buy lots of red gowns to gratify her newest caprice and so circulate money. and then you laugh again at the idea of the cat being a speechless creature, for in your mind there are memories of nights made hideous by its ability to speak—after its own fashion.

The next visit you make is to the contrasting type. The room into which you are shown is very simple. The fine curtains of last year are discarded for simple muslin ones, and the chairs, plainly covered with blue and white cretonne are arranged about the room in just such a stiff way as they are in a convent par lor. A pot of white lilies in full bloom is on each side of the mantel shelf, and on the large table in the center of the room is a lamp, two or three religious books, and possibly a paper cutter, made of olive wood. You feel horribly out of place. You sit down on one of the chairs exactly as you would in church, and you almost wonder if you oughtn't to whisper something in your hat. Five minutes go by, and then the door opens and my lady walks in.

After you have talked with her you notice that she has a pretty awhile little trick of throwing her head back so that the line from he chin down her throat is visible, and you remember that Balzac says in one of his marvelous studies that this line is one that does more to attract mankind than any other. And Balzac was not talking about the spiritual man. The hands still clasped fall in her lap, but you notice there is only one ring worn, and that has a huge white pearl set in it. Never changing the position of these hands, so white and so cold looking; hands that look as if they might beg for the poor or nurse the sick -my lady leans forward and says in low, almost monotonous tones: "It seems ordained that we should meet; that we should think alike, and that in all this great, wide world there should be but the one man who understands me, and who unconsciously bids me live my life as it should be. You never knew this, but I have felt it since the first day met you."

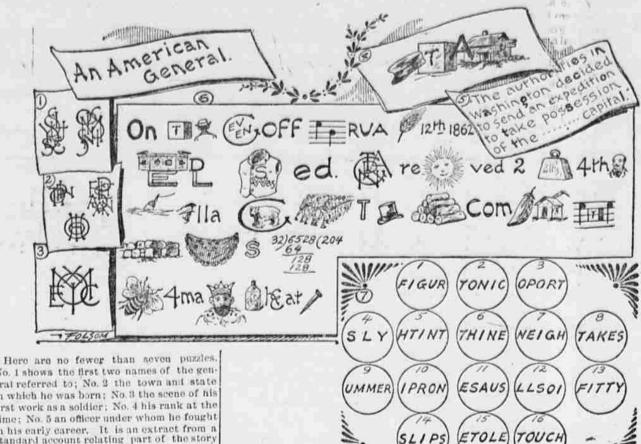
After this there is a deal more of such talk and you go away wishing that you could warm this saint into being a hu man being, while you think to yourself how fine it was of her to discover your ability to understand her. But this is all knocked out of you when you drop into the Cad club and you hear a fellow you don't know telling about a visit he has made that afternoon to the sweetest girl in the world and how he intended to make desperate love to her the next time because she had told him that he was the man she was destined to meet and the only one who had ever understood her, and when somebody asks her name he gives that of your fifteentn century saint, who is after all nothing more than a nineteenth century woman amusing herself by a little amateur act-

That is the charm of a woman. You never know what she is going to do. Tonight she may insult you by calling you a coward and a cad, and a few more disagreeable names, and tomorrow she may smile in your face and wonder in the sweetest fashion if she were disagreeable the night be re. She may love you intensely, but not systemati-cally. If she did this, you would get to regard her as you do your bookkeeper I have thought a great deal of her; have seen a great deal of her, but don't pretend to understand her in the

You wonder if Charley Cynic is right. I don't. I know. Being a woman, my epinion is worth something, and I think svery woman I know will agree with me and delight in the fact that they are books of mystery to mankind; such books of mystery that even the preface cannot be read by man, although the whole book is open to everything femiine, from her who can read Sanscrit

## A BIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY,

And Some Money for You for Digging It Out.



No. I shows the first two names of the general referred to; No. 2 the town and state in which he was born; No. 3 the scene of his first work as a soldier; No. 4 his rank at the time; No. 5 an officer under whom he fought in his early career. It is an extract from a standard account relating part of the story of an expedition against a certain capital. Take the heavy-faced letters, arrange them properly, and get the name and rank of the

properly, and get the name and rank of the superior officer mentioned who had command of the sand expedition. No. 6 is an extract from a standard account relating a proceeding in the general's later career. No. 7 Make sixteen paper circles of any desired size, and mark them as in the diagram. Lay these one over another so that on every circle two letters will be covered—except the last circle laid down, which shows all its letters. Properly laid, the uncovered letters will give a famous saying attributed to the general under consideration.

This is one of Harper's Young People's

and translate Hebrew clear down to one who doesn't know the difference between Sanscrit and Hebrew.

I had the pleasure of passing an hour with Mme. Jane Hading yesterday morning in her pretty boudoir at the Hotel Vendome, during which time the actress expressed her views on America and American women in her most naive and charming manner, says a reporter on the New York World. "Ah!" she said, "I look upon your

American women with worder and admiration. I find them far above the men, their savoir faire, or what you call 'tact,' astonishes me. I believe American women are equal to anything, and seem never to lose their heads. "But I see no women here who seem

to work or who represent the necessity for work. They all seem to be rich ladies. American women dress far better than Parisian women, but I think them very extravagant. A French woman will make \$1 go three times as far as an American. I fear the ladies who visit Paris from this country have taught the Parisian women very extravagant habits; they have spoiled our modistes by paying them such large prices for their

When I assured Mme. Hading that that was not considered a large price for a dressmaker to charge for an elegant dress her astonishment knew no bounds. She said: "If any one in Paris paid \$300 for ever so handsome a costume it was considered a wonderful thing.

"I am so charmed," said Mme, Hading, "with the freedom of women in this country. They go about everywhere unattended and are treated with such respect and courtesy. Ah, in my country women have not the standing they have I wish they had."

"Madame," said I, "why do you not speak more English? Your English is exceedingly well spoken and pronounced. "Ah," she quickly replied, "je n'ai pas

e temps—it takes so long."
"My name is the only English I speak. dy grandfather was an Englishman, my ather was born in France. I have found American women speak French exceedingly well. Are you fond of housekeeping?" I

"Mais oui. I have a charming little nome just out of Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, where I revel in housekeep-

ing when I am not at work in my pro-"One thing above all others for which French women have to thank America s the divorce. I have been married. I

have obtained a divorce. I have finished with marriage. "I thank America! I love the American women; they have given me great courage.

The sweetness and simplicity of Mme. Hading's manner is one of her great charms: her devotion to her mother and brother most beautiful to see.

Mme. Hading was attired in a long, flowing black velvet robe, girdled under the bust with black moire ribbon after the style of the First Empire gowns.

Every woman has her own particular conceit. She may talk about dress reform all day till she is blue in the face, but all the same she doesn't want you to think she has to wear a No. 6 shoe. Some very pretty women do wear a No. 6 shoe, but they will invariably tell you that they can wear a 4. They say that a No. 6 on a narrow last looks better than a shorter and wider shoe. If a woman wears a loose gown, says the Chicago Times, she will tell you that an artistic eye regards a large waist as more classical and statuesque than a small one, and perhaps that she is so supple that she can touch her fingers to floor easily without bending her hips. You may wager, if you are a man, that every woman you know has studied her face in the mirror until she can tell you what her best points are. And if she hasn't

and you are sure of it, don't marry her. A woman who has no vanity is not a pleasant creature to have around. She s not easy to manage, for sarcasm will fall off her shoulders unnoticed and coaxing will be utterly useless. I cannot help but think that a little pair of shoes with a high heel have more indications of a sweet temper in their owner than the low-heeled square-toed variety. They are the kind of the shoes which women never have to stand up on in street cars, because no man could bear to see the wearer of such dainty boots hanging to a strap. Likewise a woman who wears such shoes will never have to get up on a cold morning before daybreak and go out to the woodshed and cut kindling. She is one of the class who live in steam-heated flats or else

board at a family hotel. She is too fin de siecle to marry poor. Really there is nothing new under the

sun; even the doctrine of woman's rights is not at all a nineteenth century | tions. idea, as the reformers would have it ap-Two centuries ago there lived the woman who was the first advocate of woman's rights. This good lady's name was Mrs. Mary Astell, and she published her theories in a little book called "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of Their True and Greatest Interest, by a Lover of Her Sex." This book was printed in 1694, and therein the good lady implores women 'not to be content to be in the world like tulips in a garden, to make a fine show and be good for nothing.' She also says that women value men too much and themselves too little and that they "should be capable of nobler things than the pitiful conquest of some poor human heart; \* \* \* for a woman should always remember that she has no mighty obligation to the man who makes love to her, she has no reason to be fond of being a wife or to recken it a prize of preferment when she is taken to be a man's upper servant." Ye gods and little fishes! to think that radical sentiment was written 200 years ago. And what a glorious woman's club president Dame Astell would have made if gowns.
"I want to ask you something. I heard foolish mind of woman seems ever bent on "the pitiful conquest of some poor human heart," for which the gods be woman born to prate and prattle of the rights of their sex?

> Women are rallying their forces for the most vigorous campaign ever fought in the cause of woman's suffrage, and mass meetings will be held at the sixty county seats before the opening of the constitutional convention in May, says the New York Sun. The speakers are Susan B. Anthony, who is possessed of double energy and enthusiasm when a campaign is in progress. She is booked to speak at every convention, and probably will speak every night besides. For twenty-seven years Miss Anthony has carried with her the sting of the reply made by Horace Greeiey in 1867, when the question of putting woman's suffrage in the constitution at that time was referred to a committee of which he was chairman. "This is the negro's time, and the women can wait." The women have waited, and this time Miss Anthony is determined to win.

> Mrs. Stanton has retired from the open conflict, but she is the nestor of the camp and will wield her vigorous pen to good purpose, and with Miss Anthony think out the plan of attack. Miss Carrie Lane Chapman, fresh from her great victory in Colorado, where she was the chief orator of the campaign, will also be one of the speakers. She is a young and pretty woman, with a magnetic, ringing voice and a gift of inspiring eloquence. Rev. Anna Shaw will place her ready wit and unflagging enthusiasm at the disposal of the committee, and Mrs. Emma Smith Devoe, who won her laureis in the South Dakota campaign, and is eloquent in an unusual degree, is also among the speakers. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake and Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf and a host of other gifted women are rallying all their powers for the supreme opportunity.

If any one thinks these war horses of the movement are dispirited old chargers they would be greatly surprised to look in upon the gathering of young and attractive women whose names figure on the suffrage committee. Another surprise is in store for the belated individual who cherishes the traditional idea of a dowdily dressed, short haired suffragist. Every head is beautiful, with its crown of braids, from Mrs. Stanton's snow white puffs, Miss An thony's gray and glossy bands of hair, combed smoothly down each side the parting, to the curling locks of the younger women.

They are well and fashionably dressed vomen, too. Miss Anthony looks like a gentlewoman of the old school in the velvet gown she is fond of wearing, with the bit of fine old point lace in the neck and sleeves, and the younger wemen dress in the conventional style of the day, without eccentric conceits.

Feminine Notes. The wife of the ezar of Russia does typewriting for her husband.

It is estimated that the rebel band in Sicily comprises 3,000 women. The Bavarian diet has rejected a motion for universal suffrage, 60 to 14.

Chinese women are said to regard the hairpin much as American women do the ring. Boston has so many women's clubs

that their notices fill three columns of short paragraphs. Boston statistics show that fifty-seven

firls under 17 years of age were married in that city last year. Moorish women have one custom that commends itself to womankind in en-lightened lands. It is a point of honor among them never to know their own

They have no birthday celebra

Mrs. John Clay, who survived her husband, a prominent Kentucky stock breeder, left in her will provision for the care of every superannuated animal Mrs. E. P. Buckingham of Vacaville,

TOUCH

Cal., is said to own the largest orchard acreage of any woman in the country. She has over 300 acres planted in fruit trees, of which 150 acres are bearing. Gail Hamilton, who is now writing the life of James G. Blaine, has asked for the loan of the file of the Portland Advertiser while it was edited by Mr.

Blaine. It is the property of the city of Portland and will be sent to her. A Philadelphia woman has what she calls her "good best lounge." It is simply a wide, soft couch piled with comfortable pillows; but the power of the thing as a mascot is in the number of the pillows. There are thirtien.

lows. There are thirteen. Mrs. Harriet Hosmer is in San Francisco, superintending the placing of her beautiful statue of Queen Isabella in the art department of the Midwinter fair. This is the statue which was originally intended for the Queen Isabella associa-tion at the World's fair.

There are many compensations for the great unmarried. Parisian dressmakers, for example, have a way of charging a married woman much more for her gowns than they do unmarried ones. Why? "Oh," a great modiste explained, "madame has a husband to pay her bills, but mademoiselle's dot must be looked out for so that she may get a husband.'

Black and white effects are to prevail

again in 1894. Pale primrose yellow gloves are worn

with evening toilets. Mauve gloves stitched with white are en suite with toilets of violet crepe de

Chine trimmed with white lace. Many of the attractive spring wollens are mixtures of fawn-color with sage green, violet, brown or blue.

Hopsackings are shown in large checks or blocks that are more novel in appearance than those of closer, smaller Pin-dotted changeable silks and satins

will be used for fancy waists and bodice trimmings on the wool gowns in monochrome. The chatelaine bag will be worn again suspended from the side of the round-

waisted or jacketed bodices of the coming season. Open-fronted jacket bodices will rage again, and every sort of fancy vest or elaborate waisteoat will be worn en suite

Very pretty pieces of candelabra come in wrought iron, with the standards of blue and white, dull red or green china, set in a wrought iron design. Pale tan, almond and silver blue are

with these.

to have another season of favor, and gimps, galloons, braiding and velvet ribbon will be the popular garnitures. Some very pretty corded wool fabrics appear among materials for next season that are considerably less expensive than the reppec wool and bengalines of

the winter. Leading modistes in their evening toilets are making use of the dainty "French fronts," which come ready made from Paris and are copied on this side the water.

Some new brooches are of single large stones, ruby, amethyst, topaz or emerald, set in gold, but in such fine designs that it gives out almost as many flashes of light as small diamonds.

The natural wood umbrella handle has had its day. Round handles of wood, about five inches long, ornamented with fine carving and capped with gold or silver, are the latest styles. Very lovely are the Isabella yellow

and rose-colored brocades that are now

made into gowns a la Grecque, with long slightly draped overdresses, and bodice and sleeve telmmings of yellow Gloves are worn which repeat in pale

mings. Where pink ribbons are used, with bouquet de corsage of blush reses, he gloves are of cameo-tinted Suede The garment that can be safely recom-

mended "for best wear" is the three-quarter coat of velvet to accompany skirts of silk, satin, camel's hair, etc. These coats are elegant, durable and conomical.

It will not be long, in all probability before the American girl will go skil bning. This has a portentous sound. but merely refers to the winter sport of Scandinavia. It consists in scudding over the snow and ice after being shod with the skee, a long wooden snowshoe. Austrian ladies of fashion are devoted to the new sport, and it will get to New York sooner or later.

California's Great Marine Monster Sucoumbs to Captivity.

IT FOUGHT IN VAIN FOR LIBERTY

Hard Struggle of the Captors to Subdue the Many Armed Creature-Story of the Encounter Rehearsed by One of the Participants.

The Stanford university has telegraphed that it wants the monster octoous captured at Pacific Grove, Cal., on the 6th to place among its exhibits. It is not an everyday occurrence, the capture of an octopus, especially one of the enormous size of the long-tentacled specimen made captive at that place. Conse quently much interest is taken in this strange creature of the deep, offering as it does a splendid opportunity for study-ing its species. And so Stanford wants

the octopus and wants it very much. The big creature is dead, yet the people who gaze upon it keep at a safe distance, for they do not like the look of those long, powerful tentacies, seeming to fear that they might be grasped in the wicked-appearing, snakelike appendages, with the numerous cupules, or ucking cups, on the under side, which cling so tenaciously to whatever they touch.

The Capture of the Octopus.

The story of the capture of the octopus was but briefly told. The struggle between the men and the fish was exciting in high degree and was recounted in the San Francisco Chronicle by Mr. Hill, who led the party, as follows:
"Last Saturday afternoon, while in an

idle mood, I thought that I would walk down to the beach, and with some who were there try my luck at curio finding. The extreme low tides for the last few days have afforded excellent chances for those interested in the study of marine life, shells, etc.

"I was much interested in some shells that I had found, when I heard at some distance off in the direction of the water a loud commotion, such as would be made by the thrashing of the water with an oar. The noise came from a eavity in the rocks, and not wishing to venture there alone I called on a friend, and we hurried in the direction from which the sounds came.

"In going around the corner of a large mass of rocks we were somewhat frightened at seeing at the bottom of a deep cavity what at the time appeared to be six or eight large snakes, all seeming to be struggling to escape at once. On looking a little closer we perceived to our astonishment that they were not snakes, but were the arms of a large octopus, commonly called a 'devil fish.' It was trying to capture some large cels that had been held captive in the same trap. "Not being very well acquainted with the habits of this rare monster, but much elated over our discovery, we immediately summoned some friends to

hare the strange sight. "When the octopus perceived us the long arms instantly stopped thrashing the water, and by the discharge of a peculfar liquid it changed the clear water in the cavity to that of inky blackness, which totally obscured it from our eager

The Monster Shows Fight.

"Gathering all the implements we could find, such as iron hooks, sticks, gunnysacks, etc., we tried to secure the But this was easier said than done, for it was as much opposed to being taken as we were eager to capture We tried to tire it by letting it fight against our poles, but this was of no avail.

"A large iron hook, such as used by abalone hunters, was then secured. Armed with this we were more than a match for the creature. We managed to get the hook around its neck and with the aid of some ropes we at last landed it on the bank. But our capture was far from being complete, for no one would venture in range of those large arms that were waving about in al directions, and we came very near losing our prize, for upon seeing the water the creature lifted its arms and scurried over the sands at a swift rate.

"At the suggestion of a bystander, however, we quickly checked the creature's progress by throwing gunnysacks over it, which momentarily destroyed the use of its arms and sucking cups. and then we lost no time in placing it in a large sack. We conveyed it, after some little trouble, to my residence and placed it in the largest vessel we could find, wishing to keep it alive as long as We then covered it with sea possible. water, but it again turned it to jet black and effectually hid itself from the view of the large crowd that had gathered. After several changes of water it finally stopped coloring it and appeared to be

Seized a Man's Arm.

Mr. Smith, a clerk, was among the spectators, and had from the beginning nanifested much interest in the catch. He said: "The sudden change of atmosphere with the rough usage has probably killed it," and lessurely proceeded to prove his statement by placing his arm in the vessel and taking hold of the octopus. With a yell he pulled his arm out much quicker than it went in, with one of the octopus' tentacles clinging to it. After some trouble he succeeded in liberating himself. The specimen is without doubt, the largest ever caught in the vicinity. The creature is of a reddish-purple color, which changes when exposed to the air. The next morning, after having been left out all night, its color had changed to a muddy white, and as the sun touched it gradnally the natural color returned. It has eight large tentacles, which average in length about seven and a half feet. These are covered with hundreds of cupules or sucking cups. The body is short but thick, the head being very distinet.

The octopus belongs to a section of dibranchiate cephalopods. peculiar thing about the body is the mouth, which, instead of being furnished with teeth, has a black bill resembling a parrot. The eyes are large and white in color. The pupils are black and run clear across the eye, making it appear as though the eye were divided into two

The appearance of this marine monster has brought vividly to the minds of every reader of Victor Hugo's of every reader of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" the realistic manner in which he has described this crea-

The Stanford university will probably ccure the octopus, and negotiations to that effect are now in progress.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor - Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Sloeum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

"The most peculiar use I ever saw made of a bible," said Will T. Fry to the Globe Democrat man, "was in Cincinnati. A gambling house there was conducted by a man named De Bardeleban. One night an agent who sold bibles for a living sat down at the table and lost steadily until he was broke. The only thing paymable in his possession was his sample bible, and the dealer let him have \$1 on it. The agent's luck changed at once; he played all night and all the next day, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon the bible and the furniture constituted the sole assets of that rambling room? assets of that gambling room."

At a prayer meeting in an Indiana church the other evening a stranger offered the fol-lowing petition: "Lord, Thou knowest I am a stranger here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in an other town, whom I am on my way to see. Lord, Thou knowest way I am here instead of there I ord, Thou knowest just what I want. I want 40 cents. Amen." He got the 40 cents, and is now a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.

Bobby-Aunt Nellie, what became of the swine that had evil spirits cast into them in the bible! Aunt Neilie—They plunged head foremost into the sea, Bobby, Bobby (tri-umphantly)—Not a bit of it, auntie; they were made into deviled ham.

"Preacher made a big mistake Sunday and lost a good collection." "How?" "Well, he appointed a bill collector to go 'round with the plate, and blamed if every man in the gregation didn't ask him to call again on

The estimate of the Boise City National bank snows the value of Idaho's mineral as follows: Gold. \$1,545,000; silver, \$1,502,000; lead, \$775,000. Total, \$3,922,000, a decrease of \$3,000,000 from 1852, the shortage being in silver and lead.

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