dish with its complement of highly flavored sauce was brought to the table the lad held

forth his plate. A tablespoonful of the pud

ding was dropped upon it, and still the plate

"What is it, Johnny?" asked the good

Johnny's eyes turned to the eavory bow

ubdued laughter from the rest of the family.

Sunday School Teacher-Now Johnny, let's

hear from you. You have heard what the

Sunday School Teacher-That's right,

Johnny Chaffie-But you bet your life I'd

A young woman of Hartford, Conn., was

elling her Sunday school class of small boys

n?" "I know, said a little boy. "Some one n the bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes; and

who, Johnne?" "Jonah," was the spirited

Johnny had been permitted to look at his

"They all say she looks exactly like you, dear," said his father.

Johnny took another look at the little flat-nosed, red-faced, bald-headed mite of hu-

manity that lay blinking at him, and then

with a boy four years older than himself

and thrashed him. It was more than he

A father, wishing to bring up his child in

the way he should go, told him when he was in any danger and needed help to call upon

the Lord. Later in the day Willie was pun-

ished for some misdemeanor and when on the threshold of the dark closet, holding his

father by one hand, he dropped to his knees and prayed: "Oh, Lord, if you want to help

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the ourage that makes a boy do what he thinks

"Then, said Willie, "if a feller has candy

is right, regardless of the jeers of his com-

and eats it all hisself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

The Washington Times tells the following

story of Justice Gray of the United States

supreme court: He had gone down into

Delaware to hold court, and was met by a deputy marshal. The fees are not large down in that section, and the deputy mar-

this deputy met the justice and was ready

to walk over into the town. "Where is your carriage?" asked Justics Gray. "Well.

Mr. Justice, you see, our fees are small, and if I hired a carriage I would have nothing

left." "You get the carriage," said the justice, "there is an account to which it

can be charged. Write to the marshal in Baltimore and he'll tell you what to do."

So Justice Gray rode over to the town and

the deputy marshal wrote to his smerlor

Shortly after the return of Justice Gray to

the city he received a letter from the deput

marshal saying the carriage bill was all

"to charge it up to the account of transporta-

In a conversation the other day with

Philadelphia Record reporter District Attor-

ney Graham told of his twenty-five years

experience at the bar with the late Judge

Allison, and incidentally paid a sterling compliment to the dead jurist. "He was,"

said Mr. Graham, "a splendid judge, with

a stock of patience that was inexhaustible. No lawyer can say that he was ever turned

away from Judge Allison's bar without a kindly, courteous, complete hearing. His

bearing both on and off the bench reminded

me always of a passage in 'David Copper

ture's true nobleman who never lays it

Old Mr. and Mrs. Shuman from Bryan

were informed that a man was on trial for

beating his wife. Edging their way through

"What a murderous looking creature the prisoner is! I'd be afraid to get near him."

the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet."

"Hush!" warned her husband. "That isn"

"All I demand for my client," shouted the

attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!"

'I am very sor y I can't acc mmodate you

replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."

Counsel for the defendant, sarcastically-

You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witnes

for the pla'ntiff, cordially-I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of

RELIGIOUS.

ese exactly 15,000 are Protestant and 15,250

George C. Miln, a number of years ago

smed far and wide as a great preacher and hinker, but who finally left the pulpit for

he stage, has returned from a tour of the

world to play Shakespeare's tragedies for a period in New York. His advent has stirred

Throughout South America there are only

Dr. Pendleton, who is described as a pow-rful preacher and an wold war-horse in

Methodism," has just been assigned to the Baldwin circuit in Kahsas with a salary of \$250 a year. Dr. Pendleton has twelve children, several of whom play well on musi-cal instruments and discourse sweet strains

at the doctor's religious meeting.
Sometime ago the Catholics of Cincinnati

decided to present to Archbishop Eider a testimonial gift on the approaching fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priest-hood. Hearing of thie, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the wife of ex-Congressman Storer, offered to give her bandsome house and grounds in Circlevia.

grounds in Cincinnati for the purpose. The committee in charge of the matter,

The committee in charge of the matter, however, has just received a letter from the

archbishop declining the proposed gift, on the ground that it would not be seemly

truggling under a debt.

The presbytery of Utah appeals to Chris-

for him to accept a gift when the diocese is

field! where Dickens writes in effect.

ourt, relates the Atlanta Constitution.

the bystanders to get a look at the pi

"It isn't? Who is it then?"

"It's the judge!"

are Catholic.

up some discussion

"The marshal tells me," he wrote,

shals are not the richest men around.

little boy, now's your chance,

went out and deliberately picked a fight

the other Sunday about the Shut In society, whose members are persons confined with sickness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for those who are so shut

take the best cigar there was in the joint.

big man should invite you to drink something

to amuse the little ones.

was passed expectantly.

which contained the sauce.

grandmother.

new sister.

could stand.

moral courage?"



"AND SUNBEAMS DANCED."

Geordie Todd's Search for Easter Sunshine.

By Gerald Brennan.
(Copyright, 1886, by the Author.)
An ye see the sun dange upon Easter day,
Then a the year round ye'll be happy and

So sang the weak, broken voice in a melancholy effort at an old North Country tilt. gentleman rose, tall and dignified, waving Mrs. Todd, pale and pinched of face, sat by his hand for silence. the grimy little window, striving to finish the sewing of a shirt. There was no candle indeed in Larriker's lane, London, E. C. The tomorrow. Completed and duly delivered with others of its particular "'arf dozen" at the little factory off Goswell Road, some silmight be obtained wherewith to buy food

for the widow and little Geordie. Now, the next day would be Sunday— Easter Sunday, indeed—and on Sunday, particularly on Easter Sunday, starvation is passing bitter. Wherefore Mrs. Todd stitched very hard at the last shirt of the half dozen, crowning, grotesquely enough, the joyous catch:

An ye see the sun dance upon Easter day, Then a' the year round ye'll be happy and GEORDIE'S INQUIRY.

Somebody stirred in the gloom, by the empty fireplace, and another voice asked. "Mother-is that true?"

'Is what true, my bonnie lad?" "What ye sung abant the sun dancin' on Easter day, an' the braw luck it brings." So speaking little Geordie crept out of the arkness, and nestled by his mother's chair. By the fading light one could see that he was a mere child, but of sturdy build as became a child born north of Tyne. Pity It seems that such a promising sprout should dwarfted and twisted in the fogs and mire

of Larriker's Lane. The free air of North-umberland would be the making of Geordie—that air which his father had forsaken for the noisome breast of eastern London But George Told, the father, had ambition, and London lured him from his home, only to send him to his grave before the struggi fortune had well begun. So here were Mrs. Todd and Geordie starving in the dingy lane where the rain and the wind came full often, but the sun in its brightest never at all. The pallid woman sighed, a sigh that was

half a sob. "My bonnie lad," she said, "yon's an' old verse my daddy taught me. I mind well how we children used to stay awake all night long, just to see the sun-shine come in at the windows and dance along the wall. Lazybeck farm was a rare place for sunshine, Geordie. They say 'tis only on Easter Sunday the sun dances so and 'tis lucky-main lucky."

"An' if the sun doesna dance on the walls mother, does it bring ill uck?"
"I suppose so, Geordie," answered Mrs.

Told, with another quick, nervous sigh.

The boy pondered a moment. "Tis little sun there'll be tomorrow morn on our walls,' he whispered delefully. "I'm afeard we're goin' to be unlucky all the year round." GEORDIE'S JOURNEY.

Mrs. Tood remembered that her one win dow looked westward—that a gaunt biscuit factory towered in front—that, even on the brightest summer day, Larriker's Lane was a darksome, fetid place. She did not reply to Geordie's dismal forebodings, however, for just then the last shirt of the lot was finished. Biting off a thread, she carefully folded the cheap combination of calico and coarse linen, and placed it with its fellows in a basket. Then she rose, brushing the snips of calico from her poor dress, and made as

though to take her bonnet. 'Mother," cried the boy, springing to his feet, "ye're tired. Ye must no carry the basket tonight. I'll tak' it mayself."

"Nay, nay, laddle—ye're no' etrong enough, an' ye dinna ken the way." 'Strong, sitha!" exclaimed Geordie, lifting the light load easily enough. "I could carry ten o' you. And the way? I ken it So gae to bed, mother, an' I'll get the

"Well, ha' your way, my bonnie lad," said the weary widow. "Tis fine o' ye to help mother, I'm thinkin'. * * * Here's your cap, an' a kiss under it. Make haste. I'll be sleepin' before ye win back."
In truth it seemed so, for scarce had the

tired head touched the pillow than Mrs. Todd fell asleep, to dream, no doubt, of her pleasant youth, and the pastimes of Lazybeck Geordie waited until he knew from his mother's breathing that she slumbered. Then he unhasped the door, slipped into the passage, then to the Lane, and was

Goswell Road is a good fifteen minutes' walk from Larriker's Lane; but Geordie tretted thither all the way, and made the journey in less. At the miniature factory a kindly French woman counted him out sundry silver and copper coins of the realm, giving him a whole half-penny all to himself. Cannily he stowed this wealth away under his shirt, and started homeward. IN THE CROWD.

He found himself humming his mother's little verse about the sun on Easter Sun-



MRS. TODD SAT BY THE GRIMY LITTLE WINDQW.

Thus Geordie was communing with himself, when suddenly there fell upon his ear an uproar of amazing volume. Goswell street of a Saturday night is a crowded place; but the noise which arrested the boy's thought could come from no ordinary Goswell street gathering.

well street gathering.

Geordie stopped and looked behind him.

A mighty mob was surging onward, with flaring links and torches, hurrahing and yelling, each man at the top of his voice. In the middle of the advancing concourse came a carriage-and-pair; and in the carriage sat a pleasant-faced, elderly gentleman bowing and doffing his hat to right and left. One his guardian of the law saized. In the middle of the advancing concourse came a carriage-and-pair; and in the carriage sat a pleasant-faced, elderly gentleman bowing and deffing his hat to right and left. One big guardian of the law selzed Geordie by the arm, and pushed him forward, at the track of the crowd. "If you had, I'm taking you to your old grandfather." left. One big guardian of the law seized feerdie by the arm, and pushed him forward, out of the track of the crowd. "If you stay out there, little "un," said the policeman, "you'll get trampled to death. Better the bull to helpful as the horses can go. * Geordie, my lad, I'm taking you to your old grandfather."

Less than an hour later, Geordie stepped from a cab at the entrance to Larriker's Lane, and was followed by a gray-haired, but the bible as than firty acres; that the bible as than must fill the heart of a child with hilarious joy.

Perhaps a suggestion here for dessert for a child's Easter party may not be wholly malapropos. A very large nest may be made of citron cut in the shape of straws. Place

appearance of such a throng, Geordie gladly obeyed. Then the police ranks opened to allow the carriage and pair to enter, closing immediately behind it. The horses came to a standstill, a liverled footman sprang their heads, and in the carriage the elderly

Silence came ofter a while but not until the mob cutside the police lines had pressed the sewing of a shirt. There was no candle in the miserable room by which to continue front rank positions, Geordie had the best ber work after dark—and dark comes early position of all, for he stood inside the lines, but he did not know the extent of his luckshirt incomplete, there would be no bread for at least not then. Finally, when a comparative hush had fallen over the multitude, the man in the carriage began to speak. He had a fine, clear voice, and a way of pronouncing words which puzzled Geordie much, until he remembered that it was his mother's accent and his own-the "burr" of the north country. So, the speaker came from the bonnie north, perhaps from Tyneside, and Lazybeck farm!

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION. Geordie was listening breathlessly to this harangus; understanding only a little, but making out that here was one who could apparently confer the most delightful benefits upon such as he chose.

"He doesna say aught about Easter sun-light," ruminated Goordie, "but, if he can give you folk all they want. 'tip main sure can give a little sun to mother an' me. If I could only ask him!"

At this moment the speaker closed, after a brilliant pergration, in which prom were as thick as soot-smuts in Larriker's Lane. A great outburst of cheering greeted his pitting down, the liveried footman the horses' heads and clambered box-wards. and the carriage began to move-the policeman again giving way before its progress.

stand in front o' me, till Sir Graham makes, still sturdy old man, in the old style drab his speech." gaiters of the farmer. The two seemed to his speech."

Freightened by the din, and the sudden have become frients right quickly; for Geordie held the old man's hand, and whispered, 'Come along, grandad; yon's the hoose."

Mrs. Todd was awakened from a dreamful

sleep by the noise of the opening door. "Geordie," she called, "is it you?" Some one struck a match, and a familia: voice, pronounced her name. She turned quickly, and with a great cry of gladness.

recognized her father. Next morning in the pleasant coffee room of the Bull Irri-which looks forth upon bury Holbon-a group of three assembled round one of the tables. They were Goordie his mother, and his grandfather; and their happiness was so deep, so intense, that they sat silent amid the chatter of the room. But not for long!

A vagrant sunbeam stealing through the window, went dancing and gamboling among the gay flowers on the wall paper.
"Eh, mother!" cried Geordie—all excited
in a minute—"you see yon? There's the sun that brings us good luck. Gran'dad, I ken the words:

"An ye see the sun dance upon Easter day Then all the year round ye'll be happy an Gay??" " 'Tis an old saw, yon," said the grandfather; "an' I trust a true one."

EASTER TOYS. Quaint and Charming Plaything for

the Youngsters. Surely never was an Easter that so bount!fully remembered the little ones as the spring festival of 1896. Legend and story have been drawn upon for suggestions, and whole shop fronts are given over to wonderful brown and white bunnles in every size and attitude, and chickens and eggmixed with dolls, and toys in a greater variety of ways than the unknowing would



"I WANT YE TO GIE MOTHER AN' ME THE SUNSHINE TOMORROW."

Was he going to let luck bid him goodby for a whole, weary year?

With a skip and a jump, Geordie's sturdy legs carried him to the side of the slowly moving carriage. The next moment his curly head appeared over the door, and his eager blue eyes gazed into those of the temporarily astonished Sir Graham Musgrave

"Bless my soul!" piously ejaculated Sir Graham-"it's a little boy. What do you want, little boy? No, constable, don't touch (this to a policeman who had interfered.) "Speak up, little fellow."

"Aw waant to taulk wi' thee," quoth Geordie frightened into his broadest North-The baronet's features relaxed into a broad smile. "Eh, laddie," he said, "thou'st fra Tyneside, a'm thinkin'. Come thy ways in, ambrian

So saying, he hoisted Geordie into the carriage. The crowd thinking this some honor done to one of their children howled with delight and Sir Graham's carriage drove on. "Now, my boy," asked the baronet, "what can I do for you?"

"I want ye to gie mother an' me the sunshine tomorrow."
"The what?" cried Sir Graham, screwing glass into his left eye. "Is the child nad? What on earth do you mean, little

"Didstha never hear the song:
"An ye see the sun dance upon Easter day,
Then all the year round ye'll be happy and
gray?"

"Indeed, I did, long ago, when I was a boy," said Sir Graham. "Well, mother live in Larker's Lane, an' 'tis main dark, an' no luck all the year. Canstha no' gle mother an' me some sun canstha no gie mother an me some san to dance at the wa'? Thou'rt gaein' to gie fine things to a' yon folks. Wiltha gie us a hartle o' dancin' sun in Lar'ket's Lans?"

Here Geordie ended, for the baronet was apparently choking behind his handkerchief.

The absaring crowd had been left behind cheering crowd had been left behind and the carriage was entering Farrington street. Geordie stared stolidly at the red face of Sir Graham, never suspecting for a moment that that personage was laughing. At length our candidate got over his paroxysm and felt in his pockets for a sover-

A DISCOVERY.

"What's your name, my lad, and where o you come from, down north?" he asked. "My name is Geordie Todd, an' mother

cometh fra' Lazybeck Farm by Bedlington. is aught amiss, sir?"

This sudden question was caused by Sir Graham leaping to his feet and staring down at Geordie with eyes in which mirth had

given place to utter amazement.

"Lazybeck? Todd?" cried Sir Graham.
"Wonders will never cease. Why, boy, it
is only four hours ago that your grandfather,
old Farmer Pringle of Lazybeck came to me with tears in his eyes, asking me to try and and his widowed daughter. The old man had come all the way from Northumber and. Is your mother's name Maggie Todi?"

Geordie nodded. "Father called her that,"

Geordie standing in the open space, saw his think it possible to devise. Arch and piquant high hopes of a moment elipping away with the retreating carriage and its eloquent occupant. Was he going to lose all chance of you, while staid and sage "Brer Rabbits" seeing the sun dance on Easter morning? bethan ruffs of pretty crepe paper.

and filled with whatever one pleases.

At this time of the year what boy would not like one of the round baskets that I saw, filled with marbles all daintly covwith real agates? For little girls box is tied to the front in the shape

of an egg. Another pretty device was a white bask lined with the blue paper and filled with jack straws. This was half tipped over on a cart drawn by three chickens tandem, smartly harnessed with blue ribbons.

For it, too, there is a large egg of papier mache painted in wash colors, and inside a beautiful rattle of sterling silver with pearl I am sure the little 4-year-old would choose

a large and heautiful basket that I saw with a splend'd rabbit sitting in the yellow lining as if keeping guard over a set of dishes that was tied with narrow yellow ribbon all around the basket and over the handle

In fact, with their fr'lls and ruffs, their poke bonnets and pierrot caps, hens and

'a man might assume a gentlemanly de-meanor for an occasion, but it is only naaside, went to town, and in going to the hotel for dinner, saw a crowd around the justice old couple, with pardonable curiosity, quired the cause of the gathering. They

Next to them we see little wooden pail enclosing nests of pink, blue, red or yellow crepe paper with wooly little chickens sitting on the nest. Of course the heads of the chickens all come off, and may be filled with bon bons. To the pails are attached prettily painted eggs that also can be opened

ered with netting upon which sat a group of miniature rabbits, and from the handle of which was suspended a huge egg filled exactly the same arrangement, with beads instead of marbles. But I fancy they might like better the charming little jewel basket. daintly lined with the ever popular crepe paper. This forms a kind of nest in which sits a saucy little chicken in a fetching poke bonnet. By taking off chicky's deprated head, one comes upon just the proper receptacle for rings, pins, etc., and an additional

But really, the most splendid thing I say was the hay cart. This was quite a large affair filled with real hay and drawn by two fine oxen gayly caparisoned in red ribbons. On the back of each ox sat a pert little brown rabbit with a red ribbon around his neck. In the front of the wagen was an enormous rooster, looking very proud and cocky at the idea of taking his family out for an airing. Behind him in single file expensive gift, however, costing \$12; and I found it very hard not to be quite envious of the nice old gentleman who came in and brought it while I was looking about, and taking out a crisp \$100 bill, proceeded to spend it all in wonderful and beautiful toys; and he didn't buy so very many of them,

But of them all, none was funnier than the nice old hen going to market on her bleycle, dressed in a peasant's costume, with her basket of eggs on her arm. Even the tiniest baby was not forgotten

handle.

One large papier egg on being opened revealed a beautiful doll asleep in her night gown in one half, and in the other her entire wardrobe carefully folded away.

In fact, with their frils and ruffs their

following conditions, namely, that the citizens of Salt Lake City should give a site of not less than fifty acres; that the bible chickens, roosters, gerse and rabbits make a beautiful and grotesque display that must fill the heart of a child with hilarious joy.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. This Year Bright Colors Will Be the Pre-A mite of a Chicago boy had been watching vailing Fad.

his grandmother make a pudding. It was with difficulty that the parents persuaded the youngster to eat his allowance of meat and WILL BE SEEN AT THE CHURCHES TODAY vegetables, so eager was he to gorge himself with pudding. When at last the steaming

> The Little Toque Will Be the Correet Thing, but in Summer it Will Give Way to the Big Hat.

History does not record the exact date on "I want some of that perfumery on it," he said softly. His wish was granted amid which was inaugurated the custom of wearing fine, new clothes on Easter Sunday. Some folks who have a profound knowledge of the customs and manners of the people of the first Christian era declare that the idea was extant during that early period. rest of the class have had to say about idea was extant during that early period. temptation. Now, what would you say if a Others say that the new garments and bright colored hats did not come into vogue until mediaeval times. However this may be, the Johnny Chaffle-I should say that I didn't drink; that I had been taught that it was fact remains that for a long term of years church-going women have felt it absolutely incumbent upon them to appear in bright Johnny; I like to bear a boy speak up like array on Easter Sunday. Indeed so prevalent has the idea become that it has extended its influence over the sterner sex, and even reached those classes that rarely see the inside of a church and who bear witness to their regard for the day by adding a humble flower or a modest ribbon to their dress.

This year will prove no exception to the rule. If the sun shines as brightly on Omaha today as it did last Sunday, there will be thousands of new and beautiful specimens of the milliners' handiwork and almost as many bright, new gowns and a large number of handsome coats seen about town. The iodistes and the milliners have been busy during the week past preparing gowns and turbans for their fashionable patrons. rade has been larger in this city than for peveral years past, and should the day prove to be fair the Easter assemblage at any one of the leading churches will form a brilliant pectacle. When the fair daughter of Eve dons her new gown, reluctantly covers up a portion of it with a brand new coat, tugs on her fresh, dainty gloves, gets her new hat on straight and then pins on the flowers her best young man has thoughtfully sent her she may fairly remark: "Now, I suppose I'm arrayed like one of those."

There are many beautiful styles that will usbered in today. They represent long bours of study and much patient toil upor the part of those who have to put into execution the plans given them by the designers.

In a general way it may be remarked that small bats, turbans and toques will be seen more often than any other styles of headgear. This does not mean that the plague-of-thetheater style hat will not be worn at all. On the contrary, there are some women who would not look well in any other but a large hat, and there are many more who would not be satisfied if they could not put a monument of feathers and a whole flower garden on top of their heads, whether the bulky article suits their beauty or not. SMALL HATS POPULAR.

On Easter Sunday and throughout the early part of the spring it will be the correct thing to wear a small hat. Toques will be popular, and those who are fond of the natty turban can still cling to that trim little article and feel that they are in good form. As spring grows later, larger hats will come into vogue, and by the time the Creighton and the Boyd have closed their doors for the summer it will be all right to resume wearing the big hats. There is no ronclad rule, though, about the dimensions of the proper Easter hat. One can't express

ounces. Dark, stable colors are to be preferred. black, brown, green and other substantial colors being most popular. Mixed straws of dar!: effect have the tanction of the up-to-date milliners. Quills and wings are used to some extent, and in ribbons Persian effects are in great demand. In the way of trimming, tulle and maline are being much used. The distinguishing feature, however, of the Easter hat of 1896 is the presence of a multitude of flowers. Flowers and flowers, and flowers are being used. The most stunning hats that will be worn by the fin-de-slecle maidens today will appear like veritable gardens. The flowers are clustered around the back of the dainty little hats. and no one flower seems to have the call over any other. Formerly violets and v.o-lets alone were the correct thing for Easter hats. The day of the violet's ascendancy has passed. Violets will be worn this year, has passed. and in considerable quantities, too, but this year there are others. Roses and asters are especially desirable and afford a welcome change to the multitude of violets hereto-fore presented on Easter Sunday. Foliage is being used by a great many milliners, who use nothing but the latest styles. As one milliner told The Bee reporter, "You simply can't go astray on flowers this year; only

get lots of them." "You will be surprised to learn that dur-ing the week many new hats have been purchased that will not be worn on Easter Sunday, nor for several weeks afterward, said another prominent milliner. "This is due to several reasons, principally, perhaps, pecause women come in and find a hat they want, but which they are not quite ready to put on and wear. They like the pattern, and are afraid to overlook it for fear some one else will get it. So they purchase the hat and save it for a time. Of course, the people who do this have something suitable that they can wear Easter Sunday, probably something made over. Then, too, it is no longer an unwritten law that one must appear in a new hat on Easter day. Some folks whom I know won't wear a new hat or a new coat, or a new gown on that day just because everybody else does, and they want to be different from the majority of The Catholics and the Episcopalians, think, are more prone to come out in bright raiment and new headgear on Easter han any other clase."

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMED.

All the milliners report that their trade during the past week has been good, and much better than it was during the corresponding week last year. Monday was an unusually good day for all of the local milli-According to the census of the German empire, taken recently, the number of elergymen in the whole country is 30,259. Of ners. The warm weather last Sunday doubt-less had the effect of hurrying the trade a bit. But the several raw days that followed did not stop the rush. Business was not so good on Tuesday as it was on Monday, but was very fair. On both Tuesday and Wednesday there was considerable transient trade. The milliners' regular patrons, th ones on whom they depend from year to year, put in their orders rather early this season, indicating a desire not to be left in the mad rush that always precedes Easter Sunday. The millinery business depends a about 400 Protestant missionaries, of all so-cieties. The number of Pholestant adherents is 100,000 and 70,000 of these are in the Gulanas, where the Morayians have been so great deal on the weather. The feelings of a milliner on a rainy day can only be appreclated by a base ball manager as he hangs up successful in missions. Only 3,000,000 out of the 37,000,000 population of South America Dr. Pendleton are possible of the gospel. what she shall wear on her head on Easter Sunday. But if a driving rain or a flurry of snow comes along she forgets all about her Easter hat and does not allow her

thoughts to rise above the collar of her mackintosh. eing purchased as a few years ago. fashionable young women who used to refus to look at a hat unless it cost \$25 are thi year carefully inspecting the stock of \$18 hats. There are some hats being bought at \$25, \$30 and even \$35 each, but not so many of them as were purchased five year ago. The popular price for a stylish spring hat this year is between \$15 and \$20. The large majority of the hats that will be wor today by the society women of Omaha will be paid for at the rate of \$16-\$18-each. The expression, "will be paid for," is used advisedly, for very few sales of Easter bennets are made upon a cash basis. The milliners hardly expect payment for several menths, and if they tack on a couple of ertra dollars to the price of a hat, it is only to cover the interest on the deferred pay

ment. BOYCOTT A HOME MARKET. While most society folks are buying their hats in Omaha this year, a few members of the ultra-fashionable set think it a disgrace to be seen wearing the handlwork of home industry. They journey over to Chicago to make their purchases, and if they can secure transportation that far, some go all the way to New York City or Philadelphia in search of the latest types. search of the latest styles. Some of the young women who were abroad last season

in the nest temon jolly of different colors moulded into the form of eggs. This is a perfectly harmless dessert, and never fails. EASTER SUNDAY HEADGEAR made purchases from the milliners in Paris and in London. Whether any of these purpher harmless dessert, and never fails and in London. Whether any of these purchases have been carefully preserved to be sprung on the worshippers of flowers and music and new etyles today is not known, but it is hardly likely. A few young women have occupied their spare time during the Lenten season by making over old hata and fashioning new ones. It is safe to predict that not even the purchasers of foreign hats will feel prouder of their Easter crowns than will the industrious society women who have made their own.

"People think we make our money on

"People think we make our money obigh-priced hate, but we don't." said a youn woman who is generally conceded to know more about tasteful millinery than anyon in Omaha. "The greatest profit lies in the sale of \$5 and \$6 hats. To be sure, we must have a large sale of these hats to make much money, but ordinarily there is a volume business in this line that far exceeds that the higher-priced hats. The reason we can rake morey on the cheaper hats is because persons who can afford to pay only \$5 fo a spring hat do not object if the design is one that has been fathionable a season be We can buy hats of a style that is trifle old considerably cheaper than we c any other kind. The fashionable milliners of New York and Philadelphia will not kee them on their hands after the minute that particular style is considered old. These hats are just as good as any we sell, and some of them are really quite nobby, but we patrons, who always insist on the very latest

A number of the prevailing patterns this year have been imported from Paris. Con-nelly & Akin, the stylish milliners of Fifth avenue, New York, do considerable import-ing, and in this way serve milliners all over the country. Connelly, perhaps, will order a dozen of the latest patterns from Verrou or from Marguerite, both leading milliners of Paris. A duty of 60 per cent will be charged on these, and yet the New York milliner will sell the imported hat for one-half, or perhaps less, of the amount the imported article cost him in Paris. He can afford to do this because of the new ideas he has gained from the Parisian effect. From one imported hat he will probably design ten or twelve new styles. These new styles appear in handsomely made hats, which he will sell a his best customers for fancy prices. The eading milliners of other cities i n the United States purchase the New York milliner's latest hats, and from them make several of original design. It's the old story of the ever-increasing waves caused by throwing a pebble in the pond. One imported hat is used as a pattern from which many of the hats that will be seen in Omaha and in other cities all over the country are made.

WISHES.

Written for The Sunday Bee. Written for The Sunday Hee.
I wish I wuz a robber an'
Could stand right up an' rob a man,
An' take 'is watch an' di'mund pin,
An' do all kinds of plunderin'!
Same as Jassle Jeemes wunst did,
An' nuther feller—wuz called Cld
Kersin'—he's that feller who
Could do jus' like he wanted to.

I wish I wuz a' Injun, fer
Then I would jus' lift th' hair
Off from th' cow-boys' heads when
They come in reach a-hollerin';
I'd paint m' face with yeller clay,
An' smoke t'backer ev'ry day;
An' be a grea' big chief an' ride
A pony an' a horse beside.

But what's th' use uv wishin' things That you can't never be? It brings
That you can't never be? It brings
Up notions in your head that you
Get to wishin' would go through!
Hest—I think—to stay at home
With your Mom, an' let alone
All such monkey-biznessis,
Fer your home's best place they is!
—CLARENCE P. M'DON ome's best place they is!
-CLARENCE P. M'DONALD.

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A DREAM DREAMED OVER.

The music was throbbing and pulsing;
The flowers and the palms and the light
In smooth, waxed floors were reflected
That glorious gala night.
With the fragrance of roses about her,
In her dainty, pure white gown,
She was, as he whispered to her,
"The prettiest girl in town."

She smiled and flushed and denied it, As a pretty girl must do,
But by her heart's deep contentment,
She knew that he thought it true;
And they danced to the thrilling music—
Oh, life was rapture then—
When she was the prettlest girl in town
And he was the first of men!

They parted with anguished sorrow; Time cleared the clouded sky, But at last night's ball she lived again In the charmed days gone by. W. A. Woolwine of Las Angeles, who for His son and her daughter were dancing,
The girl in a pure white gown,
And she heard him say, as they passed he
"You're the prettiest girl in town!"

America's greatest beverage is Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne, It is the pur juice of the grapes naturally fermented.

Mrs. Sophia Floeckner of Chillicothe, O. is the possessor of the most remarkable relic extant, and which has been in her family for hundreds of years. It is an old Hebrew coin, and ancient documents in her posses sion show it to be one of the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas Iscariot to Jeous Christ. The coin was shown to a correspondent recently. It was about the size of a silver half dollar, and was dim and discolored with age. On one side was a chalice in bas relief, from which ascended the smoke of the incense. This was surrounded by old Hebrew letters. On the other side of the coin was a representation of the staff of Aaron, which put forth leaves blossomed and bore fruit, all in one day This staff was also encircled by old Hebrew

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Mr. John McGuire, proprietor of the Mc-Guire House, Osborne, Kan., says: with great pleasure that I testify for Munron's Remedies. One vial of Munyon's Bladder Cure relieved me of the tortures of

Bladder Cure refleved me of the tortures of at Inflammatory condition of the bladder. A few doses were sufficient to stop the terrible burning path, and a short course of treatment cured me."

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and oreass up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25 cents.

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Munyon's Kidney Cure sp. edily cures pa'ns in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25 cents,

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25 cents,

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all women.

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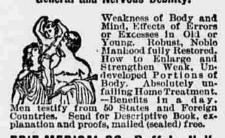
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