



Just Received

A line of the latest styles and designs in gas and combination fixtures. If you contemplate building it will pay you to investigate this stock, as we are in a position to give some excellent bargains.

FREE & BLACK

Plumbers and Gas Fitters, 1806 FARNAM STREET. Telephone 1049.

It's the Difference

Between the month old egg and the egg today that gives the latter its value.

It's the Difference

Between the ordinary cigar and



Our Five Cent Jersey that makes ours more desirable. If you enjoy a thoroughly good smoke try one.

Paxton Block Cigar Store, Jacob Jaskalek, Prop., 414th, near Farnam.

MAGNET PILE KILLER. Not a Common Salve or Ointment, but a SPECIFIC Used for Rectal Diseases Only. A Quick Relief and Positive Cure for Hemorrhoids, Piles, Bleeding or Itching Piles, or Piles in Any Form. READ Testimonials \$1.00 PER BOX. MAGNET CHEMICAL CO., Western Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Standard Water Filter.



Awarded Gold Medal at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Also other filters from \$1.50 up. New stones for all kinds of filters. Room 6, Board of Trade Bldg. Tel. 306. A. KIEWIT.

A FACT—NOT A THEORY

That we are the cheapest and best Gun and Sporting Goods House in the West. We sell you a good made split Gun Rod (the \$1.25 kind) for 75 cents. A No. 1 silk line of 25 yards for 40 cents. Base Balls for 5 cents. Our regular 25 Base Balls for 15 cents. Tennis Goods, Golf Goods, Guns and Loaded Shells at the lowest prices. If you want to save money and want good goods, it will pay you to trade with us. REMEMBER We moved from 215 Farnam street to 1413 Douglas street.

OMAHA SPORTING GOODS CO., 1413 DOUGLAS STREET. (T. B. Norris' Old Shoe Stand.)

Do Not Get Discouraged

Summer will surely come and when it does you will want us to leave ice at your residence. Remember we sell Armour & Co.'s Pure Silver Lake Ice. We are now prepared to give South Omaha people good service, as well as Omaha.

Consumers' Ice & Coal Co. 211 S. 14th St. P. W. Tighe, Mgr. Telephone 1580

The Dewey European Hotel

Rates: 50c to \$1.50 per day. All modern conveniences and nice, large, clean rooms. Centrally located and conveniently to both theaters. Street cars to all parts of the city and both depots, pass the door. 13th and Farnam Streets, OMAHA, NEB. C. E. Wilkins, - - Proprietor.

BANKERS' ENDORSEMENTS

Do you patronize home industries? If you do let us estimate on your engraving work. Don't send it out of the city. Office, 15 U. S. National Bank Building. OMAHA.

Williams & Smith Co.

1404 FARNAM ST. Are showing the new things in gentlemen's

Light weight Underwear, Hosiery and Fancy Shirts.

Tailors and Furnishers

We Sell More Emblem Pins

than anyone in town. We handle every kind—every price, and make special designs to order. Diamond Rings, Wedding Rings and Wedding Gifts Galore.

T. L. COOMBS & CO. 1520 DOUGLAS ST. SOUTH OMAHA STORE—24th & M Sts.

ARTISTIC HARDWOOD MANTELS

With open fireplace and art tile facings and hearth add the finishing touch to a new home. We show mantels in quarter sawed oak, birch, cherry, etc., in various shades—all the late things in grates, tile and fireplace furnishings. Tile floors and fireplaces repaired on short notice.

Welshans & Holbrook, Ground Floor, 300 SOUTH 17TH STREET. Between Farnam and Harney.

OUR MOTTO: "Why Not Have the Best?"



We have the exclusive sale of COLLEMBIA TRAILER, the most elegant vehicle. Just received, a large shipment of carriages, Stanhope, Phaetons, Buggies. Our prices are right. Call and see us. Andersen Buggy Top Co. 15th and Davenport. Phone 921.

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN THE RED CROSS LEAGUE

BECAUSE IT WILL GIVE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SERVICE OF THE VERY BEST CHARACTER AT \$1.00 PER MONTH. FUNERAL BENEFIT 25c Extra. Try and Be Convinced. For further information call or telephone 804 New York Life Bldg. JOHN A. KARLING, MANAGER. Telephone 2031.

Plantation Pageants by Joel Chandler Harris

(Copyright, 1899, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

Mr. Bobs and His Bubble.

The children stood watching Mr. Bobs attentively, their attitude betraying their curiosity to see how Mr. Bobs could convince them that there were smarter men than Aaron in that neighborhood, and doubtful of his ability to do so. It was plain that Mr. Bobs himself did not share their doubts. He was in no hurry, and yet there was no delay in his movements; he was slow but methodical. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully cleaned it out with his pocket knife, blowing through the stem to clear away all particles of tobacco. This done, he laid the pipe carefully on the step beside him, reached into the room behind him, and drew forth a washtub that seemed to be a little more than half full of soapy water. There was also in the pan a small



A LITTLE WOMAN, FOLLOWED BY A SWARM OF SMALLER FIGURES.

wooden paddy. With this Mr. Bobs whipped the soapy water gently, and the children noticed that instead of breaking into a foamy mass of bubbles, as soapy water does, three or four large bubbles appeared. This result seemed to be unsatisfactory to Mr. Bobs. He drew forth from an inside pocket of his coat a large leather or morocco pocketbook, and began to search through its various compartments. He finally found what he was searching for—a little paper packet, wrapped round and round with many yards of white sewing thread. This thread Mr. Bobs unwound very carefully. Then, unfolding the paper, he took therefrom the merest pinch of white powder and flung it into the pan of water on his fingers. "I reckon you'll work now, plague on you!" he exclaimed.

At this juncture Miss Elviry came out, wondering what the children were doing. Watching the manipulations of her brother, she laughed unamiably, saying, "You may thank your stars there ain't no law agin witchcraft in this part of the country. That's all that keeps 'em from stringin' you up."

"Where's any witchcraft?" inquired Mr. Bobs indignantly. "I'm just a showin' these youngsters a trick that I learnt from that there gypsy 'oman—the one that koryored your rheumatiz."

"Well," remarked Miss Elviry, "when folks do somethin' new an' quare they ailers fly back to conjuration to account for it."

"I don't keer where they fly," said Mr. Bobs, "so long as they don't fly at me." And, as if to show that he really didn't care, he seized the wooden paddy and began to whip the water again. This time all the bubbles disappeared save one, and the more Mr. Bobs whipped the water the larger it grew. Presently he placed the pan on a large block—the butt-end of a poplar tree which served sometimes as a table and sometimes as the work bench—and continued to whip the water, the bubble growing larger and larger all the while. Occasionally he poked his paddy into the bubble and withdrew it quickly, as if to test its consistency. The children could see the paddy go into the bubble and see it come out, but the bubble itself remained intact and continued to expand.

"You see dat, don't you?" exclaimed Drusilla. The bubble was now as tall as the tallest of the children and large around in proportion. Mr. Bobs took his pipe, inserted it in the bubble at the edge of the pan and began to blow with all his might. This he did at short intervals until all the water in the pan seemed to be exhausted. Then, with the stem of the pipe still in his mouth, he took the paddy and carefully scraped the bubble from the edge of the pan and by a deft motion of his hand moved the pan entirely. That was certainly a sight for the children to see—a bubble as high and as big as a small house, swaying gently in the sunlight and showing forth all the colors of the rainbow. It was very wonderful indeed, and Sweetest Susan was quick to declare that she had never before seen anything as beautiful.

Mr. Bobs seemed to be very much gratified at this. "Tain't the best I can do," he explained. "I'd have to make a dozen or more before I git my hand in. But this on is good enough. If you find anybody 'round here what can build a bubble that won't but ner float off, why, jest ax 'em to do it, that's all. No," he declared, "that ain't all, nuther."

He took a small leaf and laid it on the side of the bubble. Instantly it began to rotate and travel in a small circle, drawing after it, as it seemed, the most beautiful shades of green and gold and purple. It seemed indeed to be the center of an iridescent whirlpool and the children stood gazing at it with open mouths and eyes.

examined it critically, smoothing it with his wooden paddy.

"I'm jest a-feelin' round fer to find whar the door is," he explained. Apparently he soon found it, for he spoke to Buster John. "Come on," he said; "jump right in." The youngster hesitated for an instant, but his surroundings gave him assurance. "Walk right in," Mr. Bobs insisted, and gave a quick flit with the paddy as Buster John touched the bubble—a quick flit with the paddy, and Sweetest Susan and Drusilla saw Buster John disappear, swallowed up, as it were, by the bubble.

"Now, then," said Mr. Bobs, waving his paddy on high, "come on, an' in w' you! There, plunge right in!" Sweetest Susan went forward timidly. "Is it going to fly away with us, Mr. Bobs?" she asked. She had already experienced one adventure that was not pleasing to think of. "Why, what idea you've got, honey?" exclaimed Mr. Bobs. "How can a bubble fly away with you children on the inside? You might as well ax me of a crow can fly away w' a bale of cotton."

"But this bubble is different from other bubbles," suggested Sweetest Susan. "It shone in, fer I made it myself. But, in w' you; don't let your buddy git lonesome." Sweetest Susan was still a little afraid, but she went forward all the same, and the bubble seemed to swallow her just as it had swallowed Buster John. "Come on, of you're a-comin'!" "I ain't bleeze ter go in dar, is it?" she asked. "Go in, or stay out; it's all one to me. Come! Talk out! Which is it. I'll do you no good to go in, ner no harm, nuther."

Drusilla hesitated a moment, just a moment, and then she went to the bubble. "I don't want none of dat ar soapuds ter git in my eyes," she remarked with a shiver. "Shut your eyes, then," said Mr. Bobs. Drusilla did more than that, she held her



THE MORE HE WHIPPED THE WATER THE LARGER IT GREW.

breath. Then, with a whiff of dampness on her face, she found herself inside the bubble. She turned to see where and how she got in, but she was so surprised at the view that presented itself that she fairly gasped with astonishment. Away off in the distance she could see somebody that resembled Mr. Bobs, but he seemed to be hanging in the air, heels upward. Not far from him was his house; and that, too, was upside down. By some curious freak of perspective the house and its surroundings, including Mr. Bobs, presented a picture not larger than your thumb-nail.

"I didn't know I was sech a mighty jumper," she said to herself. Then she looked around for Buster John and Sweetest Susan, and saw them some

distance away. They were evidently as much puzzled as she was. The bubble no longer seemed to be a bubble. Viewed from the outside, it had appeared to be no larger than a small house. In the inside, however, as Drusilla remarked, it was as big as all outdoors. They walked about timidly at first for fear of breaking the bubble, but they soon forgot all about that precaution. They seemed to be in a wide and perfectly level field—a field with a shining floor. Over this floor the many-hued colors of the rainbow chased one another incessantly, wringing, twisting, whirling. The children watched this display until Drusilla made a remark that had astonishing results. "I know whar we at," she said; "dish yer place whar dey makes rainbows. You kin see um platin' um now."

At this both Buster John and Sweetest Susan laughed, and among the bubbles and colors seemed to be shattered into



AT THIS THE CHILDREN TURNED AND RAN.

thousands of fragments, and they ran about on the floor, shaken into all sorts of disordered shapes. Almost as curious as this spectacle were the words that Drusilla said. "It is, it is, it is!" she exclaimed. "I do promise myself when we went and dat I want mysef let you drag me in no no! places. An' yit, here I is! You done drag me in here, an' now you got ter drag me out—if I ever is ter git out!"

"Why, there's nothing to do but to break the bubble," Buster John stoutly asserted. "Show me whar dey's any bubble," cried Drusilla. "Yo' don't see none, an' I don't see none. We're in a rainbow factory, an' we better git out fo' it thunders."

Drusilla's considerations led the children to look around them more carefully than they had done, and even Buster John was compelled to admit that he could see nothing like the walls of a bubble, if walls they may be called.

One fact that disturbed them more than any other was that they could see no horizon line. The horizon exists only in the imagination, but it plays a very important part in our actual experience. It provides a boundary, a limit. But it was absent now, and its absence, together with the fact that two separate and distinct suns appeared to be shining overhead, gave a weird aspect to this new landscape, or, to be more exact, the bubble-scape. And while the shimmering, swirling, whirling, rainbow colors were beautiful to behold, they began to add to the confusion after a while. In the midst of it all, Drusilla sneezed, not once, but twice. She tried hard to keep the bubbles from coming in, but they had to come, and when they did come, they seemed to shake the foundation of things, and the sound of 10,000 sneezes was heard in the air. The two suns overhead reeled and shook and whirled about each other, and the colors whirled in the floor till they lost all semblance of proportion. And, while waiting for this desecration to stop itself, the children saw a little woman come gliding toward them, followed by a swarm of smaller figures. "We're gone now," exclaimed Drusilla excitedly. "We done stirred 'em up. We better

make a break an' git out er here 'fo' dey jump on us an' git us down."

But somehow, neither Buster John nor Sweetest Susan was frightened. There was nothing alarming about these little people—if people they were. The little woman, who seemed to be the leader, was not ugly at all. If she had been an old crone with a yellow tooth, the children might have felt some uneasiness, but her appearance was very pleasing, although she seemed to be somewhat weary. And all the smaller ones that came after her seemed to be solemn and weary. But they were not too weary to form themselves in a ring, of which the children were the center, and go marching around, singing a song of complaint. Their voices were not strong and it was all the children could do to catch a few of the words of the song. A part of it was as follows: "If you stay awake while you sleep, You will find that the whole isn't half;



AT THIS THE CHILDREN TURNED AND RAN.

You will find it is funny to weep, And awfully solemn to laugh, Oh, my, you see two suns a-shinin'— 'T is, 't is, 't is, 't is!" "I know you dey got us!" said Drusilla in a low tone. "Dey ain't no sense in what dey singin'. Dey ar all ravin' crazy. Look at 'em, how dey waggle dey heads an' wobble 'bout when dey walk! Dey sho is got us!"

"When the song, if such it could be called, was done, the little woman came toward the children. Her attitude was not threatening, but Drusilla made haste to get behind her companions.

"You don't seem to know me," the little woman said. "No, we don't. Who are you?" asked Sweetest Susan. "I'm the Queen of Dreams," replied the other.

"Are we dreaming now?" Buster John asked somewhat bluntly. "How could that be?" said the Queen of Dreams. "You are not asleep, and we are only here because of a hideous noise we heard. We were asleep. Do you think we should be disturbed in our own kingdom? We can't help ourselves at this moment, but do you think it is right to invade our territory?"

"What she talkin' 'bout?" asked Drusilla in a whisper. "Who been 'vadid' any 'try-tory?" "Why, Mr. Bobs made this bubble fer us," Buster John explained. The Queen of Dreams seemed to be puzzled. "What is a bubble?" she asked. "Why, a bubble—a bubble is—well, a bubble is a piece of soapuds into which air has been blown," replied Sweetest Susan, somewhat doubtfully. "How big a piece, and how much air is necessary to make a bubble?" inquired the Queen of Dreams. "I'm sure I don't know," responded Sweetest Susan. "Bubbles are of all sizes; but this one is the largest I ever saw."

While the Queen of Dreams was describing the beauties of her dyspeptic subjects, Drusilla saw coming toward them the most horrible-looking object imaginable. She tried to warn the others, but she couldn't speak. She could only point her finger and nod her head. The creature seemed to be as big around the body as a horse. Its forelegs were short, while its hindlegs were long, so that in crawling along the ground it was now doing, it seemed to be crawling on its feet ready to spring. It had two tails longer than an alligator's body, and its head was as big as a barrel and shaped something like that of a hippopotamus. But its ears were long as those of a mule; its eyes were large and green, and, when it gaped, the inside of its mouth was as red as red flannel.

Seeing the children huddled together in a stupefying fright the Queen of Dreams told them they had nothing to fear. "It's nobody but poor old Nightmare. He was out about eight and worked hard at his business. He should be resting now, but the poor thing gets lonely when he opens one eye and finds us gone. He's a great pet of mine. Come, tickle his ear and see him open his mouth and growl!"

"I clean forgot to tell you not to stay in there too long," he remarked. "Folks must have fresh air, and you can't git that in a bubble. But if you say the word 'I'll blow you up a bigger one an' you can stay in it longer."

But the children shook their heads and thanked him. They didn't want any more bubbles that day. "You better let me make you a good big 'un," Mr. Bobs insisted. "I most know the nigger gal there would like to be in a great big 'un."

"Humph! You don't know me, den," said Drusilla with some bluntness. "Dem what likes bubbles can git in um an' stay in um fer what I keer. All I skered un is dat I'll git in um in my dreams. Ef I does 'evy hair in my haid'll be gray de nex' time you see me."

At this Mr. Bobs fell to laughing, and he laughed so long and so loudly that Miss Elviry came to the door to see what the matter was. "Why, what in the world?" she exclaimed. "I'm jest laughin' at that gal there," Mr. Bobs explained, when he could control himself. "She went into the bubble along w' the others."

"Why will you go on that away? An' at your age, too. It's a plum' shame!" exclaimed his sister. "Why, Elviry, ten year from now these youngsters wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that they've saw today."

And no doubt this was true so far as Buster John and Sweetest Susan were concerned; but with Drusilla, it was different. For many months she was filled with indignation toward Mr. Bobs, and it was many months more before she could be induced to go out of the house alone at night. Even then she would say: "Ef you want me ter go, you better git me a bottle er some kinder medicine, kaze ef I meet dat Thing out dar I'll have ten fitts 'fo' you kin ax me what de matter."

FRATLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. Fred's Father (sternly)—My boy, you don't know no value of money. Fred—Yes, I do, father; only I don't like to think about it. Mrs. Straitlance—Little boy, ain't you ashamed to be swimming in such a public place when they've saw today? Little Boy—Not a bit, ma'am. I'm a champion at it. Come on in, an' if yer don't know how ter swim I'll let yer straddle me back till yer learn. Robby—I guess my grandmother is coming on a visit today. Tommy—What makes you think that? Robby—Why, pa kised ma this morning before he went to work and gave her ten dollars; he always does that when he wants her to forget things. "What makes you naughty so much of the time, Willie?" asked the indulgent father. "Why, you see, mamma gives me a penny every time I promise to be good," replied the youngster; "and she never asks me to promise to be good until I have been naughty!" Tommy, aged 4, wanted to sit at the dinner table one day when company was present, but was sent away with the remark that his whiskers weren't long enough for him to sit there. He was given his dinner at a small table by himself and while he was eating a pet cat came purring about him.

"Oh, go 'way," said Tommy. "Your whiskers are big enough to eat at the company table."

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I want to be an angel and sing with the angels stand," when the teacher, observing that one of the boys had not contributed his voice to swell the sacred refrain, said: "And you want to be an angel, too, don't you, Johnny?" "Yes'm," answered Johnny, "but not right away. I'd rather be a base ball player a good deal first."

MAN'S IDEA OF BEAUTY.

How Tastes Differ on This Very Important Point.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and no two beholders' eyes are exactly alike, yet I never knew a person who didn't feel a trifle aggrieved if a person differed with him about the looks of their mutual acquaintances," said the Bright Girl to a Chicago Tribune man. "He considers it a reflection upon his taste, don't you see, and resents it accordingly. One of the girls asked me the other day if I didn't think about it and went away and said 'Why, no.' I replied, 'I think she has a sweet and expressive face, but her features are not regular by any means, nor even good. Indeed, I don't think there are many perfectly beautiful people floating around nowadays.' And don't you know she got right huffy about it and went away and said 'I'm a jealous old thing, when I love Mamie dearly. I am exactly the same way myself, though. I don't like it a bit if I think any one is pretty and my friends don't. I know a man whom I have introduced to pretty girls, handsome girls, lovely girls, times without number, but I have never been able to get him to admit that they were all that I claimed for them. Finally, exasperated to the turning point, one day I asked him what he thought constituted beauty in a woman, and he replied: 'A pretty hand, a sweet voice and spirit in the eyes.' He had chosen well, for these are things that do not vanish with years and that age cannot wither nor custom stale. "It's a curious thing, this idea of beauty. One never knows when a face absolutely pleases to others will attract some special person's admiration, and this special expression will be thought fascinating by the observer. There is a mystery and elusiveness about the subject that is very delightful, for one is always hoping, you know, that some one will be found crazy enough to think she is the second Helen of Troy or Cleopatra."

Eczema! The Only Cure.

Eczema is more than a skin disease, and no skin remedies can cure it. The doctors are unable to effect a cure, and their mineral mixtures are damaging to the system. A cure is in the blood, and Swift's Specific is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated blood diseases. Eczema broke out on my daughter, and continued to spread until her head was entirely covered. She was treated by several good doctors, but grew worse, and the dreadful disease spread to her face. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many secret remedies were taken, but without result, until we were advised by Dr. S. S. Swift to use the first bottle. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now sixteen years old, and has a magnificent growth of hair. No sign of the dreadful disease has ever returned. H. T. SIKORS, 2701 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't expect local applications of soaps and salves to cure Eczema. They reach only the surface, while the disease comes from within. Swift's Specific is the only cure and will reach the most obstinate case. It is far ahead of all similar remedies, because it cures cases which are beyond their reach. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no poisons, mercury or other mineral. Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

QUALITY TALKS. A glass or two of Blatz THE STAR BEER tells of ITS QUALITY in a language, of its own, most convincing. Highest Awards at Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, 1898. VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, U.S.A. OMAHA BRANCH: 1412 DOUGLAS STREET. Telephone 1081.