

"THE FAMOUS" SPECIALS FOR 19 CENTS.

LOT NO. 1—50 dozen Leghorn Hats, in black and white, worth 50c.....
.....for 19c each

LOT NO. 2—80 dozen opera straw sail-
ors, all colors, high or low crowns,
worth 40c..... for 19c each

LOT NO. 3—65 dozen Pearl Straw Sail-
ors, in black, brown and navy,
high or low crown, worth 50c.....
.....for 19c each

LOT NO. 4—25 dozen Union Milan
Flats, in black only. The proper
thing for the garden. Well worth
45c..... for 19c each

LOT NO 5.—33 dozen American Beauty
Roses, with foliage, all colors.
Worth as high as 65c.....
.....for only 19c per bunch

LOT NO. 6—25 dozen Beautiful Long
Wreaths, all the colors. Others
sell them for 50c..... for 19c

FREE—We give away an after dinner cup and saucer, an individual cream and sugar, a cream pitcher, or bon bon basket, with every \$3.00 purchase.

THE FAMOUS, 1009 O St.

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My dear Eleanor:—If there is a mal-igned class of persons on earth it is the spring poets. Practical and sensible a person as I am there have been moments, since I wrote you last, when I felt morally certain, if some one didn't head me off, I would write a poem on spring. What are all these million little new leaves doing a skirt dance against a lapis lazuli sky, and the fairy cups of the crab apple, plum and red bud blossoms, spilling poetic intoxication into the green heart of the spring for, if we are not to write poems or make songs or dream love stories? But you needn't lay this down—I will not—I did begin. I got as far as "Hail, to thee, beautiful Spring," and it sounded so disgustingly like something I had read somewhere that I felt so convinced the World-Herald would run a deadly parallel on me, that I gave it up. You don't mind my saying it is nice weather do you, after I pass the time of day?

The Creighton Dramatic school gave its last "at home" to a very small audience Monday night. The high school kids gave "The Bicyclist" very well, albeit the play is almost devoid of merit. "Tempest in a Teapot," by Mrs. Mathe-son and Mr. Short. Perhaps it was a degree less perfect than in the hands of Coquelin and Agnes Booth, but we never saw them and thought it was all right. "Breaking the Ice" introduced Miss Belle Kimball in full masculine attire, and Miss Nina Marshall as a typical un-sophisticated English maiden. The parts were cleverly done, except that Miss Kimball's voice was rather high pitched to have issued from his or her supposedly manly chest.

Mrs. Archie Love gave a reception last week where most of our bright particu-lar stars shone. The ladies received and drank tea in the afternoon, the gen-tleman came and had champagne in the evening, and yet men maintain women have their rights.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kilpatrick expect to leave the Paxton soon, and will occupy the William Wallace house this summer.

Mrs. Ezra Millard and her charming family are expected home from Europe in June. As also is Miss Nettie Collins who is, I believe, to keep bachelor maid's hall, in the old Collins' residence on Capital avenue.

Mr. J. N. H. Patrick went to Boston Sunday to attend some meeting in his capacity of U. P. government director.

The Current Topic club, consisting of Meadames Manderson, Savage, Green, Morris, Gardner, Wessels, Summers, Berche, Wakeley, and Worthington, had their last meeting for the season at Mrs. Worthington's, who entertained them royally at luncheon.

The ladies presented Madame Le Bis-hop with a gorgeous bouquet of Ameri-can Beauties with a graceful note writ-ten by Mrs. Savage.

Misses Floy and Bessie Yates have re-cently returned from St. Joe. A num-

ber of our young people went down there last week and presented "A Proposal Under Difficulties." They report a good time and the warmest appreciation for their histrionic ability.

Bicycling promises to be a very popu-lar recreation this summer. None so haughty but the wheel can lay them low. Miss Emily Wakely is the pos-sessor of a handsome new wheel. Miss Dickinson is an expert, and Mrs. Levi Carter rides well, and is credited with possessing the prettiest suit in town. Their name is legion, but if the authori-ties don't insist on a bell or whistle some of us old settlers will be missing one of these fine days. After having gone safely through the war I should hate the ignominy of slipping on a banana peel and breaking my neck, or being run down by a wheel and being hustled into another world without even time to murmur an Ave. The city grandmoth-ers will likely get around to it in time. I was being beamed home a few even-ings since and on nearing the house we were met by three veritable street Arabs. My escort chanced to glance at them, perhaps curiously, when one of them squared himself around, and said: "See here, what you givin' us, mister, we ain't no curfew roosters."

Eleanor, if you are in the habit of taking cold plunges the thing to do is to speak about it whenever you have an audience. The Hon. John C. Wharton hung to a strap in a crowded motor car one recent morning, and announced in his stentorian tones as follows: "Yes, sir, yes. I take my cold bath every morning, every morning sir, summer or winter." Its the thing to do my dear, it gives you such an air of righteous and justifiable superiority over the great unwashed. I noticed several people leave the car, conscious, perhaps, of only three baths a week. They properly realized they were out of place, near so thoroughly scrubbed a piece of human-ity. "Don't borrow trouble, but buy Sapolio."

The public has married the Hon. John C. off again this season. It comes regularly with the spring cleaning. Some one says: "Mr. Wharton is fixing over his house, he is going to marry Miss So and So," but it does not mater-ialize; then we gather hope again, only to have it dashed the next time they take up the carpets. Its awfully wear-ing. I don't see how he could propose unless he used a telephone, or hired a ten acre lot—because all the neighbors would hear him. I'm glad we live sort afar out, 'cause you never can tell.

Cards are out for a reception at the Millard Monday, May 11th, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Megeath. You know I spoke to you about their wedding. Some one said, everybody is asked, in that case my card is no particular com-plement, equally sure, I should not like to have been left out. Do you know, Eleanor, frequently I am shocked at

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myself, three seasons certainly hardens one, and when some one says, "Going to the M—s" and I reply, "Oh! I think not," and my interlocutor continues, "Oh! better go—of course it will eq stupid, but they set up a good salad and champagne"—and I am not incensed at the vulgarity but permit myself to think "they do have good suppers and there is my old crepon, it is equal to another whirl" and I go, because of the supper and the champagne. Society is at such a low ebb now that I am forced to moralize, to pick flaws, and generalize, in a way, that would never occur to me during a rush of gayety, and lately my thoughts have been occupied by the so-ciety sponge. The sponge you know is indigenous to the sea, and by adoption to the bath room, but through some freak of nature you will frequently find it attached to society. It has no par-ticular business, or excuse for existing, it may be male or female, but its pow-er of absorption is great. It can take in more teas and accidental invitations to dinner than anything you ever saw, and thereby save meal tickets. It is usually good to look at, and to a certain extent, amusing, especially if full—take your choice, pay for your fun, or make it -if nature has limited you, but you have been "a fool for luck"—draw your check for the price, and say nothing. One half of the world exists, merely as the prey of the other half, and it is no use to balance accounts before the Judg-ment Day.

Genius does not pay these times; if you have any money I should advise in-vestment in a butcher shop, but if you are limited to brains, get what you can, and thank Heaven.

Your brainless heiress,
PENELOPE.
Omaha, April 29, 1896.
Rector's confectionery store, 1211 Ost.

THE EWING CLOTHING CO.

are showing the finest line of Furnishing Goods this spring that has ever been shown in Lincoln. The very latest styles in neck-wear, collars and cuffs al-ways in style. Also a fine line of white duck pants, negligee shirts, bicycle suits, golf hose and sweat-ers. Our clothing stock is the most complete stock of new patterns and styles ever shown in this city.

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