

Ups and Downs of Fortune.

Mr. Charles Noel Flagg, a New York artist, who has lived much abroad, tells some interesting stories of Bohemian life in Paris in the seventies. "Those were the days," says Mr. Flagg, "when Meissonier was Sir Oracle; when Bastien Lepage was fighting his way to recognition as a great painter and giving the first hint of a new school of brilliant color; when the men of Barbison, at the end of their lives, were granted at last the place they had struggled for; when the fame of Claude Monet was the secret of a few enthusiasts. Conditions and ideas were different among the leaders from those which now prevail, but the rank and file struggled and starved, reviled and hoped, very much the same as to day."

It has been said that in France fame has wings and that by a single great success she carries her votary to the top. Mr. Flagg illustrates the truth of this by relating an anecdote of a young Englishman named Hawkins. "He was so poor that he lived on bread alone, soaking his loaf, bit by bit, in two or three sous' worth of wine. He would sell pictures for five or six francs apiece, and that sort of grind went for years. At last he painted a big picture, which all the boys thought so fine that they chipped in for a cheap frame and sent it to the Salon. It was a landscape, showing a graveyard, with children playing in the sunlight, but there was no cheap sentimentality about it: it was a strong, manly, brilliant thing. For bravado we made him set a big price on it,—something like twenty thousand francs."

"Well, I had a picture in the Salon that year, so I went in on varnishing day and wandered up and down among the notables, looking for my picture. Suddenly I saw the sky of Hawkins' picture: that was all I could see for the crowd around it. And there was little Meissonier gesticulating and exclaiming, 'That's the best thing in the whole Salon,' and Bastien Lepage was pointing out this and that in it, and all the artists were admiring and chattering. And, do you know, he was the success of the year? The picture was bought that day for its full price, and the next day the carriages were lined up in front of his poor little studio, and he sold every rag in the place for any price he chose to set upon it. He managed to hold on to his success, too. It lasted so long as he lived."—HARRIET MONROE, in *Chicago Tribune*.

Justice—Why did you steal this gentleman's purse?

Prisoner—I thought the change might do me good.

Jaspar—Are you interested in the new Alaskan gold mines?

Magnate—No, Why should I be? I own a Senator.

Air-Tight Compartments.

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.

Town and Country.

He—"Wouldn't you rather ride in the country than in the park?"

She—"No, indeed. There is nobody to look at one in the country."—Judge.

Sure of His Facts.

"It's a great story," said the visitor to the city editor, to whom he was selling information about a coming divorce case. "McSwigger found the co-respondent in his wife's room, and shot at him four times, but missed, and now he is going to sue for divorce."

"But how did you get your information," asked the editor.

"Couldn't help it," was the reply; "I'm the co-respondent."—Ex.

Quite Possible.



Amos Moses Snowball—Say! black boy, hit seems ter me at I've saw yoh face before.

Ephraim Johnson—Reckon you has 'cause das where I been wearing it all my life.—New York World.



GIRL OF THE Lenten period, With softly downcast eyes, Have you prayed off the surplus force That in your nature lies? Have you evolved a litany To which your steps shall

dance?
Girl of the Lenten period,
There's mischief in your glance!

You're thinking not of litanies
With penitent refrains,
But of your love's arithmetic,
And counting up your gains
Of poems wrought in needle-work,
Of symphonies in gowns,
Of bonnets that at Easter-tide
Shall banish Lenten frowns.

Girl of the Lenten period,
In royal purple clad!
Fair penitent in violet,
Your coming makes me glad!
I love you, pretty devotee,
Whose sins are small and few,
And when I to devotions go,
I'll ask to kneel by you.
—M. L. Rayne, in Truth.

Bargains in Boots.

"It's all very well to talk about issuing bonds of \$10 each," remarked Mr. Dukane, "but that is not the way to induce women to buy."

"What would you advise?" asked Mr. Gaswell.

"Let Secretary Carlisle advertise bonds at \$9.98, marked down from \$10."—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Found Them So.

Saidso—I didn't mind the questions till the lawyers got to the cross-examination.

Herdso—Then what?

Saidso—They were too all-fired cross.

A Bargain in Sightseeing.

"What did you give that stranger money for?" said Aunt Eliza as she and Uncle Hiram waited in the station after getting off the train from Hayville.

"That's all right, Liza," said Uncle Hiram triumphantly. "That's a nice feller. I give him \$2, and he's goin' to fix it so we can go out and see the skyscrapers without extra charge."—Chicago Record.

Didn't Care for Much Dress.

Mr. Uptown is the husband of a very fashionable and dressy wife, and not long ago he was talking with a stranger about women's clothes at a swell reception up in Harlem.

"Plenty of handsome women here to-night," ventured the stranger.

"Yes," said Mr. Uptown blandly.

"Married?" queried the stranger.

"Yes; my wife is here to-night."

"I'm married, too, but my wife seldom goes out. She doesn't care much for dress. Does yours?"

"Well," replied Uptown, with some hesitation, "I don't really know whether she cares much for dress, but I'm pretty sure she doesn't care for much dress; but you can judge for yourself. There she comes now."

Mrs. Uptown, who is stylish to the backbone, swept by, and the stranger changed the conversation.—Texas Siftings.

Remarkable Pigs.

When the pig is not only a domestic animal, but a family friend, as he appears to be in the Marquesas Islands, he develops unsuspected cleverness. "In the South Seas," one of Robert Louis Stevenson's last books, gives many instances by way of proof. "Many islanders live with their pigs as we do with our dogs," Mr. Stevenson observed; "both crowd around the hearth with equal freedom, and the island pig is a fellow of activity, enterprise and sense. He husks his own coconuts and—I am told—rolls them into the sun to burst; he is the terror of the shepherd. Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen a pig fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his mouth; and I saw another come rapidly—and erroneously—to the conclusion that the Casco was going down, and swim through the flush water to the rail in search of an escape. It was told us in childhood that pigs cannot swim; I have known one to leap overboard, swim five hundred yards to shore, and return to the house of his original owner. I was once, at Tautira, a pigmaster on a considerable scale. At first, in my pen, the utmost good feeling prevailed. A little sow with a bellyache came and appealed to us for help in the manner of a child; and there was one shapely black boar, whom we called Catholicus, for he was a particular present from the Catholics of the village, and who early displayed the marks of courage and friendliness. No other animal, whether dog or pig, was suffered to approach him at his food, and for human beings he showed a full measure of that toadying fondness, so common in the lower animals, and possibly their chief title to the name. One day, on visiting my piggery, I was amazed to see Catholicus draw back from my approach with cries of terror; and if I was amazed at the change, I was truly embarrassed when I learned its reason. One of the pigs had that morning been killed; Catholicus had seen the murder, he had discovered he was dwelling in the shambles, and from that time his confidence and his delight in life were ended. We still reserved him a long while, but he could not endure the sight of any two-legged creature, nor could we, under the circumstances, encounter his eye without confusion."

It Depended.

Mrs. Manhattan—How long is it customary for a widow to wear mourning for her husband in Chicago?

Mrs. Wabash Weeds—There is no fixed rule about it. It depends upon how well acquainted you are. I am generally pretty lucky.—Ex.

Right in It.

Hayrick—How is your son getting on at college?

Treetop—Very good, indeed; he stood ninety-eighth out of a class of 100.

Hard to Please.

He (reading the paper)—It certainly is very difficult to please a woman.

She—What makes you think so?

He—Mr. Young of Wabash, Minn., locked his wife in the house; Mr. Potts of Pekin, Wis., locked his wife out of the house, and now both women are suing for divorce.

Corroborating His Views.

Jagway—I heard a lecture in bacteria last night.

Castleton—Did you learn anything? Jagway—I should say. It taught me the evil effects of drinking water.

Peru's Desert.

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March (when rain falls in the Cordilleras). One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks.

Always Useful.

Quericus—What becomes of the New Jersey mosquitoes in winter?

Witticus—The Jerseyites use them for ice-picks.

A Bad Break.

Jones—A man in Boston in his hurry to assist a fainting lady got a bottle of muclage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it.

Smith—He did, eh? Well he must have been a good deal stuck up with his attention.

Sensible Constance.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—When Constance was younger she used to ride a wheel and I tell you she'd take nobody's dust.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You don't say so?
"Yes, but now she has reached the marrying age she's willing to take almost anybody's."—Voukers Statesman.

Private Access.

What a blessing no man can hinder our private access to God. Every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice and the earth he treads on the altar.—Jeremy Taylor.

Cheap Excursions VIA North-western Line.

Round trip tickets will be sold by the North-western line to points on dates and at rates mentioned below:

Hot Springs, S. D.—August, 3rd, '97. Fare \$15.50. Limit 30 days.

Indianapolis, Ind.—August, 16th, and 17th, and September 7th, and 8th, '97. Fare \$18.00. Extreme limit respectively September, 12th, and 17th.

Buffalo, N. Y.—August, 21st, and 22nd, '97. Fare \$24.70. Limit September, 20th.

For further particulars call on or write, A. S. Fielding, City Ticket Agent, 117 S 10th st., Lincoln, Nebr.

G. A. R.—Buffalo—Through Car Service—\$24.70 Round Trip.

Our Teachers' Milwaukee excursion was so successful, and our patrons so well pleased with our superb line and through service that we propose to give all who contemplate availing themselves of the very low rate to Buffalo and return Aug. 21 and 22, an opportunity to enjoy special through car service Lincoln to Buffalo via the Great North-western line and connections.

If you think you would like to travel via the short line to Chicago just call on me for particulars.

Out-of-town people who would like to go via the best route in through cars are requested to write me for particulars concerning this trip. A. S. Fielding, city ticket agent, 117 so 10th street, Lincoln, Neb.

Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H. Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.

Remember the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Company is still furnishing its customers with best grades Pennsylvania hard coal at \$3 delivered.

To write good advertising you must first know what your are talking about and, second, whom you are talking to.

Every advertising rule depends for its success upon the fitness and common sense with which it is applied. General principles are like one of Captain Cuttle's observations, "the bearing of which lays in the application of it."

Fast Time,

Through Cars.

To Omaha, Chicago, and points in Iowa and Illinois, the UNION PACIFIC in connection with the C. & N. W. Ry. offers the best service and the fastest time. Call or write to me for time cards rates etc.

E. B. SLOSSON,
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