

## Fashions of the Day.

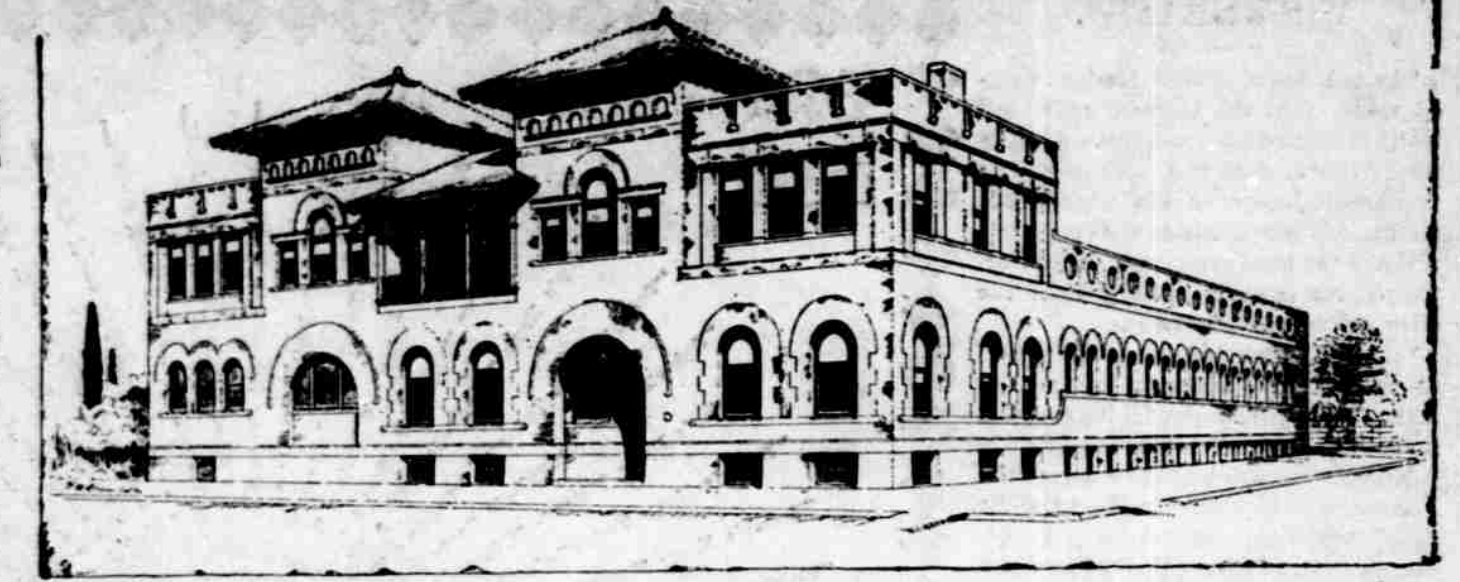
My Dearest Adelaide: I heard a white haired, elegantly dressed, silk-hatted typical New York "angel" sort of a man say: "The only Christmas present I am going to make is money." Adelaide, men make me tired!

Does that sound like slang? It is not. Men in the family and out of it—all alike. They really think that money to a woman means the highest state of bliss. Women probably have created the idea by the wild extravagances necessary this season to be clothed as fashion dictates; it is velvet, ermine, sable, cloths-of-gold and brocades of silver. But while money is a necessary evil, men should remember that it is the evidence of the thought in the heart that comes with the most trivial memento that gives the sincerest happiness. A little remembrance such as a jeweled bottle for smelling salts, a purse, a set, or even a single piece of silver for the dressing-table; a set of "Violet Reine" or "Peau d'Espagne," consisting of the perfume, the toilet water, the box of soap, the sachet and the powder; a bit of jewelry or anything for the dear girl to use or to wear, no matter how inexpensive, would convey a personal interest that even a check of three or four figures cannot do. I hope that the "angel" with the good intention will inclose his present in a bonbon box at least.

I wonder why men—husbands, brothers and sweethearts—never think of hats as Christmas presents? Hats are down, or up, to such a science now that it would not be at all difficult to make a becoming selection. Since hats for women have been added to the display of hats for men, one has only to resort to a little finesse to discover which is the preferred style—the "picture-hat," the "poke" or the "toque," and there you have them in all degrees of elegance.

At the corner of Forty-second and Broadway there is a display of such hats in the immense windows as are seldom seen unless the covers of boxes are gingerly lifted to give you just a peep. This firm, Beltaire, Lurch & Co., has a most reckless habit of variety in the display and on no two consecutive days do you see the same hat. Yesterday glistening in the sunlight was a hat in the toque style that was exquisite. The crown was a folded affair of white satin spanned with silver. It was built up a little on one side, where were three handsome black plumes, two standing and one falling downward, fastened with a black velvet knot and a cut steel ornament. The black velvet was extended into a twist which ran around the toque under the white satin, making the suggestion of a brim.

Another hat was made of violet mirror



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velvet, with a rather high crown and broad brim and violet plumes. A hunter's-green velvet was in the same shape, with green plumes on the left side and around the crown mink fur, with head and tails meeting and crossing each other a little to the right and near the edge of the brim.

A "baby lamb" soft crown had around it ermine lying on the rather narrow velvet brim. There were three of the little fellows, linked around the brim, with white coques' plumes giving height to one side of the crown. An immense black velvet picture hat had the rich plumes falling in several directions, and the only relief in color was the cut steel buckle, with which a velvet knot raised the hat from the face at the left front.

White plumes are mixed in with the black ones on black velvet hats and are striking in effect when worn with ermine or ermine-trimmed blouses and capes. Sometimes the white in the hat will be a plume three-quarters of a yard long, or nearly so. It must be arranged very artistically or there is an effect of awkwardness. The arrangement of plumes shows the art of millinery as does no other branch of it. It takes the touch of an artist to bring out their grace and beauty.

Millinery is an art in all its branches and in none of the details of dress is a woman so at the mercy of the trades. It can, in its touches, destroy or complete the elegance of a costume.

The stamp of the "New York hat" is unmistakable. It is accepted as elegant and good form, while its imitation will startle and suggest vulgarity. It is all in that aforesaid "artistic touch"—the oil painting of it and the chromo of it. The warm days have brought out in

abundance velvet blouses, capes and fluffy boas of chiffon and laces instead of furs. They have brought out another fashion—"la grippe." The affliction and its traces are showing the styles in handkerchiefs. They are lace-trimmed and embroidered and at all times spotlessly white and of the finest linen. The plainest of them have a touch of the real Valenciennes and hemstitching. They make the daintiest of Christmas remembrances, and the accomplished needlewoman is ruining her eyesight in her endeavor to establish her never-dying friendship for the lucky recipient by these hand-made mouchoirs. The fineness of the stitches should in every one signify faithfulness.

Are you as particular as ever about your shoes, dear? I saw a sight the other day. An elegantly dressed girl in calling costume stepped out of a carriage with her feet incased in tan shoes; and even then they were not fresh, but covered in dust. Skirts are made so long, I suppose, that the careless young woman thought the crime would be hidden. Tan shoes can be forgiven with any tailor-made costume, but silk velvet and satin calls for conventional fine kid or patent leather.

TESSA.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

The bluffs rose white like walls cut from the ocean foam—a perpetual barrier to the waves lashing themselves in mad fury at their feet.

Back among the lofty pines that pointed like sign posts toward the skies, stood an old stone structure that reminded one of a deserted fortress. The ivy clad house looked out upon the sea and frowned like a demon, thwarted in the perpetration of some hideous crime.

In a large ill furnished room of the "castle," as it was called, sat a man before a piano. His locks were snowy white, but a beautiful light shone from his blue eyes.

It was Christmas time and holly and mistletoe were to be seen in great profusion on the otherwise bare walls. A flickering Yule log burned in the open grate, at one end of the long room. Lythia's pale beams stole softly in through the tall uncurtained windows. Outside the wind moaned dismally among the trees like lost souls returning to tell of their wretchedness.

Merry children had that day ran to and fro in glee about the old castle on the bluff, but now their happy voices were hushed and they slept to dream sweetly of the blessing of Christmas time.

The old man sat before his beloved instrument with clasped hands and bowed head. After awhile the expression of his wrinkled face changed. The smile left the lips that had once been

stained with ruby wine, but were now white as marble, yet sweet and tender. He had, a few hours before, been playing for the little ones and they had sung with earnestness that old carol, the joy of which was chastened by plaintiveness:

"All you that in this house be here,  
Remember Christ that for us died,  
And spend away with modest cheer  
In loving sort this Christmas tide.  
And whereas plenty God has sent,  
Give frankly to your friends, in love:  
The bounteous mind is freely bent,  
And never will a niggard prove."

Tears streamed down his pallid face and dropped upon the thin white hands that trembled violently. His fragile frame shook as from the storm that now raged outside. His head bowed lower and lower as the massive clock in the hall tolled the hour of midnight.

At last he raised his head and struck tunefully the first notes of a composition by Chopin. He played with fervor to the end. Each note seemed to tell of a longing for a sight of something beyond. He played again and told of a life of misery, of blasted hopes, but of a soul struggling to reach the thresholds of unknown worlds, to learn and love.

He played a prayer for knowledge. He played a prayer for freedom from Life's galling hold upon him.

The music grew softer. The wind shrieked outside and came raging down the chimney driving the dying embers out on the hearth stone.

The player's chin fell upon his breast. A ray from the seat of God shone upon his form—shone and awoke that strong desire for love and knowledge not reached on earth.

Death had set free his soul of fire, to plunge into its fitting sphere.

DWIGHT L. LOOFBOURROW.

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The Burlington's "Vestibuled Flyer," which leaves Lincoln every evening at 6:10 p. m. and arrives in Denver the next morning at 7:15.

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I've promoted that new reporter said the editor to the proprietor.

What for?

He wrote an article about Christmas and did not once use Yuletide.

## LADIES

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