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**A WINDY DAY IN MARCH.**

These fashion fellers' magazines are mighty nice to see, They allers held an interest uncommonlike fer me, I sit a readin' evenin's till my head jes' aches an' aches An' then I git the paper that my darter ldy takes An' res' my eyes on dresses, jes' the lates' styles for Spring, It tells ye all about 'em, how the skirts 'll sweep er cling, An' as how they'll rustle like as ef they's stiff with starch. But it never tells you 'bout 'em on a windy day in March.

I don't pretend to understand 'bout bodices an' trains, Ner ruffles, flounces, an' the like a fashion-book explains, An' as fer yokes o' taffeta er flowery sateens I've read a lot 'bout 'em all, but pshaw, I don't know beans! They say as how a skirt 'll hang "in many graceful folds," But that little observation that I made in sartin' holds. Perhaps some day they'll sort o' "sweep just o'er the instep's arch," But all the same they're frisky on a windy day in March.

Perhaps, since I'm a deacon, I had oughter close my eyes When March comes 'roun' an' whirls o' dust er cloudin' up the skies. But laws! I can't help lookin' how the wind blows out o' place The wimmin's skirts sometimes an' show some mighty purty lace A peepin' out from underneath. It does a feller good. Ye somehow feel there's somethin' white an' pure 'bout womanhood That men can't imitate. It's somethin' more'n dignity an' starch An' men love wimmen better fer a windy day in March.

—The Deacon.

**Fashions of the Day.**

The season of sackcloth and ashes is upon us!

Sackcloth and ashes are not, however, the formidable objects that they once were.

This is a flippant, frivolous age that we live in, but many of us are clever enough to devise various ways and means whereby the sackcloth becomes chic and the ashes palatable.

The idle days, or days idle by comparison with the rush of life in the swim before Lent, are perfect breeders of fads.

Every other woman one meets is bubbling over with enthusiasm about her particular pet fad. It may be Lenten card parties; it may be Lenten musicals; it may be Lenten sewing classes; it may be Lenten luncheons, dinners, suppers; or it may be Lenten Turkish baths and rest cures.

With the best half of the women it is the least.

The number of methods that women tell you of, in strictest confidences, each one of which is "the very best thing" you can do to restore your nerves that have been shattered, or your bloom that has been killed by the wear and tear that attends an overcrowded engagement book is astonishing.

One woman that I know goes devoutly to church on Ash Wednesday; then goes promptly home and has her maid put her to bed, and there she stops for a week or ten days.

Her room is kept darkened except for an hour or so in the middle of the day when the sun is allowed to stream in. She lives on the plainest, simplest diet, and has gentle massage for an hour at 9 every night and is asleep by 10:30.

She sees no one during these ten days but her attendants, and hears nothing but pleasant things. At the end of the rest cure she arises strong as a young giant and as fresh as a rose.

It is a simple treatment to follow, but few women have the patience or determination to adhere to the rules necessary for its success.

Another woman has a horror of growing fat; she inclines strongly toward em-

bonpoint naturally, and being a bit of a gourmande the good things that she eats in her round of "social gayeties" during the season invariably cause her to put on flesh, which in Lent she makes it her business to get rid of.

Last Lent she had a grand routine. A cup of hot water the first thing in the morning after she opened her eyes; then her tub of icy cold water; then another cup of hot water; then breakfast, which consisted of a mouthful of dry toast, a bit of rare, very rare, steak, and coffee with no sugar and very little cream. Then walk for an hour and another cup of hot water—boiling it must be to be really efficacious; then walk for another hour; then another cup of hot water; then luncheon, consisting of rare roast beef, toast and more hot water. Her afternoon she spent in a similar manner, with a dinner that was a repetition of the luncheon with the additional luxury of oysters.

There is not much pleasure in this particular Lenten fad, but it served its purpose admirably.

This year the poor dear is in despair, for she has put on more weight than ever before during a single season, and just at the moment, too, when a slender figure is an absolute necessity to finding favor in the eyes of fashion and to avoid appearing ridiculous in the eyes of man.

If there is a more distressingly ludicrous sight than a fat woman in the clingy skirt we all love and are wearing just now I have yet to see it.

Well, this poor dear with the tendency toward embonpoint has certainly grown hopelessly hippy, and she was deploring her fate to me and shuddering at the prospect of embracing her Lenten fad again. That was a week ago. Today she is radiant.

Someone has sent her from Paris a marvelous ointment that absorbs flesh. Can you imagine such a thing?

It seems, if you are massaged with this ointment, which does not look unlike white vaseline, wherever it is applied after a few treatments the fat shrinks and apparently evaporates into thin air—or perhaps it is fat air!

I would not believe my stout friend at first—her story savored too much of a fairy tale—but when she showed me two photographs of the woman that sent her the ointment, taken "before and after" she had used it, I had to be a trifle credulous. I hope it is true. What a boon it will be to suffering humanity! Anyway, my stout little friend is going to try it at once, so I shall soon know all about it.

Wrinkles are the bete noir of yet another woman.

Her Lent is devoted annually to having them effaced. How she does it is a secret that she guards jealously. All we know is that she disappears for a few weeks, and when she reappears the lines on her brow, about her eyes, and wherever Time and Care have laid their heavy touch, have totally disappeared, and her skin is as smooth as a babe's.

When I was younger I used to wonder what was meant by the "mysteries of the toilette." Tubbing, doing one's hair, and getting into one's clothes did not seem to me in any way to border on the mysterious. The toilette was a very simple affair to my mind; but I am beginning to appreciate that there are mysteries—deep, dark and peculiar mysteries at that.

The dreadful weather we have been having lately has developed another feminine fad, but it is one that is both sensible and healthy. Many of the smart women may be seen any stormy day taking tramps through snow and slush, clad in golf skirts and the plainest of cloth or fur coats and, when the sky is clear, as smart hats as they please.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, Mrs. Stanford White, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and any number of other equally well known women appear to such an advantage in

We have just put in a complete stock of Mrs. Gervaise Graham's excellent preparations, including her celebrated Hair Restorer, Cactic's Hair Grower, Ouncumber and Elder Flour Cream, and various facial remedies. Visit the DEMONSTRATION there this week. Free treatments and free applications given also free samples and booklet "How to Be Beautiful." Special exhibit of Mrs. Graham's Hydro Vacu, the latest and most scientific invention for treating the face.

**PALACE BEAUTIFUL**

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First publication March 4. 4  
**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Alfred Hogstadt, plaintiff, vs. Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, defendants.  
The defendants, Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, will take notice that on the 27th day of February, 1899, Alfred Hogstadt, the plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Abram Ketcham and Emma J. Ketcham, to the plaintiff upon lot number six, in block number four, and twenty feet off from the south side of lot number five, in block number four, being twenty feet by two hundred and twenty-four (more or less) in dimension, all in South Park addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of one promissory note dated December 23rd, 1893, for the sum of \$250.00, and due and payable in five years from the date thereof; that there is now due and unpaid upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$330.00, for which sum, with interest from this date, the plaintiff prays for a decree of foreclosure and sale of said premises. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of April, 1899.

Dated March 4, 1899.  
ALFRED HOGSTADT,  
By his attorney, D. J. FLAHERTY, 331-333 Mc-Murtry Block.

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She—Well, you have never had a better chance.

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