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Fine Shoes
AND SLIPPERS.

MEN'S
Fine Shoes
AND SLIPPERS.

CHILDREN'S
Fine Shoes
AND SLIPPERS.

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In the city all come from the
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Buggies, Carriages or Saddle Horses.
Can be had at any time, day or night on short notice.
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and well taken care of at reasonable rates. Call and see us, 1027 P Street, or give orders by Telephone 17.

FATE OF THE BASEBALL UMPIRE.

The umpire took his station
Just back of the batter's base,
And he wore an air quite demoinar,
As he posed with easy grace.
A ball came hotly whizzing
At his devoted head,
But the batsman's bat just gave it a spat,
And over the wall it sped.
Then away the batsman hurried,
Like a race horse on the track,
And as he flew he wildly threw
His deadly willow back.
"Foul ball!" cried out the umpire,
As the striker started down;
But the flying stick arrived full quick,
And smote him on the crown.
"Ha! ha!" the ball men shouted,
"Oh, ho!" the people said,
Then on the ground, with grief profound,
His comely form they spread.
Off came his chest protector,
Likewise his mask of wire;
They made him light, so that he might
More easily expire.
The coroner was summoned
To investigate the case,
And he came and gazed, in manner dazed,
Upon the umpire's face.
And this was the verdict, rendered
In a hushed and solemn tone:
"The deceased is dead of a broken head,
The result of a bat well thrown."
—Chicago Times.

A Mental Wreck.
Omaha Girl—My father wants to marry again and I don't want him to.
Lawyer—He is rich, I suppose?
"Yes."
"Acts a little crazy at times, no doubt?"
"N—o."
"Be careful now. This is very important. Didn't you ever see him rave around the room like mad?"
"Only when he loses his collar button."
"I'm afraid that won't count. Perhaps he has softening of the brain, though, and is likely to squander his wealth unless put in a lunatic asylum?"
"He talks about going into business."
"Where?"
"In St. Louis."
"I see. Mental wreck."—Omaha World.

An Unanswerable Argument.
Blank City Child—You look disappointed.
Omaha Child—Your ma wrote that this was a city. It isn't. It's only a town.
"Tisn't a town; it's a city. It's name's Blank City, so now there."
"Don't care what its name is, it isn't a city. See how clean and smooth the streets are. If this was a city the streets would be all torn up so you couldn't get around."—Omaha World.

Imperturbability.



Officer—Look out there, man! Don't you see that runaway coming?
IL



Spangmeyer (as everything comes up standing)—Dey's godding booty garless mit deir horses in this town, ain't it?—Life.

Taking a Rest.
First New Yorker—See that man with the wilted collar and that tired feeling so eloquently referred to in the patent medicine "ads." Has he been taking a Turkish bath with his clothes on?
Second New Yorker—Oh, no; he is just getting in from the country, where he has been spending Sunday.—New York Tribune.

Those Mean Aristocrats.
Miss Petroleum—It does make me so mad. With all our money we don't get no respect.
Mrs. P.—Eh! What's folk's been saying now?
"Hintin' about the way we got our cash. What d'ye think Miss Boston said when I showed her pop's new portrait? She asked if it was painted in oil."—Omaha World.

Slightly Mixed.
Mistress (to maid who has just received a month's notice)—I would rather not give you a character at all. But, if you insist upon it, of course I shall tell the truth about you.
Maid—And if you do, ma'am, I shall dutifully bring an action for defamation o' character!—London Punch.

One or the Other.
"Is Mr. — in?" asked a visitor at an office in the Moffat building of the office boy.
"No."
"Do you know where he is?"
"Nope; his aunt's dead, an' I guess he's either at the funeral or at the ball game."—Detroit Free Press.

The Size of a Small Boy.
A Buffalo citizen gave his small son a \$5 bill, saying that he could buy a hat and a pair of shoes, and spend the rest in fireworks. The boy got a 35 cent pair of shoes, a 15 cent hat and had \$4.50 worth of fireworks.—Philadelphia Call.

Well Informed.
"I know my defects," said B-jenkins pompously; and as the bystanders looked at him admiringly, one of them whispered to another softly:
"What an awful lot that man must know."
—Somerville Journal.

Practice Makes Perfect.
Miss Clara (at the sea shore)—How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he?
Miss Jennie—He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's, you know.—Life.

Not Up to the Times.
Several Indians who went on the war path recently were overtaken by four white men and killed. It is feared that our government had not provided the unfortunate Indians with the latest improved rifles.—Norristown Herald.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEWEST STYLES IN BONNETS AND GOWNS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Hats and Bonnets for Midsummer Wear.
Becoming Affairs Made of Flowers, Foliage and Lace—The Greek Bonnet and the Patti Hat.

As the season advances the wide license promised in the selection of hats and bonnets early in the spring becomes more and more apparent. Ladies choose turbans, broad brimmed hats, small capotes or the Greek bonnets, as their own personal taste suggests.



THE PATTI HAT.

The Greek bonnet, by the by, is designed especially to wear with the Empire costume, and is of a low turban shape, with three Greek fillets or bands across the top, holding puffs of lace or tulle between.

A strictly summer bonnet is made entirely of foliage or flowers, or both; these bonnets are called "foliage bonnets" or "flower bonnets," according to whichever prevails. Another attractive summer style consists of a bonnet of white chip braid in some fanciful pattern that admits of puffs of white lisse or tulle between the brim and crown; the trimmings are white flowers and ribbons. Tulle bonnets furnish yet another attractive midsummer style. These last, as a rule, match in color the costume with which they are to be worn.

There is as great a diversity in hats as in bonnets. In the illustration is given the Patti hat, a pleasing style for young and pretty faces. The model represented was of myrtle green straw, faced with fluting of gold lace. It was ornamented with large loops of fawn colored silk, striped with green satin, and an aigrette of variegated roses and tinted velvet leaves. The ties were of shot moure ribbon.

Straw and Leghorn hats with wide brims figure as garden hats and hats for morning wear in the country. These are appropriately trimmed with flowers and tulle. Sailor hats with crowns higher than were those of last summer are also in fashion for misses and young ladies.

Gloves for All Occasions.

Gloves worn with full dress toilettes are of plain Suede in mousquetaire style, either cream white, tan or black. With visiting and carriage toilettes the choice is for buttoned gloves with corded backs, either of Suede or glace kid; these are tan, gray or black, and are fastened by four large gilt buttons.

For general wear and for service are American gloves made in the English styles with "drawn seams," sewed like harness to show the edges of the leather; these come in both dressed and undressed kid—tan, lemon, brown, gray or black—with wide silk stitching on the back in self color or in black, with four gilt buttons fastening the wrists. Gray gloves are worn with gray dresses, also with black lace and with blue gowns; but tan shades remain in vogue for the greater variety of costumes. Pearl gloves are shown made of kid skin of such fine texture that they reveal dust.

For travelling and for the country are the "sac" gloves, cut very long, and all in one, without opening at the wrist; these are made of the velvete leather—which is undressed kid—and also of glace kid, instead of the chamois skins formerly used. For driving, ladies who hold the reins wear one buttoned glove tilled with—that is, the leather is doubled inside the hand where the wear is greatest; these are of glace kid, with corded backs, in lemon and tan colors. There are also tilled doeking gloves for driving, made with longer wrists, that require four brass buttons for fastening them.—Harper's Bazar.

A Paris Toilette.

Abroad, the season in which occurs these popular fetes "the races," is also the season for inaugurating some of the most stylish costumes of the whole six months. In the cut is illustrated a Paris toilette, designed expressly for the races, but also suitable for garden parties, etc. The close fitting jacket and redingote tunic is of each colored Ottoman silk, trimmed with artistic buttons and gold galon. The sash is of green silk. The skirt in the light tint is latticed with gold cord and dotted with green chenille tassels tipped with gold beads. The whole forms, as is apparent, a quite charming costume.

Fashion Notes.

Tournares are much smaller than last season. Steels are used, but are not tied back so closely as heretofore, giving a broader and more graceful effect.
The new mohair fabrics are especially suited for traveling dresses.
Narrow braided waistcoats are a feature of many cloth bodices.
Lace dresses are more fashionable than ever.
Gray and white costumes are fashionable. Gray and white and greens of all tones are popular colors.

Toil and Meak.

"What did you want?" exclaimed the woman of the house angrily, as she faced the tramp at the kitchen door. "Breakfast or work?" "Both, ma'am," said the hungry wayfarer, timidly. "Eat that," said the woman, sternly, placing a biscuit and a piece of steak before him, "and you will have both." The cheery meal of income breathing morn had been prepared by her daughter, who was teaching a cooking school in the city.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Disappointed in Him.



Miss Waldo (discussing books)—You are familiar with Dickens' works of course, Mr. Wabash?
Mr. Wabash—Well or—no, I've never read Dickens, but I heard him lecture, not long ago, in Chicago. I don't think much of him.—Epoch.

It All Came Back.

"Some clothes to-day?" he asked, as a young man halted before his place on Jefferson avenue and began stroking the right hand leg of a pair of pants.
"Do you remember me?" was asked in reply.
"Vas dere somethings wrong, my frend?"
"Don't you remember? I was here and bought a coat of you last fall?"
"Last fall. Vas dot coat all right?"
"You asked \$6 for it and I gave you \$5. It was a Prince Albert. You remember, don't you?"
"Vas dere some moths in it? Did it fade out?"
"I asked you if you remember me! While we were talking the fire engines went by."
"Did somebody say dot coat vas not wort tree dollars?"
"Do you remember or don't you?"
"My frend, did some crock come off on your hands in a wet day?"
"No, sir. The coat was all right and worth the money, and now I want a pair of—"
"Vas it all right? Remember you! Certainly I do! Dose fire engines vas going py, and I gif you shange for ten dollar, and you ask me where to buy a revolver, and you almost buys a sachel of me. Remember you! Vhall, I shall smile if I don't! How you vas! Come inside. I vas shust wondering cifer you, and it pleases me dot you vas in good health. How odd dot I don't shake hands mit you a hull block away."—Detroit Free Press.

Pity the Waiter.

An amusing incident at the Niagara hotel is vouched for. A well known gentleman was required to dine with a party from whom he wished to escape, as a more important matter awaited his attention; but they would not accept his excuses, and the dinner was waiting. He had to go, but availed himself of a momentary opportunity to put up a job with the waiter to call him out. A quarter of an hour passed, and he began to feel uneasy lest the plan should miscarry, when in came the obliging waiter, and did the thing completely by announcing, "There's a gentleman calling you by telephone sir, and here's his card."—Boston Courier.

Try It and See.

Speaking of "fads," the latest from New York is that about women who moisten their lips.
"Why do women moisten their lips when they are looked at?"
Do they, or do they not? An Atlanta devotee of this fad, who has studied the question for three weeks, says that as soon as you look at a woman—intently, but not rudely—she will involuntarily moisten both her lips. She must be some one with whom you are not acquainted. Try it in a street car, for instance, and it is sure to work.—Atlanta Constitution.

Society in Gotham.

Young Man (to tailor)—I must have that suit at 8 o'clock to-night, sure, Snipper, for the Twillingham ball; no mistake.
Snipper—All right, sir.
Young Man—And what if it shouldn't fit?
Snipper—I'm to be a guest at the Twillingham ball myself, sir, and should the suit need any little alterations I can make them there.—New York Sun.

A Mortifying Blunder.

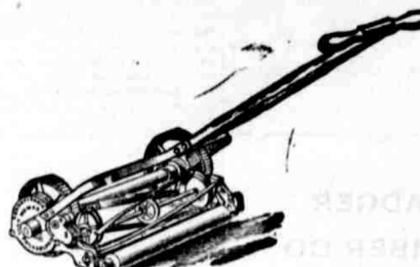
"Another pat of butter please!" said a guest in an up town restaurant.
"Sir!" said the gentleman addressed, with dignity.
"Oh, I beg pardon," said the guest, very much abashed, "I thought you were a waiter."
"Sir, I am the head waiter."—The Epoch.

A Heavy Loss.

Mrs. Carlton (to caller)—I am feeling so blue today, Mrs. Pompon. You have heard me speak of Marie, my French maid, who has proved such a treasure!
Mrs. Pompon—Yes.
Mrs. Carlton—She was taken suddenly ill in the night, and Dr. Montague says she cannot recover.
Mrs. Pompon—Oh, my poor Mrs. Carlton, I feel so sorry for you!—Epoch.

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