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# CHRISTMAS MAS

### SEE the Variety of FINE GOODS

**IF YOU ARE UNCERTAIN** about the selection of acceptable Holiday presents for Husband, Son, Brother or Sweetheart, the following list will give you valuable suggestions and approximate prices. Any of the following will make handsome and appropriate presents:

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### PRESENTS IN CABINET FRAMES.

In Plush, Wood, Silver, Gilt Cabinet Frames, set with Rhine Stones and Turquois, from 50c to \$5.00.

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## IT LEADS THE NEW SCALE KIMBALL PIANO

Has the Highest Endorsement.

A Clean Warrantee for 5 Years, *DEFIES COMPETITION.*

Call and Be Convinced.

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State Agent.

7,000 IN USE.

Sold on Easy Payments

LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

1513 Douglas St., Omaha



MADAME PATTI—Endorsing the New Scale Kimball Piano.

### A FINE LINE OF INSTRUMENTS.

## EMERSON OVER 50,000 PIANOS IN USE.

Have been sold by us for sixteen years, and no complaints from any one.

## Hallett-Davis Piano,

In the market for fifty years.

## A. HOSPE, JR.,

State Agent,

## KIMBALL ORGANS 115,000 SOLD.

The best organ made, which we offer on monthly payments. PIANOS RENTED—Rent to apply as part purchase money.

1513 Douglas St., Omaha

### DELILAH'S PART IN HISTORY.

Charles Stewart Parnell Stands with Right Royal Company.

THE MRS. O'SHEAS OF OTHER AGES.

How Man, from Sardanapalus to Sir Charles Dilke, Has Blindly Bartered Kingdoms for a Woman's Favor.

Follow your heart, but it is wondrous strange; here there is something more than witchcraft in them. That masters even the wisest of us all.

Whatever may have been the unexpressed intensions or retrospections of the author of these lines he embodied a truth of which history abounds in confirmations. It may be said to have come in with our first garments and bids far to last until the race has run its course. Indeed, the latest illustrious example may derive a peculiar satisfaction from the reflection that our common forefather lost a very desirable position somewhere between the Tigris and Euphrates by yielding to a similar temptress on a memorable occasion.

That marvelous character of whom we delighted to hear in boyhood, Samson, could, if he were alive, sympathize with him. The biblical character had no Tomy party to contend with; no liberal allies to conciliate and is not recorded as having made any struggle for home rule or rule of any sort, but he was a man of great strength and had an imperious way of overriding opposition, carrying off city gates, snatching new crowns as flax that is burnt, overcoming

REMARKABLE PHILISTINE MAJORITIES and conceiving and carrying out other radical measures in a somewhat Parnellian fashion. Whether, in these days, he would have carried his jawbone of an ass into the ranks of the landlords or pulled down the supports of the house of commons is a matter of speculation. The tale of Samson's glory was told and the scroll laid away when, in the valley of Sorek, he loved a woman. Then came the shears of Delilah and the world has the wonderfully pathetic picture of the blind giant trailing his clanking shackles the weary round of the tread mill.

The royal warrior of Israel of whom it is said that his fame went out into all lands, and the feat of him was upon all nations, was conquered by the trick of a smile. His long life passed to the ringing of steel shafts on brazen shields. "He smote the Philistines from Gibeon even to Gazer." Moab and the Moabites met him and were like dry grass before the flames. From the time the death missive of Goliath, the giant, whistled from his sling until at a good old age he died, full of days, riches and honor he was clad in breastplate and helmet and his wars were victorious. But David, to his sorrow, had a weakness for the soft light of a dark eye and the ripple of dusky hair over the white gleam of a woman's shoulders. One night in Jerusalem at the time when kings went forth to battle, David walked on the roof of the royal palace to be alone with his thoughts.

There was to be a battle in the morning and the streets of the city were filled with his chariots and horsemen, foot soldiers and archers. He could hear below him the murmur of voices in the tents and around the campfires the clanking of armor and the impatient stamping of the war horses. The palace about him loomed up in the dim moonlight, pale and ghost like and afar off among the barren rock-faced hills he could see the glitter of gold where bristled the spears of the hosts of the foe he was to meet in the morning. But across the court the king's eye fell upon the shining

white form of a woman bathing. It was Beth-Sheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, and "she was beautiful to look upon." David evidently looked too long. Everybody knows the sequel and to what numerous complications this moonlight stroll of the royal observer of women was the prelude. For his sin the sword never departed from his house and evil was raised up against him out of his own home.

A great many years ago there stood in front of the Roman capitol a gentleman of good address and fluent of speech, engineering, with as great skill as the Irish leader ever displayed, a campaign for office and hilling his purposes under the flow of tears over "dead Caesar's wounds." Marc Antony had shown his wild oats in his youth, and a plentiful crop it was, too, if the published accounts are correct, but at twenty-five he was presumed to have settled down into respectable Roman citizenship, and until he appeared in his famous oration over the body of Caesar had been steadily climbing the ladder. He had shown himself a brave soldier during the war in Syria, and in the three years' campaign against Aristobolus in Palestine, when he led the Roman troops through a series of brilliant victories. Such bravery and military skill had he displayed under Caesar, in his Gallic wars, that the imperial butcher had made him a tribune of the people and later, the governor of Italy. Antony's political star was decidedly in the ascendant till he undertook the restoration of Ptolemy Anuletus to the throne of Egypt and not that dignitary's attractive daughter, Cleopatra. The fact that his enchantress had been publicly known as the mistress of the great Caesar years before and the additional fact that he was the spouse of a most estimable wife, Octavia, were forgotten, and the great Antony, orator, statesman and warrior.

FLUNG AWAY THE WORLD with a laugh and held out his wrists to be bound—a slave, enmeshed in the net of the "accursed Egyptian." Fraul human nature will find many excuses for Antony, for it is said that

The city cast her people out upon her and Antony whistled to the air, which, but for vacancy, had gone to gaze or leopatra too. And made a zap in nature. There was another, long before the days of Antony, in whose veins flowed the blood of Sardanapalus, and in the story of the races of Greece and Italy were named by sagges and the Eternal City had not began to exist. Sardanapalus, the last king of the Assyrians was slain by the shears of Delilah. What a magnificent heritage was his.

A LINE OF IMPERIAL ANCESTRY, reaching thirteen centuries into the past; the stately civilization of Nineveh and the intellectual empire of the world. Stray fragments only of his tragic history have come down to us. Byron has given us a picture: In his effeminate heart there is A careless courage which corruption Has not quenched, and latent energies Repressed by circumstance but not destroyed. Steep but not drowned in deep voluptuousness.

His death gives us a hint of his life. He had been snared by the "lure eyes" of Myrrha and even would not yield Even for the sake of all that ever stirred A mortal reb in action, to forego A trifling jewel.

All the glow of his ancestry was forgotten for the retreat of the pin head of his slave. When all had been lost he rifled the palace of its treasures and in the court built a funeral pyre of his richest furniture and set it ablaze. He died in the arms of a woman, many a joyous banquet past, burned himself with his concubines. So died Sardanapalus and with him thirteen hundred years of empire.

the Nemean lion, the Lerean hydra, the golden-haired stag, the wild boar, the centaurs and all the rest of the misadventures of those days. But the classic profile and bare arms of

JOE, DAUGHTER OF EURYTES, were too much for Hercules, and his wife to prevent any serious complications sent the hero a robe which consumed his flesh and he sailed away from a troubled world in a thunder cloud. A melancholy example which Mr. Parnell might have remembered is found in the case of Louis XV. Louis is reported to have had a faithful wife, plain but good and to himself is spoken of as having been "unusually decent" till he came to an age when he should have been ashamed to be anything else. But alas, there was a Pompadour, and poor foolish Louis, in spite of the warlike blood of his father and the circumspection with which he should have carried himself as the head of a family, allowed himself to be captured by her wiles. What vivid sketches the keen satirists of the time have drawn of the enervated monarch in his Parisian Cere surrounded by a nest of beautiful girls who had been stolen from their homes for his delectation. History has no more unique picture than that of the dissipated old monarch teaching these girls a real and virile prayer, praying with them and generally concerning himself for

THEIR SPIRITUAL WELFARE. Candidates for positions in this Parisian harem, and the history of the government at this period is little more than a history of the changes of the king's mistresses. What a pair of shears were those of Pompadour. From harmless mediocrity the monarch degenerated into an object of ridicule for gods and men. Then down came disasters upon his devoted head. Wolfe captured Quebec; the victorious Clive banished the eagles of France from India; Hawke demolished and scattered the navy, and Voltaire and Rousseau laughed out of existence all respect for church or state, and paved the way for the French revolution.

Meanwhile Louis conducted a prayer meeting in the Parc aux Ceris. In Central park, New York, stands a full length statue of a man whom America delights to honor, but whose locks, if not shorn, were at least trimmed by the shears reserved for greatness. Boston, too, has a marble memorial of him and on the pedestal is inscribed "Alexander Hamilton—Orator, Writer, Soldier, Jurist, Financier." The ambitious herber has seldom assailed a loftier head. The man whom Thomas Jefferson characterizes with the title of "Coossus of the Anti-Republican Party," whose genius originated the policy which has made the greatest republic of all time, who as a stripling could publicly face a rampant mob, whose brilliant dash at the British redoubt at Yorktown put to shame his French allies, who stood first in the legal profession of his time, whose writings swayed the nation and are the text books of the children of another country, had his Delilah, and the prints of her claws stain his character for ever. No Cleopatra caught him. Before the imperiousness of no perfect, ravishing beauty, did he bow his haughty head; no perfumes of the orient stole away his soul; no fine spun silks or cloth of gold enmeshed his limbs, while languid luxuriance lulled him into a dream heaven. It was Maria Reynolds—illiterate Maria Reynolds, the wife of an adventurer. In 1792, while secretary of the treasury, Mr. Hamilton admitted his frailty in one of the most remarkable confessions ever published by a politician. In future leaders encountered by himself and his party, and even in the causes which led to the duel, can be discovered the work of the shears.

Within the experience of Mr. Parnell one prominent figure occupying the same arena, has disappeared with a suddenness that was startling. Everyone remembers the story of Sir Charles Dilke's intrigue with Lady Hamilton. He was a leader in society, a power in politics, within easy sight of the goal of every English statesman's ambition. But the shears of Delilah had been at work; the scandal cloud burst and the titled aspirant to the premiership, had fallen from the political horizon.

A. M. WALTON, FRANK ATKINSON. Check Reins Condemned. Some five hundred veterinary surgeons or horse doctors in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning tight check reins.

### DANCING FOR THE MESSIAH.

Leg Religion Craves Not a New Thing Among the Indians.

DANCES HELD IN THE EARLY FIFTIES.

They Were Very Much Like Those Which Are Executed the Copper Colored Enthusiasts at Pine Ridge Agency.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Dec. 9.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Religious fanaticism, or craze, as it may be termed, among the Indians is not a new thing, according to the stories of old frontiersmen and Indian fighters.

Early in the '50s—about 1852 or 1853—when Fort Kearney at Nebraska City, was one of the principal frontier stations, religious excitement took possession of the various Indian tribes of Eastern Nebraska, and the craze was not unlike that which has for the past few months caused trouble at Pine Ridge and other agencies. The Nebraska tribes and their religious zeal, however, differed from the recent Indian excitement in that they had sufficient food and consequently less cause to excite apprehension among the traders and military.

During one of the visits of a trader, a man named Denison, to the camp of the Otoes, at that time located on Walnut creek, north of the present site of Nebraska City, all the members of the lodges were found engaged in an exciting religious seizure, consisting of a wild and frenzied circle dance around a center lodge. The trader was not allowed to approach, but learned that the Indians were paying reverence to a "great medicine man" who was inside the lodge. Denison failed to get a sight of the individual and left the camp, but returned with several companions a few days later and found the dance still going on, many of the Indians having fallen out of the circle through exhaustion, and some had reached such a state that death resulted. The "great medicine man" had departed and the dance soon broke up for that time, and the Indians explained that the man was the advance agent of an expected Messiah, and that he had appeared to nearly all the Indian tribes along the Missouri river. He had visited the Omahas and Pawnees before he appeared to the Otoes, and less than a week later information came from the Pawnee country that the great doctor was leading that tribe in a dance, and among them joy was unconfined.

He told his dusky followers that he who came after him would turn the earth into a happy hunting ground, and the Indian should have everything better than even fancy could picture; the white people would all return where they came and the aborigines would again reign supreme. The "great medicine man" was considered by the Indians as immortal, and he believed at the time that his promises would be fulfilled. They had no knowledge of his first appearance, and that he had appeared to nearly all the Indian tribes along the Missouri river. He had visited the Omahas and Pawnees before he appeared to the Otoes, and less than a week later information came from the Pawnee country that the great doctor was leading that tribe in a dance, and among them joy was unconfined.

Underground London. Underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas pipes, all definitely fixed. Yet not even these compare with the vast colossal arca beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

### OMAHA WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

How Its Object Has Been Misunderstood by Many People.

THE WORK IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

The Willing But Needy Hands It Has Kept Busy and the Hungry Mortals Whom It Has Fed.

The following is the report of Mrs. Ida V. Tilden, chairman of the committee of the Woman's exchange to the Woman's Christian association:

Of all philanthropic work conducted by women, perhaps, in proportion to its value to a community, there is none so wanting in recognition as that of the Woman's exchange movement. This, we feel quite sure, is due to an ignorance regarding its work as also largely to the very nature of the work itself. Conducting its business with benevolent motives, not for its own good, but for that of those who seek its aid, it cannot be governed or judged by strictly business standards. A prime motive of the exchange is to dignify labor, and how can it better be done than by encouraging every woman to dignify her own labor by converting it to some practical use. Who can judge of individual needs? The question is often asked: "Do you really reach the needy?" Some of your consignors do not seem to need the benefits of the exchange.

To this question we answer: We have helped many needy, worthy women, and in preventing others eating the bread of dependence, we have assurance that our work has not been in vain. Of all philanthropic work, particularly in the culinary department, and cannot take inferior articles, even though the one offering them be very destitute, and we are sometimes compelled to ask others, who do not need aid, to consign certain articles of food which will reach the standard. Let all understand that when we have a needy consignee who can do the work as well as a more favored sister, she will have the work given to her. No one who has had any experience can understand the many perplexing questions that have to be decided and the amount of detail required for its systematic administration.

At the close of any year's work it is not only fitting, but profitable, to review the record and note all that has been encouraging as well as discouraging, all the successes as well as all the failures, and so gain knowledge for the work in days to come. The past year has seen many weary hours of service, many days of anxiety as to the outcome for the months as they came and went. Sickness and death have been in the families of some members of the exchange board. Some have been absent from the city a great deal of the time, and others perhaps have lost some of their enthusiasm for the work. Still, the stream flows under the autumnal frost; there is no sound to soothe, no sight to please. The night is near and frost is in the breeze. Day fades fast and clouds are in the sky; Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the world; No solitened locks the white moon rides on. Scattering her thin rays on the breezes cold, The sunset's last hand rests on the trees. My life is chill, and clouds are in the sky.

### THE DAYLIGHT WALK.

E. J. Donohue.

The daylight waver and the night is near.

The sunset's last hand rests on the trees. The stubbled fields are brown, the meadows sere. After brooding silence rests on hill and lea— A listening silence that arouseth fear. The winter cometh and the night is near. The morn with all its glory is passed away; The birds are dead and silent on the tree; The birds are gone that cheered the fading day; The sheep are huddled in the sheltering They joy not in the slant November ray. The pleasures of morn are passed away; A nipping frost sits in the voiceless breeze; The greenish skies are clothed in ashy gray; The stream flows under the autumnal frost; There is no sound to soothe, no sight to please. The night is near and frost is in the breeze. Day fades fast and clouds are in the sky; Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the world; No solitened locks the white moon rides on.

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### Underground London.

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### When Tagliani and Elliser, the two great dancers of the days of our grandfathers, were at the height of their fame they received an amount of homage that it stirs the blood even now to read about, says the Philadelphia Times. Everybody, except perhaps Mr. Howells, recollects what Tagliani felt for Sphyllie. Tagliani's most charming baller, and it was of Elliser's dancing that, as we know, Margaret Fuller said to Emerson, "Mr. Emerson, it is religion."

Exactly what the tempestuous Margaret meant by this phrase has never been certain. It is very well, however, with the Massachusetts variety of Hellenism, which both these distinguished philo-sophers kept in a pot in their front windows, and it does not questionably speak well for the dignity of Mme. Elliser's steps. They were, to the Fulcrum, not only a religion, but a religion of the sphere of our own poles, and so far removed as to be transcendental. The force of more adjectives could never express, to the degree that is indicated by the wording of Margaret's mind, how miraculously free from vulgarity Mme. Elliser's dancing must have been.

Some what different is the dancing of today. The French and Italian schools of the ballet have been crowded to the rear of the stage by the English and Spanish, and skirt dancer and the ballerina reign together. Their poses and gyrations, graceful and charming as they may be, can hardly be said to constitute a religion. In fact, there is the strongest reason against it, since all religions are based upon some defined and universal principle, whereas almost every one of the modern dancers with siflets and castanets announces that she is the inventrix of her own steps.

Otero and Carmichael have both enjoyed the sweets of American popularity, but the latest fashionable admiration is the languid dance, which is attracting large audiences in New York. It appears for ten minutes in each act of certain plays, and to most people forms the play's chief attraction. Its chief characteristic is that it is indescribable. It demands much ymnastic ability, and is performed with audacity and vehemence. It also uses up silk and lace at a rate that must make Mr. McKinley break into a breakdown of delighted imitation. It is danced by Miss Faith Kenward, and it is not a religion. But the homage of the entire city is at the dancer's feet.

Swiftness of the Mackerel. The Spanish mackerel, with its smooth, cone-shaped body, is among the swiftest of fish, and for speed only finds a parallel in the dolphin. There is a great similarity in shape between these two, and both cut the water like a yacht. The first follows the fastest steamers with the greatest ease, in its dashes swimming at five times their speed.