

# Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name" at home—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad—no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

# Pomeroy Coal COMPANY

DEALERS IN:  
**Coal and Wood.**

Good supply of High Grade Soft, and Hard Coal always on hand.

1201 O St.  
**J. R. LEMIST,**  
Agent.

# CORSETS

Worth up to \$2.00. Manufacturers Samples choice this week 50 cents. 100 dozen Ladies Alexandre Kid Gloves five hook, embroidered backs at \$1. Real value \$1.75.

I. FRIEND & SON,  
913 and 915 O Street

# Drayage and Moving.

OLIVER MAGGARD

Desires to inform the public that his equipment for moving Household Goods, Pianos, Safes, Merchandise, Heavy Machinery, etc., is the best in the city. Special men and wagons are kept for the removal of

# Pianos and Household Goods.

Which are always handled by competent and experienced help, and the latest appliances used for handling Safes and other heavy goods. Call, address or telephone

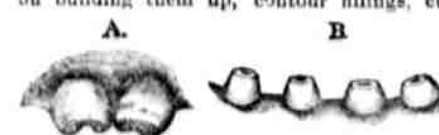
OLIVER MAGGARD,  
Telephone 111 Office 917 O St.



# ABRASION OF THE TEETH.

The above cut shows the teeth of a man 45 years of age, from Dr. Bell in 1831. We meet with this affection in the teeth in various forms and degrees. The ends of the crowns seem very soft, having a low degree of vitality and wear down showing a dark yellowish cupped spot in the center. Many are so foolish as to think that molar teeth are of little account, and let them go by default; after which all the force of the muscles are extended to the front teeth, wearing them down rapidly.

The best and only remedy, is to cover and build up the ends with gold and platinum, which wears like steel and saves them many years. We make a specialty of fine gold work on building them up, contour fillings, etc.



Cuts A and B are from John Tomes, of England.

A—Two incisors with notches in the ends. B shows the peg shaped teeth with yellowish pits in the ends.

For such teeth we have two remedies: First—To fill the pits in the ends with gold. Second—Extract them and replace them with artificial teeth. But the bones absorb away rapidly so that they will need re-attaching frequently.

We make the finest artificial teeth in the northwest.

We use Justus' and White's patent teeth, with long, heavy pins, mounted on strong elastic plates. Those who patronize us will not be troubled with broken teeth and cracked plates, canker sores, etc.

To loose the front teeth, is to loose half the power of speech, and more than half the beauty.

# LINCOLN ON HIS OWN POLICY.

How He Explained It in His Own Inimitable Style.

That important event in the life of the president—the emancipation proclamation—was long considered. It was the president's wish to promote alike the happiness of white and black, and he hesitated before the stuporous device of immediate emancipation. He wished the change to be gradual. To use his own words: "I wish it to come as gently as the dews of heaven, not raining or wreathing anything." The people were watching his action with intense solicitude, and every means was used to influence him, alike by those who favored and those who opposed emancipation. Numbered with the former was Horace Greeley, whose letter, published under his own name in 'The New York Tribune, and urging emancipation, is well remembered by our older readers. In the president's reply, extracts from which are given, he availed himself of the opportunity to set himself right before the people, and added yet another proof of his singleness of purpose. The letter was dated Aug. 22, 1862.

"As to the policy I seem to be pursuing, as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution.

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

"I shall do less whenever I believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose, according to my view of official duty, and I intended no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

The final proclamation was issued Jan. 1, 1863. As the paper was brought to Mr. Lincoln by the secretary of state to be signed, he said: "Mr. Seward, if my name ever gets into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it."

# ODE TO LINCOLN.

A head, how sober! A heart, how spacious!  
A manner equal with high or low;  
Rough, but gentle, unsmooth, but gracious,  
And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,  
Grieved when right for justice's sake;  
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest,  
If right of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith,  
Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;  
Still won't part with a word of myth,  
Learning truth like them of old.

Aptest humor and quaintest pith!  
(Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

Yet who so might pierce the guise  
Of mirth in the man we mourn,  
Would mark, and with griefed surprise,  
All the great soul had borne.

In the pit-ous lines, and the kind, sad eyes,  
So drearily weary and worn,  
—HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

# One of Lincoln's Stories.

When Grant was fighting his way southward, at the Wilderness and other bloody battles, tells Mr. J. H. Littlefield, an old friend of Lincoln's, somebody was always going to the president and asking him why he did not get a better general; one that would give entire satisfaction north. Mr. Lincoln told the dissatisfied stay-at-homes this anecdote:

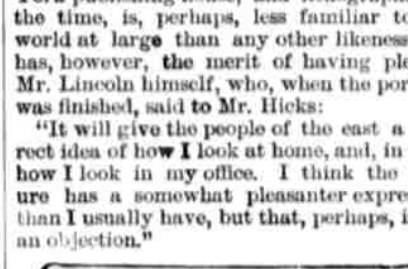
"There was a church up on the Hudson river that had a swell preacher. The audience did not like him; he dressed too fine, was too poetical in his ideas and too deductive in his methods of reasoning. The members wanted a pastor not quite so fashionable, and more practical and every day like in his sermons. The swell pastor was discharged and the practical preacher installed. He did not suit them. He was too inductive in his reasoning and too prosaic in his delivery, and far too common and plain in his attire. They couldn't stand him, so he had to go. Then the congregation petitioned for a pastor that could combine all the qualities of both their previous ministers, without being as ultra as either, and who could strike a happy medium between the inductive and deductive methods, and not be too poetical nor too prosy. After much advertising they got a man who had graduated at Yale and Harvard. He ascended the pulpit, his head just showed itself to the audience. He yelled to them in a squeaky, cracked voice, that he had come to preach to them, and he repeated it again and again."

Those who were listening to the president saw the point of his story and retired. They never asked him to remove Gen. Grant again.

# First Painted Likeness of Lincoln.

The picture of Mr. Lincoln here presented, is from an original painting by Thomas Hicks at the beginning of the campaign. This picture, which was made for a New York publishing house, and lithographed at the time, is, perhaps, less familiar to the world at large than any other likeness. It has, however, the merit of having pleased Mr. Lincoln himself, who, when the portrait was finished, said to Mr. Hicks:

"It will give the people of the east a correct idea of how I look at home, and, in fact, how I look in my office. I think the picture has a somewhat pleasant expression than I usually have, but that, perhaps, is not an objection."



FROM THOMAS HICKS' PORTRAIT.

This portrait is also of interest because it is the first painted likeness ever made of Lincoln, although he had been many times photographed.

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Young Jefferson More Accomplished Than His Mother Thought.

Joe Jefferson, the actor, some time ago bought a huge goat and sent it to his little 4-year-old son Willie, at their residence in Hoboken, N. J. The next day the little fellow put harness on the goat and began driving him around the greenhouse. Suddenly the goat turned and threw Willie to the ground. The boy was so surprised to find himself treated in that way that he could not speak or rise for several minutes. When, at last, he did get up, the goat had left for parts unknown. Willie looked around for a minute and then said: "Joe, I could kill that gooshly, blusety thing for a goat."

His mother, who had been an eye witness to all that had been going on, said: "Willie, I'm surprised; you must not talk that way; it is not nice."

"Oh, dat's nothing, mamma," replied Willie, carelessly. "I knows wussers. Rings dat day to say if I could only tink of dem." New York Evening Sun.

# Got Out to Walk.

Harold is getting old enough to astonish his parents occasionally with an original remark. The other evening his mother said something to his father, who was reading. He didn't hear it. She repeated it, but the head of the family was too intent on his reading to notice that he was being addressed. Harold had watched operations, and after his mother had spoken the second time, observed: "Mamma, I think you'll have to sense papa. I guess his ears has gone out to walk around the block for a few minutes."—Chicago Tribune.

# A Sad State of Things.

There lives in Leominster, on Central street, a rather nervous 4-year-old girl, who could never sleep unless the room was dimly lighted. One night recently the lamp became extinguished and she called loudly for her mother, who asked what was the matter. She said between sobs: "The light is out, and I can't see whether my eyes are open or not."—Boston Globe.

# Viewed from the Earth.

A little girl, waking up in season to see the brilliant morning star shining in at the window, dwarfing all other stars and suggesting a heavenly light different from any she had seen before, exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! God's lighted his lamp!"—Boston Transcript.

# Might Equestrianism.

Little John witnessed a military drill. One of the officers rode a horse which was very unruly, and in some of his antics nearly threw his rider; whereupon John exclaimed excitedly: "Mamma, mamma, Mr. Fise's horse don't fit him!"—Youth's Companion.

# They Made a Mistake.

A small girl of 3 years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh!" whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."—Boston Journal.

# Anatomically Described.

One little girl describing another's party costume had arrived as far as her shoes when she said: "And don't you believe, mamma, her shoes were so tight I could see all the knuckles on her toes."—Youth's Companion.

# An Interesting Query.

Our little boy, 6 years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa:

"Who taught the first man his letters?"—Boston Globe.

# Wanted It Undressed.

Polly wanted an egg when 3 years old. "Please undress the egg, Tom, and give it to me," was the way she asked for it.—Boston Journal.

# Sorry.

Husband (groaning): The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again.

Wife (with sympathy): Oh, I am so sorry, John. I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain.—The Epoch.

# With but a Single Thought.

"I have to thank you for a pleasant evening, Miss Bilderback, said young Peckinpugh, at 11:30 o'clock, as he rose to go. "I have scarcely felt as if I were an acquaintance until this evening, but now it almost seems as if I had known you for years."

"I was about to make the same remark," murmured the young lady, with her eyes on the clock. "It does, indeed, seem a long time."—Chicago Tribune.

# A Reporter's Fate.

Omaha Man—Eastern journalism must be improving. I saw by the paper the other day that a reporter on a New York newspaper had been discharged for lying.

New York Man—I heard about that.

"He'll never be a reporter on that paper again, I suppose."

"No, indeed; he's been given a high position in the circulation department."—Omaha World.

# There's Much in a Word.

Clerk (who belongs to a Shakespearean library and whose dramatic bent has rather the better of him reaches the office at 10 a. m. Greeting to his employer)—Good mornin', sir.

Employer (something of a business man)—It is nearly, indeed. Hereafter, sir, I would like to have you get around in time to bid me good morning.—Judge.

# Polite Amicities.

Business Man (with his feet on his desk, to small applicant)—Boy, a you know enough when you enter a you know office to take your hat off?

Boy (staring at his hat)—Yes, sir. Where shall I hang 'em, your teeth?

The boy is still looking for a job.—New York Sun.

# The Rolling Passion.

"I'll teach you to play patch and lose," shouted an enraged father. "I'll fog you for an hour, I will!"

"Father," indignantly replied the inescapable, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll fog you to make it two hours or nothing."—Boston Globe.

# Her Proposal.

She got her foot on his passive hand.

And tenderly she placed Her arm, without a replacment, About his willing waist.

She drew him close, a reverent kiss Upon his brow she pressed, He yielded, and a new found bliss Set all her fears at rest.

Then in a wild, impassioned way, Her love for him she told, And begged of him that he would say She'd not been over bold.

Without him all her life, she said, Would be a desert drear; If he said "No," she'd never wed— At least till next Leap Year.

Blushing, he heard her bravely through, And then he said, "Oh, ah! This is so awful sudden, Sue: You'll have to ask my ma!" —Journal of Education.

# A Pointer.

Mr. Higginbotham—Ah, by the way, Miss Rittenhouse, where do the Dolsons live? Somewhere facing this park, I think.

Miss Rittenhouse—I don't know their number, but there goes their cat now! If you follow it quickly, I'm sure it will lead you directly to the house.—Texas Siftings.

# A Satisfactory Explanation.

Ordinarily one would not expect to find among the musty records and papers on file in the war department anything suggesting humor or pleasantry. But this is just what occurred to me the other day when I was looking over some papers in the quartermaster general's department. Your readers may not know—at least those not familiar with military matters—that it frequently happens that, by reason of death, desertion and discharge, the number of men in a troop is less than the number of horses on hand. A troop captain not long ago had occasion to send a requisition for ordnance stores, including, among other things, sixty-five "nose bags."

After the usual long interval this requisition was duly returned, with the indorsement: "Respectfully returned to Capt. —, 1st Cavalry. The returns of his troop show that he has only fifty-four men, and explanation is desired as to why he requires sixty-five nose bags."

The captain's explanation was as follows: "Respectfully returned. The nose bags are required for my horses, and not for the men."—New York Tribune.

# A Friendly Pointer.

Occasionally you see young men on the streets who are very elegant of attire and who wear white gaiter tops over their ankles. One of these youths was standing on Chapel street the other day, with his gaiter tops looking like a pair of cuffs at the ground end of his pantaloons, when a rather countrified young man, evidently a farmer, stepped up to him and said: "Say, young man, it's none of my business, but perhaps you would like to know that them 'ere white stockings of yours have dropped down over your shoes."—Exchange.

# Saved from Death.

Attendant at Slide—I'm very sorry, sir; but the last toboggan was engaged for the evening an hour ago.

Papa (who has allowed the girls to drag him out, and has been watching the sport for the first time)—My friend, here are my watch and pocketbook. Take them with the highest expression of my esteem, and if you ever need a friend call on me.—Tid-Bits.

# French as Spoken in Chicago.

Another dialogue overheard at the theatre between acts:

Young Lady (to her young man)—Did you attend the ho?

Young Man—You mean the hop.

Young Lady—I guess I know what I mean. Ho is French for galop, just the same as gal is French for gallop. How long have you been in society, anyhow?—Chicago Mail.

# No Holidays in Theirs.

"Doctor, you ought to take a vacation."

"My dear fellow, I tried that once and it proved most disastrous. It was at least six weeks after I came back before my patients got into the way of being sick again. I tell you it doesn't pay for a man to let his business go at loose ends."—Burlington Free Press.

# All the Directions.

A sign on the station house at Big Sandy, W. T., reads as follows:

20 miles from wood.

20 miles from water.

40 miles from school.

God bless our home.

Girl wanted—apply within.—Judge.

# Pretty Old.

"Queen Victoria must be nearly 2,000 years old," remarked little Johnny McSwilligan.

"Where do you get that idea?" asked his mamma.

"Why, I often see 'Victoria, B. C.,' in the papers."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

# Had Seen the Animals Before.

Mrs. Gotham (to her niece, visiting from Chicago)—I am going to see a lapidary, Clara; would you like to go along?

Clara (thinking not, this morning, stoutly; I have a slight headache, and, besides, I care very little for the manager).—The Epoch.

# STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Ex-Governor Magoffin's Interesting Talk with a Deaf and Dumb Man.

Ex-Governor Deniah Magoffin, of Kentucky, got in the train one day at Frankfort to go to Lexington. He sat down by the side of a very handsome, intelligent looking young man. The governor, who was a great talker, at once began to chat. The young man listened well, apparently, nodding his head from time to time, as if he agreed with the governor's views, but it seemed that he couldn't find room to put in a word. This continued until they reached Lexington, when a certain hotel owner and an exchange of cards took place. Subsequently, in the corridor of the Phoenix hotel, the governor was telling a party of friends about the meeting, saying the young man was one of the most agreeable fellows he ever encountered. "Perhaps some of you know him," said he, "he has one brown and one gray eye. But stop, I have his card!"

"Why, governor," said one of the party, "that was Bob King; he's deaf and dumb. Everybody knows him!"—Philadelphia Times.

# Didn't Know He Was President.

When Charles Crocker was at Portland on his spike driving tour over the California and Oregon, an incident occurred which is illustrative of the bewildering magnitude of the railway interests of that gentleman. He received a call at the Edmond house from the general manager of the Oregonian railway, a little narrow gauge formerly under the control of a Scotch company. Mr. Crocker regarded the visit as purely complimentary, but when the narrow gauge manager began to talk about the prospects of his line, the need of repairs at certain points, and gave the augurate assurance that it was a fairly prosperous concern, Mr. Crocker's mind became cloudy. He clearly did not know what the man was driving at. Still the official went on until he was interrupted by a friend who happened to be present, and who said:

"Mr. Crocker doesn't understand what all this is about."

"Oh, I guess he does," said the general manager, with a confident air. "I guess he knows that he is president of this railroad."

"But I'm — if he did," said Mr. Crocker, "until you said so this moment."

The incident created a ripple of merriment among the railroad men who happened to be present, and some of the Portland magnates who heard the story thought a great deal less of their railroad interests when they reflected on the fact that here was a man who was president of a railroad and didn't know it.—Lakeview (Ore.) Examiner.

# "The Court Does Not Lunch."

A learned counsel in Mr. Justice Day's court, in the queen's bench, applied to his lordship to adjourn a case until after the "luncheon time" of the court, as the plaintiff had telegraphed that he had missed his train.

Mr. Justice Day—You should ask that the case be postponed until after "the adjournment," for "the court" does not lunch; that is not an epoch in the life of "the court." (Laughter.) I do not speak of what individuals do, but "the court" does not lunch.—London Telegraph.

# Artist Whistler and Oscar Wilde.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusually good thing Oscar exclaimed deplorably: "I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler derisively, "but you know you will say it."—Boston Herald.

# Heard on the Road.

Proprietor Kansas Hotel—Have the waiter gentlemen had their dinner yet?

Head Waiter—Yes, sah.

"Has the professor of cooking saved out all he wants for his family and friends?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did the upstairs ladies and the stable gentlemen have all they wanted?"

"Yes, sah."

"Is there anything left?"

"A little, sah."

"Well, call in the boarders."—Omaha World.

# Wanted to Be Right.

They were talking about the state of the thermometer, and by the time all had got through it was found that the record ranged from 2 degrees, to 7 degrees below. Finally an old colored man, who sat next to the stove, was appealed to, and he said:

"Gentle'n, I knowed dis yere coldness would come up on de kyar dis mornin', an' so I made up my mind I'd be right about it. My thermometer showed just exactly 6 degs. below half an hour ago, an' I took it down off de nail an' put it in my pocket to bring along for proof. 'Sis's yers."

And he took it from his overcoat pocket, unrolled it from a handkerchief, and passed it over.

"Why, it shows 28 degs. above!" exclaimed the man who received it, while everybody understood that it had warmed up, and began to laugh.

"Hu! She does eh! Waal, dat settles me wid any no foolin' around! Reckon de pendulum has dropped off in de snow an' she's set out to paint de town red!"—Detroit Free Press.

# Natural.

Fanny—You know my husband is very rich, and yet I am not happy with him. His way of eating is so disagreeable, showing that his early education must have been neglected. I wish I could improve his table manners.

Laura—His stable manners you mean, dear.

And now they do not speak as they pass by.—New York Graphic.

# Getting a Verdict.

"Ah, gentlemen," said the foreman of the jury, as he wiped the copious tears from his eyes, "that was an affecting summing up of the defendant's counsel. Excuse this emotion, but is the verdict guilty or not guilty?"

And each juror, his voice thick with emotion, murmured: "Guilty."—New York Sun.

# J. H. W. HAWKINS,

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

Buildings completed or in course of erection from April 1, 1867:

Business block, C. E. Montgomery, 11th and N. do do L. W. Billingsley, 11th near N. do do Restaurant (Odeon) C. E. Montgomery, N near 11th.

Residence, J. J. Imhoff, J and 11th. do do J. D. Macfarland, Q and 11th. do do John Zebrung, D and 11th. do do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th. do do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th. do do E. E. Guthrie, 5th and N. do do J. E. Reed, N. D. F bet 10th and 11th. do do L. G. M. Baldwin, Q bet 10th and 11th. do do

Sanitarium building at Milford, Neb. Fire, Baptist church, 11th and K streets. ornary chandel and roosting stomb at Wyuka cemetery.

Office Rooms 33 and 34

Richards Block.

# DR. B. B. Powers,

DENTIST,



# Gold Fillings A Specialty