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A Sad Farewell.

"Laura, is your heart free?"
The young man who spoke those words sat on the extreme periphery of a cushioned chair in the elegant apartment and leaned forward in uncontrollable agitation. The handkerchief which in his excess of emotion he wiped his nose with and anon trembled visibly, and his voice had that dreamy, touching intonation that marks a sensitive, high souled man in the last stage of influenza and unrequited affection.

"Why, Mr. Hankinson," replied the lovely girl, with downcast eyes, but with a kind of don't come any nearer expression on her face, "your question takes me by surprise, and I hardly..."

"Laura" burst forth the young man impetuously, as he glanced in a laboriously careless way at a small ivory tablet concealed in his left hand. "It is hardly possible for you to realize the difficulties that beset—that are peculiar to the crisis which at this hour I face. You would be disposed to laugh, perhaps, if I should tell you what a trifle clogs the free cry of a heart filled with devotion with excess of love, yet which affixes—which loves will be heard, despite the barriers that adverse fate appears to have erected just at this period. Hear the feeble yet eager cry of a heart, Laura, that..."

"Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, with a puzzled air, "you speak most singularly. What is the matter with you?" The youth wiped his nose again with nervous haste, threw the ivory tablet frantically across the room, and once more began:

"The matter with me, Laura, is a cold id by head—a heady, horrid influenza. I'd by iglorance add idesperience I had indeed I could tell you of my affliction; that I could take myself understood without using any words that would convey to you any idea of the real iderity under which I am suffering. I shall never again," continued the youth, bitterly, "try to make a confession of love by boycotting the letters of add. You shill, Miss Laura! You laugh! You look at by bisery! Good evening, Miss Kajodes!"

Waving his handkerchief wildly the unfortunate young man blew a nasal blast that shook the house, grabbed his hat, rushed out into the chill night air, and was followed all the way home by four Chicago detectives, who mistook him for the lamented Mr. Toot.—Chicago Tribune.

His Opulence Explained.



Mrs. Houlihan—Arrah, Mickey, and can this be yourself, all blazin' wid diamonds! Houlihan—Throth it is, mithir. Oi was drivin' a back the day when the blizzard struck New York.—Life.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

"THE PRINCE OF WALES" FAN AND OTHER NOVELTIES IN THIS LINE.

New York Styles for Girls of 10 and 12 Years Old—An Entirely New Model for a Full Dress Toilet That Is Very Becoming.

The evening toilet shown in our cut is both new and pleasing.



EVENING TOILET.

The model here represented was made of pink satin merveilleux trimmed with pearls. The tablier is embroidered with festoons of pearls and the right side of the bodice is worked to match. Small pink satin bows appear on the shoulders. The skirt is gathered at the top and falls as a train, which is separated in the center so as to form two distinct trains.

Novelties in Fans.

Fans carried with evening toilets are many of them veritable novelties. The "Prince of Wales fan" composed of three ostrich plumes set in a handle of mother of pearl, has already become a favorite in New York. A charming conceit of Paris origin is the flower and feather fan represented in our cut.



FLOWER AND FEATHER FAN.

The handle and screen are covered with the best feathers of some bird and are decorated with sunflowers and a piquet of feathers recalling the wings or down covering the foundation. A watered silk ribbon encircles the handle and is tied in loops and bows.

An attractive fan seen recently was leaf shaped and covered with shot velvet. It was lavishly trimmed with a frilling in embroidered lines, tinsel ribbon and flying insects.

Spring Fashions for Young Girls.

Girls of 10 or 12 years wear dresses of plain or plaid wools, with a full skirt gathered to an under waist, on which is set a full gathered vest of the material, trimmed at the top in V shape with wide galloon. A blouse with wide back forms, and sloping open from the throat to show the vest, is then edged with galloon, and this trimming is on the high collar. Full sleeves, plaited at wrist, with galloon set there in a point. White cashmere or camel's hair dresses are similarly made, with gold galloon for their trimmings, and there are also many striped white wool dresses, the stripes in bright scarlet, old blue, brown, etc., with bands of velvet instead of galloon. The most dressy frocks for girls of 8 or 10 years have separate white muslin guimpes, and are made of the new white challis with Scotch plaid stripes, or of India silks with red and blue diamonds or rings on white grounds. The waists are half low and round, with a yoke of red or blue velvet extending to the point in front beside a V of striped white India silk; the skirt is laid in four or six box plaits in front, is gathered behind, and there is a sash of the silk or the challis sewed in the under arm seams and tied behind.

Gingham, Chambray, and percale dresses for girls from 4 to 10 years have high waists, plain and pointed in front, with a sash across the back, or else pointed in front, with a sash across the back, or else they have a belted waist with eight or ten feather stitched tucks down the front and back, and are slightly gathered into the belt. Three breadths are in the full skirt of small dresses, and four breadths for larger girls.

Girls' and misses' hats of colored straw have wide straight brims and half high crowns, on which a soft crown is draped of velvet or of Bengaline; the trimming comes up from the back of the brim, which is turned up. English walking hats for girls in their teens are of dark straw with tapering crown, and the close bun rolled highest on the left side, with full velvet trimming on this high side. Leghorn flats will be used for midsummer by girls of all ages from 3 years upward. Wreaths of flowers and wide ribbons in bows and streamers at the back are their trimmings.

Geraniums for the House.

Scarlet geraniums that have been wintered in the cellar will now begin to "break," says Rural New Yorker. Cut them back to sound wood and healthy eyes and promote them to warm, light quarters. If you are short of stock, bring them upstairs to a warm window and give them a little water, and they will soon push forth new growths from which you can secure good cuttings. And if you don't want the cuttings you may retain the growths and enjoy the flowers.

An Elephant's Stomach.

It is told for a true story that Professor Seguin and Dr. Godfrey dissected the carcass of the elephant Alton, burned in the fire at the Baranum & Bailey winter quarters in November. In the stomach was found over 300 pennies, part of a pocket knife, four cane ferules, a piece of lead pipe and some pebbles.

BILL NYE AS A FARMER.

He Relates Some of His Experiences as a Tiller of the Soil.

The secretary of the Ashfield Farmers' club, of Ashfield, Mass., Mr. E. D. Church, informs me by United States mail that upon receipt of my favorable reply I will become an honorary member of that club, along with George William Curtis, Professor Norton, Professor Stanley Hall, of Harvard, and other wet browed toilers in the catnip infested domain of agriculture.

I take this method of thanking the Ashfield Farmers' club, through its secretary, for the honor thus all so unworthily bestowed, and joyfully accept the honorary membership, with the understanding, however, that during the county fair the solemn duty of delivering the annual address from the judges' stand, in tones that will not only ring along down the corridors of time, but go thundering three times around a half mile track and be heard above the rhythmic plunk of the hired man who is trying to ascertain, by means of a large mail and a thumping machine, how hard he can strike, shall fall upon Mr. Curtis or other honorary members of the club. I have a voice that does very well to express endorsement or other subdued emotions, but it is not effective at a county fair. Spectators see the wonderful play of my features, but they only hear the low refrain of the haughty Clydesdale steed, who has a neighal voice and wears his tail in a Grecian coil. I received \$150 once for addressing a race track one mile in length on "The Use and Abuse of Enslavement as a Narcotic." I made the gesture, but the sentiments were those of the four ton Percheron charger, Little Medicine, dam Eloquent.

I spoke under a low shed and rather dreary circumstances. In talking with the committee afterward, as I wrapped up my gestures and put them back in the shawl strap, I said that I felt almost ashamed to receive such a price for the sentiments of others, but they said that was all right. No one expected to hear an agricultural address. They claimed that it was most generally purely spectacular, and so they regarded my speech as a great success. I used the same gestures afterward in speaking of "The Great Falling Off Among Bare Back Riders in the Circuses of the Present Day."

Mr. Church writes that the club has taken up, discussed and settled all points of importance bearing upon agriculture, from the tariff up to the question of whether or not turpentine poured in a cow's ear ameliorates the pangs of hollow horn. He desires suggestions and questions for discussion. That shows the club to be thoroughly active. It will soon be spring, and we cannot then discuss these matters. New responsibilities will be added day by day in the way of stock, and we will have to think of names for them. Would it not be well before the time comes for active farm work to think out a long list of names for the little strangers arriving? Nothing serves to lower us in the estimation of our fellow farmers or the world more than the frequent altercations between owners and their hired help over what name they shall give to a weedy, wobbly calf who has just entered the great arena of life, full of hopes and aspirations perhaps, but otherwise absolutely empty. Let us consider this before spring fairly opens, so that we may be prepared for anything of this kind.

One more point may properly come before the club at its next meeting, and I mention it here because I may be so busy at Washington looking after our other interests that I cannot get to the club meeting. I refer to the evident change in climate here from year to year, and its effect upon seeds purchased of florists and seedsmen generally.

Twenty years ago you could plant a seed according to directions and it would produce a plant which seemed to resemble in a general way the picture on the outside of the package. Now, under the fluctuating influences of irresponsible weathermen, plebeian springs, rare June weathers, and overdone weather in August, I find it almost impossible to produce a plant or vegetable which in any way resembles its portrait. Is it my fault or the fault of the climate? I wish the club would take hold of this at its next regular meeting.

I first noticed the change in the summer of '73, I think. I purchased a small package of early Scotch plaid curled kale with a beautiful picture on the outside. It was as good a picture of Scotch kale as I ever saw. I could imagine how gay and lighthearted it was the day it went up to the studio and had its picture taken for this purpose. A short editorial paragraph under the picture seemed to me that I should plant in quick, rich soil, in rows four inches apart, to a depth of one inch, cover lightly and then roll. I did so. No farmer of my years enjoys rolling any better than I do.

In a few weeks the kale came up but turned out to be a canard. I then waited two weeks more and other forms of vegetation made their appearance. None of them were kale. A small delegation of bugs which deal mostly with kale came into the garden one day, looked at the picture on the discarded paper, crawled over it for this purpose. A short editorial paragraph under the picture seemed to me that I should plant in quick, rich soil, in rows four inches apart, to a depth of one inch, cover lightly and then roll. I did so. No farmer of my years enjoys rolling any better than I do.

At first the plants seemed to waver and hesitate over whether they had better be wild parsnips or Lima beans. Then I concluded that they had decided to be foliage plants or rhubarb. But they did not try to live up to their portraits. Pretty soon I discovered that they had no bugs which seemed to go with them, and then I knew they were weeds. Things that are good to eat always have long and warty stems, while tansy and castor oil go through life un molested.

I have had other similar experiences, and I think we ought to do something about it if we can. I have planted the seed of the morning glory and the moon flower and dreamed at night that my home looked like a florist's advertisement, but when leafy June came a bunch of Norway oats and a hill of corn were trying to climb the strings nailed up for the use of my non-resident vines. I have planted, with song and laughter, the seeds of the ostensible pansy and carnation, only in tears to reap the bachelor's button and the glistening foliage of the sorghum plant. I have planted in faith and a deep, warm soil, with pleasing hope in my heart and a dark red picture on the outside of the package, only to harvest the low, vulgar jimson weed and the night blooming bull thistle.

Does the mean temperature or the average rainfall have anything to do with it? If statistics are working these changes they ought to be stopped. For my own part, however, I am led to believe that our seedsmen put so much money into their catalogues that they do not have anything left to use in the purchase of seeds. Good religion and very fair cookies may be produced without the aid of caraway seed, but you cannot gather nice, fresh train figs of thistles or expect much of a seedman whose plants make no effort whatever to resemble their pictures.

Hoping that you will examine into this matter, and that the club will always hereafter look carefully in this column for its farm information, I remain, in a sitting posture, yours truly.—Bill Nye in New York World.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

How "Bishop" Oberly Surrendered at Last to Dr. Mary Walker.

John H. Oberly is the latest victim to the process of Dr. Mary Walker. Lately her ambition has been to secure an appointment as special examiner in the pension service. Several attempts were made by her to obtain interviews with Gen. Black. These failing she determined to apply for examination by the civil service board and then confront the pension commissioners with a certificate properly authenticated. Having come to this determination she announced to some one that she proposed to call on Mr. Oberly and talk with him. He heard Dr. Mary Walker was to call upon him and determined to dodge an interview. Long ago he selected a small den in the subterranean parts of city hall where the civil service commission has its offices, to avoid some of the calls that are made upon him. It took Dr. Mary three days to track him to his den, but she finally did so. One day the "Bishop" was in his hiding place when a rap was made on his door. He opened it and there stood Dr. Mary Walker.

"Is Mr. Oberly here?" she inquired.

"No," said Mr. Oberly, while his face continued to bear those marks of Christian innocence which have gained for him the cognomen of "Bishop." "No, Mr. Oberly is not in, but I'm his messenger and will tell him any message you may wish to leave."

"I'll call again," replied the doctor.

Ten days afterward the scene was repeated. Dr. Mary called and was again told by the obliging "messenger" that Mr. Oberly was not in, but that any word left would be told to him. The next day Mr. Oberly was again disturbed by a gentle rap. He went smiling to the door, but was more than disgusted to find Dr. Mary Walker there.

"Good morning, Mr. Oberly," she said as she pushed her way into the room.

"But I'm not Mr. Oberly," declared the good "bishop," while the blushes that insisted in reddening his face on account of the pervasion even in self-defense gave the lie to his denial.

"Oh, but I know you are Mr. Oberly," rejoined the imperturbable man-woman. "I thought you were fooling me, and I called on Mrs. Oberly before coming this morning and got her to show me your picture. I'm sure of you this time." The "bishop" was flustered by the doctor. He surrendered then and there and gave her all the information she wanted about civil service examinations.—Washington Letter in Chicago Tribune.

A Compromise.

The Rev. Clinton Locke is a humorist. Not long ago a worthy couple came to him, bearing between them a babe of exceeding tender age.

"We want you to baptize her," said the father.

"What name have you decided upon?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"Alas, sir," answered the father, dismally, "we have not decided. Had the child been a boy we should have named him Benjamin. A favorite name of mine, sir, is Benjamin."

"Yes, and of mine, too," echoed the mother.

"But it is a girl," said the father, wofully.

"And we don't know what to call her," added the mother.

"Cheer up, my good sir," cried the sagacious pastor, "and you, too, my good woman: be not cast down in spirit. We may yet find some way of applying to this child the name you so much prefer."

"Sakes alive!" cried the father, "we can't name her Benjamin!"

"Nay, nay—very true," answered the holy man, softly, "but we can name her Ben Hur!"—Chicago News.

Tim Campbell's Elevator Experience.

The Hon. "Tim" Campbell, of New York, told some of his fellow members the other day how one of his constituents came to see him and related to him his experience in one of the Capitol elevators. To use the man's own words:

"Is Mr. Campbell in, sorr?" says I.

Says the man with the soger cap: "Will ye stop in?"

So I steps into the closet, and all of a sudden he pulls at a rope, and it's the trooth I's tellin' ye, the walls of the building begin runnin' down to the collar.

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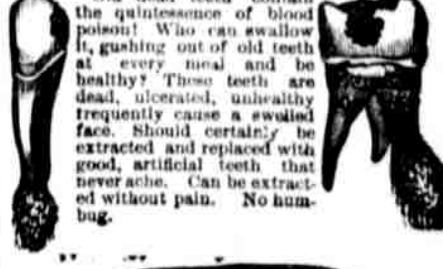
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BLOOD POISON.



Old dead teeth contain the quintessence of blood poison! Who can swallow it, gushing out of old teeth at every meal and be healthy? These teeth are dead, ulcerated, unsightly, frequently cause a swollen face, should certainly be extracted and replaced with good, artificial teeth that never ache. Can be extracted without pain. No humbug.

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 let their molars be of little account, and get them gone 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 resetting frequently.

We make the finest artificial teeth in the northwest. We use Justice' 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 sore mouths, etc.

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



Diseased Gums. The teeth turn black and die, the gums bleed at the slightest touch, ulcerate, the teeth loosen and fall out, the breath is horrid.

DR. A. P. BURRUS, 1208 O Street.

On the Rapid Transit, cure up diseased gums, make the finest gold and platinum fillings, make the finest teeth that tobacco will not scorch.