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STYLISH GOWNS FOR THE STREET.

A GOOD CIGAR.

What Bobble Thought of the One His Pa Gave Him.

Bing.—Bobbie, come here. I hear that you have been smoking. (Silence from Bobbie.) Come now, answer me truthfully. It will go harder for you to tell a lie than to make a clean breast of it. Is it true, sir, that you have been smoking? Bobble—I guess it is, sir.

Bingo - That's right. Now, my boy, fon't you think you are a trifle young to

Bobble—I s'pose I am, sir, but (booboo)
please don't whip me.
Bingo (kindly)—I am not going to whip
you. I believe when a little boy really
wants to smoke he should be gratified. Now, which do you prefer—a pipe, a ciga-rette or a cigar? You can have your choice. Bobbie (whimpering)—I don't believe I want any of them.

Bingo—Oh, yes, you do. If a little boy smokes, he ought to do it at his own house. I think a nice big black eigar would just suit you. Maria, do you mind getting that cigar that's on my desk in the library?

Mrs. Bingo (returning with it)-Now, John, it's awful for you to make that boy smoke. You know it will almost kill him. Bingo (aside)-My dear, leave everything to me. It's the only way to cure him. Now, sir, here's a nice big cigar I got on purpose for you. Sit down in a chair, cock up your feet and enjoy yourself. Bridget, a match.
Bobbie—Please, sir, I would rather not.
Bingo—Oh, don't be bashful on my account (cutting the cigar and striking a

match). Here, light up.
Bobble—I feel so 'shamed (puff) smoking before you.

Bingo-Oh, that's all right. How do you Bobble—Can't I go (puff) out doors and finish it, sir? It makes me feel so funny

(puff, puff) to see you look at me. Bingo-Makes you feel funny, eh! Ha! ly)-No, sir! You will stay right in this you think the water will get into them?' room. If it makes you feel embarrassed, I "Dunno," answer—I the landlord, w will leave you to yourself, but (ominously) if when I come back that cigar isn't smoked

up there will be trouble, do you hear. Joins his wife in the library.) Mrs. Bingo—Well, how is he getting on? Bingo—He was just beginning to turn pale when I left. But the boy is game. He puffed away like a major. Ha! Ha! He'll

be about the sickest boy in four counties. I guess he won't want to smoke any more, Mrs. Bingo (sympathetically)—Poor little fellow! I think it's a shame. Bingo (after 15 minutes)-Well, I guess

I'll go in and see how he feels now. You'd better send him to bed, Maria. He won't want to move around much. (Returning to Robbie.) Well, I see by the ashes you have smoked that cigar. How do you feel? A little bit pale around the gills, eh? Want did not prevent the man with a sandy to get right into bed, do you? Bobby (blushing)-N-no, sir.

Bingo-Do you mean to say that you have smoked that cigar and it didn't make you

Hobbie-Y-y-yes, sir. Bingo (sarcastically)-And you enjoyed it, I suppose?

Bobbie—Father, I cannot tell a lie. That

was one of the best cigars I ever smoked.-New York Press.

A Case of Pride. Pride and poverty often go hand in hand. A lady advertised for a woman to take her washing, and was called upon by a young girl in a veil and kid gloves, who said that her mother would like to get family wash-

ing, as she needed the money.
"Will you take it with you?" asked the "Oh, no, ma'am. Not in the daytime," "I will

But she did not come, and the lady, after waiting several days, sent her washing to a laundry. In about two weeks the girl called in the evening.

"I've come for the wash," she said. "But you are too late. I have made other arrangements," said the lady. "Besides, you did not keep your word and come that evening, as you said you would." .

"I know it, ma'am." answered the girl, "but when I promised I forgot that it was moonlight. You see I couldn't carry home a wash when it was as light as day."-Detroit Free Press.

Judgment Deferred.



Pat (from roof)-Are yez hurt, Mickey? Mickey (during transit)-Wait a second

Mr. Edward Vernon had long had an ambition to play Romeo, and when the oppor-tunity did occur it must be confessed that the scored a fair success. One incident threatened to take place, however, which would inevitably have upset the whole per-formance, and it was only averted by the

timely if somewhat spirited aid of Juliet.

Miss Margaret Mather.

The play had traveled smoothly along to the scene where itomeo is lying dead.

Just as Juliet bent over him in the wild paroxysm of her despair before taking her own life, the object of her passion felt a premonitory tingling in his nose.

A sneeze was coming as sure as he lived. Suddenly there overspread his features an expression more agonizing than the stage death struggle had ever left. "Teddy, what is the matter?" whispered the dying Juliet in real alarm.

'I'm going to sneeze!" gasped the miserable Romeo. "No, you're not, my boy," answered the determined woman, setting her teeth to-gether, and as she repeated the impassioned

I will kiss thy lips; Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, she grasped the nasal appendage of her lover and gave it such an unmerciful tweak

that he came near coming to life on the spot, but he didn't sneeze, and his reputa-tion was saved.—Tit-Bits.

Her Plate She was from Boston, a sweet, simple thing, lovely to look upon and almost good enough to eat, but she knew nothing of the ways and means of life. But she thought she did, oh, yes, and had an idea in her head that what she didn't know wasn't

worth knowing at all.
So that one day in her Detroit boarding house when the weather threatened a spring freshet she went to the landlord and

"Dunno," answer-! the landlord, who had his money in ice: "it's 'bout a ot deep now outsi. ...d rising."
"Dear, dear, how perfectly dreadful! foot deep now outsi... have a wardrobe in those trunks that I

value at \$10,000," "Sho', now," answered the heartless man.
"Why ain't you a wearing of it?" "Something must be done and done at

once. Are there windows to this subter ranean storeroom?" "There are, mum, several."

"Then I have a plan. Go at once and have bars put across the windows."
"Yes'm. Might I ask what for?" "To keep the water out."-Exchange.

His Arm Was Staid.

A chill cast wind was blowing, but that goatee from perspiring freely when he awoke with a start and detected the sound of stealthy footsteps in the apartment adjoining. Presently a shadowy form flitted into the

The man with a sandy goatee seized his sistol and was taking careful aim when he

felt his arm gripped violently.

Turning be beheld the agonized face of ·William"---

She whispered distressfully. -"for heaven's sake, don't shoot." "Why not? It's burglars." "William"

Her countenance was haggard with -"as sure as you shoot you'll wake the

baby." Recoiling suddenly, as if he had sustained an unexpected blow, he suffered the weapsaid the girl, looking quite hurt "I will on to drop from his perveless hand.—De come for it after dark." troit Tribune.

> A Quick Way. "I don't think it's very good advice to

give a boy to count 20 before he gets mad and hits another boy for hitting him," said Abner. "I tried it today at school when Willie Anderson hit me, and before I'd got to 8 he'd hit me again. Then I be gan all over again, and just as I got to \$ he gave me another under the ear."
"You should count by tens, my boy," said Abner's father. - Harper's Bazar.

Easily Explained. Customer—How does it happen you haven't filled the order I gave you two months ago for 100 pounds of strictly pure Vermont maple sugar? South Water Street Merchant-It hasn't

got here yet. If you hadn't insisted on my sending to Vermont for it, sir, I could have filled that order in 24 hours -Chicago Trib

A Leading Question.

When the fair flower of humanity-lovely woman-again dons the crinoline and hoops,

will it be in order to speak of her environ-ments as the flower barrel?-Lowell Cou-A Brave Man Wanted. Says a fashion note, "The return of the shawl is prophesied." And now will somebody be sufficiently brave to predict the re-

turn of the umbrella?-Boston Transcript.

Her Element. "My wife," said Squills proudly, "is queen of the tea table, and she never reigns but she pours."-Drake's Magazine.

NO DOORBELL.

Mrs. Sparks' Little Purchase Is a Little

DISGOUNT SALE. Too Previous.

It was the Sparks family's first night in the eew flat, and Mr. Sparks felt as every man feels who has been moving all day.

The drayman had dropped a trunk on the family clock and made it useless for all time.

"We must get another clock, my dear," said Mrs. Sparks, "and we may as well get a handsome one for the oak mantel in the front room, and a good timekeeper so you weather we intend to clean up the remainder of our won't be late at the office any more."

Mr. Sparks had just paid \$ 0 to one land-lord to let him out and \$30 to another to let him in.

"One o'clock is as good as another," said he, "and I can't waste my money on fancy ones. The works are all the same, and I don't propose to pay for gingerbread orna-mentation."

mentation."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sparks.

That was on Monday. Tuesday night Mr. Sparks slept soundly until I o'clock. Then the ringing of the electric front door bell, just over the mantel in the dining room, roused him. There was no let up in the sound as Mr. Sparks pulled on his trousers and tueked in his nightgown.

"The fellow must have his foot planted on the button," he thought as he went barefooted down two flights of uncarpetal stairs, while the bell kept up its tattoo be-

stairs, while the bell kept up its tattoo be-hind him. He was in an agony lest it awake the baby, a contingency that meant no peace till morning, for the Sparks baby was of a nervous temperament. The beli stopped its clamor just as Mr. Sparks reached the front door and threw it open. The wind swept in and chilled his knees. but there was no one there. He crept an grily back up stairs.

"Who in the name of decency," he de-manded of Mrs. Sparks, "would ring our doorbell at this hour of the night and then run away? I believe it was some of your fool friends."

"Our doorbell!" echoed Mrs Sparks weetly. "That wasn't our doorbell, dear. It was the 80-cent alarm clock that I bought yesterday ringing off six hours shead of time."—Chicago Tribune.

Not the Same Story. The following story is told by The Broad Arrow: "The reported invention of a bullet proof 'plastron' recalls the anecdote connected with the Duke of Wellington and a somewhat similar invention. The inventor, having obtained an interview with the duke at the Horse Guards, was requested to put on the armor, which was stated to be of some light material worn beneath the clothing. The duke having expressed his approval of its appearance, the inventor, highly pleased, dilated on its perfect quali-ties warmly until the commander in chief quietly asked one of his staff to order the attendance of a file of the guards with a few rounds of ball cartridge. Needless to add, the inventor made a hurried exit, and nothing more was heard of this invulneraarmor." Some of our readers may think they have read this anecdote in this column before, but they are in error. The last time we printed it the grim general was Napoleon, and the time before that Gustavus Adolphus.

"Open For an Engagement."



Brooklyn Life.

Unnatural Cruelty. When the late Mr. Jamrach, the well known dealer in wild animals, lost his second wife, a friend called upon him to express his sympathy and spoke in the high est terms of the departed.

Jamrach mournfully assented, observing: "Yes, she was an excellent woman. Un fortunately, however, she did not take very kindly to the animals. Just imagine, she wouldn't even allow the snakes to sleep in her bed in the winter timef'-Tagliche Rundschau.

What It Might Be. Mrs. Meadow (at city botel) - O-o-o!

There's a fly in this soup.

Mr. Meadow (who has traveled some)— Hush, Miranda, don't speak so loud. No use exposin our ignorance. This tarnal bill of fare is in French, and mebby we ordered fly soup.-Life.

Turning the Tables. "Please, sir, it was 9:20 when you got

When we're late, you always keep us after school," said the smart boy.
"Very well," said the schoolmaster, "you shall all stay and keep me after school for an hour."—Tit-Bits.

At His Trade. Mrs. Grum-Goabout your business. We ion't want any beggars round here. Tramp—But begging is my business

ma'am.-Truth.

good.

No Change.

It is pleasing to note in the papers that last year's styles in flypaper will be stuck to this season.—Blizzard. An Enthusiast. When yer serter sour on livin through the worry an the fret,

Ther' is nothin that will make ye feel so fine As to hustle fur the bleachin boards an set an

A-rootin fur yer baseball nine. The people in the gran stan simply cheer the

ners is-But right down on the bleachin boards is where they have the fun. Fur rootin is the thing that does the biz.

Ver toes go diggin in the planks, per hands are shet up tight, While yer fingers fairly hurt-so close they fell ye have ter let yerself right out an yell with all yer might.

When yer rootin fur yer baseball nine. when yer tellers conquer 'em. jes' like ye knew they would An git a record leadin all the line.
e icel like ye was in it, like ye done a heap o

A rootin fur yer baseball nine.

-Wash ugten Star

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SAPOLIO. it is well said. The mouse is muzzled in her house. Try it and keep your house clean+All grocers keep it-

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.

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They hafter show they knows what man-TELEPHONE 258.

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