

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR



DR. T. O'CONNOR, (Successor to Dr. Charles Sunrise.)

CURES CANCERS, TUMORS, Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife, Chloroform or Ether.

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DEER PARK AND OAKLAND ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES.

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15, 1893.

Rates, \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location. Address: GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, manager, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

Advertisement for 'GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD' with an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

AN OLD ADMIREE.

Absence Doesn't Always Make the Heart Grow Fonder. Scene—A dinner at the Van Oplens'. Reggy Westend (to himself)—Here's a sell! They've given me the stupidest girl in the whole room. I wonder who the little darling on my left is. Something deucedly familiar about the back of her neck. I wish she'd turn her face this way. By Jove! (Aloud.) Mae! Miss Carhart! What a lucky duffer I am!

Miss Carhart (coolly)—Mr. Westend, I believe? Reggy—You believe? Oh, say, that's good. Have you really forgotten me, or are you just angry because I haven't called? I couldn't, you know. I've been away. Been out west, across the pond, down the Mediterranean, Alaska, Calcutta, Buenos Ayres, Japan, Norway, all over the place. Miss Carhart (laughingly)—And why did you come back? Reggy—Really had to; found I couldn't live without you. Even the desert of Sahara was a barren waste. Yearned for your hood's happy home and old friends, you know. Arey! you delighted to see me!

Miss Carhart (raising her voice)—And so you spent six months in Italy? (In a lower tone.) I should hope not. Reggy—Who said anything about Italy? You didn't "hope not" once. Neither did I. I was quite in earnest. Oh, you needn't lift your eyebrows! I was, I assure you. Miss Carhart—Yes, I like "Americans Abroad" better than "Aristocracy."

Reggy—Better "Americans Abroad!" What's the matter with you, Mae? I don't know what to make of you. You used to be the sweetest and most friendly little girl. Never knew any one so affectionate. Awfully changed now. Perhaps you don't like my beard? I'll shave it off. If I could touch your hand just once under the table! Here's mine, dear. Miss Carhart—Oh, the acting is much better. Reggy—What acting? Oh, Mae, how can you be so cruel! Let us kiss and be friends again. "Should old flirtations be forgot," you know. Your heart was all mine once. Why can't I have a little corner of it now? Miss Carhart—Yes, we still live on the corner. (In a whisper.) Oh, hush; do hush!

Reggy—What for? Mrs. Van Ouden knows what spoons— Miss Carhart (desperately)—Do be quiet. I'm engaged if you must know it! Reggy—Engaged! By Jove! And to whom? Miss Carhart (bitterly)—To the man on the other side of me. And he has very good ears! Reggy—Oh—er—I say, you know. Awfully sorry! All a joke; never met you before! Mistook you for Miss—er—Miss—er—Miss Wabash of Chicago. Deucedly pretty girl. Looks just like you. Beautifully blunder!

Miss Carhart—A horrible blunder! Guides are so careless. If he had let you fall into that crevice on the Matterhorn! Reggy (ferreting)—By Jove, I wish he had!—Harry Romaine in Life. A Story of Devotion. They sat late by the flickering firelight. Her head was nestled on his heaving and manly bosom, and softly his arm stole round her yielding waist. The law takes no cognizance of this class of stealing. Nobody does, if proper precautions are observed, except the two interested parties. Oh, love!

Oh, rapture! He had told her the sweet words over and over again, and she had coyly cooed them back to him. A step was heard in the hall. That is to say, it was heard by the girl. The young man heard nothing except the beating of a fond heart. "George," she murmured, "what would you do to show your love for your little Ethelrida?" "Dearest," he responded fervently, "anything, everything. I would willingly, oh, so willingly, suffer any pain for you."

How to Be Happy.

Old Gent—On the eve of your marriage let me give you a piece of advice. Remember when your wife's next birthday comes and give her a handsome present. Young Man—Yes, of course. "Give her the best you pocket can buy every birthday, but at Christmas, New Year's and such times give her only expensive little tokens. Form that habit."



Miss Summit—I invited some of my girl friends around last night, and we had a delightful card party. Dasha-way—Yes, I passed the house during the evening. You were playing whist. Were you not? Miss Summit—Why, Mr. Dasha-way, how did you guess? Dasha-way—You were making so much noise.—Truth.

Logical. Mrs. Bloomfield—I hear that Mr. Moremud has married Miss Trivvett. She's blind, you know. Isn't it a pity? Mr. Bloomfield—Isn't what a pity? The fact that she is married? "That she is blind, of course. But it is a good thing Mr. Moremud fell in love with her. He's so rich and able to take care of her. It seems so unselfish, too, for a man to marry a woman afflicted like that, yet it is much better for a blind man to marry a woman with good eyesight than to mate with a blind woman, and it is better for the deaf and dumb to marry the hearing and seeing than to marry those afflicted like themselves."

"Why?" "Because one can supply the deficiencies of the other and so be of assistance to each other." "Well, I don't think so. I think a blind man ought to marry a blind woman." "Why?" "So as to reduce the amount of suffering in the world." "How would intermarriage of blind people do that?" "Just in this way. When a man and woman marry, the two become one. Reduces the number of blind people 50 per cent. See?"—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

No Delay. The Philadelphia Record tells of a carpenter who was sent to make a new door for a house about five minutes' walk from his employer's store, but forgot his foot-ruler. A little thing like that, however, didn't disconcert him. He was a big fellow, so he spread his enormous arms and found he could just reach from the doorstep to the top of the structure. With his arms outstretched he ran toward the carpenter's store, and meeting a fellow employee shouted, "Don't stop me, Tom; I've got the size of the door between my two hands!"

A Juvenile Edison. Mrs. Wayback—That weather vane that peddler sold you ain't no shucks. It don't point toward the wind at all. It points just the other way. Mr. Wayback—By Jinks, that's so. The wind is from the south, and that tin rooster points north, sure as guns. Little Son—I'll tell you how to fix it, pop. Take it down and cut it into the shape of a cow. Cows always turn tail to the wind.—Good News.

The Hardship of Labor. Pat—Ye'll have to get a new night watchman, sorr. O'll be lavin' ye Saturday. Bank President—Why, what's the matter, Patrick? Pat—Share, this place is on a strate where there's so many noises at night O' can't get me slape.—Truth.

Not For Him to Say. "Here, waiter—quick! Something to eat—and look sharp!" "Yessir. What'll you have, sir?" "Oh, anything—I don't care. Chop or steak—whatever you like." "You must excuse me, sir; but I don't feel called upon to decide."—Punch. He Was Out. Visitor—Is Mr. Jinks in? Thinker—Mrs. Jinks is out of town. "I didn't ask for Mrs. Jinks. I asked for Mr. Jinks." "Certainly, but Mr. Jinks is never in when Mrs. Jinks is out of town."—Texas Siftings.

CHIPPER CHESTNUTS.

Quer, isn't it? The man with a cool nillion gets a warm reception wherever he goes.—Buffalo Courier. If any cyclones have designs on Chicago, they will confer a favor upon many worthy nonresidents by getting in their work as quickly as possible.—Kansas City Journal. The man who should invent a machine so that people could drop a penny in the slot and pick out a name for the baby would surely make a fortune—it would take so many tries to get a name to suit.—Tit Bits.

There is this good to be said of the silver dollar. If a man sees one lying in the street, he won't pass it for 65 cents.—Philadelphia Times. The reason the piano is such a sympathetic instrument is because it is greatly touched every time it is played.—Rochester Democrat. The well bred man is nowhere so certain of his standing as in a crowded street car.—Troy Press.

When a child wants a favor from his parents, he asks his father's permission and tells his mother he is going to do it.—Atlantic Globe. "This is not altogether the kind of a house I counted on," said a suburban resident, showing his new residence to a friend, "but the architect says it suits him."—Philadelphia Record. "I've got the drop on you," said the ink bottle to the new carpet.—Rochester Chronicle.

A German student has estimated that it cost Columbus about \$7,500 to come over here and discover us. It was worth every cent of the investment.—Philadelphia Ledger. Equally Correct. He had taken her to the opera, to the theater, to dances, concerts and receptions, but never alone. She had always included in her acceptance of his numerous invitations the prim proviso that she should be allowed to bring a chaperon, for she "never went anywhere without one."

Now, however, she felt that she was getting to know him very well, and as she was greatly desirous of hearing Bishop Heavy-stone of Northern Nova Zembla preach at the Church of the Heavenly Spire on Madison avenue next Sunday evening, she thought she could safely ask Jack to accompany her. Jack had never fancied the chaperon act. In fact, he had wearied him exceedingly, but he had never dared to protest against it. But when he received her invitation he saw a chance to give her a gentle hint of his sentiments on the subject; so he sent her an immediate reply written in her own sweet style: MY DEAR MISS PROPER—It was ever so kind of you to think of me, and I shall be greatly charmed to accept your delightful invitation for next Sunday evening. I presume, of course, that you will have no objection to my bringing my mother? Yours sincerely, JACK BYRDINGTON. —Harry Romaine in Brooklyn Life.

He Was Right. The story of the rich man's selling all he had and giving it to the poor was the subject of discussion in a certain Sunday school class not long ago. The teacher was illustrating the moral that the lesson conveys. One of her most attentive listeners was a little fellow scarcely 6 years old, but as bright as a dollar and with a tongue that uses the queen's English in a manner that would make that motherly old soul squirm if she heard it. "Now," said the teacher very impressively, "if a man is fortunate enough to make \$1,000,000 in the course of his life, it is his duty to give half of it at least to the poor." "Yes," interrupted a prim little girl in one corner, "but how many men make \$1,000,000 in the course of their lives?" There was a silence for a moment, when the little fellow chirped in with the caustic answer, "Darn few."—Utica Observer.

Not Interesting to Her. Husband—You have been worrying me for five years because you were not as well dressed as Mrs. Nextdoor. Wife—Well? "Well, he's failed—can't pay his debts." "Did he owe you anything?" "No." "Humph! I can't see what that has to do with my clothes."—Exchange. Where They Sit. Mother—Don't you know better than to put your feet on the sofa? Look at the mud. Suppose some one should come in and sit down on it? Small Son—This is the night Mr. Nicello comes to see us, and they never sit on the sofa. They always sits on the rocking chair.—Good News.

Anything to Oblige. Fortune Teller—Let me read your fortune, lady. I can find out your future husband. Lady—I already have a husband. Fortune Teller—If you'd like to have him found out, can do that too.—Indianapolis Journal. Dangerous. Tom—How is it you don't call on Miss Fitz any more? Jack—She recently bought her little brother a kodak.—Vogue. Not an Applicant. Mrs. Dogood—Did you know that satan finds work for idle hands to do? Dusty Rhodes—I don't want to do no work. See?—Truth.

Too Late. He (passionately)—My love, Geraldine, is like the rose in your hair. It is— She—Artificial.—Tit Bits. A Bad Tale. Where bullets flew as thick as fleas At almost as annoying. Well! In the front, he bore the brunt When death with men was toying. The shriek of shells no terror brought, Though comrades fast were falling; He stood alone in trenches strewn With carnage most appalling. He smiled on death with a scornful smile, And fear'd he were no stranger. When blood flowed free he lacerated in glee. Found food for mirth in dangers. Yet now his noble courage falls— His heart is near to stopping— It shakes his nerves when a-lie wife observes. "John, come wish me a-shopping." —Tatler's Critique.

WORLD'S FAIR EXCURSION RATES.

Advertisement for Mammoth Trunk Line featuring an illustration of a man in a boat and text: "THEY WILL PERMIT ALL TO GO. The most direct route is via the MAMMOTH TRUNK LINE KNOWN AS THE LINCOLN TRUNK FACTORY."

LINCOLN TRUNK FACTORY.

It is the only first-class line in the city, and all should buy tickets over this route. Trunks, Traveling Bags, Extension Cases, Pocket Books, Dressing Cases, Straps, and everything first class for travellers.

RAMBLER BICYCLES

ARE EASILY RECOGNIZED.

There is a certain air of distinction about RAMBLER riders—perhaps you have noticed it. People give them credit for being competent to judge a bicycle— for knowing a good thing when they see it.

An air of confidence is clearly marked in the graceful bearing of RAMBLER riders. They know the wheel they ride; have utmost confidence in it.

Knowing that Ramblers are high grade, and are sold at list price only, people do not look upon RAMBLER riders as frequenters of "bargain shops."

"ALL RAMBLERS HAVE G. & J. PNEUMATICS." E. R. GUTHRIE, SOLE AGENT, 1540 O STREET.

CHILDRENS' TAN SHOES.

Table with 3 columns: Size (5s to 7s, 8s to 10s, 11s to 12s) and Price (\$1.00, 1.25, \$1.25, 1.50, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00).

GOODS YOU WANT, AT THE PRICES YOU WANT THEM.

ED. G. YATES, 1129 O STREET.

Advertisement for Union Savings Bank with text: "OFFICERS: Liberal Interest. Absolute Security. Interest paid on Savings Deposits at the rate of Five per cent per annum. DIRECTORS: R. E. Moore, J. D. Macfarland, E. E. Brown, J. W. DeWesse, J. J. Imhoff, C. E. Yates, A. S. Raymond, John Fitzgerald, T. E. Calvert. YOUR SAVINGS SOLICITED."

Advertisement for moving household goods and pianos featuring an illustration of a horse-drawn wagon and text: "MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS a Specialty. None but Experienced Men employed. Latest devices for Moving Machinery, Safes, and other heavy articles. TELEPHONE 176. OFFICE 11001 O ST."

Advertisement for sewing machine and gun repairing with text: "SEWING MACHINE AND GUN REPAIRING. We have just employed a skillful workman from the East, who is fully competent to make all repairs in the above lines. T. J. THORPE & CO., 820 South Eleventh St."