

THE MAN WHO BLEW.

"Feel anything like a cyclone up here?" asked a strapping young man who came in from Dearborn the other day on the train and took a street car up Jefferson avenue.

"When was it?" asked the conductor as he worked off five pennies on a map is making change.

"Just about noon today. I didn't know but what I'd find a dozen buildings blowed down."

"Hasn't been any wind here today to speak of. Where are you from?"

"Dearborn, and that's where she started from, and was headed this way at last accounts. Probably struck a snag somewhere and was dodged off. I started it myself."

"How could you start a cyclone?" asked the conductor, as he stopped the car and pulled a fat woman up the steps.

"Feller came along this afternoon with one o' them lung testers. Five cents a blow, and the more you can blow the healthier your lungs are. I was a mile out of town but the boys sent for me. When the feller saw me he offered me a half dollar not to blow."

"Why didn't he want you to blow?"

"He suspected what would happen. I wouldn't let him off though. When he raised his offer to \$1 I says to him, 'No use; you are traveling around to catch the blowing public, and must take chances on the calamity. Give me that nozzle and stand clear.'"

"Why, you don't look like a great blower," said the conductor, as he sized him up.

"No, and that's where most of 'em get left. I got hold of that nozzle, drew a long breath and let 'er flicker, and ruin followed. Say, that bull blamed machine just exploded like a b'iler, and went flying all over the country."

"You don't say so!"

"Knocked down three men, broke off a hitching post and ripped the shingles off a house! Breath couldn't get away fast enough and so formed a cyclone. I had my month p'inted toward Detroit, and that cyclone was just tearing up grass and playing with fence rails when she went out o' sight. Didn't reach here, eh?"

"I don't think so. At least I havn't seen anything of it."

"Probably switched off over into Canada. And the morning papers will have a full account of the loss of life and destruction of property. You may lemmie off at the next street. No, I dont look much like a blower. But don't you make any bets that I'm short on wind power. Going to see a feller up here who owes me \$2. If he pays, alright; if he don't I draw a long breath, hump my back and let her go, and down comes the varmint's shanty on top the family."

Dr. L. W. Edwards has re-located at rooms 90 and 91, Burr block, Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Telephone 305.

Orange Glace at HAWKE'S PHARMACY.

Fresh country milk at Central Milk Depot, 134, south 11.

F. E. Voelker has moved his stock of furs from the Y. M. C. A. building to the north-east corner of Twelfth and N streets where he will be glad to serve all of his old customers and many new ones.

Have you seen those Hammocks at HAWKE'S PHARMACY they are daisies and he is selling them cheap.

Where is the best place to buy pure Jersey cream? At Central Milk Depot, 134 south Eleventh street.

We are selling first class lemons at 20 cents. Good Luck grocery, 1107 O street.

TO CITIZENS.

On Tuesday night the Nebraska State Band was appointed regimental band to the second regiment of Nebraska National guards, by Col. C. J. Bills of Fairbury.

On Friday evening the 27th, there will be a special program at the Arena for the purpose of mustering in the band. Governor Crounse and staff, Col. Bills and staff and Col. Bratt and staff will be present to participate in the exercises.

The State Band is now receiving the support and recognition due to an organization of its merit. Why didn't the people of Nebraska and Lincoln wake up sooner to the fact that the State band is an institution worthy of support? If they had done so the band would now be out of debt and President Ziemer and Director Irvine would see their untiring efforts crowned with success.

Every good citizen of Lincoln should be seen at the Arena next Friday night with his family or friends. The program will be a grand one and no one can afford to miss it.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISDOM.

She was a little girl prone to mischief and full of plausible excuses—for the same. She was visiting an auntie in the country, and near the barn workmen were making ready to blast a rock, preparatory to digging a well.

The bright little one was much interested in the proceedings, and when auntie told her she must come into the house for fear of getting hurt in the explosion, this is what she said to auntie:

"I isn't 'fraid auntie. Why I'll run des as fast as esser I tan afer I see the well tummin'."

TOO MUGH FOR MRS. MIKE.

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who know him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf.

The doctor was called in and after an investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman.

"Act peat?"

"Actinomycosis," replied the doctor.

"Him?" cried Mrs. Mike. "Ah docthor, how can yes say thot? A little mon loike Moikel couldn't hould the name of ut, much liss the diseaze that goes wit ut."

The Seidl orchestra, under Mr. Anton Seidl's direction, will make a tour of this country next season. The soloists will include Joseffy, if he returns to the concert stage: Mme. Jule Rive-Hing and Adele Aus Der Ohe, pianists; Cesar Thompson, the Belgian violinists; Sig. G. Campanari, Mme. Emma Juch, Amelia Materna, Lillian Blauvelt, Mrs. Julia Wyman and Emil Fischer.

We are making a big drive on granulated sugar—20 pounds for \$1.00 at Good Luck grocery, 1107 O street.

Everything the latest in styles

JECKELL BROS. tailors, 131 So. Thirteenth.

For old fashioned cottage cheese, try the Central Milk Depot 134, south 11.

We keep constantly on hand a full line of fresh vegetables and fruits at the lowest market price. Family trade a specialty. Good Luck grocery, 1107 O street.