

GASABIANCA REVISED.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled—
The rest had skipped because they knew
The heat would kill 'em dead

The boy was game—he would have died
A noble death and true
Had not some villain shouted, "Is
It hot enough for you?"
—New York World.

H. W. BROWN

Druggist and
Bookseller.

Whiting's
Fine Stationery
and
Calling Cards.....

127 S. Eleventh Street.

PHONE 68.

HE APOLOGIZED

Kiljordan—Kajones, you are a gentleman. I told you a story yesterday which I now remember having told you a few weeks ago, and you took it the second time wincing.

Kajones—I beg to assure you I did not remember that you had ever told me the story before.

Kiljordan—Then I take back my first remark.

SODA—"LICIOUS"

Is what they say of our
Orange phosphate

Our soda is all fine. Crushed
fruits served with ice cream
soda.

Wilson's Pharmacy

TENTH & O.

A GOOD ARTICLE

Writer—How did you like my article?
Editor—Very good, indeed. I confess
to having read the same thing in Greek
of Thucydides, however.

Writer—You don't say! That's
where the copyright laws are all out.
They allow those foreign scoundrels to
steal our best things and give us neither
money or praise.

OPERA - HOUSE - BUFFET,

115 So. Twelfth St.

Under Funke Opera House.

Only the finest liquid refresh-
ments served.

CHAS BENSON -- CHAS. NEWBRANDT

Proprietors.

LOST A CUSTOMER.

Floor Walker (to salesman at hosiery
counter)—You didn't sell that lady?

Salesman—No. I showed her some
stockings that I told her would fit her
like a glove. She asked if they were
all wool, and I said: "Yes all wool and a
yard wide." And she flounced off as if
something had displeased her. For the
life of me I can't guess what it was."

I AM
THE GENERAL AGENT
for
MUNYON'S REMEDIES.
F. C. Zehrung
Druggist,
FUNKE OPERA HOUSE.

WHEN A MAN'S TO BE DOUBTED.

Husband—"What's the matter with
my darling this morning?"

Wife—"You know well enough what's
the matter. You came home drunk last
night."

Husband—"Me drunk last night—
never."

Wife—"But you owned up that you
had been drinking."

Husband—"I did, eh? Well, you
can't believe half what a man says when
he's full."



A full
set of
Best
Teeth

\$5.00

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

All work guaranteed!

W. T. HATHAWAY,

1214 O Street.

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

"What will you have, dear?"

"I don't know what I want."

"I don't either."

"What's yours?"

"Oh, don't mind me."

"Yes, I will, too."

"No dear, suit yourself."

"Yes, I know, but which do you want."

"Oh—give me chocolate."

"Dear me, I don't see how you can
drink chocolate; give me vanilla, please."

PRESCRIPTIONS
and SODA WATER

The most reliable pharmacy

1029 O Street

McGALL & BURGH.

Our

Ice cream soda

is the best on earth.

YE LEGENDE.

The devil tempted Faust, and he
Unfortunately fell;
Faust tempted Marguerite, and she
Ran off the line as well.
But Marguerite at last became
An angel bright and fair;
While Faust—though tempted just the same
Was hustled off somewhere.
And yet New Women make complaint
With all the force they can,
Because the laws for women ain't
The same as those for man!

Pick-Me-Up.

THE RESTAURANT
AT
BURLINGTON BEACH

At Lincoln Salt Lake is this sea-
son under the management of an
experienced caterer, and your
patronage will be appreciated.

All kinds of meals, lunches and re-
freshments always on hand.

G. L. REEDER, Concessionaire.

BICYCLE
Shoes,
Pants,
Sweaters
—AT—
MAYER BROS.

A COMPROMISE.

It was in an absent minded sort of
way that she read the sign, "Ice Cream."
"Oh, ah; ice cream" said he. "Did
you ever read that there were deadly
ptomaines in ice cream?"

"Yes," she said, a little spitefully.
"Did you ever read of the microbes in
kissing?"

On reflection he concluded to com-
promise on a basis of present cream and
future kisses.

ROY'S DRUG STORE

1014 P STREET.

Removal Sale

Special prices on all sun-
dries, including Base Ball
goods, Hammocks, Fishing
Rods and Tackle, &c. Sta-
tionery, &c., &c., for the
next two weeks.

After July 1st, corner Tenth and P.
NISSLEY'S OLD STAND.

OF UNDOUBTED LINEAGE

Mrs. Newrich (patronizingly)—Were
any of your ancestors men of note, Mr.
Cynic?

Mr. C.—Yes, madam, I should say so.
One of them was the most famous ad-
miral of his day, and commanded the
allied forces of the world.

Mrs. N. (with altered tone of deep
respect) Is it possible, Mr. C.! And
what was his name?

"Noah, madam."

P. J. WOHLNBURG,

—manufacturer of—

FINE CIGARS

and dealer in all leading cigars,
pipes, snuff and smoking tobaccos;
also canes.

128 South Eleventh Street.

A TOW-HEAD BOY

A "tow-head boy! I mark him as he
plays—

His muddy legs and peeling nose
Hint vividly to me of the summer days,
And the creek that flows
Cool and refreshing by,

Where yesterday he spit luck on the
Squirring angle and
Cast his hook to raise a goggle-eye
Safely to land!

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK
LINCOLN, NEB.

I. M. RAYMOND, President.
A. J. SAWYER, Vice President.
S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier.
D. G. WING, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL, \$25,000 SURPLUS \$15,000

Directors—I. M. Raymond, S. H. Burnham,
C. G. Dawes, A. J. Sawyer, Lewis Gregory,
N. Z. Snell, G. M. Lambertson, D. G. Wing,
S. W. Burnham.

GONSOLATION.

"S' blood!"

The robber baron stamped in rage—
"but four paltry rose nobles in the
strong box of this worthy burgher!"

"Evidently—"

He turned with a scowl upon the hon-
est merchant.

"Anyway —"

"We may get it. For some day in
years to come, some scion of mine may
take a daughter of your race to wife."

Even in those rude, crude days the
high handed nobility had acumen and
foresight.

CLARKSON
LAUNDRY
CO.

330-332-334-336-338

South Eleventh Street.

Telephone 270.

NO APPARENT FAILURE.

Edward—Isn't Dick going off in his
writings?

Forrest—I haven't noticed it.

Edward—It seems to me that he has
lost that exquisite delicacy of touch he
used to have.

Forrest (ruefully) By Jove! You
wouldn't think so if you had seen him
work me for tea this morning.

CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHS

ATHLETIC PHOTOGRAPHS

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS

EXTERIOR VIEWS

GLEMENTS

The Photographer.

129 South Eleventh Street

A SAVAGE DILEMMA

"I don't know what to do with that
chappie we got out of the last ship-
wreck," said the chef to the cannibal
king.

"What's the matter?"

"If we take his cigarettes away from
him he'll pine away and get thin."

"Let him keep them."

"Then he'll spoil the flavor of the
stew."

\$3.00 Commutation tickets for \$2.75.

Good Meals 15 cents and up.

SHAFFER'S ANNEX
RESTAURANT.

Parlor and furnished rooms in
connection.

133 South Twelfth street.

Lincoln, Neb.

F. SHAFFER, Proprietor.

A DESERVING FATE.

Just a song at twilight,
Where the microbes grow,
Where the gay processions
Of germs come and go;

Just a serenade,
Who in whispers speaks;
Just a cough that took him off
On sick leave for six weeks.

—Washington Star.