

**\$300.**

Gormully & Jeffrey, through their agent Mr. E. R. Guthrie, announce their offer of \$300 in gold to the rider having the greatest mileage to his credit on a Rambler with G & J tires from April 1st to Dec 1st 1896; also \$200 in gold to the rider having the greatest mileage to his credit on any bicycle with G. & J. tires.

**E. R. GUTHRIE, 1540 O St.**

**RAMBLER**



**TRIBUNE**

**The Volunteers' First Song.**

(The first number of the Volunteer Gazette, Ballington Booth's official organ, contains this the first original song of the new organization: "Who'll be One?")

Jesus loves a volunteer,  
Who'll be one?  
Who'll be one?  
Willing feet, with heart sincere.  
Is there none?  
Is there none?  
Faithful soldiers He doth need,  
Brave and true.  
Brave and true.  
Loyal both in word and deed,  
Why not you?  
Why not you?  
Calling now His ranks to fill,  
Heed the cry!  
Heed the cry!  
Yielding, answer "Yes, I will."  
Here am I!  
Here am I!  
Vict'ries on the banners wait.  
Yes, 'tis so!  
Yes, 'tis so!  
Marching in the pearly gate,  
You will know!  
You will know!

**Insulted.**

There could be no question that the "practical politician" was very indignant. He was red with anger, and actually shook his fist in the capitalist's face.

"What!" he thundered, "you come to me—to me!—and seek to buy my vote for your infamous measure for a thousand dollars? Why, I've half a mind to thrash you, right now, and then publicly denounce you!"

The capitalist calmly shook the ashes from his cigar and said soothingly:

"Suppose we call it \$5,000?"

And the "practical politician" took off his hat and wiped his forehead, as he answered:

"Ah! Now you're talking like a sensible man!"—Yenowine's News.

**The Diary**

March 4, advertising for girl to do typewriting..... \$1.50  
March 9, violets for the new typewriter..... .60  
March 16, roses for typewriter... 2.00  
March 20, Miss Remington's salary. 15.00  
March 20, candy for wife and children over Sunday..... .60  
March 22, box bonbons for Miss R. 5 75  
March 27, Daisy's salary..... 20.00  
March 29, theatre and supper with Daisy..... 10.00  
March 30, sealskin sacque for wife. 225.00  
March 30, silk dress for wife's mother..... 60.00  
March 30, advertising for young man to do typewriting. .... 1.30

**Genius**

It is now pretty generally admitted that Stephen Crane is a "genius." Mr. Elbert Hubbard, writing for the Lotos, declares that he is such, and says that if pushed for a definition he would say that genius is only woman's intuition carried one step farther; that the genius knows because he knows, and if you should ask the genius whence comes this power, he would answer you (if he knew) in the words of Cassius: "My mother gave it me." Mr. Hubbard asserts that every genius has had a splendid mother, and avers that he could name a dozen great men who were ushered into this life under about the following conditions: A finely organized, receptive, aspiring woman is thrown by fate into an unkind environment. She thirsts for knowledge, for music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment. She has a heart-hunger that none about her understand; perhaps even her husband does not comprehend. She prays to God, but the heavens are as brass. A child is born to her. This child is heir to all of his mother's spiritual desires, but he develops a man's strength and breaks the fetters that held her fast. The woman's prayer is answered. God heard her after all. She goes to her long rest soothed only by the thought that she did her work as best she could. But after a while, far away in the gay courts of great cities, the walls echo the praises of her son, and men say, "Behold, a Genius!"

**Arboricide**

A word of grief to me erewhile:  
We have cut the oak down in our isle.  
And I said: "Ye have bereaven  
The song-thrush and the bee,  
And the fisher boy at sea  
Of his sea-mark in the even:  
And Gourds of human shade, to lie  
Within the sickle's sound;  
And the old sheep-dog's saffron eye  
Of sleep on duty's ground;  
And poets of their tent  
And quiet tenement.  
Ah, impious! who so paid  
Such fatherhood, and made  
Of murmerous immortality a cargo and a trade."

For the hewn oak a century fair  
A wound in earth, an ache in air.  
And I said: "No pillared height  
With a summer dais over,  
Where a dryad fled her lover  
Through the long arcade of light;  
Nor 'neath Arcturus rolleth more,  
Since the loud leaves are gone,  
Between the shorn cliff and the shore,  
Pan's organ antiphon.  
'Twas nameless envy fed  
This blow at grandeur's head;  
Some green reproach o'erdue,  
Degenerate men! ye drew,  
That for his too plain heavenliness our  
Socrates ye slew."  
—Louise Imogen Guiney in the Century.

**MARCH BICYCLE**

Second to none in Beauty, High Grade and mechanical construction

**U. S. CYCLOMETERS**

Model 1896. These much desired articles can now be had of

**C. A WIRICK, 1217 O St**

**T. J Thorpe & Co.,**

**GENERAL BICYCLE REPAIRERS**

**in a branches.**

Repairing done as Neat and Complete as from the Factories at hard time price

All kinds of Bicycle Sundries. 320 S. 11TH ST  
Machinist and General Repair Work. LINCOLN.

**WHEELS**

DID YOU SAY?

**MANY PEOPLE**

have wheels of one kind or another, and there are many kinds of wheels, including those in the head—wheels good, bad and indifferent.

**BUT**

There are some wheels so much better than other wheels that they really belong in a class apart. They are a class all by themselves. They are good wheels—the best

**GRANÇER**

has them—nobody else in Lincoln has. If you are thinking of purchasing anything in the bicycle line you cannot afford to neglect calling on him.

**Sterling**

**Syracuse**

**Overland**

**Magnet**

**GEO. A. GRANÇER**

**1134 O ST.**

**BICYCLE  
SUNDRIES**