

# Rudge & Morris Company

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Each article of furniture on sale is a bargain at the regular price and when sold at a reduction is worth the attention of everyone.

60 Different styles in chamber suits, any style or finish \$14 to \$125 each.

20 Different styles iron beds, \$4 to \$21 each.

10 Different styles brass beds \$21 to \$95 each.

1,000 fancy and plain rockers 75c to \$25 each.

The largest stock of side boards and dining tables west of Chicago.

Our \$7.50 tufted corduroy couch has never found its equal for the money.

Our \$11 tufted corduroy or velour couch is a surprise to all who see it. And the only way we can sell it at the price is on account of the quantity we contract for at one time.

OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT IS OUR GOODS.

## T. J Thorpe & Co.,

GENERAL BICYCLE REPAIRERS

In a branches. - - -

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

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

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THE LARGEST DRUG STORE - - THE SMALLEST PRICES

In addition to drugs and prescription work we carry a large line of stationary, tablets, garden seeds, paints, etc.

## NEW COURIER HALL.

## HARRIS BLOCK

SEE IT BEFORE YOU GIVE A PARTY.

1134 N - - 1134 N

### SHORT STORIES.

The study of "Theory of Probabilities" in mathematics is highly fascinating, especially in its practical applications. The less you know about it the more disposed you feel to apply the principles. After the first lesson you can work out almost any problem involving chance. Of course, you make mistakes, but they do not count. For the principles of the theory itself say "mistakes average up, since the chances are equal for making the mistake in one direction or the other."

You work out such problems as this, if you happen to board in a boarding house:

"If there are six biscuits on a plate of which five are burned on the bottom; and if you look the other way and spear one with a fork, what are the probabilities that you will spear the good biscuit?"

The answer is one to five of course. But try it six times and you will not get the good biscuit unless you eat the others as they come.

Or, you take up a pile of old magazines; there are twelve of them and you want two special numbers. What are the probabilities that the two you want are on the top of the pile? Only one in seven hundred and ninety-two. This is why the magazines are always at the bottom of the pile. Indeed it often happens that the magazines you want are in another pile, or have been borrowed. Of course that makes some difference in the answer to the question.

He was an old man, so old that he had worn out all his ways of looking at things and had gone back to the eyes and ears of his childhood. It did not matter at all to him that he lived out on the bald prairie. He had a garden then and the beets and melons in it were just exactly like the beets and melons in his child-garden, though the little garden used to be in the woods where stumps interfered sometimes with his childish work. Now he could find sometimes in the odor of the earth the smell of dead leaves, just as he used to. And it did not matter that the prairie flowers were not the same as he used to know. His senses as lenient to him as people were, made him see daisies in the stiff little soldier caps; he used to wear daisies in his hat. The wild prairie roses were the old sweet-briars that grew in the pasture lot at home. He could smell them when he tried. His old eyes were too near-sighted to see the wide stretch of rolling prairie; they saw trees and streams running over white pebbles and sometimes even the hills where he used to gather dewberries.

But the best of it all was that his reason never told him that all his visions were not really true. At the last he thought he was in his trundle bed with his mother there. He was whispering a Bible verse that she had taught him:

"Remember thy Creator in the days"—in the days—"And then he died.

She is a young girl whose father lost all his money when the Lincoln boom collapsed. She used to be in society and dance and play high five and give parties of her own. Now she sells flowers for a Lincoln florist.

She is not ashamed to work. She is usually quite free from embarrassment when the girls she used to talk to about silk dresses, or the boys used to dance with come in and give her their orders for palms or roses. She even feels glad to see some of these people. She understands of course how impossible it is for them to invite her to any of their parties. She could not go if they did because she would have nothing to wear. They probably know that and care enough for her feelings not to force from her an expression of her poverty.

She thanks them for that. But sometimes when they come in all alive with the outdoor air or the excitement of the night's theater or party when they wait, almost impatiently for her to count for them a bunch of violets or a dozen roses, her hands tremble so that the thorns from the rose stems pierce deep into her finger tips. She sets her teeth afterwards as she picks the thorns out.

It was at the children's day exercises at the church. The facetious boy sat well to the back and talked to his niece who was little younger than he was and hardly less facetious. They enjoyed the exercises. Nothing happened that escaped their well-trained eyes. The quaver in the little girl's voice, that shiver in the little boy's boots, the note of excitement in the superintendent's announcements—these were excruciatingly funny.

The facetious boy gaped widely when the end came. The superintendent, before he announced the last number, said that he was not sure that all the little girls were there. He would call their names. He began. The class was one of little girls and their voices answered weakly as their names came. As the last name there was no answer.

"Helen Grimstone," the superintendent repeated.

No answer.

"Helen Grimstone," he said loudly and slowly.

He began again.

"Hel-en—"

The facetious boy giggled.

"If there was just a 'b' to her last name this couldn't seem much like a Sunday school affair."

She was ten years old. She didn't know at the time that Hive Syrup had any properties besides taste and smell. But she found out. She had a cough and the doctor said for her mother to give her three drops of Hive Syrup once an hour. The little girl did not object. She thought Hive Syrup was good. It was at least sweet. She stayed out of school two days till her cough was much better. And the morning that she went back she did what she had never dared to do before, disobey her mother.

"Mamma," she had asked, "can I take my cough syrup long so't I can take it if I get a coughing spell?"

"No, you won't need it today. You didn't cough any last night."

The little girl strapped her books together and shut her mouth firmly. It would be dreadful if she should cough in school so as to disturb anybody. The bottle was on the clock shelf. The syrup was sweet. So when her mother's back was turned the little girl popped the bottle into her dinner basket and marched to school.

Occasionally all morning she bent her head down to lick the cork from the bottle. At recess she took quite a large dose as the girls sat out under the trees talking. They envied her. After recess she felt more hungry than ever for the syrup,—for a little while. Then she did not feel hungry at all. She grew quite pale around the lips. She felt shivery all over and slipped quickly out of the door without asking permission.

Out on the grass she lay quite still for a long time. How very sick she felt. Tears of sympathy rolled down her face and her hands shook so much that she could not wipe them away. The sun glared down at her through the trees. The grass felt icy under her cheek.

She cannot bear to think of Hive Syrup yet though she is grown up.

### FROM THE FRENCH.

You see Father Lazare was one of those rugged cranky cooks who think their trade is the best trade, who consider it as an art, a religion, and who