

# The Nebraska Sanitarium.

Located at College View, Nebr., offers the following inducements to the tired and suffering public who are seeking Health, Rest and Comfort:—

**T**HE institution is situated on an elevated site, overlooking the city of Lincoln, which lies three miles to the northwest, and with which it is connected by an electric street railway. One of the most healthy locations between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. A well regulated institution for the treatment of all chronic diseases. Water of unusual purity. Baths of every description, including the *Electric-light* bath.

Scientifically classified dietary.  
Laboratory of hygiene for bacteriological and microscopical investigation.  
Stomach fluids analyzed for dyspeptics.  
Aseptic operating rooms and surgical wards.  
Four physicians, well-trained, with large experience in sanitarium medical work.  
Trained nurses of both sexes.

Skillful attention given to the treatment of  
Diseases of the Stomach and Digestive System.  
Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lungs.  
Diseases peculiar to women.  
Best of advantages for the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases. Incurable and offensive patients not received.

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**NEBRASKA SANITARIUM,**  
COLLEGE VIEW, NEBRASKA.

## Ladies' Dining Hall.

Meals 15 cents and up.

The UTOPIA is a thoroughly up-to-date resort for hungry people, especially the LADIES.

Clean, cool, and inviting.

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## THEATRICALS.

### THE FUNKE.

See "Town Topics" at the Funke on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 25th, 26th and 27th. It is one of the funniest farces. Comic situations follow one another. Sides will ache from laughter as complication after complication arises, and amusing situations follow each other in such rapid succession that the laughter is almost continuous. Characters are all in the hands of prominent farceurs. The girls are all pretty, young and well-gowned. And there is enough of them who can sing, dance and act to fill the stage.

Prices 15, 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents. Seats now on sale.

"Do you sleep well here?" asked a summer cottager at Bar Harbor of a domestic, whom she was anxious to keep until the end of the season.

"Sure I don't ma'am," was the reply. "because the snoring of the ocean kapes me awake all night."

### FIRST PUBLICATION SEPT. 23, 1899-5. MASTER'S SALE.

Docket T. No. 132. In the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska. Hannah Oliver, complainant, vs. John J. Davis, et al, respondents. In chancery.

### FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 17th day of November, 1898, J. A. J. Sawyer, master in chancery, of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, will on the 21st day of October, 1899, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the east door of the county court house building in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, sell at public auction for cash the following described property, to-wit: Lot number three (3) in block number three (3) Pleasant Hill Subdivision, Lincoln, situate in Lancaster county, Nebraska. A. J. SAWYER, Master in chancery. WEBSTER & FLEHARTY, Solicitors for complainant.

"Oh, mamma," said little Tommy at a concert the other night while the cornetist was rendering a difficult occult solo, "just hear the man, how he stutters through his trumpet!"

Father, what is true politeness? Most of it is lying, my son.

### JEPSON'S TROUBLES.

"I don't know why it is," said Mrs. Jepson, "that you will persist in sharpening your razor on the cover of the cyclopaedia. Half of the volumes are all nicked, and I think it's just too awful for anything."

"I will tell you why I use the cyclopaedia," replied Mr. Jepson. "In the first place, it puts a fine edge on my razor. In the second place, no one ever thinks of reading the cyclopaedia, or even refers to it, and I think it is better to use it as a razor-strop than not to use it at all. In the third place, you went and took my razor-strop to make hinges for the refrigerator. Your most sudden, but not unusual, outburst, my dear, is only similar in character to one of three or four weeks ago, when you wound my corkscrew into the key-hole of a bureau drawer that was stuck by humidity, and then attempted to yank it open. You broke the corkscrew beyond repair and made it useless, and you flew into a wild empurpled passion when you saw me trying to pry the cork out of a bottle of claret with a silver fork."

Mrs. Jepson played a tattoo on the carpet with her dainty Marie Antoinette slippers, and bit her lips, but said nothing. She had so much to say that she didn't know where or how to begin, and consequently could say nothing at all.

Mr. Jepson made up his mind that, as he had his wife at a disadvantage, he would make the best of the golden opportunity thus offered, so made great haste, not knowing at what moment her power of speech might be restored.

"Only two weeks ago you told me that I was not living up to myself or to the dignity of my house and family, because I was wearing bone collar-buttons that are vended on the street at the rate of three for five cents, and you stamped your dear little foot on the floor and demanded a good and sufficient reason for my departure from gold studs to bone collar-buttons. And then you flew into tears when I smiled sweetly upon you and informed you that it was all because you had appropriated my studs to wear in your shirtwaist, and were wearing them at the very moment that you were taking me to task for not having them on, and—"

Here her power of speech returned, and Mr. Jepson took a rest, while Mrs. Jepson gave an exhibition which set forth the flexibility and scope of the English language. When she subsided, he went on quietly.

"You should try to be consistent, to say the least. Why do you use my lathering-brush for the muscilage when you want to stick autumn leaves in your scrap book?"

"Did I ever do that?" she almost hissed.

"I don't know that you ever did," he replied, "but I simply mention it as a thing that I don't want you ever to do.

Now if it ever occurs to you to do it, kindly don't do it, like a dear, good girl."

Despite her most frantic efforts to look fierce she smiled a smile that was like a ribbon of sunshine rippling through a deep dark sky.

"And," he continued, "when you have something in the way of fixing to do, don't use any of my things without asking me first. Don't ever ask me if I missed it afterward. Never use my manicure scissors to lift tacks or trim lamp wicks with."

"I never, never do!" replied Mrs. Jepson, who was by this time on the defensive.

"I know you don't, my dear, and kindly continue not to do it, and then I'll never use your gold hat-pin to clean my pipe with. Now wouldn't you be hopping mad if I were to ram that delicate fragile gold hat-pin through the stem of my brier-wood pipe?"

"Indeed I would!" she said with a keen appreciation of an act so outrageous. And then she came up closer and closer, and said, probably to turn the subject of debate, or rather conflict:

"That standing collar doesn't appear to be able to stand the humidity of today. Why don't you put on a clean one for dinner, dear?"

"Because I have not a clean one."

"Do you mean to say that that one you have on is your last clean collar?"

"No."

"Then where is it?"

"Why, you have it buttoned on your shirt waist now."

"Now please don't blow me up," she pleaded.

"All right. May I sharpen my razor on the cyclopaedia?"

"You may."

"And another thing," he said in conclusion: "Never get mad at me for anything, because that spoils all my attempts to be decent to you."

"All right, I won't," she sighed; "but—"

"But what?" he asked.

"But how did you come to get that yellow hair on your coat sleeve?" she gasped.

"That," he said, lifting it up and looking at it carefully—"that hair came to get there in this way: Before I brushed my coat this morning you parted the Scotch terrier's mustard-colored hair all the way down the spinal column with my silver-backed clothes brush."

R. K. Munkittrick, in The Bazar.

"I'll make you look like thirty cents remarked the facetious nickel as it rubbed up against the quarter.

A man does not have to die in battle to serve his country.

That's true. Some could serve it just as well by dying quietly and peacefully at home.

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## THE FUNKE

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All new this season better and brighter than ever presented by a company of unexcelled ability.

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Seats now on sale. Matinee 10 and 25 cents.

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These Ranges would be a comfort in any home.

FOR WHAT THEY ARE—They are the CHEAPEST you can buy. At least give one a trial.

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