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Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine which can truly be said to cost "no Hundred Dollars." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

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Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apocaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

UNION PACIFIC R'WY.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

Shortest and safest route to all points in Colorado, Utah, California, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory. Take the Overland Flyer and save one day to all Pacific coast points.

The Union Pacific is the Free Chair Car line running into Union depots at Omaha and Council Bluffs, connecting with the fast limited trains of all lines for the east, north and south. Through tickets on modern day coaches. Baggage checked through to destination from all points east in the United States and Canada. Sleeper accommodations reserved on through Pullman Palace Cars from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast.

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LINCOLN Dime Museum!

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OPEN DAILY—A FAMILY RESORT

Matinee every afternoon at 2 p. m.

2 Two Performances Each Evening. 2 First at 7 o'clock, second at 9 p. m. Change of program twice weekly.

The Royal Marionettes, the Clair Equilibrist, the Hydra Headed "What Is It?" Hop Sing with Chinese Song and Dance, the Wonderful Skeleton, the Hindu Juggler, Old Snowball with Plantation Song and Dance.

Don't fail to see Zeola, the living half lady. The London Times says: "Zeola is a conundrum. How this young lady eats, drinks, moves about and in fact, exists with only arms and body, is the wonder of the present age. He who can see through the illusion must be a person of marvelous penetration."

The New York Herald says: "A veritable marvel of ingenuity."

The Indian Daily News, Calcutta, calls Zeola a beautiful girl or as seen in the libretto a beautiful half girl." Thouds will guess in vain where the other is, must be to be believed.

Z on exhibition at the Lincoln museum

A LETTER FROM J. G.

He is earning no money and writes Touchingly to B. N.

HE following private letter and MS. have just been received, and though only signed with the initials of the writer, there are many reasons why I am led to believe that both are the work of an old friend, Mr. Jay Gould, who is at present in the country where the letter is dated:

"AFLOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN THE GLOAMING, 1887."

"Mr. Wilhelm! Contiguously, World Office, New York, U. S. A.:

"Stim—Would you mind using your influence in trying to get the enclosed piece printed in the Sabbath World and send me whatever it is worth in currency by registered mail, care lock box 291, Rome Italy? I am not earning anything this winter, being disabled by neuralgia, and so it has occurred to me that I might write some pieces for the paper, telling of sights and sounds abroad. If you print this letter, or use your influence to that end so that it gets into the paper, will you send me two or three copies and I will pay you in a few weeks. But, if you do not use it, I wish you would avoid making memoranda on it with a blue pencil, as several other editors have done, for it annoys me very much.

"Please do not make fun of the piece if you do not use it, as I am threatened with heart disease, and anything that makes me very angry is apt to prove fatal. Atrophy of the heart is what it is called, and if I live forty-five years longer it will be about all I can expect, so please do not make light of my piece. Fraternally yours, J. G."

(Communicated.)

For some time we have been sailing over the unruffled bosom of the Mediterranean sea. It is a beautiful sheet of water, which has been plowed by many a keel as far back as history can inform us. It is from 30 to 200 feet in depth, and is well located to do the principal traffic between Europe and Africa.

An enormous quantity of water flows into the Mediterranean sea, for a half dozen European rivers contribute to it, and the Atlantic ocean also discharges its waters into this sea. And yet, owing to the hot, dry winds which sweep across from the sandy wastes of Africa, the evaporation is very great and keeps the sea from overflowing its banks. This should teach us that even nature abhors a surplus. I would rather be round-gunner of a good yacht on the Mediterranean than to live upstairs in New York.

We visited Milan not long ago. It is an inland town whose southern wall is washed by the Olona river. Otherwise the place is entirely unlanded. Milan, pronounced Me-lan by bearing down hard on the last syllable, is a railroad center in northern Italy. It is eight miles in circumference and has ramparts around it. Milan points with pride to her ramparts. I often think that New York would invite more visitors from abroad if she had a better line of ramparts.

The architecture of Milan embraces many types, but a good deal of it is mediæval, with a roof of the same. Florence, however, has some places that are mediæval, but those of Milan, I think, Milan used to have 240 churches, but 11 of them did not pay and were suppressed by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Since that other churches that were doing well a few centuries ago have ceased to attract, and now there are not over eighty out of the original 240. I could have purchased a controlling interest in three churches here for \$17. The cathedral at Milan is first rate in every respect and is doing well. I sometimes think that it is foolish for other churches to try to compete with a cathedral. They may succeed for a while, but sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that they cannot keep it up.

Everywhere we go we find the Caucasian race in the ascendancy. I sometimes think that the blood of the Caucasian is more largely red and has a wider circulation than any other. But this is a deviation from what I was saying.

The newer streets of Naples are quite pretty, and extend several miles out beyond the town, like those of Fargo, D. T., where sidewalks several hundred miles in extent were built at the expense of the county. In this way Fargo had sidewalks that extended for miles in every direction through the neighboring farms, and the county paid for them. Fargo has been striving ever since to live up to her sidewalks. Aside from this there is little similarity between Naples and Fargo. The old streets of Naples are narrow and crooked, and the houses are so high that a ripe pomegranate dropped from the roof on the plug hat of a passing tourist is permanently impaired and the hat prostrated.

Naples claims to be the leading lazzaroni vineyard of the world. We try to imitate her in New York, but we fail. We have poverty enough in New York and fluent, extemporaneous beggars as well as more or less disease, but we have not been able so far to unite of poverty and disease in such a way as to successfully imitate the picturesque lazzaroni of the east. Our poor people in America are too robust and our invalids are too many of them wealthy. So long as it is that way Europe and Asia will do our lazzaroni business in spite of all we can do to prevent it.

We can get up a fair specimen to look at, but it lacks age and the air of travel as well as the pleasing malformations peculiar to the lazzaroni biouterie of the old world. I sometimes think that the reason Naples so long retained her supremacy over other cities in this line was largely due to the stimulation resulting from the close competition between Vesuvius and the local talent of the lazzaroni in the matter of eruptions.

The population of Naples is nearly 500,000, but the annual rainfall I have been unable to obtain. If I can find out in time I will send it in my next letter. If you wish to send me the money for this piece and hold the article till I can ascertain what the rainfall is you may do so.

J. G.

The foregoing is written in such a plain, straightforward way, and contains so much information, that I am in doubt whether Mr. Gould wrote it or not, but possibly he has been taking something for his memory. Whether he has done so or not, it is safe to say that he has been taking something. The only way to keep Mr. Gould from taking something is to nail it firmly to the floor.

In printing the letter I do it with Mr. Gould, and wish to state that I do not hold myself responsible for any of the statements made therein.—Bill Nye in New York World.

A FIT APPLICANT.

"Yes, we want a good strong boy. Where have you heretofore been employed?"

"In a penmanship academy."

"And what kind of work did you do there?"

"I was employed to juggle the table when a scholar wrote his fair sample of my hand writing, before taking lessons at Scribblers' Calligraphic academy."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY, INCLUDING A COLLAR ORNAMENT.

Flash and Velvet Long Cloaks Designed for Evening Wear—A Stylish Gown Made with Dark Blue Drapery Over a Red Skirt.

The stylish gown shown in the cut is designed for a morning dress and is appropriately worn on any occasion where a cloth dress is admissible.



DRESS OF TWO KINDS OF CLOTH.

This dress is made of two kinds of cloth. The jacket bodice, with its simulated waistcoat fronts, is admirably adapted to the showing off of a good figure. The dark blue cloth drapery which falls in long graceful folds in front and at the back, is looped high on one side to show the dark red skirt underneath, said skirt being quite plain. A pascamenterie agraffe ornaments one side of the skirt. The bodice is made of the same cloth as is the drapery, while the simulated waistcoat fronts are of the red cloth. Attention is directed to the graceful and becoming arrangement of the hair.

Evening Wraps.

Flash is a favorite fabric for evening cloaks, and comes in all the new pale and dark shades, in apricot, Nile green, gold brown, and peach colors, also in the dull red of Cordova leather, and the ruby red which is so becoming. The shapes are very large, long and full, with the new pointed sling sleeves, or else with merely slits for the arms to pass through. Crystal beading and light furs trim the lighter cloaks, while black pascamenterie and black fur is placed in lengthwise rows on the red wraps. The linings are rich brocaded, striped, or changeable silks wadded with down, and very lightly quilted in parallel bias rows an inch apart. The brocaded velvets that are now sold so cheaply make handsome evening cloaks in the pale rose, blue, and copper red shades bordered with feather trimming.

New Ornament for a Lady's Collar.

In the cut is shown a new design for an ornament for a lady's collar which originally appeared in Jeweler's Circular.



COLLAR ORNAMENT—SCARF PINK.

This ornament, as will be seen, differs from the usual collar button, as well as from the brooch and lace pin, being quite an original affair. It consists of two small gold buttons of Roman or Latin finish set with diamonds or other gems and connected by a chain of gold from which is suspended a chased gold ball.

The two remaining figures are merely new designs for the exceedingly popular scarf pin which is worn alike by both sexes, serving as a bonnet and ribbon pin with the ladies, and a scarf pin with men.

Brides at Home and Abroad.

Just what New York brides are wearing may interest our readers. Following are descriptions in brief of toilets that appeared at weddings occurring one day last week: A bride married in St. George's church, and wearing a Worth gown embroidered with silver threads and pearls, wore a necklace of pearls with a diamond clasp and a diamond sun pendant. On her corsage was a beautiful fleur de lis of diamonds, the gift of the groom. In her hair glittered a diamond rose, and on one shoulder rested a bottle composed of rubies, emeralds and diamonds. This bride carried a prayer book, the cover of which was of silver, enameled in white. A bride married at home on the same day wore a necklace of pearls, and had the old point lace arranged about her low cut corsage, held in place by a large diamond sun. She wore a diamond crescent in her hair and small diamond pins were used in the arrangement of her bridal veil. The above are not isolated cases, but fair representations of weddings in society.

The V shaped and other partially decollete corsages, now fashionable for wedding gowns, have increased the demand for gem necklaces, and the result is an unusually fine assortment of these ornaments. A favorite necklace with brides is one of pearls, with a pendant of diamonds surrounded by pearls, or a diamond suit pendant.

At several recent French weddings the brides were attired in gowns of white cloth, principally the smooth surfaced, glossy Venetian cloth. In one instance the bodice and square train was of cloth. A full plaiting of white braid edged the train, and a ruche of white velvet and a band of silver pascamenterie was laid all around it.

At a recent fashionable English wedding the bridemaids were little girls, each one wearing a frock of white serge braided with dark red, red sashes and hose, and a white felt hat braided to match the dress, with large red bows at one side.

Not only are bridemaids expected to make a present to the bride, but the bride in turn gives a souvenir to each maid; this may be a ring, a fan, a bonnet pin—in a word, any personal trinket.

Boss composed of uncurled ostrich feathers are worn by Parisiennes. Muffs to match these boss have cocks' heads attached, combs and all.

STRAY JOKES.

Scientist say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. They have more material to practice on.—The Epoch.

Nothing so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty day note.—Drift.

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snowdrift and gather a carload of strawberries the day after the first thaw.—Baltimore American.

Farmer's Wife—Will you be seated? Tramp—With pleasure, ma'am. Your next door neighbor's dog has just unseated me.—New Haven News.

Ice-thin Boy-In. Hacks—Seven. Boy—heaven.—Detroit Free Press.

The body of a boy drowned at Winchendon, Mass., was found through the use of the electric light, which was submerged in the water. It may be possible to find a dead boy by using the electric light, but it would take an illumination of about 100,000,000 candle power to discover a lad about five minutes after he has left the house with the remark: "I'm only goin' round the corner."—Norristown Herald.

A writer says: "There is always something picturesque and striking about an old mill." If the writer wants to see something "striking" he should witness a modern "mill" between a couple of noted pugilists.—Norristown Herald.

A VERY AGED TALE.

Another Daniel Solution.

Willie is a little Scotch boy who lives in Glasgow. He is 5 years old, and has not yet learned to like "pease brose," which in his country is given to children to cool the blood.

"Go on, Willie, you must eat it," said his papa one day at breakfast.

"But I don't like it, papa," replied the boy.

"That doesn't matter; you must eat it. It will do you good and make you fat like Daniel, who lived on it when he was a boy."

"Did he? Was that the man who was in the den of lions?"

"Yes, that was the man."

"Well, then," replied the lad, scornfully, "I don't wonder the lions didn't eat him."

The small of pease brose is not by any means pleasant.—Harper's Young People

Ways and Means.

A little boy, Gussie, where I live, has an aunt who goes away in summer and lives with him in winter. She was coming back, but the room she used to have I have now. One day he asked me if my husband would feel bad if I should die. I told him I thought he would. Then he asked me if I would feel bad if my husband died. I told him I would. He thought a few minutes. Then he said: "Well, if God would take the both of you Aunt Della could have the room."—Boston Globe.

FALL OFF THE TRAIN.

Railroad Man—Are you badly hurt, sir? Victim—Hurt; naw! Do you suppose I've practiced tobogganing for nothing?—New York Sun.

The Way of the Wise.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"Oh, I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers' boys."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was 12, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over twenty year. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jus' naturally seemed to hate the farm and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer. "No; for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all of the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."—Fred Carruth in Chicago Tribune.

Every Man to His Taste.

Chicago Man (at a union depot)—So you are moving to Chicago, eh?

Philadelphia Man—Yes, I am tired being swindled, and have made up my mind to settle in Chicago, where I can get my Pennsylvania coal cheap.

Chicago Man—I am moving to Philadelphia. My health is not very good, and I want to live where I can get the best quality of western beef cheap.—Omaha World.

A Little Mixed.

A youth from the rural regions, with his pants at half mast, and evidently suffering from malaria, called at one of our village stores the past week for a box of quinine capsules and a small bottle of pneumonia.—Connecticut Valley Advertiser.

Between the Kisses.

Miss McCusker (of Cincinnati)—I'm so glad to see you, dear. And just in time for the party, too.

Miss Hunkley (of New York)—I'm afraid I'm too tired to dissipate much.

Miss McCusker—That isn't dissipation, chere amie. Papa invited several people you'll like, to go over to the factory and see them pack porks to arrow.—Ted Bita.

This artist lacking money, has made a drawing funny, and with hope his face is sunny;

Dear me, What goes!

For in his hungry mind he fancies he has dined, Say on a meal of vegetables and nutron.

His wonderful creation portrays the perturbation, and the innermost vexation,

Oh, my! Don't sigh.

Of the man who vainly seeks, with the carpet on his cheeks

For hours, to find his fleeting collar button.



But alas for him, poor chap, he appears to be un- happy for he little knew the trap he Sprung when His pen Led him to the door on the journalistic floor, Where he found an editorial lion caged.

He thought the sketch was witty, but look on him with pity, for this happened in the city,

Oh, dear!

A long, long time ago—a century or so— For even then this joke was very good.

Tom Masson.

IN PAYMENT FOR THE PAPER.

How you may get The Herald without money. Bring us:

Twenty pounds of pork; or

Ten pounds of pork sausage; or

Two bushels of sound Irish potatoes; or

Five bushels of sound turnips; or

Ten good chickens; or

Ten pounds of good lard; or

One bushel of good onions.

Any person bringing us any of the above in the quantity named will receive the paper until Jan. 1, 1889, for half the quantity we will send it half the time.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

But Gets There All the Same.

The aeronaut doesn't want the earth.—Washington Critic.

It ain't de man dat is hard ter whip dat gets de man's trouble. It is de feller dat won't stay whipped.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Small Boy's Anxiety Not to Know Everything.

A gentleman once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient, "littl' boys like me don't need to know everything."—Texas Sittings.

The Wiggles of Wakefulness.

Some expressions are all the more forcible for having sprung spontaneously into existence without the fostering aid of grammar. Lillian had an uncomfortable way of waking before light, and expecting the family to rise with her at what they considered an unbearably early hour.

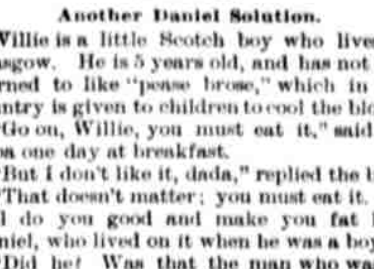
"Lillian, you must lie still all night and try to sleep," said her mother one morning, when this early bird began to chirp.

"I'll try," said the child, and so she did, but it was to no purpose. In five minutes she was sitting up in bed playing with her little pink toes. This time her mother, growing impatient, as sleepy people have been known to do, summarily extinguished her under the bedclothes, saying, in despair: "Lillian, I told you to try once more to go to sleep."

"I know it, mamma," said truthful Lillian, "and I did try, but the wiggles in me so I can't keep still!"—Youth's Companion.

BLOOD POISON.

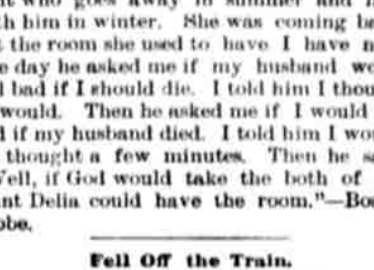
Old dead teeth contain the quintessence of blood poison. Who can swallow it, gushing out of old teeth at every meal, and who can eat healthy? These teeth are dead, unclean, and they frequently cause a swollen face. Should certainly be extracted and replaced with good, artificial teeth that never ache. Can be extracted without pain. No lumbag.



New Years Proclamation.

In order that every one may be able to eat turkey thankfully, we will put up artificial teeth at the following low rates until the 1st of January: Wilmington Teeth, \$5; St. Louis Teeth, used more than any others in America, a very fine article, \$7.50 per set; White's Pat of Teeth, with plates of double strength, wear with a perpetual polish, gold-plate, bridge work, etc., at the most reasonable prices. Room No. 10, 1249 O Street, Baldwin Bros. Block, Lincoln, Neb.

Diseased Gums.



The teeth turn black and die, the gums bleed at the slightest touch, ulcerate, the teeth loosen and fall out, the breath is horrible.

DR. A. P. BURRUS,
1208 O Street,
On the Rapid Transit, cure up diseased gums, make the loosest gold and platinum fillings, make the loosest teeth that tobacco will not tarnish.

PEERLESS Steam Laundry

1117 P Street.

Still in the front and absolutely leading all competitors. Thoroughly equipped for the best work, giving to each customer an unequalled guarantee for all work done. All of our work done with neatness and dispatch. We solicit orders for suburban villages and neighboring towns, paying the express on all orders one way. Respectfully,

C. J. PRATT.

S. H. BURNHAM, BROKER.

Money loaned on long or short time at lowest rates. Office in Richards' Block, room 2. Take elevator on Eleventh street entrance.

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Will call for, and promptly deliver all work entrusted to them, and finish same in latest and best manner.

NEW MCHINERY,
and best facilities in the city, for doing strictly first-class work. Our new locations are

LAUNDRY, Corner 24th and O Sts.
CITY OFFICE; 119 N. 12th Street.
TELEPHONE No. 478.

A trial will convince you that the Crystal does the best laundry work in the state.

NOONAN'S PLACE.

Having arranged my sample rooms for the convenience of the public and stocked it with the best brands of

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

I would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. My goods are all very fine and from the best makers, and I will take pleasure in filling all orders for

FAMILY SUPPLIES.

In connection with my sample room I conduct a first class

—LUNCH COUNTER.—

where at any time a short order lunch may be had at reasonable prices. Call and see me.

No. 1015 O Street.

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Having arranged my sample rooms for the convenience of the public and stocked it with the best brands of

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