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GARDNER, ILLINOIS, JAN. 22, 1887.

115 North Eleventh St., Lincoln, Neb.

Over Hallett's Jewelry Store.

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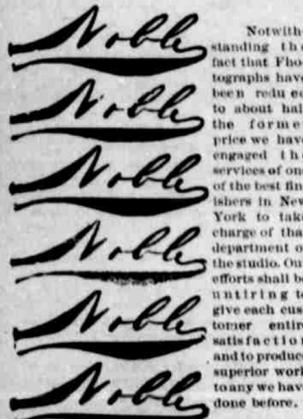
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HORSES BOARDED

and well taken care of at reasonable rates. Call and see us, 1027 Q street, or give orders by Telephone 147.

WANTED, A BURGLAR.

MR. NORRIS SUCCEEDS IN FINDING ONE.

But Unfortunately for Him, the Burglar Was True to His Calling—An Embarrassing Scene—But All's Well That Ends Well.

(Scene, the dining room in Mr. Sutherland's country home. Time, midnight. Enter Mr. John Norris, a guest at the house. He carries a candle in one hand and a basket on the other.)
Mr. Norris (placing the basket on the table)—This is such a peculiar situation that out of regard to my own self respect I am constrained to offer an explanation—to myself. Oh! Kate, Kate! Adorable creature that



And throwing up the window with a bang, you are, you little know (claps his hands, and in doing so drops the basket. A lot of silver tumblers on the floor. Hastily recovering himself)—Confusion! (Listens attentively.) After all, no harm done. To continue, I am desperately in love with Miss Sutherland, and so, I am sorry to say, is Barrett, also Barrett, likewise Garrett, guests with me at Mr. Sutherland's. Until now no one of us could claim any decided advantage over the others. But day before yesterday we all go out for a sylvan stroll. Miss Sutherland insists on feeding the swans, and while doing so falls into the pond. I, who would die for her anywhere, and on the slightest notice, don't see it. But Barrett does and pulls her out. I point out the fact that the pond is only two feet deep at that particular place, but Barrett, nevertheless, becomes a hero, and Barrett, Garrett and myself go on the background. Then, yesterday we go on a picnic. Miss Sutherland, while walking with Barrett, is attacked by a snake—a boa constrictor, according to Barrett, who dispatches it and thereby wins her undying gratitude. Garrett and myself go out to look for the monster and find a harmless little garter snake. Neither of them will acknowledge it, however, and Garrett and I have to apologize. This morning we try a little target shooting. Garrett goes blundering around and gets shot in the leg by Miss Sutherland. I'd have shot him myself with pleasure. Miss Sutherland is tenderly reproachful all day, and I am voted a brute for saying it served him right. I can't stand that I cannot be one. I therefore propose to make my own opportunity. At great personal discomfort I have succeeded in keeping awake until every one else is asleep. I have secured the basket of family plate and am now about to materialize a burglar. (Takes up the silver and ties it up in a tablecloth.) There, now for my pistols. (Cautiously leaves the room. The door of the butler's pantry opens and Mr. Willie Vilter, professional burglar, steps into the room.)

Mr. Vilter (artistically hefting the bundle)—Wot wiliany this is. Oh! My eyes, William, but 'ere's richness! (Shoulders the swag and is about to depart. The door opens and Mr. Vilter has just time to reach the pantry again when Mr. Norris rushes in, fires both pistols, and throwing up the window with a bang that takes all the glass out of it, begins an indiscriminate fusillade. The household in various stages of undress rush in and contemplate the scene of carnage.)

Mr. Sutherland (excitedly)—What has happened! I insist upon knowing.

Mr. Norris (sentimentally)—Burglars! (Miss Sutherland screams and is simultaneously supported by Barrett, Garrett and (Garrett.)

Mr. Norris—Fact, I assure you. Heard a noise down here and resolved to investigate. Caught the fellow doing up the plate and went for him. He broke away and jumped through the window. Must apologize for shooting in the house. Scared you all awfully, I'm afraid. Shouldn't have done it.

Mr. Sutherland (truelily contemplating the fragments of a Sevres vase)—Well, perhaps not.

Mr. Norris (cheerfully)—Anyhow the silver is safe.

Miss Sutherland—Yes, but where is it? (Looks around fearfully.)

Barrett (With great unanimity)—That's Garrett! So. Show it up.

Mr. Norris (slightly rattled)—Oh, the why—er—I put it there—that is to say, the burglar. (Breaks off abruptly and begins to polish his brow with a handkerchief.)

Barrett—Humph! Garrett

Mr. Sutherland (gravely)—The silver is certainly gone. I looked for the plate the first thing.

Mr. Norris (wildly)—I'll swear it was on the table when I jumped for him.

Miss Sutherland—Perhaps the burglar did take it. I should think he would, since that is what he came for.

Barrett (With a half aside that everybody

hears)—By the way, Norris, what were you down stairs for half an hour ago?

Mr. Norris (confusedly)—I? Why, what are you talking about?

Barrett (persistently)—You were not in your room, anyhow, for I went in for a match.

Jarrett (with an air of hesitation)—Perhaps I ought not to say anything about it, but I saw Mr. Norris coming out of the butler's room with a bundle of something under his arm. I don't know.

Mr. Sutherland (gravely)—By all means. This must be cleared up.

Mr. Norris (desperately)—Miss Sutherland, Mr. Sutherland, is it possible—

Mr. Sutherland—I shouldn't, Mr. Norris, have believed—

Miss Sutherland (warmly)—What perfect nonsense you are talking. Mr. Norris, you must take some brandy; you really must. (She runs to the butler's pantry and throws open the door. Mr. Vilter, with the plate under his arms, makes a dash, but is cleverly stopped by Norris. A terrific struggle ensues, which ends in the burglar escaping through the window, but leaving the silver in the possession of Norris. There are a few moments of universal stupefaction.)

Mr. Sutherland (warmly embracing him)—My noble fellow! What can I say?

Mr. Norris (breathing very hard)—Oh, nothing—noting, I assure you. I often do this—kind of thing. (Looks unutterable things at Miss Sutherland.)

Barrett (aside to Garrett)—Too often.

Miss Sutherland (with lively warmth)—And to think that he actually came back again after that terrible struggle. Why in the world should he want to?

Mr. Norris—I'm sure I don't know, and he isn't here to tell.

Garrett (gloomily to Jarrett)—Yes; and Norris isn't likely to.

Miss Sutherland (timidly)—Why, he might even take it into his head to try it again.

Mr. Norris (crossing over to her side)—Don't you think that in view of the possibility of such an event, that you ought to provide yourself with an efficient burglar alarm?

Miss Sutherland (blushing)—Well, yes. (Mr. Sutherland smiles benignly, picks up the plate basket and gives the signal for a general departure.)

Barrett (lingering behind, and sotto voce to Garrett and Jarrett)—That burglar must have wanted tremendously for something.

Jarrett (sentimentally)—Not half as much as Norris wanted a burglar. (Curtain.)—Time.

There is a Difference.

At the club the other night a group of western men were telling anecdotes of frontier life. Here is one which struck me as being particularly good. Those who have been in the "Far West" and have lived among frontier men will appreciate it, I dare say. In the course of the Indian war of 1882, it seems, Gen. Sherman paid a visit to Camp Apache, in Arizona. While there a huge redskin, who was captain of the scouts, followed the general wherever he went, and frequently begged as a present one of the small cannons standing on the parade ground. Finally the general impatiently turned to the Indian, exclaiming: "What do you want with the cannon, anyway? Do you want to kill my soldiers with it?"

"No," replied the Indian in his guttural voice; "want to kill cowboys with it. Kill soldiers with a club."—New York Tribune.

A Boston Introduction.



My dear, let me present Mr. Scopolop, president of the Yale Boat club.

The Presented—Beg pardon—ah, Miss Church, but my name is Scupe.

Miss South Church—I know, sir; but you will pardon me if I think the Latin preferable.—Life.

A Condemned Murderer's Joke.

A young lawyer called on Deacons one day with a bevy of young ladies, and, peering between the bars of the cell door, he said: "Ah, Deacons, if I had had your case six months ago, you would not be where you are now—behind the bars of a prison cell."

"Yes, Mr. —, I believe that. If I had you for a lawyer I'd been hanged six months ago."

Deacons chuckled for a few minutes over the discomfiture and hasty retreat of the legal gentleman and the ill concealed mirth of the ladies, and then went on talking to the reporter.—Rochester Post-Express.

A Peculiar Misfortune.

First Belle—Miss Smith met with a peculiarly unfortunate accident this morning. Did you hear about it?
Second Belle—No! What was it?
First Belle—Why, she was down at the beach bathing, when she inadvertently slipped off a rock and fell into the water.

Second Belle—Was it deep? Did she take cold?
First Belle—Oh, no; I guess not. She scrambled out easily enough. But the bathing dress is irretrievably spoiled.—Life.

No Reason to Reptine.

Clerk (to employer)—Mr. Lowberry, I would like to be excused from work this afternoon.

"What's the matter now?"
"A beloved aunt is dead and I would like to attend the funeral."

"Let's see—you've lost four beloved aunts this year. Have you any more of them?"
"No, sir; but I have five uncles."—Lincoln Journal.

How He Achieved Wealth.

"I understand that Col. Bear is very wealthy."

"Yes, he's worth about \$100,000."
"How did he make it?"
"He made it out of coal oil."

"Indeed?"
"Yes, his wife lit the fire with kerosene, and he got all her money."—Lincoln Journal.

Prompt Acquiescence.

Young Wife—Henry, I want to ask a favor of you.

Young Husband—All right; go ahead.
"Do you think that beastly pipe?"
"Certainly. Hand me the other one."—Detroit Free Press.

Truth is Metaphor.

Al—Charlie says he is buffeting his way through life. What does he mean?
Ed—He's a free lunch fiend.—Time.

rescuing done. I do it when it falls to my lot, but my heart is not in the work. Sometimes the horrible thought comes over me that I may be too late. Several times I have tried to be too late, but I haven't the heart to do it."

He then walked up to a sparrow that refused to keep off the grass and I brained it with his club.—Bill Nye in New York Sunday World.

Will Nee a Pointer.



If gentlemen's trousers keep on growing wider, those wishing to keep abreast of the fashions will have to take the above hint from the ladies when going upstairs.—Drake's Magazine.

Arizona "Personals."

On several different occasions we have urged that Jack Crosby, proprietor of the Blue Front saloon, and better known to our people as "Private Jack," be taken to the lone tree behind the court house and hanged up to a limb. We have given the names of eleven men who have been robbed and brutally beaten in his place, or who so stated to us, and we have incidentally referred to Jack as a train robber, burglar, horse thief and incendiary.

In the next issue: "Mr. Crosby dropped in to see us last Saturday. He did not come in with a bludgeon or a revolver, but as a friend and gentleman. He also brought three bottles of rare old Hennessy, for which he will accept our thanks. Mr. Crosby convinced us that we were entirely mistaken in our estimate of him. He is no rough or tough. On the contrary, he was educated for the ministry, and his nature is peaceful. He has never struck a man except in self defense, and has been basely maligned by rivals in business. Before concluding his pleasant call he subscribed for two copies of The Howler, and we suggest that it would be a good idea to make him sheriff next term."—Arizona Howler.

How They Do It in Arizona.

The show of live ads. which The Kicker is now making hurts some of the newspapers in this locality awfully bad. The Bullwacker and others are charging us with procuring our ads by threats and intimidation. It is a monstrous lie. Business men advertise with us because they know that we are reaching out after a circulation of 100,000 copies, and that we have already booked 134 names toward it. We drop into a business house in a business way, explain the advantages of advertising in a paper like The Kicker, and seldom go away empty handed. While it may have happened that non-advertisers—like old Cobb, the grocer, and Dead Beat Smith, the druggist—have had their records published and been shown up for what they were, it was only a coincidence. Let the jackals howl! We know our gait, and we propose to keep right along.—Arizona Kicker.

The Other Side.

Fashionable Mother—What! Do you mean to say you won't rent me one of those elegant flats because I have a child?

Flat Owner—No, madam, I won't. Those flats have gilded cornices, frescoed walls, Eastlake dials, Haviland fireplaces, French plate windows—

"Oh! And you're afraid my darling little cherub will tear them all to pieces, I suppose?"

"No, madam, but those flats are utterly lacking in grass, flowers, trees, birds, swings and hammocks; and I'll not allow any one to pen up poor little children in any such gilded cages. No, madam, I may be a little grasping, but I don't want any blood money."—Omaha World.

A Rare Avis, Indeed.

"Pa," she murmured archly, "I am engaged."

"Engaged, the dev— the dickens you say! To whom?"

"O," he went on rapturously, "just think! he never drinks nor smokes, nor belongs to a dreadful lodge, leads a class at Sunday school and"

"Humph! Member of the Salvation Army, I suppose?" ironically.

"No, he's a drummer."
"A drummer! Great heavens! Evelyn, you—"

"From Philadelphia, pa?"

"Oh!" said the old man, with a sigh of relief. "Bless you, my children, bless you!"—Southern Criterion.

Unpleasant Reflections.

Jones had just been getting married. As they were leaving the church he began to cry.

"Whatever can be the matter with you, Samuel?" asked the bride anxiously.

"My darling," exclaimed Jones, between his sobs, "you behold in me the wretched victim of superstition."

"A victim?"

"Yes, my life; you must know that I was once so foolish as to have my fortune told by a gypsy. The old hag told me that I should marry a second time, and oh! darling, my wings my heart to think of losing you."—Judge.

Missed Part of It.

Mrs. H. (a brilliant amateur)—Charley what did you think of the style in which I opened the second act last night?

Mr. H. (who hates the whole business)—I missed the opening of the second act.

Mrs. H.—How unfortunate! You got there too late!

Mr. H.—No; went away too soon.—Life.

Opera Glasses on a New Plan.

A company has been formed, in which Manager Ed Gilmore is said to be largely interested, for the novel enterprise of supplying opera glasses to theatregoers on something of the drop-nickel-in-the-box plan. Only in this case it is a quarter instead of a nickel that is to be dropped. A box containing an opera glass and some hidden machinery, with a slot in the lid, is to be attached to every chair back in the auditorium, and all one will have to do to get an opera glass will be to drop in a quarter, when a door will open automatically, revealing the glass. An order has been sent to Paris for 8,000 opera glasses for the experimental start on the new system. It has been suggested that the arrangement would be imperfect without the attachment of a powerful mechanical claw to seize the temporary lessee of a glass and hold him firmly until the glass is replaced in the box and the lid closed upon it, but Mr. Gilmore does not think that will be absolutely necessary.

Every part of each glass will be so effectually stamped with affirmations that it belongs to the company, moving appeals to the public to respect proprietary rights, threats of condign punishment if the article be stolen argumentative representations that it cannot be pawned, sold or used elsewhere without recognition of stolen goods, scriptural quotations demonstrating the abstract wickedness of theft and choice excerpts from the penal code respecting infractions of the law of menses and tums that it is believed nobody will dare to steal one of those glasses.—New York Sun.

Ohio's Largest Poplar Tree.

What is said to have been the largest poplar tree in Ohio recently went down before the woodman's relentless ax to add, if all goes well, to the contents of a capitalist's purse. This monarch of the forest had a traditional age, covering several centuries. The oldest inhabitant of Taylorville, near where it stood, could not recall a time when its majestic crown had not outshone those of all the other woodlawn figures, and when it was not looked upon as the patriarch of the forest. A trunk measuring 11 feet 8 inches in diameter proudly supported an open growth whose topmost point reached a height of more than 240 feet. The hollow at the base widened into a cozy chamber, whose diameter was 7 feet, and whose odd nooks and corners had afforded shelter to generations of prattling children and echoed the sighs of a thousand lovers. No bough projected from its trunk below a height of 90 feet, but from thence upward it spread its majestic shoots in every imaginable direction. Plainly it was too noble a tree to stand, as the arguments of one time run, and when it was learned that it would yield perhaps 20,000 feet of excellent lumber, of which it would be made into the Cincinnati exposition.—Globe-Democrat.

The Cowardice of Suicide.

New York city was shocked a few days ago by a strange suicide in one of our leading hotels, the motive assigned being the inability of the one who took his own life to provide for his family. And yet he killed himself rather than stay by his loved ones and do what he could for them! This is so illogical that the temptation is to explain the deed on the theory that the suicide is necessarily insane.

But we doubt if it is just to take such a charitable view of the case. The less subtle explanation is more probably the true one. In almost every instance suicide springs from cowardice. The self murderer dares not face the consequences of his own fault or he shrinks from the hard duties that accompany his life. The voice he makes may be unreasonable to the point of absurdity and even madness, but need not refer the act to insanity, nor is so regarded in law unless there is evidence introduced to prove unsoundness of mind. Very properly the law regards the suicide as a criminal, and it may be added that generally he is a very mean one.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How Elephants Disport Themselves.

The elephants had their bath and a game of ball at the Zoological garden the other day. Empress and Jennie with shrill trumpeting dashed into the big pool and enjoyed themselves like two schoolboys out for an afternoon's swim. Empress was first in the water, and Jennie soon jumped in after her companion. They rolled over and over, climbed on each other's backs and plunged together below the surface, coming to the top with snorts of delight and shooting out from their long trunks great streams of water. Cooper Pendergast stimulated the sport by casting two inflated bladders into the pool, with which the elephants sported for a long time, catching them and throwing them at each other's heads. When the keeper thought that the fun had continued long enough he prodded the unwilling beasts out with a long pole. Then he threw a score of inflated bladders on the brick pavement surrounding the pool, which the elephants pounded with their feet until all of them had been exploded, a proceeding in which they appeared to see almost as much sport as in their bath.—Philadelphia Record.

A Peculiar Financial Operation.

A newly arrived immigrant from Ireland had saved enough money to buy a good silver watch, but had not acquired sufficient dexterity to take care of it. He let it fall one day, and damaged it so seriously that it would not run. Therefore, he took the watch to a jeweler, and asked him how much it would cost to have it repaired.

The jeweler put his glass on his eye, looked into the interior of the watch some seconds, turned it over several times, and said:

"It'll cost you five dollars to put it in order."

"Five dollars! An' sure, I haven't a dollar."

"Then you can't get it repaired."

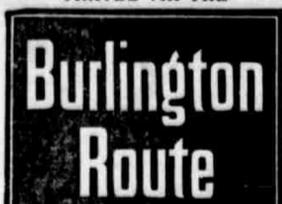
Pat scratched his head awhile in perplexity as to how he was to obtain the means. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Arrah! I have it! I'll step over to the pawnbroker's wid the watch, and have it wid him for the money to pay the repairs. Hould on to yerself—I'll be back to yez directly."—Youth's Companion.

An Amateur Telescope Maker.

Some time ago a young man, who had but recently graduated from the Pittsburg high school, called upon Mr. Brasher (maker of the spectroscopes for the Lick observatory for some information in regard to the construction of a telescope. His name is Sherman Bavinger, and he was at that time a machinist in McIntosh, Hemphill & Co.'s iron works. In his spare moments he engaged in the scientific work of making a telescope as large as those in use by the majority of astronomers. It took him a long time to do it. The first lenses he ground were failures. He tried it again, and the result was successful. He manufactured complete a six inch telescope. When it is remembered that a four inch instrument will give a wonderful glimpse of the heavens, the power of young Bavinger's telescope can be comprehended. With it he was able to see all the moons of Saturn, and his glass resolved many nebulae which botanized astronomers with smaller telescopes.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

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