



DR L. WENTE DENTIST.

Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a specialty by all known approved methods. Gold and porcelain crowns mounted on the natural root.

All operations performed without pain. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TO THE PEOPLE OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. We, the undersigned, are personally acquainted with Dr. L. Wente, who is to leave us soon and engage in the practice of dentistry in your city.

We can unhesitatingly recommend him as a thorough master of his profession, and are sure that all work entrusted to him will be skillfully performed.

J. UNDERHILL, M. D.
W. W. McMANN, M. D.
E. McADAMS, M. S. M. D.
J. M. GALLAGHER, D. D. S.
GAYNES, ILLINOIS, JAN. 22, 1887.

115 North Eleventh St., Lincoln, Neb.
Over Hallett's Jewelry Store.



E. T. ROBERTS & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers.

212 North 11th Street,
Whitcomb Hotel Annex,
Telephones.—Office 145. Residence 156.
Open Day and Night.

Notwithstanding the fact that photographs have been reduced to about half the former price we have engaged the services of one of the best photographers in New York to take charge of that department of the studio. Our efforts shall be untiring to give each customer entire satisfaction and to produce superior work to what we have done before.

Cabinets, \$3 per Dozen.

It has No Equal.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATORS.

Finest and Best Made.

Ladies are invited to call and see these summer commodities and also inspect our magnificent stock of Crockery, Lamps and Art Glassware.

Call and see our stock. Prices low and everything the very latest.

S. C. Elliott.

FINEST LIVERY RIGS

In the city all come from the Graham Brick Stables.

1027 F street, where all kinds of Buggies, Carriages or Saddle Horses.



Can be had at any time, day or night on short notice.

HORSES BOARDED

well taken care of at reasonable rates and call and see us, 1027 F street, or give orders by telephone 17.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Fancy Needle Work Indulged in During the Summer Season.

Many folks manage to accomplish a great deal of pretty and useful fancy work during the summer days of visiting and comparative idleness. To be agreeable in warm weather, needle work must be with light material and small enough to be readily taken up or laid aside.

For the purpose of embroidery or drawn work in linen is a favorite. One can make with it a variety of pretty things, including serving and tea cloths, dollies, summer mantle scarfs, bureau covers, chair backs, etc. White linen, fringed out, furnished with a border of drawn work and stamped and worked in bright colored embroidery silk and silver and gilt thread, gives very rich and elegant effects. This is an excellent time in which to renew one's supply of washstand splashes and mats, for nothing is pleasanter to work on than the dotted mull or Swiss that makes the very daintiest of toilet sets. Choose mull with rather large dots, that are far apart, and embroider it with daisies. Work each dot over in satin stitch, with yellow and gold silk for the center of the daisy, and make the petals of white; or let the center be brown and the petals yellow. A full set of this kind, including all the pieces necessary for bureau and washstand, and lined with satin in a delicate shade of pink, yellow, blue or green, is very pretty on the paneled wood bedroom furniture now so popular.

Menu and Guest Cards.

Menus and guest cards are always varying, though there is nothing very novel. Just at present there are single split pea pods, with the peas showing, most true to nature; ears of ripe wheat, single feathers, narrow slips of gilt edged cardboard with one corner turned down, or separate, detached petals of roses, orchids, lilies, etc., on which the guest's name is written. The petals look very natural, especially the pink rose ones. When they are on the table the menu is in the form of the full flower open, with "Menu" stamped or written in the center, and the dishes on the petals consecutively. The flower is spread open for writing, and lightly closed together to stand on the table. Some cards combine menu and guest cards, "Menu" written outside in light metallic letters, with a slip below for the name. The dishes are written inside. Celery heads are novel for menus and look wonderfully real. Some new envelopes have a simulated miniature walkingstick, with large gold head, run through the flap. Moss green is a new color for frames, writing table articles, purses, etc.

Preserving Rose Leaves.

The pleasant work of gathering rose leaves is best done early in the morning or late in the evening. Shake into a wide basket the petals from roses that are about to fall to pieces. The rose leaves should be spread out on a sheet laid down in a dry place where the wind will not disturb them. Rose leaves gathered on different days should not be mixed, but each collection on the sheet should be stirred and turned every day; when they are all nearly dry they can be heaped together and finished off on another sheet. When quite dry put up in self sealing fruit jars. These dried leaves alone, packed in as tight as they can be pressed down, may be used to fill a fancy jar which, when left open for a short time, will perfume a room if the rose leaves are stirred up a little.

A New Decorative Industry.

A new decorative industry has appeared, under the name of wood tapestry, and is quite within the reach of lady amateurs. The veneers are of real and imitation hardwoods, turned out as thin as shavings; the parts of a design composed of these are glued to paper and then attached to the wall by a paper hanger. The art lies in devising good forms and combinations of colors, for the veneer is so thin that a well tempered penknife fixed in the end of an oval wooden handle suffices for the cutting. Designs may readily be found suitable for reproduction of these woods that, if well executed, are calculated to give a stately appearance to rooms that otherwise would perhaps go without notable adornment.

Handsome Floral Pieces.

With other very beautiful floral designs lately exhibited by foreign florists and reproduced and described by Vick are the two shown in the cuts.



FLORAL PIECE.

The floral fan has at its base a little bouquet of La France roses, set off with a few sprigs of fern. From this point radiate thin polished brass rods, each wreathed with myrtle. These rods disappear in the connecting background of dark scabiosa, upon which rests a wreath composed of La France roses and rosebuds, lilyum auratum and grasses. The field is completed by a border of white scabiosa, edged with clusters of cloths arborea, and outside of all is a fringe of isolepis, forming a lace like margin.



FLORAL ROSEBUSH.

The rich and beautiful rosebush has a groundwork of light blue flowers of stocks. Upon this and over the arch are placed flowers of glorioxa in carefully selected shades of blue, surrounded and interspersed with green, ferns and spiraea blooma. Two bows of heliotrope colored ribbon complete the design.

Curtains for Country Homes.

For a country house white or dotted muslin or madras furnishes pretty and appropriate curtains. They should be quite full, hemmed and hung by rings to a rod across the top of the window and caught back on either side with ribbon. When even cheaper materials than those mentioned are desired, cheese cloth affords curtains that may be made quite attractive by tying back with pretty ribbons.

Some General Observations.

If I have to live my life over again I expect I do no better ash pedlar. Nobody knows how to live until he has about ready to die.

In trying to get something for nothing in this world we cheerfully buy \$3 worth of cigars for der man who gifts us a toekett to a fifty cent show.

I don't see some loafers around midout I wonder dot nature vhas so foolish. She could shut ash waf had used oop dot material to grow fences rails and hitching posts.

If you find me some man who vhas satisfied mit der weather and der peoples und der world, I show you somebody who vhas ripe for either heaven or der idiot asylum.

When I like to pound on my drum I forget dot I haf some neighbors who may like to sleep. When I like to sleep myself my neighbor should be put in shall if he plays on der piano.

We like a man who shepals der truth by us, und yet shut so soon ash he tells us something unpleasant we vhas mad at him.

When I hear a boy whistlet I feel safe. I know dot so long as he whistles he doan't put up some shop to sheal my apples or carry off my front gate.

If you take a man's bad luck und trace it back you vill discover dot he vhas to blame ten times where somebody else vhas once, und yet he remembers only dot once.

We doan know some men until dey vhas gone to der bad. Den it vhas we hear aferybody say how smart und talented dey vhas all der time.

Sometimes it seems to me dot der world vhas too wicked to stand much longer, und dot it vhas hard to find one honest, upright man. I take some liver medicine, und lo! der next day der world vhas good enough und all men vhas all right.

I haf seen a funeral procession a mile long, und two weeks later I haf asked who vhas buried dot day, und nobody could remember. When a man gets through mit der world der world vhas through mit him.—Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

Taken to Himself.

Mrs. Parsley (as the boat pitches a trifle)—How delightful this little swell is, Mr. Parsley!

Young Brockelsby (complacently)—I always try to be entertaining, Mrs. Parsley.—Judge.

Not Dangerous.

"Rose Kaktus," exclaimed the gloomy lover, "since you won't marry me I've nothing to live for. I'm going to shoot myself."

"Let me see your pistol, Mr. Lariat." He reluctantly showed it to her.

"Shoot yourself with a 22-caliber pop!" said the beautiful Arizona maiden contemptuously, as she looked at the weapon. "If you do, and it hurts any, come to me and I will give you a piece of court plaster."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Stopped Eating.

"Polhemus, you look like ghost. Have you had a spell of sickness?" "No, Magruder; there's nothing the matter with me but my microscope." "Your microscope? What do mean?" "I was a happy man, Magruder, until my last birthday. My wife made me a present of a microscope, and in an evil hour I took it and began examining the articles of food we eat and drink. Magruder, I've lived for two weeks on distilled water. It's the only thing that isn't full of useless horrors."—Chicago Tribune.

It Was Fast Color.

"I'm afraid that calico will fade," she observed, as she looked at it in a doubtful way. "Oh, no, ma'am."

"Ever tried it?" "Yes, sir. A woman who had a dress of this pattern fell into the river and her body was not fished out for a week. The color hadn't started in the least, I assure you."—Detroit Free Press.

Always Be Truthful.

Father—I hear, my boy, that you are in the habit of telling falsehoods. This grieves me to the heart. Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering upon you. Will you promise me?

"Yes, sir." "Very well. Now, go and see who is knocking at the door. It is Bingley, tell him I'm not at home."—Lincoln Journal.

A Case of Absentmindedness.

"I'll never give up my seat in a street car to a woman again as long as I live!" he said emphatically.

"Didn't she thank you for it?" asked his wife.

"She not only didn't thank me for it, but two minutes afterward she shooed a nickel at me and said: 'Conductor, stop the car at Forty-second street.'"—New York Sun.

He Should Have Brought Some Home.

Wife—You left me without a cent this morning, John, and the result is there is nothing but potatoes and bread and butter for dinner.

Husband (cheerfully)—Oh, well, it's all right, my dear; I had a big lunch today at noon.—New York Sun.

Too Liberal.

Tourist—What are your terms, Mr. Brown?

Landlord Brown—Twenty dollars a week, sir.

Tourist—And what am I expected to do?

Landlord—Dot! Why, you surely don't intend paying me \$20 a week just for staying here, do you? It's too high. Fifteen dollars would be enough.—Harper's Bazar.

Knew Him.

Dingus—Shadbolt, can you spare \$5?

Shadbolt—Certainly, Dingus. Here it is.

Dingus—Thanka. I'll just give you my note for the amount.

Shadbolt (who knows him)—No use wasting paper, Dingus. I told you I could spare the \$5.—Chicago Tribune.

A Prior Right.

"See here, Brown, you took that umbrella from my office, and I want it."

"I know I did, but this umbrella belongs to Smith."

"What if it does? I stole it first."—New York Sun.

Admitting the Soft Impenetrable.

Barber to customer whose face looks as though it had undergone several surgical operations—The man who shaved you last must have been a fool.

Customer—He was. I shaved myself.—New York Sun.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Wildier Thought That Kicking Was Too Good for Him.

Marshall P. Wildier met Nat Goodwin in the Strand, in London, a few days ago, and this is what passed:

"Hello, Marsh! I'm handsome in my London get-up, ain't I?" Arthur Roberts told me this morning that I looked like you, and I kicked him."

"Only kicked him?" responded Wildier. Why, if he had said that to me I would have killed him on the spot."—New York World.

How Bret Harte Got Even.

At a wedding in London, one day, there was a guest who seemed notable from the attention he attracted. His face was deeply lined, but very red—perhaps the word ruddy would convey a better notion of the tint—the close clipped mustache was black, and the hair, as white as snow, parted in the middle and allowed to fall over the forehead in a fashion that suggested studied disorder.

It was the first time I had ever seen Bret Harte, and while I looked at him a man told me about a dinner at which the western novelist and George Augustus Sala were present. Sala had been asked to meet Harte, and when he arrived the resentment over a parody that Harte had once written satirizing the London correspondent's style still rankled in Sala's bosom. The host took him by the arm as the guests stood in the drawing room waiting for dinner to be announced, and said:

"Let me present you to Mr. Bret Harte, Sala."

"Thanks, no," said the other, shortly and in a pointedly loud and aggressive tone. "I don't care to know him."

There was a dead hush for a moment. It was broken by Harte's remarking in a tone of placid inquiry to the host:

"Is it possible that men allow themselves to drink as heavily as this before dinner?"

The assumption that no man could be so unparadoxically rude unless actually drunk pleased the Englishmen. They crowded around the novelist, and Sala left the house before dinner.—New York Sun.

Only One Fourth, Anyway.

Representative Allen, of Mississippi, has a darky among his neighbors at home who, if the statement of the professional humorist of the house is to be believed, is even more shiftless than the average negro of the south generally is found to be. One day this negro, so Allen says, went into the country to pick cotton, but presently returned very much disgusted.

"Didn't you get any offers to pick cotton?" Allen asked.

"Yes, such as dey was. A white man offered me one-fourth of what I picked. I joss took a look at de field, and I saw for myself dat when hit was all picked, hit wouldn't amount to one-fourth, so I left for home. I tell you, boss, I was in luck dat I didn't get fooled. But my fretfetic was all what saved me. I tell you, send yer chilluns to school."—New York Tribune.

An Apt Comparison.

They tell a story in Dublin about Balfour and an eminent bishop who has fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two men met for the first time at dinner, and in the course of the talk Mr. Balfour said:

"But! after all, I fancy that the newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?"

"Ah, Mr. Balfour," said the priest, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you my occupation would be gone."—New York Sun.

For This Relief Much Thanks.

I am afraid that the habit of "jumping at conclusions" is sometimes being carried too far. Two congressmen—both of them from the south—occupied the other day, in the absence of their families, the same room at Wildier's. They were greatly annoyed during the first portion of the night by a neighbor who was snoring at a terrible rate. They lay sleepless and silent for a long time, listening with a horrid fascination to the efforts of "the man who snored." Finally the sleeper made one mighty effort, and with an awfully convulsive, gurgling gasp, relapsed into silence, which was shortly broken by one of the congressmen, who in a fervent tone exclaimed:

"Thank God, he's dead!"—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Wouldn't Give It Away.

A new senator, being told by a newspaper correspondent just what the senate had done in executive session, exclaimed: "Why, we haven't been two hours out of executive session. How did you get hold of all this? Did a senator tell you?" "No," said the correspondent. "An employe of the senate?" persisted the senator. "No," said the correspondent. "Well, then, how did you find it all out?" asked the senator, anxious with curiosity. "I'd like to tell you," said the correspondent, with a droll smile, "but I can't. Senators are so leaky."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A Peculiar Diet.

Small Boy to grocery clerk)—Come, can't you get my things? I'm in an awful hurry! Mother wants them for supper!

Clerk—What will you have, young man? Small Boy—A bar of ivory soap and a quart of kerosene.—Detroit Free Press.

Just So.

Jones—I don't believe in taking off flannels, not even in summer.

Smith—Well, I do. I change mine twice a week.—Boston Courier.

Those Whitewashed Stones.

"Well, I'll be blowed! Who'd have thought that hea could have laid that egg?"—Life.

A Broad Hint.

Clergymen should be brief—and so to the point. A Boston clergyman once had a broad hint to that effect. "We would like to have you short when you marry us," said a prospective bridegroom, "because we are going west." "How soon after the ceremony will you start?" asked the clergyman. "In about a week," was the reply. Then the minister realized he had a reputation as one possessing the gift of continuance.—Harper's Magazine for August.

Some Side Sights.

Sandy stretches, surging surf, salty smells, shelling shores, scorching sun, shining shells, sparkling spray, sparkling surfaces, stormy sky, buffed stages, sprightly strikers, suiters shy, Stylian suits, soaked stockings, splashed skirts, Sly sparkling, soft speeches, summer shirts, shrieking swimmers, shapely shoulders, sick swains.

Slitting silks, sunshades, stretching seams, scudding schooners, screw steamers, sloops, sails, small smacks, strong sailors, silvery scales, saving stations, signals, siveamers, shrouds, spars, skillful skippers steering ships, seats, stars, savage sharks, sea serpents, skates, soles, snipe, snappers, shrimp, scollops, snoken shoals, sea spiders, swarming skeeters, seagulls, silly singers, soulful strollers, swift sculls, soliloquies, startling scores, saline sniffs, strapped strangers, stern sires, shallops, skiffs, spurling striplings, sappy snobs, sudden squalls, sodgy swamps, scarfs, satins, silks, shawls, Sabbath sinners, social scandal, sinkers, snails, scheming scamps, simple Simons, sporting swells.

A Fortunate Occurrence.

Patron—Waiter, how's this? "How's what?" "I found this cigar holder in the soup."

"Well, well! I'm glad of that. I've been hunting for the hanged thing an hour."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pleasant Dinner Companion.

Miss Ethel—Who was the old gentleman who took you to dinner, Clara?

Miss Clara—An old bachelor friend of papa's. He was delightful.

Miss Ethel—I shouldn't think you would find a bald headed old bachelor a very delightful companion at dinner.

Miss Clara—Oh, but he was; he attracted all the flies.—New York Sun.

Extravagance.

Mr. Cawdell, as we may call him—accent on the second syllable, of course—had been abusing his wife for buying some dry goods which he did not regard as necessary.

"Look here," said Mr. Cawdell, "I gave you \$2.50 yesterday, and you went and spent it right off, as you know, for a lot of calico and needles and thread and that sort of thing. Didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cawdell, timidly. "And I rebuked you for it last night?" "Yes, you did."

"Eh! Well, I hope you heartily repented your extravagance?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Cawdell! I cried so last night that I—I soaked three handkerchiefs!"

"Soaked three handkerchiefs! There you go again—running up a washing bill in that perfectly reckless way!"—Youth's Companion.

Tricks of the Trade.

"What be-a-u-tiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of early peaches. They were covered with pink gauze and looked very tempting.

The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink net.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked.

The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well," she said, "when I got them peaches home, they were small, and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that stuff that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket, I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, folks would think I'd found the Elixir of life."—Detroit Free Press.

A Second Munchhausen.

One morning before it was light I went up on Pigeon creek to shoot pigeons. I tied my horse to a swinging limb, and waited for it to become light enough for me to see how to shoot. When it was light enough I shot at some pigeons near by, and when the smoke cleared away I noticed that my horse was gone. I looked all around for him, but could see him nowhere, until hearing a groan I looked up and saw him hanging in the air. I had tied him to the top of a tree on which the pigeons were roosting, and when I fired the gun the pigeon flew, the tree straightened up and carried my horse with it.—Tribune (Ga.) New Era.

Not a Success.

She had tried all the systems of mnemonics that were known, yet never could remember names. When she was introduced to a gentleman bearing the peculiar name of "Slam" she told her mother that she would never be able to remember it.

"Why, yes, you can, dear," said her mother. "Just think of slam-bang and it will come easily enough."

So she recited slam-bang every time she thought of her new acquaintance, and when she met him again held out her hand cordially as she said:

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Bang."—Detroit Free Press.

The Genuine Article.

"Now, ladies an' gents," vociferated an orator in front of a Boston dime museum, "walk right in and view the great Athenian knife awlawler, the only one on exhibition. Ten cents, ladies an' gents, it will neither make nor break!"

"Is he a genuine Athenian?" demanded the crowd.

"So help me, he was born, brought up and captured in the wilds of Athenia."

Then they rushed in.—New York Sun.

TRAVEL VIA THE

Burlington Route

It is the only line running directly through Denver and Salt Lake City, enroute to San Francisco and other California points, and is known as the "Scenic Line" to the Pacific coast. The Burlington Route runs over its own track every day in the year. Complete trains of Pullman Palace Cars and Elegant Day Coaches between

Denver and Chicago, Denver and Kan. City, Denver and Omaha, Kansas City and Peoria, Kansas City and Chicago, Lincoln and Chicago, Lincoln and St. Louis, Lincoln and Peoria, Lincoln and Kan. City

Making direct connections in Union Depots at all points North, East, South and West. It is the Pioneer Dining Car Line between the two river and Chicago. Meals only 75c. The Burlington Dining Cars were built expressly for the service, and are managed expertly in the interest of our patrons.

IT IS THE SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND OMAHA. Via the Ashland Cut-off, making direct connections with trains for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago and all points East and Northeast. The diagrams of the Lincoln-Chicago sleepers via this route are at City Office, cor. 10th and 11th sts., where berths may be secured at any time.

A specialty is made of Ocean Steamship Tickets, and parties contemplating a trip to the old country or desiring to send their friends should not fail to correspond with us. Our rates are the lowest, and our facilities unequalled, as we represent each and every line crossing the Atlantic.

A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. Agt., Lincoln. F. FRANCIS, G. W. HOI DREGG, Gen. Pass. and Trk. Agt., General M'gee, Omaha. Omaha.



The West Shore is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast, and aside from its excellent literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of their development.

Special illustrated articles appear in each issue; also, several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, Utah, California, British Columbia, and the Pacific Northwest in general, are being illustrated.

The subscription price is only \$2.50. It is not only the cheapest illustrated magazine in the United States, but contains articles and engravings of great interest to every resident of this region, which can not be found in any other publication.

Subscribers for 1888 receive a large supplement every month. The first one is a beautiful oleograph of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," printed in nine colors, and each of the others represents some feature of our sublime scenery. The supplements are alone worth more than the price of the magazine. Try it for 1888, and after reading, send it to your friends, relatives, and will find it both entertaining and instructive.