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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 we are sure that all work entrusted to him will be skillfully performed.

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J. M. GALLAGHER, D. D. S.
GARDNER, ILLINOIS, Jan. 22, 1887.

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Art Glassware,

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

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Graham Brick Stables,

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Buggies, Carriages or Saddle Horses.

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

HORSES BOARDED

and well taken care of at reasonable rates. Call and see us, 1137 Q street, or give all orders by Telephone 147.

A HORSE'S AGE.

An Old Jockey Gives a Few Suggestions on the Subject.

A dozen different artifices are resorted to by horsemen and horse sharpers to conceal the age of an animal after he has passed his tenth year. No buyer need be deceived, however, who will follow the rules herewith laid down. You want to buy a horse—an animal not over 9 years of age. The report gets out some way, and you receive a postal card inviting you to call at a certain place. The would-be seller takes you for a greenhorn and is all ready for you. Your line of proceeding is as straight as a board. Ask to have the horse brought out into the alley, where you have the full light of day. Begin by looking at his feet, and after you have inspected them shake your head in a dubious way, as if you wouldn't give \$10 for the beast.

Next hold the horse's head close to your face and jab your index finger at his eyes. If you jab hard enough you'll hit the eyeball. Then pull his right ear down and blow into it. You may blow him off his feet, but it is not probable. Then punch him in the ribs, press on his spine, look very dubious and inquire:

"How old do you call him?"
"Eight last spring," the man will reply. Then you will for the first time open the horse's mouth, take a lightning survey, and turn away with the remark:

"He'll never see 25 again."

"What?"

"It was very foolish in you to put up such a job on me."

"Job! Why, sir, you are sadly mistaken."

"Yes, I know; but I didn't want him just the same. He's got all the marks of a horse who has passed his twenty-fifth year. I want an old nag for grinding tan bark, but I can't take one over 10 years old."

"Say, mister, I see you know your gait, and it's no use to try to work you. He's 15 and a month, and you can have him for \$125."

You can make any excuse you wish to get away, but you have accomplished the great point in a horse transaction.

If you are selling an old horse the case will be different. When the would-be buyer makes his call keep him waiting for at least five minutes. Then, when he has stated his errand, you must dubiously observe:

"I did say I would sell him, as I want to get a big cart horse, but the wife and children take on so that it goes against the grain. We raised him, you know, and he's like one of the family."

"If you raised him you must know his exact age."

"Oh, certainly. Got his birthday down in an old diary. Billie is 9 years and a month old."

The man looks at Billie's teeth and replies:

"Ten years old! Why, the beast is above 20 or 21 a liar!"

Now you want to lead the horse back into the stall and innocently remark to the visitor:

"You will excuse me, sir, but I am very busy this morning."

"But about the horse?"

"Oh, he wouldn't please you, sir. You'd always feel that you were cheated."

"Isn't he 20?"

"Didn't I say I had his birthday in writing? Didn't I feed him milk with my own hands?"

"He has the teeth of an old horse."

"Very well, sir. No harm done, of course."

"I—I rather like his looks."

"So does everybody. He's a horse to be proud of."

"Just what I want if I was only sure about his age."

"Excuse me, sir, but I must go in and soothe the children. They are crying for fear I'll sell Billie."

"Well, I'll take him at \$150. If you say he's only 10 that settles it, for I know you to be a man who wouldn't be no deceiver in a trade of any sort."—Detroit Free Press.

Squealed.

"When I was young and callow," said Mr. Brent Good this morning, "I fell in love with a winsome little lass of 17. She seemed to me to be the perfection of grace and beauty, and I, in the flush of love, deliberately set to work to win her affections. My suit progressed favorably and I was in the habit of 'settling in' with her in the parlor of her mother's house. One Wednesday night about 11 o'clock I was sitting on the sofa very close to my darling when her mother came to the head of the stairs and shouted:

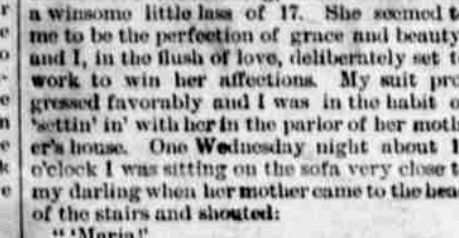
"Maria!"

"Yes, mother," dutifully responded the daughter.

"Well," said the mother, in a loud nasal voice, "has Mrs. Good's boy gone home yet?"

"I want then, but never went back."—New York Evening Sun.

More Than Mere Addition.



"I hear you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown (sadly)—Multiplication, my dear madam—twins!—Lito.

A Consummation Devoutly to Be Wished.

"Now, George," said his rich uncle, "you know that you are my heir, and if you will only behave yourself at college, do what is right, study hard and graduate with honor, I feel that I shall die happy."

"Dear uncle," responded George, with emotion, "words cannot express my gratitude to you for the earnestness with which I shall go to work."—New York Sun.

His Money's Worth.

Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband at Coney Island)—Vot you stay in dot water so long for, Jacob!

Mr. Isaacstein (teeth chattering and blue with cold)—Dot b-bath was t-twenty-five cents mit no l-limit. I sthay in co-l-long as I c-could, so heilup me!—New York Sun.

Not Worth While.

Sir John Lubbock, of England, has studied the habits of ants for twenty-two years to discover that their average life is only thirty-five days. If this be true, it will hardly pay the sluggard to call upon her.—Detroit Free Press.

A Feeling Song.

A new song has for a title, "My Mother's Hand." We can imagine that there is a good deal of feeling in it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Secret Out.

A broad street mother reads a child's story paper regularly to her little daughter, and most of the tales are continued from week to week. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant. "It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply; "people who write a great deal often get it, and have to stop writing for a while." "Oh!" said the little miss, as a great light broke upon her perceptive faculties, "that is it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."—Philadelphia Record.

A Birthday Gift.



Dusky Belle (to dealer)—I want ter git er cane fo' er gemmeu fren' of mine. It's t'ended fo' er birthday gif.

Dealer—Yes'm; you want something in ebony, I s'pose?—The Epoch.

A Story About Ben Butler.

There was a boy in Lowell, the son of a poor man, who was run over by a railroad train. Both legs had to be amputated close up to the hips. The company told his father they would give him \$1,000 or the boy a practical education. The father accepted the latter alternative, and the railroad made a telegraph operator of the crippled boy. When he became of age he found he was not getting as good pay as other operators. He wrote to Gen. Butler and asked if anything could be done. Gen. Butler sent for the boy. The whole story was gone over.

"I'll take your case," said the noted lawyer. Then he sent for the solicitor of the railroad company. When the solicitor arrived at the general's office the legless boy was in a chair on the top of a long table. Gen. Butler explained that he proposed to bring suit for the boy to get damages.

"But," said the solicitor, "we agreed with his father to give him a practical education. We made a telegrapher out of him, and there is no law for getting any further damages."

"You can't tell me anything about the law," was Gen. Butler's reply; "but how much damages do you think that boy would get if he sat on a table like that before a jury?"

The railroad lawyer caught the point at once. "I do not know," he said; "how much do you think he would get?"

"About \$10,000," replied Gen. Butler.

"I'll compromise with you," hurriedly returned the lawyer, and by his agreed stage effect Gen. Butler got over \$7,000 for the boy without even going into trial. The lawyer knew Butler could make it cost the company that much, as well as a good deal of trouble, and he was glad enough to compromise.—Chicago Tribune.

Satisfying Everybody.

"What's the matter with you people, anyhow?" said an irate merchant as he rushed into the counting room of a newspaper office.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Jingsby?" asked one of the clerks mildly.

"I should say there was something wrong. Look at my advertisement. I ordered it at the top of the column. Here it is clean down at the bottom of the page, and you didn't get it in right side up. Every line of it's upside down."

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, "you are not looking at it properly. Just turn the paper with the heading downwards and you'll find everything satisfactory. We have to adopt that plan in order to satisfy all the patrons who want their ads at the top of the column."—Merchant Traveler.

No Cure Wanted.

Doctor—I hear, Mr. Quillhooper, that you are partially deaf?

"Yes, I am."

"That's unfortunate; but my success in the treatment of deafness encourages me to believe that I can restore your hearing completely."

"You don't?"

"No; but if you can increase my deafness I'll pay you handsomely."

"That's very unusual."

"Perhaps so; but I have four daughters, and they all practice on the piano."—Lincoln Journal.

Going Too Far.

A woman in Watkinsville, Ga., on retiring to bed the other night saw a large snake crawling leisurely along just above her head. The report that her screams were heard in the next county, fifteen miles distant, is an exaggeration. They were heard only as far as the adjoining township, a distance of not more than thirteen miles and a half. This habit of exaggeration should be frowned down.—Norristown Herald.

Warmest.

To his fond father, who had asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last quarter." "Indeed! Well, where are you?"

"I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth, you little lazybones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it will be nearer the stove."—Albany Journal.

The Best Way to Look at It.

The negro is a great philosopher. Old John Spradley had just sold up the last dollar on the mule he bought last spring, when suddenly the animal died, leaving him a financial wreck. On being sympathized with he said: "Well, his time come ter go, sah, an' I radder him dan me."—Smithville (Ga.) News.

Old Friends.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Is this the first time you have been before me, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; but yo' po' ole father, who was jedge fo' forty years, I was offen up befo'. He and me was ole fren's, yo' honah; deed we was.—New York Sun.

All Tastes Satisfied.

Housekeeper—Can you furnish me with a good plain cook?

Intelligent Intelligence Officer—We can give you a very nice colored one, ma'am.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Not Completely Yet.

Reporter—"Can you name the best hundred books, Mr. James?"

Mr. Henry James—"I have only written sixteen books up to date."—Detroit Free Press.

Leads to Worse Things.

"Can a young man marry comfortably on \$200 a year?" asks a correspondent. Yes, he can; but he will be freed from comfortable afterwards.—Burlington Free Press.

HE CAME PREPARED.

A Case of True Love Applied Scientifically.

"You don't know what love is, Mr. Swackhammer," protested the beautiful girl, with a smile of incredulity on her face; "the sentiment you entertain for me is only a passing fancy. When it has had its brief day and you look at it in the cold light of reason you will be surprised that you ever mistook so palpable a delusion for the genuine thing it assumes to represent."

"But hear me, Miss Garlinghouse," exclaimed the young man, calmly, yet earnestly, "am I not old enough to know my own?"

"It is not a question of age, Mr. Swackhammer," interposed Miss Garlinghouse, still smiling incredulously, "but of scientific demonstration. As you are probably aware, I have devoted myself for the last two or three years to a severe course of scientific study, and I have acquired the habit, perhaps unconsciously, of accepting nothing as true that is not demonstrable by the inexorable rules of mathematics or the soundest process of logical induction. Science has become with me the touchstone of all things asserted, claimed or proposed, and—"

"But how do you apply the rules of science to matters of the heart?" inquired the young man. "How can you subject my love to the test of a mathematical or scientific demonstration?"

"In this way, Mr. Swackhammer: The action of the passion or emotion of love upon the various sympathetic ganglia of the human organism causes certain well established and clearly defined phenomena. When you speak to me of love I look for the appearance of those phenomena. From a scientific point of view they are not satisfactory. The tremor in your voice is not sufficiently pronounced. Your articulation is not thick and husky. The color in your face is hardly a shade paler than its normal hue, and you have no nervous movements of the hands. Do you think a mere assertion can disprove the evidence?"

"Alvira Garlinghouse," came impetuously from the lips of the young man, as he rose to his feet, "there are facts in mental as well as physical science that are not wholly beneath your notice. Some men are gifted with a marvelous faculty of self control, so far as external manifestations are concerned. Beneath the apparently unmoved exterior that you have subjected to a scientific test there rages a volcano of passion. Do you doubt it? I will demonstrate it to a mathematical certainty. I forewarn the skeptic with which you would receive my avowal, and came prepared. Listen to the beating of my heart!"

And with a quick movement he drew from beneath his waistcoat the flexible tube of a stethoscope and placed it against her ear.

"Count the pulsations!" he continued.

"They will run nearly 100 to the minute. Normal heartbeat, seventy pulsations. Note the revelation of deathless love conveyed by this respirometer!" And he produced another flexible tube.

"Respirations per minute, twenty-eight! Twenty-eight, Alvira—count them—twenty-eight! Normal respirations per minute, from fourteen to twenty in adults. Observe the mathematical certainty of tempestuous passion demonstrated by my temperature!" And opened his tightly closed left hand he showed her a small thermometer.

"Temperature, Alvira, 112 degs. F. Normal temperature, about 100 degs. Fahrenheit! Have I proved my love?"

"Alpheus," murmured the lovely girl, as she placed her head on his shoulder, with her lips at an accessible angle, "you have!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Use.

She's such a dainty little thing, With such a charming way, That, if she'd let me, I should sing Her praises night and day.

She is so witty and so bright, So blithe and full of life, That it would fill me with delight If she would be my wife.

She's simply perfect—nothing less— Or so at least she seems. In her I find, I must confess, The ideal of my dreams.

But ah! the pain that breaks my heart May never be assuaged. Her way and mine must be apart, For, hang it! she's engaged.—Somerville Journal.

A Suggestion.

"Gracious! How well it is preserved," said one traveling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum. "It looks as if it might wake up and speak. If you could only arouse it with some familiar words."

"So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."—Merchant Traveler.

A Sure Remedy.

We heard of a farmer near Elston who sent for an advertised twenty-five cent potato bug killer. He received two little wooden mallets with instruction to catch the bug and smash him with the mallet, and if he did not kill the first lick to repeat.—Jefferson City (Mo.) Times.

The Cat That a Blind Man Can See.

"If you start out on a journey," says an old book of wisdom, "and meet a cat, you should at once turn back and postpone your journey." Yes, and take a bath and bury your clothes, if it's that kind of a cat.—Burrville.

Impatience.

Children, who have been cautioned not to tease their little brother Elmer, as he was cutting a tooth, waited expectantly a few minutes. Then Ned spoke up: "I say, auntie, has he cut it yet?"—Harper's Young People.

Looking Ahead.

Old Man (en route for the races)—Pleasant ride, this, to the race course.

Young Man (meeting him)—Yes, but think of the long walk back!—Time.

Dilemma to Fit.

Miss Clara—I have been shopping this afternoon for shoes, Mr. Blazy. I think it is such a task to find shoes to exactly suit one's self.

Mr. Blazy (never at a loss)—Yes, I imagine you might find it a formidable undertaking.—New York Sun.

NOBBY

Spring Suits

\$20 AND \$25.

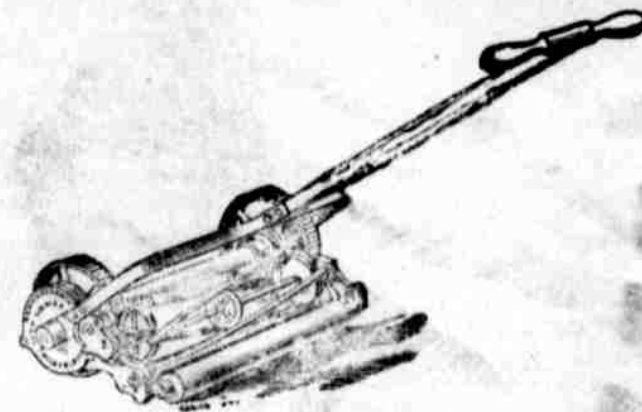
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