GEO. H. POEHLER,

Ice Cream and Oyster Parors

Bakery and Confectionery.

1132 O Street - LINCOLN, NEB.

Families and Parties supplied with all delicacies at short notice. Ice Cream for party or private orders all during winter season. Telephone 457.

BADGER LUMBER CO. PRICES LOW YARD 8TH & O

R. O'NEILL,

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, : Jewelry,

AND OPTICAL GOODS.

Repairing and Engraving a Specialty.

116 No. Tenth Street.

Crystal Steam Laundry,

Office, Burr Blk. Laundry, 24th and O.

Finest Work in the City.

COLLARS AND CUFFS

A SPECIALTY.

All work called for and delivered, and satisfaction guaranteed. Leave orders at office or by telephone 478.

Monarch of the Dailies!

—THE—

Omaha Bee!

Delivered to any part of the city for 20 cents a week, every day in the year Leave subscriptions at Lincoln bureau, 1027 P street.

TAKE THE

Missouri Pacific Railway

The Shortest, Quickest and Best

Route to

Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Boston.

RECLINING CHAIRS FREE ON ALL TRAINS.

For further information Folders, etc., call or address

H. G. HANNA,
City Ticket Agent, Cor. O and 12th sts.
D. FALCOCK, Depot Ticket Agent.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

All the PATTERNS you wish to use during the year, for nothing, a saving of from $3.00 to $4.00, by subscribing for

THE CAPITOL CITY COURIER

—AND—

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine

With Twelve Orders for Cut Paper Patterns of your own selection and of any size.

BOTH PUBLICATIONS, ONE YEAR,

—FOR—

$3.25 (THREE TWENTY-FIVE).

DEMOREST'S THE BEST

OF all the Magazines.

CONTAINING STORIES, POEMS, AND OTHER LITERARY ATTRACTIONS, COMBINING ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFIC, AND HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Illustrated with Original Steel Engravings, Photogravures, Oil Pictures and fine Woodcuts, making it the Model Magazine of America.

Each Magazine contains a coupon order entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern illustrated in the fashion department in that number, and in any of the sizes manufactured, making patterns worth the price of the value of over three dollars.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY is justly entitled the World's Model Magazine. The Largest in Form, the Largest in Circulation, and the best TWO Dollar Family Magazine issued. 1888 will be the Twenty-fourth year of its publication, and it stands at the head of Family Periodicals. It contains 72 pages, large quarto, 8½x11½ inches, elegantly printed and fully illustrated. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York

And by Special Agreement Combined with the

Capitol City Courier at $3.25 Per Year.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Combined Result of the Maternal and Paternal Education.

A little 5 year-old girl, who lives in northwest Baltimore, the pride of a jolly papa and devoted mamma, was sent to a kindergarten the other day. It was her first experience at school, but her composure was remarkable under the circumstances. The teacher asked her what she had been taught at home, and she replied:

"I tan ting."

"What can you sing?" inquired the teacher.

"Oh, lots! My mamma and papa make me ting lots of hymns."

"Then let us hear one," said the teacher.

The 5-year-old didn't hesitate a minute, but began as follows:

"If a body meet a body
Tramping through the snow,
There are no flies on Gallagher
Because he let them go."

The teacher was dumfounded. On inquiry she found that while the mamma tried hard to teach her offspring such melodies as "Beulah Land," the wicked papa's instruction proved more effective.—Baltimore Herald.

She Was Saucy.

A little Minersville tot was found by her papa at the window calling "Nigger, nigger!" to a colored man on the street. The gentleman reproved her and said he would have to chastise her if she repeated the offense. He then went into an adjoining room, but presently he heard the little girl saying "Nigger, nigger!" softly to herself.

"You mustn't say that,' said her nurse. "Your papa will whip you."

"Will he whip me real hard?"

"Yes, real hard."

The tot then went to the window again and called out, as loud as her little lungs would permit, "Nigger, nigger!" Then, turning to the nurse, she said:

"Now call papa in and let's have this thing over."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Completed Transaction.

The ability of little folks to arrive at logical conclusions was well illustrated in a Lawrenceville primary school recently. A teacher in one of the lowest grades had been impressing the meaning of easy fractional terms upon the minds of her little pupils. Her statements were clear and so easily comprehended that even their infantile intellects seemed to grasp all that was given them. One little fellow, however, was a little slow, and the teacher repeated her explanation for perhaps the fifteenth time. Holding up four pennies, by way of illustration, she said: "Now, Charlie, if I have four cents and give you half," suiting the action to the word, "how much will I have left?" "The other half," replied the tot, with an air of deepest conviction.—Pittsburg Press.

One on the Professor.

The chemistry professor had been expatiating at considerable length upon the impossibility of creating or annihilating anything—the indestructibility of matter. Every convenient illustration had been brought into play, and the professor closed with the positive remark, "You absolutely cannot make anything." As he paused to note the effect of his remark, a small lad rose in the back of the room and asked timidly, "But, professor, can't we make a noise? That didn't exist before."—Albany Journal.

Her Own Messenger.

A rain storm is really no excuse for keeping a healthy, strong child from school, at least teachers assert this is so. Some time ago a teacher, on answering a knock at the school door, found one of her pupils well wrapped up to protect her from the rain. "Teacher, mother says I needn't come to school today, 'cause it rains," and down stairs the little maid fled like a frightened deer.—Albany Journal.

Night Prowlers Both.

Precocious—Mamma and baby have stepped out on the terrace to see whether cook has forgotten to give the cat its dinner. They find pussy engaged in cleaning up its plate, in which operation it is assisted by an immense tom cat.

"Wherever can that creature have come from?" inquires mamma, and baby makes answer:

"Why, that's pussy's policeman!"—Kindergarten.

Providing for the Dark Days.

Thrifty Mother—Ellen, why will you persist in eating the soft part of your bread and leaving crusts under the edge of your plate? Some day you may be glad to get even crusts to eat.

Thoughtful Daughter—Yes, mother, that's what I'm saving them for.—Boston Transcript.

Dangerous.

Fat Woman to living skeleton—Try it with this straw; it's a great deal nicer.

L. S. drinking lemonade—Dasn't, because I'm afraid I'd fall through.—Life.

Not in Hoyle.

"I turn it down," said the young lady who was playing euchre with a gentleman who had called upon her. "What do you make it?"

"Hearts," was the response.

"Hearts seem to be a favorite trump with you young men," she said, archly.

"What trump would you prefer?" he inquired.

"Diamonds—or," she added in an abstracted way, "seal skin sacks."—Merchant Traveler.

A Long Road to Travel.

First Youthful Swell—I woodah, deah boy, that with youah—er—er—love of music, and—er—all, you nevah learnt to play—er.

Second Youthful Swell (reproachfully)—Oh, Chawlie! With my delicate ear, how could you suggest such a thing? Think of the agonies I should suffer while practicing.—London Fun.

Easily Answered.

Visitor—Well, my little man, have you any brothers?

Freddy—Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two.

Visitor—Why, how can that be?

Freddy (in some astonishment)—Me and my little brother, of course—Philadelphia Press.

A Nose for News.

Busy Father (hurrying through breakfast)—Anything starting or important in the paper, my son?

Young Hopeful—Yes, indeed, father; Jack Shortstop is going to be with the Boston next year.—Philadelphia Record.

The Two Sullivans and Their Guards.

She of New York—Did you admire Sullivan's style in his "Yeoman of the Guard," Mr. D'Kellyvan?

He of Boston—Admire his guard? Well, I shou'd say I did. I always was ready to put up my last dollar on the old boy, and his guard is almost as wonderful as his terrible left hander.—Detroit Free Press.

Between Two Vassar Girls.

Susie—Why how smooth your face is!

Esther—How smooth yours is!

(Consternation, blushes; short but painful pause.)

Susie (innocently)—Yours is so much smoother than my brother Jamie's!

Esther (similiter)—And yours is so much smoother than my father's!—Life.

Multum in Parvo.

How to make money—Get a situation in the mint.

Here today and gone to-morrow—The man who borrows a $5 bill from you.

A capital drawing—The annual interest on $100,000 United States bonds.

Talk is cheap, but not the talk you hire a lawyer to do for you.

The lover of cabbage is usually a cigar smoker.

The rich man has his mug at the barber's shop. The poor man takes his there.

A man with a long head never has a swelled one.

When a man becomes the father of a baby he is delighted. When he becomes the father of twins he looks grave and mutters, "Gemini!"

The man who always says what he thinks is one of the men in this world who could well be dispensed with.

Isn't it a singular thing that when a man is taken in he is put out?

It is fashionable now to have oat meal mush for breakfast. That's what causes the stir in the kitchen.

There is a good deal of difference between how much a man knows and how much he thinks he knows.

A book "to aid poets" has appeared, it is said. We hope it is a well filled pocketbook.

A young lady who refuses to kiss her beau is very ungrateful; she forgets how much she was kissed herself when she was a baby.

The wife who sews on buttons is better than one who speaks seven languages.

It usually costs the man who walks home every night more than his car fare to do so.

Underdone—Kissing a girl on the chin.

A woman with a hobby wears out more shoes in three months than a woman without one does in two years.—Boston Courier.

Found It.

Chicago City Editor (to reporter)—I see that in writing up a suicide you refer to "the cold and remorseless river."

Reporter—Yes, I always like to throw feeling into what I write.

City Editor—That's capital; but did you ever see a river stricken with remorse?

Reporter—I don't know that I have.

City Editor—Well, then, go and find one, and, by the way, don't come back until you do find one.

[The reporter goes away. Two days later he returns.]

City Editor—Hellow; got back, have you?

Reporter—Yes.

City Editor—Wel', did you find a remorseful river?

Reporter—I did.

City Editor—What river is it?

Reporter—The Mississippi.

City Editor—Why remorseful?

Reporter—Because years ago it decided to run by St. Louis.

City Editor (springing to his feet)—Young man, take my seat. I resign.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Knew Him.

Capt. Billie Crim is a very efficient officer and a very clever gentleman, but he is thin, very thin. The following good joke is told on popular Capt. Billie:

A few days ago he was sitting in a rear room in a doctor's office. In a front room the office boy was reading a dime novel, when an urchin made his appearance with a basket of fruit, and insisted upon the office boy making a purchase. To get rid of the young fruit vender, the office boy went to a case, opened the door, and exposed to view a skeleton. The fruit boy fled in terror, leaving his basket behind him.

Capt. Billie Crim, hearing the commotion, went into the front office, and, upon learning what had occurred, walked to the door and said to the urchin, who stood across the street, crying bitterly:

"Little boy, come over and get your basket; nobody shall hurt you."

"No, I won't," sobbed the little fellow, "you can't fool me. I know you, if you have got your clothes on."—Lewiston Journal.

How Business Men Lunch.

Business Man (vainly trying to get a lunch)—At what hour is this rush over, usually?

Restaurant Waiter—Half-past 1, sah.

Business Man—Well, next time I'll come until half-past 1.

Restaurant Waiter—Bettah not, sah; muffin' left then, sah.—Philadelphia Record.

A Good Imagination.

Talking about faith cures, there is a man down in Jersey who has a regular dinner made of wood and painted to represent roast beef, corn, potatoes, etc. When dinner time comes he sits down and asks a blessing. Then he consumes the viands with his eyes.—Drake's Magazine.

How He Got Rich.

"I was always poor when I was boarding," said Smith.

"How did you make your money then?" asked Jones.

"I began to keep boarders myself."—Boston Courier.

What She Wanted.

Dry Goods Clerk—Can I show you anything more today, lady?

Lady—Yes; I wish you would show me that umbrella I left here three weeks ago.—Life.

CARL DUNDER.

Reasons Why He Decides Not to Become a Great Man.

"Shildrens, let me told you somethings. I vhas an oldt mans, and I knows petter ash you. If you want to haf some fun and be happy doan' you try to be great. I doun' believe dey vhas when I vhas a poy, and so I lay awake to-day for myself.

"You hav all heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. He vhas a great sheneral. He can lick all Europe mit one hand tied behind his back. He vhas der greatest man for a hundred years. Some peoples vhas so afraid of him dey vhas stump in der river, and some like him so dey sit up nights to hurrah. Maybe you hear a wully much to you, but how vhas he. Dey Bonaparte can nefer go in a tobacco shop and play shekkers mit a fireman. He doun' haf no time to go on a picnic. He nefer sees a game of baseball. He doun' haf some fun mit der boys at wand caucus. All I makes vhas to play some fights and knock everypody into der middle of two weeks ago. Take him for ten years and he doun laugh once. He vhas great but does dot pay? Where vhas der fun—der benefits?

"Some poys cry pecause dey vhas not Sheorge Washington. Maybe it looks awful nice to be president and a sheneral, and to swell around and boss eaferybody, and to haf your name in der papers, but you hold on. Do you pelief Sheorge Washingtons eafer haf some fun mit der poys? Does he eafer steal some apples, carry off somepody's gate, or hook sugar from der pantry, and nopody dares slap him on der back and call him oldt mans, and nobody dares ask him to shlip his ticket. He must shust be a big gun and keep quiet and comb his hair fife times a tay.

"Maybe some of der little gals vas mad pecause dey won't nefer be queen of Spain. A queen has nice dresses, and she can haf some quails on toast eafery day, and if she says she wants this or that she can haf him. Ven she rides out eaferypody shmiles und bows und cheers, und if she was seek der papers come out eafery hour. Dot looks nice, but hold on a little while. If you vhas queen you can't play tag mit der poys, you can't eat some peanuts nor chew gum, you can't put on an old dress nor wear some old shoes, und if you go to a picnic you can't eafen fall eafen a leg and skin your nose. How it would look for a queen to stand out by her gate und gossip mit Mrs. Blank about dot new neighbor and her nine cats! If her husband comes home late she can't say one word, und if she goes by der kitchen der hired girls bounce her out. She must sit oop very straight, und look very solemn, and if she looks out of der window und a poy falls down she can't eafen shmile. If you want some comforts in dis world doan' you be some queens.

"I shust like to be as I am und like I vhas. If some man calls at my house he takes off his hat und says my wife vhas looking petter ash she vhas, und dot we vhas hafing sooch bad weather as he nefer sees pefore. Vhen a man comes in my place of pusiness he says: 'Hello! Dunder, vhas he cold enough for her? How vhas your left lung today, anyhow?' I can laugh at him, or I can poke him in der ribs, or I can tell him to go by Halifax. Dot makes me happy, und I grow fat some more. If I vhas sooch a great man dot I haf to hold my legs stiff as crowbars und my backbone like a gate post, und say 'nun!' und 'bah!' und go py der barber once a day, I vhas so seek und tired dot I run away from myself. When I vhas who I vhas I can wake oop in der morning und box Shake's ears, keep my dog out doors, shmile on my wife und go down town und feel dot I like to stay in Detroit ten hundred years."—Detroit Free Press.

Had Feasted There Before.

"You're not your usual self, George, tonight," said the girl somewhat coldly, as she slid away to the other end of the sofa, "you are nervous and distrait. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Ah, no, darling," he responded with emotion, "but I am not happy; the dog, as I left the house last night, nipped a chunk out of my leg."

"Why, surely, George, you and the dog are good friends!"

"Yes, we have been good friends of late, but he evidently did not recognize me in the dark; he only took one bite, however; I suppose I ought to be grateful that it was no worse."

"How did he know it was you then?"

"He must have recognized me by the taste."—The Epoch.

One Last Request.

"My dear friend," said the minister to the dying man, "it must be a source of great consolation to you as your end approaches to feel that you have always led a correct Christian life."

"It is, sir," was the weak reply.

"And now," went on the minister gently, "is there anything more I can say to you; have you any last request to make?"

"Yes," responded the dying man feebly; "will you please see that my diary is burned?"—Harper's Bazar.

An Incurable Disease.

Insurance Company's Doctor—Of what did your father die?

Texan—Throat affection.

I. C. Doctor—Diphtheria?

Texan—No; a gathering of hemp under his left ear.

I. C. Doctor—Ah, bronchial trouble?

Texan—No, sir, lynches.—Town Topics.

Disposing of Dead Matter.

Editor—What have you done with those two columns of express that galley?

New Devil—You said it was dead.

Editor—Well, what did you do with it?

New Devil—Well, I didn't suppose you wanted anything done around the office, and so I threw it out the back window.—Jewish Tidings.

Up to Jan. 1.

A paper in the upper valley thinks it says that "the pretty girls of that section continue to hold their own." That's all right. They do. Now, your young men will become thrifty, industrious.—Norristown Herald.

Run Out.

"Dear me, Ma, I'd rather get a sunstroke."

"No, they don't need it; they are patent leather."

"The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed."—Life.

1222 O ST. 1222 O ST.

CAPITAL

Steam Dy eand Cleaning Works

S. R. MANN, Proprietor.

Ladies and Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired on Short Notice. Twenty-five per cent discount on all Plushes, Velvets and Sealskins Steamed for the next Sixty Days.

YOU OUGHT TO SEE

THE NEW LINE OF HANDSOME

Fall Patterns in Carpets

In Tapestries, Brussels, Body Brussels, Moquetts and all other fine floor coverings. Our line of

FINE DRAPERIES

Cannot be equaled in the west. Call and see us.

A. M. Davis & Son.

NEW FALL and WINTER GOODS

—ARE NOW IN AT—

JOHN McWHINNIE'S

The Old Reliable Tailor.

First Class Workmanship, Fine Trimming, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

305 S. ELEVENTH STREET.

COOPER'S MERCHANT TAILORING

ESTABLISHMENT,

Webster & Briscoe Block, 129 South 1

J. W. SMITH, Representative.

We carry a Full and Complete line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths in all Shades and Colors.

Also at Mendota, Ill., Aurora, Ill. and Lyons, Ia.

"OUR MOTTO"

Fine Work, Correct Styles, Popular Prices.

The Season for Driving

Has opened and we have just received a fine line of Tur Goods and a great variety of

Whips,

Saddles,

FANCY DUSTERS

LAP ROBES

—AND—

Ladies : Fine : Saddles

—AT THE—

Grey Horse Harness Emporium,

1020 O Street.