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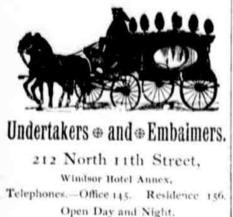
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suaded that if pressed to do so. I could not give good, sound reasons for my belief, and I confess that I often violate my creed. The fact is, that in the discussion of great fundamental ideas like those of religion or sociology, I find them to be like a creek in the mountains. Follow the creek up, and you will find innumerable brooks babbling into it from innumerable hollows between the hills. Each brook is filled with the sparkling product of God's distillery, each rivulot adds something to the volume of water in the creek flowing onward to thesea. But I have not the time nor the genius to explore all these streams of thought to their source, and so I take the sunshine as he sends it, the water as he brews it, the laughter and the tears an they are cooked at his good pleasure. And sometimes-very often, in fact-I find my-self violating the conclusions of cold ethics and giving money to a beggar. This much before I tell my story.

This much before I tell my story. The incident here recorded occurred on a Timnksgiving Day not many years ago. Twas a cold November day in Battery park, New York. The sun shone feebly from behind a bank of clouds, yet the alr was keen and bracing. It brought color to the checks and brightness to the course twenty illure sected upon eyes of some twenty idlers scated upon the benches. Most of the persons in the park were apparently of foreign extrac-tion. A little Frenchman, wrapped in a cloak and who took frequent pinches of shuff, formed a striking contrast to r brawny longshoreman in a blue bloust and overalls. Another picturesque group was formed of a Bulgarian mother with her three children, then who looked upon the evidences of a new civilization with fear and distrust. The rest of the occu-pants of the park were bits of flotsam and jetsam of humanity common in every large seaport town. The day of Thanks giving was unknown to them. For the most part they were drinking of the lees of life and had nothing to be thankful for except the material fact of a cheerless ex-

istence. While watching this drift from alien shores and wondering vaguely what were the actual conditions surrounding these heroes, my attention was drawn to the shambling figure of a man coming up one of the aisles of the park. The sun came out for a minute and made him distinctly visible in all his abjectness. For he was the most wretched looking man I had ever



ne repued.

"Are you dry?" "No, sir: there's water in the park."

"Is your favorite restaurant near by?" "Yes, sir. Up in Greenwich street." "Well, come along.

And as we went toward his restaurant I pumped him by the way. "Twas a long and sorrowful story he told. Illis name was George Moore, and he was a Cornish miner

"Times was better, sir," said he, "when I came to this country eight year ago. Ye see, I heard there was money to be made in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, an', like a fule, I came here. There was three of us-Nellie and the baby and my self. Dear heart, when I think of how my Nellie looked when we landed at Castle Garden eight years ago, with the roses in her checks and the light in her brown eyes, and she so hopeful, sir, that we would make a small fortune in a few

Here he paused as if to choke back the emotions which were sweeping over him like a flood. Then he continued:

"Just eight years ago today 'twas, sir I had dollars in my pocket then. Good, hard English pounds, and the smell of roasting turkey as we went by the restaurants didn't have the effect upon me then that it has today, sir. Well, we went to Shamokin, in Pennsyl-vania. I had no difficulty in getting work, and we were getting along nicely when I was taken sick. Then all the money melted away like hoar frost. The sickness lasted six months, and because of poor food and weakness the baby died. After that things went on from bad to worse, until Nellie sickened with the consumption. Then I cursed the country and the mines. But it did no good, for my wife went like the baby, and since abe's gone, sir, I'm all broke up."



COULD SEE HIS STOOP SHOULERS HEAVE. Here he stopped, and it seemed to me that he gathered his failing powers to-gether, as if he were about to give expression to a great thought. Then he blurtad out: "An' she were a good woman, sir, an' I

loved her!" "And what have you been doing since

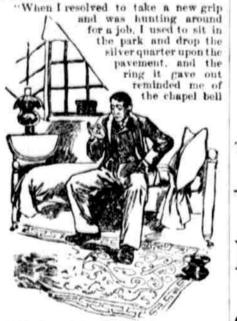
of the time on the island for vagrancy. In the winter time sleepin' in the police owner. "Why don't you apply to him for assis

tance?" said I. "Because I'd die afore he'd know the

shape I'm in."

By this time we had reached the door of one of those modest and unconven-tional cating houses where the rienu is han bound and minted

had the ring of the true suver in it." "God bless you," said the rejuvenated tramp as we stepped out upon the sidewalk, placing his bands on my shoulders. His features worked convulsively as he continued



'I OFTEN TAKE OUT THE QUARTER AND JINGLE IT.

at home and of Nellie and the baby Even now, comfortably situated as I am I often take out the quarter and jingle it. The sound is always comforting, and so I find that Thanksgiving Day is not con-fined to the last Thursday in November." Still this giving money to a beggar is a ad practice. EENEST JARROLD. bad practice.

ADVICE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Don't spoil the day by finding fault. Anybody who is surly on a holiday de-serves to be sentenced to six months' penal servitude. Don't growl because you don't get the

second joint. Don't be a hog and take all the white meat. The dark is considered better by many good judges. Give the young ones all the gravy they want, and let them danb themselves with

cranberry sauce to their atomach's con-tent. It's anti-billious. Explain to them that the anatomical structure of the turkey makes it impossible for you to supply then all with "wish bones." If the youthful people of the family howl in the silent midnight watches do

not paint the air blue. Remember that you were a boy once and used to over-feed. Remember, too, that Thanksgiving only cories once a year, although the juvenile vote would undoubtedly be solid for having it come twice a week. Be copious of ple to your guests, spar-ing to yourself. Pie is healthiest when

eaten by proxy. Do not tell your wife about the plum

pudding your Aunt Satuanthy used to make in Wayback when you were a boy. Even on holidays women are women. Praise it whether you cat it or not. Give her a double share of the plums. And may you all live to cat Thanksgiv.

ing turkey many years in succession, and may your feast be followed by no pangs of indigestion.

The richest and most envied man unshorn of his wealth of money, but deprived of all the common benefits which his poorest brother man enjoys as an in alienable right, would be poorer than the poorest pauper.



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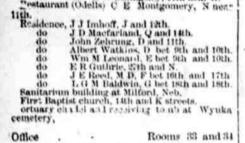
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her death?" said I. "Oh, just knockin' around doin' an odd job here an' there—starvin' mestly. Part stations an' in the summer on the docks. I've a rich relative in Michigan, a mine



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"WOULD YOU GIVE ME ONE CENT, SIR" inal color, and his trousers hung about his emaclated legs like a stocking about a pipe stem. Upon his sallow face was four weeks' growth of stubby black beard. His face was dark and his eyes had that pale, sickly gleam sometimes seen under the dry husk of an onion. He walked with a slow, shambling, uncertain step, and his shoulders drooped as though ac was all gone inside and every minute he expected to collapse. The very abject-

ness of his condition fascinated me, and while still loathing him I watched his ap-proach with interest. As he came up to me he seized the elbow of his left arm by putting his right hand behind his back. In this curious attitude he spoke:

"Would you give me one cent, sir?" This he said in a voice which seemed to come out of the very sub cellar of despair, so monotonous was it, so utterly

bereft of the ring of hope. "No, sir," I replied, "I could not." He made no reply in words, but his elbows lifted slightly and his long finger nails, which wore mourning for departed cleanliness, sunk into the palms of his hands. Like a man who felt that death was stepping on his heels, he turned away. There were a dozen other men seated in Battery park, and to each one of these he in turn put the same question that he had to me. He met the same reply each time, for as he turned away 1 could see the sharp elbows lift with a despairing gesture and the sallow face harden but commend the sallow face despairing gesture and the sallow face harden into corrugated lines. One man, who looked jolly and well fed, perpetrated a ghastly joke by putting his hand in his trousers pocket when the mendicant asked him the fatal question and pro-ducing a paper of tobacco. Then Mr. Jolly read Mr. Misery a little homily on the injustice of powerty and over Mis. the injustice of poverty, and over Misery's face there spread a shadow of a ery's face there spread a shadow of a grin, and such a grin as may be seen on the face of a mummy. It was if he had said: "Did starvation ever roost in your stemach for three days?" "Will he jump off the dock now?" I wondered to myself. No. He is actually "bracing" a park police-man. The gray coat simply waved him away with his club. Then, with a cour-age born of his awful need, he tackled two officers at the door of the barge office, but without success. He stood upon the sidewalk and passed his hand wearily across his forehead, as if he was awaken-

across his forchead, as if he was awakening from a dream.

Ing from a dream. A feeling of curiosity had prompted me to follow him. "Does he need whisky or bread?" I thought. I determined to find out, and so I beckoned him into a dark corner around the barge office. The fires of hope must have been enkindled in him. for two tears rolled out of his eyes and I fancied I could hear them fall spat! spat! upon the stones.

We entered and he sat down at a door. table. His unexpected good fortune had paralyzed him, and the prospect of a square meal had robbed him of apeech. When the frowsy waiter asked him what he would have he couldn't reply, but sat gazing at the waiter dumbly as a shrap might look at its executioners. Then ordered for him a big dish of vegetable soup. When it was placed before him, with islands of potatoes, carrots and cab-bage floating in it, the savory steam arose and dilated his nostrils and a wolfish glare came into his enion colored eyes. So famished was he that, there being no spoon handy, he seized a knife and plunged it into the mess, and while he the there seemed to be a lump in his throat which prevented his swallowing. While he was busy with this dish I or dered a big plate of reast beef, and the waiter brought two cots which looked as if they had been taken from the forehead of the critter. This was flatked by a dish of mealy potatoes, bursting their brown jackets, and a bowl of coffee al

most big enough to take a bath in. As Misery gazed upon this feast, which in his estimation was plenty good enough for the gods who sat upon Mount Olympus, his eyes filled again and this time the tears fell. When I asked for the bill the proprietor handed me a check for the munificent sum of 20 cents, which 1 discovered was scheduled rates.

"Well, old fellow, I must go," said I, after settling the bill, as I reached out my hand for a parting shake He reached out a grimy fist, and when it left mine there was a silver quarter in his palm He was just about paying his respects to the roast beef, but this princely gift choked him up so that he laid his head upon the arm of the once blue blonse. I could see his stoop shoulders heave, and, although there was no sound, there were plenty of signs of an internal commotion.

On Thanksgiving day, a year later, I was seated at a table in a Fourteenth street restaurant. Opposite to me, at the same table, sat a respectable looking man of about 40 years. He wore a neat suit of cassimere and was clean and wholesome in appearance. I noticed during the course of the meal that he watched me very closely, and just as I rose to leave the restaurant he touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't I have the pleasure of meet ing you before?" "That may be, I replied, "but if so I have forget ten it." "Do you re



"I do, but-why, you cannot possibly be that man!"

"But I am that very chap, and that square meal you gave me, besides the silver quarter, put new courage into me and I began to pluck up heart. And now 4 am a clerk in a grocery store and earning \$10 a week. My luck turned on that sil-ver quarter. I had to part with it once for a bed, but I persuaded the hotel pon the stones. "Are you hungry?" said L. "I didn't cat anything in three days," keeper to keep it until I could redeem it." He put his hand in his pocket and drew the silver piece. It was pocket worn, but





dear. I've only been down to the turkey shoot.-Harper's Bazar.

How He Scenred a Pass.

When Agnes Booth was here as Mr-Schoeffel her husband was on the door upstairs at McVicker's one night when a young man presented himself and asked that the privileges of the house be extended by reason of the young man's position as correspondent of some castern newspaper. Mr Schoeffel ESTIMATES CAEERFULLY GIVEN. said he could not recognize the young man to that extent.

"I desire to know who you are, sir," said the correspondent. "I'll attend to you in my paper

"My name is Schoeffel, sir; John B. 

"I didn't hear the name aright," said the young man.

"Schooffel, sir; J-o-h-n, John Schooffel." "Write it for me; I want to get it right," hundered the correspondent. Mr. Schoeffel wrote the name on a card

and almost flung it in the correspondent's MATHEWS & HOLT GAS MACHINE. face

That n'ght when the "count up" was going on Mr. Schoeffel found his autograph among the tickets, and over it was written "pass two." The correspondent had utilized the autograph at the box office. Mr Schoeffel is now the partner of Henry Abbey. -Chicago Times.

### A Zealous S. P. C. A. Officer,

A man who was furiously driving through the streets and beating his horse repeatedly was halted by a number of indiguant citizens. "What's the matter" asked one. "going after a doctor?"

"No," replied the man, "I'm a representative of the B. P. C. A. We've got a man on trial for crueity to horses, and I'm the principal witness. I must get to the trial in time to convict him. Out of the way, please." Whack! whack!-Yankee Blade.

#### A Celebrated Traveler.

Passenger (to Chicago drummer)-Do you recognize that gentleman seated further up the carl He is one of the greatest travelers in the country. I don't know how many times he crosses the obean every year. Chicago Drummer-You don't say so! 1

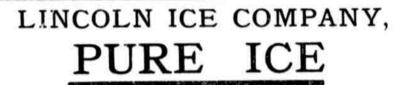
never saw him before in my life. What's his name? Passenger-James Russell Lowell. Chicago Drummer-James Russell Lowell, ch. What line of coods does the selff-New York San.



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