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A TRIP THROUGH SPACE.

I would take us fifty years to make a visit to a next door neighbor. Let us for a moment suppose certain railroads to be built, one round the world in a circuit circle, others to various points in the solar system. And we will further suppose that the trains on these railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time; that their passengers could do without food or could be supplied with an abundance of it, that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature and other climatic conditions to which they would be exposed.

And on our world this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twenty-four hours the passenger could travel 1,440 miles, or considerably farther than from New York to Chicago. In forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool, and in less than seventeen days he could go round the world. But as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space, the travelers on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very greatly prolonged.

Were they to set out for any distant part of the system they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus or to Mars would, under the above conditions, be possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible. The journey to the moon would be comparatively short. Our companion is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference. Traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 100 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with other heavenly distances this is a mere nothing, but compared with the distance actually traversed by the average man, it is very great indeed.

Now ever travel at sixty miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to a good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or engineer of an express train it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary railways, the traveler could circle the world in less than three weeks. We have seen, not only that a journey to the moon is quite possible to the passengers by our celestial railway, but that equal and even greater distances are often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. Venus, as you may know, is about 26,000,000 miles away, or, at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks or six months, but of some fifty years. On the imaginary railway such a journey would be possible, for a great many persons live longer than fifty years. But in real life no one ever has traveled, and no one ever will travel, anything like so far. No human being ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles, and it is safe to say that no one ever will.

To complete this measure of journeying would require an average of 100,000 miles a year for fifty years. Some few, perhaps, in all their lives may have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but these are probably rare exceptions. So we see that no one ever has lived who has traveled more than a small part of the distance to Venus. Yet, compared with other bodies in the system, this star may be said to be almost a next door neighbor.—St. Nicholas.

Lawyer's Fees. In England a barrister, as a lawyer is there called, cannot recover by an action at law any fee to which he may be morally entitled for services rendered to a client. The explanation of this deviation from the common rule of paying for service is given in Cassell's Saturday Journal.

An article of Magna Charta affirms that justice shall not be sold. As the king is the fountain of justice and barristers servants of the king, it was held that it would be unlawful for them to receive payment for aiding a subject to secure the benefit of law.

Formerly the money in payment of the barrister's fee was dropped, as if secretly, into the hood of his gown; now a member of the bar adopts the more open method of refusing to go into court until his clerk has received the fee marked upon his brief.

What brings you here to-day, Mr. L.—I asked a judge of an eminent counsel. "Twenty guineas, my lord," answered the lawyer, making no secret of the fact that he was violating Magna Charta and doing, in substance, if not in form, what the prophet's servant was punished for doing—exactng a fee for a humane service. English law books call the fee an honorary reward.

The black gown worn by English lawyers is a relic of the days when the clergy were the only lawyers, and always appeared in an ecclesiastical dress. The habit of wearing which every English barrister wears while in court, is a survival of the time when men were ashamed to wear their own hair.

A Lingering Grip. Robert Watts, a young farmer from Chatham, attended a faith cure meeting. Anna Delaney, a young woman about 30 years old, also attended the meeting. She went into a trance, and in walking about the room approached young Watts, seized his hand with a firm grip and started off. Watts struggled to get loose, but couldn't. Several men tried to stop the girl, but she kept right on walking and Watts followed her. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Anna took Watts by the hand, and it was seven and a half hours before she let go her grip. Then she fainted and in about five minutes let go her hold. The young farmer lost no time in getting out of the hall. Miss Delaney came out of the trance, but has no recollection of what happened.—Philadelphia Times.

Explicit Information. They were a party of fun loving school girls going home for their summer's vacations. A number had succeeded, as he thought, in making the acquaintance of the most vivacious. However, try as he would, he could not succeed in learning her name. She was equal to all his efforts in that direction, and could not even be surprised into giving it away. She gave him a bogus address, and even went so far as to give him the desired permission to call on her at her city home. As the train slowed up she made arrangements to leave the car with her companions. He made one more frantic appeal. "Say—whom shall I ask for when I call?" With an innocent look of surprise on her sunny face she said: "Why, ask for me, of course."—Chicago Journal.

Experimenters at Manhattan, Kan., have discovered that the use of salt on wheat fields will greatly increase the yield. It is also announced that salt will kill potato bugs.

Eastly Done.

It often happens that "a substitute shines brightly as a king," though through no especial radiance of his own. One day a little boy came home from school, and announced, "Mamma, I'm at the head of my class."

"Indeed! and how did it happen?" "Oh, Kitty Gray stayed at home!"—Youth's Companion.

To Suit Every Taste.



Miss A.—Don't you find New York society rather empty and unsatisfactory? Mr. S.—Not necessarily. You can take your choice in that respect. There is the Bohemian set, all brains and no style; society proper with a fair amount of each, and the four hundred, all style and no brains.—Life.

Developing American Literature.

Scene, the office of Sharkey's Monthly. The editor is at his desk. A young man with a roll of manuscript in his hand enters.

Young Man (with proper deference)—Are you the editor, sir? The Editor (condescendingly)—Yes. Young Man diffidently—I have a story here which I would like to submit for your approval, sir.

The Editor (coldly)—Oh! a story! Young Man—Yes, sir. The Editor—A short story? Young Man—Yes, sir. The Editor (with gentle sarcasm)—Your first effort, I presume? Young Man—Oh, no, sir; I have written several others.

The Editor—And where have they been published? Young Man—They have not been published yet, sir. The Editor—Ha! indeed! Well, the fact is, we make it a rule not to publish anything by any one who has not published anything already. The standard of our magazine requires that our authors should have some celebrity, you know.

Young Man (fortily)—Ah, indeed! Well, sir, going, I shall call on you again—when I am celebrated. The Editor—That will not be necessary. When you are celebrated I will call on you.—Life.

The Mistake of a Lifetime.

Ambitious Mamma—Ethel, didn't I see you young Mr. Ferguson paying particular attention to you last evening at the party? Ethel—Yes, mamma, but I snubbed him effectually before the evening was over. Mamma—Horror of horrors! Are you crazy?

Ethel—Not at all, mamma. Not this winter. His father is an ice packer. Mamma—Yes, but he makes artificial ice. [Daughter faints.]—Chicago Tribune.

They Played Him a Trick.

"There are some mighty mean men in this town," said the tramp, as he met an officer on Woodward avenue the other day during the piping storm. "What's happened now?" queried the officer.

"Why, I saw a loose sign over a store up here, and I went and stood under it in hopes it would blow down and give me a knock. Had it done so the firm would have been glad to settle with me for \$25." "And it didn't blow down?" "Oh, yes, it did, but you see, the house got on to my racket, and as I stood there the porter came out and ordered me off. He said I was obstructing the sidewalk, and that he'd have me run in. I hadn't gone thirty feet before the sign blew down. I did suppose the farmer who kept a Bogardus kicker at the gate and a dog in the barn was the meanest man on earth, but these city chaps go him one better."

"You're right, the officer."

"Yes, he does," was the reply. "Does he know all that you or me does?" "Yes, I think he does." "Ma, does he know all that I am going to think?" "Every thought, my dear."

"How does he know it afore I think it?" And the little fellow looked up innocently and terribly in earnest. It is not stated whether the mother answered the poser or not.—Detroit Sun.

Teaching Her a Lesson.

Uncle Rastus (who has caused the arrest of his wife for assault)—"I want yo' ter git it to her, judge, git her do limk ob de law. Dis ain't de first time she 'saulted me."

"Judge to Uncle Rastus—'I'll be \$10, Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus standing over the money with a bewildered look, as who should say, This may be right, or this may be wrong!—All right, judge, dere's de money. [To wife as she leave court together]—Dar, ole woman, I trust dis yere experience 'll farn yo' a lesson what yo' won't forgit."—Harper's Bazar.

Fruit of Experience.

Bobby has been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father has got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister indulgently, "and what will be do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," answered Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

On the Road to Wealth.

"What are your prospects in life?" her father sternly asked. "Well," said the young man, modestly, "I have invented a new cough medicine, which is all ready now to be brought before the public." The engagement was announced next day.—Somerville Free Press.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Pleasant Extracts Colled by The Detroit Free Press.

We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker: POOR SHOOTING.—As we were returning to our office from the Widow Smith's the other evening (we have been sparking the widow for several weeks past), and just as we came opposite the old Indian fort, some person whose manners certainly need polishing up, fired four bullets at us from a revolver. The intent, no doubt, was to kill us. It took us about the millionth part of a second to realize this fact, and then we opened out for a run and made good our escape.

We don't claim to be great shakes on shooting, but if we can't hit the editor and proprietor of a great and growing weekly at a distance of twenty feet once in four shots, we will leave Arizona. We don't claim to be a Chesterfield, but if our manners permitted us to hide away behind an old wall and begin popping at a gentleman without warning, we expect to be mentioned in the same line with you.

Too Much Talk.—There is altogether too much talk about that mistake of our popular young druggist of the Blue Front which sent Col. Jim Jackson to his grave. Col. Jim asked for quinine and got strychnine by mistake, but there are a good many redeeming features. The colonel was old and lazy, and left no one to mourn his loss. The druggist is a young and energetic man, who sold out a coal yard in Chicago to come here and go into the drug business, and it must be expected he will make a few mistakes in the go off. We call attention to his liberal manner of advertising in The Kicker. He has assured us that such a mistake cannot occur again, as he has properly labeled the bottles.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.—Our esteemed contemporary down the street charges us this week with bulldozing the business men of this town into advertising with us. We nail the statement as a lie, and every business man will nail it as a lie. Our methods of securing advertising have always been perfectly legitimate. If a man who fled from Ohio to escape state prison for arson opens a grocery here we drop around for a friendly chat with him, and we let him know that we are posted on him. Then we set forth our circulation and influence, give him rates, and if he says he doesn't want to advertise that ends it. While we advise all to advertise, we never bulldoze, as all can testify. If bulldozing would secure advertising the old clap trap concern down the street covered with mortgages would be quite apt to try it.—Detroit Free Press.

Will Never Do It Again.



Young Dicky was told to try a Chinese barber in Mott street, and he did. N. B.—He is to lead a "german" in the evening.—Life.

A Great Emergency.

A recently appointed policeman was one night sent to a remote part of the West Twelfth street district to travel the beat of an officer who had been taken suddenly ill. The locality was a dangerous one, and before setting out from the station the new man was admonished to be sure to call for the patrol wagon if he got in any trouble. Two hours later a terrific thunder storm arose. Capt. O'Donnell sat in his private office, a number of officers in reserve idled about the squad room. Suddenly the telephone instrument clicked. Capt. O'Donnell heard the operator tell the patrol wagon to go to a certain locality "in a hurry."

"A 'hurry call' is serious. It means that an officer is in need of immediate assistance. This call came from the post to which the new man had been sent. The captain imagined all sorts of desperate crimes. "Come on, you men!" he shouted to the officers in the squad room, as he rushed out of the station and sprang aboard the wagon, which was already in the street. The reserves hurried after him. Few stopped to get storm coats. They piled on the wagon, the word was given, and away dashed the patrol, rushing through the storm that in less than a moment had drenched every man through and through. Arriving at the box from which it had been called, the wagon pulled up. Capt. O'Donnell leaped to the ground, his men following. The policeman who had called for assistance came forward from a doorway.

"What's the trouble?" excitedly demanded the captain. "Why, I wanted my rubber coat," replied the officer. "And he is still on the force."—Chicago Tribune.

In Blissful Ignorance.

There is an 8-year-old Lawrenceville boy who, if he lives, is likely to become a second Artemus Ward. He was at school the other day when the teacher was trying to illustrate some question of mathematics no more difficult than the simple proposition that two and two make four. She had made the explanation several times over, but, wishing to make sure that the boy understood, asked a question of him. His reply indicated that he had not the remotest idea of what she had been laboring to make clear.

The teacher explained again, then inquired: "Do you see now?" "No, you see the answer." Her patience exhausted, the school ma'am exclaimed: "Johnny, you are terribly ignorant." "Yesum," returned the youngster, and then added, with stolid gravity, "where ig norance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The Stranest Town in America.

A party of drummers resting over New Year's were seated in the corridor of a leading hotel this morning discussing the characteristics of the different towns in the west. Said one: "The meanest town in the west is in northern Kansas. While I was there last month they found the dead body of an un known man in the streets. In his pockets were \$100 and a revolver. Instead of taking the money and giving him a decent burial, they arraigned him under the name of Rich ard Roe, lined him the \$100 for carrying concealed weapons, and buried him in the potter's field in an old pine box."—Kansas City Star.

A Sweet Mouth.

De Smith—Don't you think Miss Travis has a remarkably sweet mouth? Poseyboy—She ought to have. I furnish her with about \$2 worth of caramels a week.—Burlington Free Press.

"A Well Rounded, Happy Life."

If, as it is claimed, happiness is one object of living, it is certain that large wealth means unalloyed felicity! The possession of wealth is a good thing. No one but a fool derides those who seek to make money legitimately, but wealth, when suddenly obtained, rarely brings contentment. Men must be educated to the enjoyment of wealth, they cannot acquire the art of even spending money judiciously in a moment, or even the knowledge how to use wealth to their own advantage. Men who acquire a fortune by slow degrees ripen into a knowledge of its proper use. Rapidly acquired fortunes bring with them aspirations which are never satisfied. The world is apt to protest the demands of such men.

You may take the blue book of any city of even a few years ago, and there will be the names of scores of men who have passed the surface upon gilded shingles who have passed away, and their brief careers of prosperity, which many, no doubt, envied, have terminated, perhaps, in dishonor, but more frequently in poverty, the result of having obtained in a year that which if it had come by degrees would have been kept, for then they would have attached a proper value to their wealth. "When I spend borrowed money," remarked a spendthrift, "I don't seem as if I was spending anybody's money." So it is with wealth. Lightly come, lightly go. Money honestly and laboriously earned is apt to stick, for the hand that has hardened and the brow that has sweat in securing it are powerful reminders of its proper value. A well rounded, happy life is not to be built up by feverish speculation brought on by a taste to become rich; but a life reaches its fullest perfection and acquires its greatest capability for enjoyment when by moderate growth its roots strike deep into the soil of permanent prosperity, and its branches increase slowly till it reaches fullest legitimate maturity.—Boston Journal.

Owl and Man.

The first is of a singular encounter between a man and an owl, the scene of which has often been pointed out to me by my guides. The occurrence is well known, and if I mistake not the hero of it is still living in Brownville or vicinity. A teamster, taking in a load of baled hay to a lumber camp by the way of the old "tote road" from Brownville to the Jo Merry lakes, stopped late in the afternoon to bait his horses. His halt was under a big yellow birch, and while his horses munched their oats the teamster coiled himself up on the top of his load and pulled his blanket over him for a little nap. Whether he slept longer than he intended I do not know, but when he awoke it was nearly dark. He with a quick movement drew his blanket from his face, when instantly his face was pierced deeply by sharp and cruel talons.

This fierce onslaught had been made by a huge owl, which on seeing his white face suddenly revealed, and doubtless taking it for a rabbit or some such animal, had instantly pounced with all his energy from the tree above. The assaulted man, frenzied with pain and terror, and not in the least knowing what had seized him, grasped desperately at his enemy, and clutching the legs of the owl with one hand and its neck with the other, actually by one wrench tore its head from its body. How he extracted the talons from his face and how he made his way to the clearings and help the man hardly knew. I believe that by great good fortune his eyes were not destroyed, but for a long time the swollen condition of his face prevented him from seeing, and I have often heard a description of his appearance during that period.—Forest and Stream.

Easily Won.

Nothing is more embarrassing to its possessor than a reputation which he has not deserved. A laurel wreath awarded by chance becomes absurdly heavy, and the unfortunate wearer, though he may long to toss it into the nearest thicket, is usually unable to tug it from his brows. When the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps was a student at New Haven he one morning took a walk with Professor Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics.

Professor Newton, according to his usual habit, began the discussion of an abstruse problem. As he went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered further and further from what was being said. At last his attention was recalled by his companion's remark: "Which, you see, gives us 'x'."

"Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that, in common politeness, he ought to say something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over his work. There had indeed been a mistake.

"You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" he shouted. "It doesn't give us 'x'; it gives us 'y.'"

From that hour he looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor napping.

"And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."—Detroit Free Press.

Increase of Noxious Insects.

Noxious insects are more numerous and destructive now than they were fifty years ago. Where nature has a chance to work out her laws, all animals, from the highest to the lowest, do not increase beyond proper limits. Even man himself is no exception to this great law; but a break occur in this great natural chain and it is felt all along the line. Some species will increase enormously, while others almost entirely disappear. Now, as insects are far more numerous than all the higher animals, it follows that if some unforeseen event takes place that favors a great increase of some noxious species, man is sure to be a great sufferer. And this state of things is exactly what is taking place today.

The reader will naturally inquire why the beneficial ones do not increase as fast as the destructive ones. The answer is, the food plants of the latter has increased enormously and the surroundings have favored its rapid increase, while the other, living upon animal (man) food, is entirely outstripped by the vegetable eating species.—New York Telegram.

A Trick on the Dog.

A friend of mine on the west side imported a fine hunting dog from England which answers to the name of Short. He prizes the animal very highly and one of his duties is to see every day that Short gets all the exercise he wants. His groom usually attends to that, but the other day he was busy, so Short's master undertook the job himself. He has a treadmill for this purpose when the groom cannot take him out, and Short was hoisted on this to take his first walk. He had more brains than he was credited with, and calmly lay down. He wanted to take a walk out of doors—not exercise on a treadmill. His master was dumfounded at first, but finally hit upon the plan of putting a rat in the cage, with a very fat looking rodent in at the head of the mill. That roused Short; he started for the rat; the mill began to go round and Short was obliged to keep at it until he had walked off a pound of superfluous fat.—New York Star.

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