

SHELTON & SMITH,
FURNITURE,
234 South Eleventh St.

Letter of Introduction.

Lincoln, Neb., March 2, '89.

TO THE CITIZENS OF LINCOLN:

GREETING:—Having just opened our new store in the Webster block, we take this means of introducing ourselves and trust that a mutually pleasant acquaintance may be the result of our locating in this city.

In calling your attention to our stock we desire to inform you that we will always cater to the finest element of trade, carrying at all times a superior assortment, embracing the finest goods in Art Furniture, and introducing from time to time, the latest productions of the finer grades, as soon as manufactured.

We extend you a cordial invitation to make us a call, and although not in need of anything in our line it will afford us pleasure to show you our line of Artistic Furniture and Novelties.

Very Truly Yours,

SHELTON & SMITH.

All the Spring Novelties

Just Received,

Ashby & Millspaugh.

E. HILL,

LATE OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TAILOR AND DRAPER

GENTLEMEN:

I shall display for your inspection a new and very carefully selected Stock, comprising many of the latest and newest designs of the European Manufacturers, and I am now prepared to take all orders for making up garments for gents in the latest styles.

LADIES TAILORING:

Having for seventeen years met with great success in Brooklyn, N. Y., in cutting and making Ladies Jackets and Riding Habits, shall be pleased to receive patronage from the ladies during the coming season.

I am also prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Uniforms and Smoking Jackets.

1230 O STREET. LINCOLN, NEB.

100 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS

And Copper Plate, for \$2.50.

If you have a Plate, we will furnish 100 Cards from same, at \$1.50.

WESSEL PRINTING CO.

Courier Office. Telephone 253. New Burr Block.

PERKINS

BRIGHT DONGOLA

COMMON SENSE

On A, B, C, D and E,
in all sizes.

\$3.00

1129 O



BROTHERS,

BRIGHT DONGOLA

OPERA LAST

On B, C, D, E, and F,
in all sizes.

\$3.00

STREET.

A CALIFORNIA BOOM.

BY EDGAR THORNE.

DEAR COURIER: I have here related how bounteous booms are oft created; if possible to spare the space in your next columns, give it place.

We stood beside a dry-goods box—Myself and friend Timotheus Cox—I pounding on a crumbling brick. He whittling up a soft pine stick, And there we stood, and smoked, and talked, And once we started out, and walked, The crazy sidewalk up and down, And spoke about the drowsy town, Its size, its dullness, and its growth, And neither one of us was loath To praise the place with all our powers—And there we stayed six mortal hours.

At last Tim coyly said to me, "If you and I can just agree, I'll let you have my corner lot, And sell it to you on the spot. The lot is slightly, high and nice, And this will be my lowest price, True as we have together stood One hundred dollars, cash in hand." I said, "I have not got a dime," And he replied, "Then buy on time," "I guess," said I "that we can trade, I'll take it"—and the sale was made.

Then off we went, and drank together And talked about the crops, the weather, Cyclones on land, storms on the sea, The prices of town property, Base ball, the tariff, prohibition, Which warned us with their sharp attention Then I proposed to neighbor Tim, To sell my corner back to him. Two hundred dollars was my price, Which he accepted in a trice, And thus we traded back and forth; Each time the lot increased in worth, Until its value ran so high It almost towered to the sky.

Next morning in the Weekly Bum, The transfers struck the people dumb, And figured up, to be exact, Eight thousand dollars—"for a fact," The news soon spread from town to town, And people hurried up and down, The river Gas; from far and near, Strangers streamed in from everywhere, Ate corn bread, slept on floors and cots, And purchased all our choicest lots At prices truly fabulous, Delighting them, and pleasing us; And these transactions gave our town A wide repute and great renown. We had—a California caper A thriving city—all on paper.

For the Benefit of the Ladies.

Thursday has been the day selected by at least three of our merchants for their spring openings, but the opening of openings will be that of a former citizen of Lincoln, Mr. Harry Wells who recently transferred his business to this city from York. Mr. Wells seeing an opening for his business in Lincoln and being aware of the fact that the ladies would justly appreciate the move, secured an elegant room in the Webster block on south Eleventh street which he has fitted up according to demands of his large stock and on Thursday will throw open his doors to the public, who are invited to call and be shown the largest and most complete stock of millinery, dress trimmings, ribbons, laces, gloves and the numerous articles needed by a lady to complete her toilet, ever shown in this city.

One of the principal features of Mr. Wells' store will be the Stamping department, where all kinds of stamping, pinking and pattern tracing will be done in a thoroughly first class manner. This department will be under the management of Miss Mattie Gillespie, a young lady who enjoys an enviable reputation in this line of business, having had a vast experience in it.

Attend the opening by all means and inspect the large stock displayed by Mr. Wells.

New Train Service on the Northwestern.

By the new arrangement Lincoln patrons of this route have the only parlor cars in service in the west at their free disposal between Lincoln and Missouri Valley, Iowa, the junction point of the Elkhorn line with the Northwestern R. R. proper. These cars are the same as used by this company between Chicago and Milwaukee and are the acme of railroad luxury and perfection in their appointments which consists of smoking, toilet and card compartments in addition to the main saloon, to say nothing of the porter in charge, all of which are furnished with beautifully upholstered and comfortable great arm chairs and couches except the parlor whose furnishing is in genuine ebony.

Leaving Lincoln on the afternoon train in one of these cars the passenger arrives at Missouri Valley at 4:45, p. m. A wait of fifteen minutes now occurs to allow passengers for Chicago and the east to select seats in the finest coaches in the railroad service or secure the accommodations reserved in the sleeper allotted to Lincoln patrons. Starting again at 5, p. m., the passenger finds him or herself in an elegant car, a part of the Northwestern Limited, a solid vestibuled train of coaches, sleeping and dining cars. Right here we will remark that the passenger is now in the finest train, running over the best track, and guided by the best service in the country. After a delightful run the train runs into Chicago on time at 8:25, a. m., in time to make the morning connections north, east and south. Don't take our word for this but try this line the next time you go east.

Monograms, crests, dies, etc., promptly engraved in the most artistic manner at the Courier's office. Don't send orders away from home when it can be done in the city at the same prices.

T. W. Burr, merchant, Delma, Tex., has used, sold and heard what people have said of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "It cannot be equalled." It cures sprains, soreness of the muscles, aches and pains. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

If the true merits of Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, were fully known by horse owners, they would prefer them to all other remedies for putting their horses in a fine, healthy condition. They cure constipation, loss of appetite, disordered kidneys, impure blood and all diseases requiring a good tonic, stimulant and alterative. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

MAGGIE, THE COWS ARE IN THE CLOVER

SONG.

A Copyrighted Song, by especial Permission of T. B. Harms & Co., 819 Broadway, N. Y. Written and Composed by AL. W. WILSON.



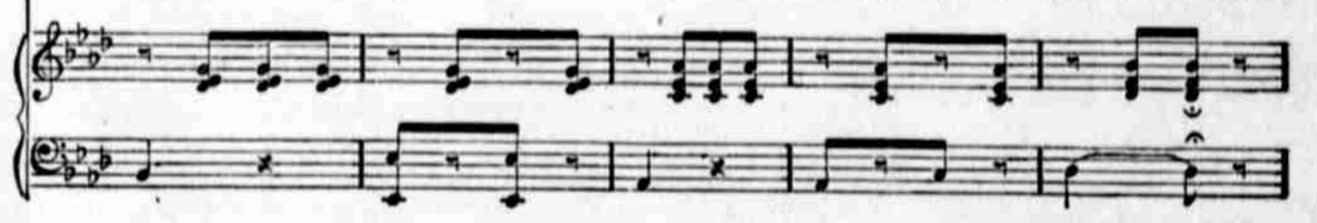
1. I love to wander by the brook That winds among the trees, And
2. I'm not allowed to have a beau, Except up on the sly, So
3. He took me to a coun - try fair, We went in a bal - loon; Says



watch the birds flit to and fro A - mong the au - tumn leaves; 'Tis my do - light from
yes - ter - day he came and took Me walk - ing thro' the rye; We strolled a long so
he to me, we'll go and see The man up in the moon; We drift - ed o - ver



morn till night To ram - ble on the shoro; But when I do, my moth - er's voice Comes
lov - ing - ly, It seemed just like a dream, When just from out that kitchen door Came
towards the farm, Per - haps a mile or more, When sud - den - ly I heard that voice Come



from the kitch - en door,— Mag - gie! Mag - gie!
that fa - mil - iar scream,— Mag - gie! Mag - gie!
from the kitch - en door,— Mag - gie! Mag - gie!



CHORUS.

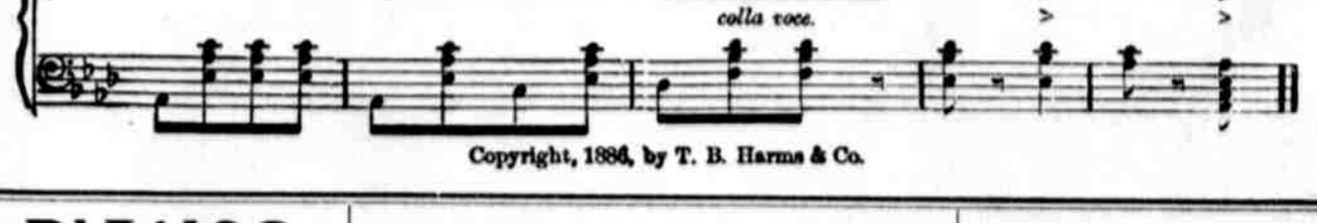
The cows are in the clo - ver, They've trampled it since morn. Go, and drive them.



Mag - gie, to the old red barn. The cows are in the clo - ver, They've trampled it since



morn; Go, and drive them, Mag - gie, to the old red barn.....



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