HEYMAN & DEICHES,

OMAHA. - NEB

THE LARGEST

IN THE WEST



spectfully invite our Lincoln friends to cal and see the new line just opened.

ARE DIRECT IMPORTERS And as such can offer later styles at lower prices than any house west of Chicago—a fact we'll take pleasure in proving to Lincolnites. CALL AND SEE US WHEN IN OMAHA.

We can show you a fine line of Cloaks, Dresses and Furs that lurpass anything you have ever seen in the entire west. It will pay you to take a trip to Omaha to see us, if you want anything nice in our line.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

WEDDING

SOCIETY -- ARI PRINTING NESSEL PRINTING CO.



PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

1044 O STREET

FAST MAIL ROUTE



2 - DAILY TRAINS - 2

Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansar City, St. Louis and all points South, East and West.

The direct line to Ft. Scott, Parsons, Wichita, Hutchinson and all principal points in Kansas.

The only road to the Great Hot Springs Arkansas. PULLMAN SLEEPERS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS an all

H. G. HANNA. R. P. R. WILLAR. City Tkt Agent, Go Cor. O and 12th Sts. Gen'l Agent. A MODERN ROMANCE.

The Meroine of a Thrifting Love Tale Rescued from the Launtie Asylum. The Lady Adela Fitz-Albany de Palisser a the age of 11 was weary of the hollow mock-ery of fashionable life and sated with its empty pageantry. She scorned to revel in the wealth which others had garnered and longed for the independence of a self earned

In the dead of night she stole noiselessly away from her father's castle, and ere morning broke, with the only hundred pound note she had about her, she purchased the scanty attire and the stock in trade of a homeless wandering flower girl.

"For the first time in my weary life," she cried, "shall I tasts the sweet fruits of labor." But the Lady Adela forgot two things. The blood that flowed in her veins was of the deepest azure and nature had indelibly imprinted upon her filly arm the strawberry mark of a ducal coronet.

VOLUME IL Green Brown was a banker's clerk, and he adored the daughter of his employer. Clandestinely she met him on Saturday afternoons and bank holidays, when together, lovingly, side by side, they breathed the fragrance of St. James' park or climbed the summit of the Hill of Primrose

It was one balmy summer's afternoon, as the two lovers paced the mossy sward of St. James' park, whispering sweet hopes of happy marriage, that a girl of tender years proffered a bunch of flowers for purchase, flxing the price at a guinea she had never heard of a smaller amount), and importuning Green Brown to buy.

lowed some one bastily turned in a fire alarm, "See, see!" whispered Sophia Argent ea-gerly, as her companion would have passed on with a contemptuous laugh. "See—she has pricked her finger with a rose thorn, and she bleeds the blue blood!" Anxiously Green Brown looked and saw

that his Sophia spoke the truth—nay, more, he noted on the fair white arm a strawberry mark, the sign of ducal parentage,
"Leave this to me, dearest," he said, in a

commanding voice. VOLUME III.

Ten years passed by. Green Brown was still a bacholor, yet he wept not, neither did he sigh; but, putting on his Sunday coat, he sought in a distant London suburb the private lunatic asylum where he had placed the Lady Adela.
"Dearest," said he, in a tone thrilling with emotion, "brush those straws from out your

hair and follow me to the hymencal altar."
"This is too much," she sobbed. "It is for this I have pined these weary years. Dear Green, I am thine forever."

They were married; Green Brown baving previously ascertained it was her twenty-first birthday, and in the fullness of time the joy-ous bridegroom bore his partner to her fa-ther's ducal halla.

less you, my children," said his grace, and taking the coronet from his aristocratic brow he softly placed it on his son-in-law's head. "Not for me these baubles," he cried, sobs half choking his utterance; "honor where honor is due. I surrender my titles, my palaces, my wealth, my all to him who so nobly protected the daughter ci my house." Brown took the titles, the palaces and the wealth, and they all lived happy ever after.

THE END. —Toledo Blade.

An Absent Minded Man.

Cincinnati has the champion absent minded Cincinnati has the champion absent minded man. A gentleman living in the suburbs went in a store on Walnut street to make a few purchases. The only light in the store was a candle standing on the counter near the money drawer. After making his purchases he handed the proprietor a bill, and after returning him the change the proprietor walked to the rear of the store to arrange something, when suddenly he was left in the dark. He started toward the counter, and, groping around it, found, not the candle, but the change. It struck him then that probably the man, in a fit of absent mindelness. ably the man, in a fit of absent mindedness, had taken the candla instead of his change. He started out after him, and, catching up with him, saw that he had the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other. After apologizing for the mistake the stranger took the change and gave back the candle.—Chi-cago Times.



Mrs. Lyon-Hunter-How was it you didn't invite the baren to your house before he went

Mrs. Frank-Because I was afraid my husband might be rude to him. You know he hates to have strangers ask him for money.—

A Reminiscence of Paine. "I remember riding home in a horse car with Henry W. Paine one day," remarked a story teller, apropos of the eminent Maine jurist. "Paine was reading a sheepskin bound volume of law reports. The mutual

acquaintance hailed him and said: 'See here, Paine, do you have to study law still?' "'This isn't law,' said Paine, 'it's only a collection of decisions of the Massachusetts supreme court."—Louisville Journal.

An Unfortunate Speech. The Miss Browns—Oh, so glad to see you, Mary! But we've such dreadful colds we can't kiss you, dear. We can only shake Fair Visitor—Oh, dear, how sad! I hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Browu!—London Punch.

Forgot Himself. Visitor (at the museum)-Where is the "Fasting Man," bosst Keeper sabsentmindedly;-He's just gone

out for supper, he will be back in a minute.

New York Evening Sun. A Circus Patient. Doctor (to sick contortionist) - How are you feeling today, my friend?
Contortionist—Very poorly, doctor. I'm
so weak 1 can't even raise my foot to my mouth. - Yenowine's News.

"How ole is Missy Annie! Why, chile, she mus' be a goin' on 50. When I was 6 she was 12. Dat's twice 's ole as me. I'm 24 now. Vans, Missy Annie's 48 years ole."—Harper's papoose on this board. Make him's legs

An Insulted Brideg

"Is this the editor?" "Yes, sir. What can I"-"My name, sir, is Grumpy. I was married ast week.

"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Grumpy. I am glad to see you. By the way, we published in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding." Yes, sir. I saw it.

"You have come, perhaps, to order some "I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction.

Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Grumpy and myself to use in writing up the "Yes. Didn't he"-"He said he would have engravings made

from them and run them in with the article

he wrote about the affair." "Yes. Was there any" "And some lop eared, wopper jawed, bow legged gourd head of a printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir. You published me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a Tennessee barber who had suffered for fifteen years with a lame back and a sore throat, and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Billjaw's Compound Extract of Hankus Pankus; and you run the portrait of

that infernal Tennessee barber in your account of my weiding, sir. You can stop my paper, sir And now, will you show me the typesetting department of this office! I am on the warpath this morning, sir, bigger than a grizzly bear, and I am going to find the man that mixed those cuts and reorganize him from the ground up!" In the excitement and confusion that fol-

and it took the entire department and a squad of police to quench the flery young man .-Chicago Tribune.

The Arizona Kicker. We take the following extracts from th last issue of The Arizona Kicker:

EXPLANATORY,—Last week we announced that we were on the trail of J. B. Davis, the Apache avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an expose calculated to startle the community. We had over a col-umn of it in type when Mr. Davis called at The Kicker office and subscribed for the paper and gave us a column ad, for a year.

Mr. Davis is not only a genial, whole souled

gentleman, worthy of a place in our best society, but an enterprising, go-ahead citizen who is a credit to the whole state. When you want the best of goods at the lowest prices call on him.

Nor This Year.-Considerable anxiety has been expressed by our many friends and well wishers over the fact that The Kicker did not get the city printing again this year. In answer to all inquiries we reply that we did not want it. The total income last year was ninety-six cents, while we lent over \$15 to the mayor and aldermen and never expect to get a cent of it back. We can't stand that kind of a racket more than one year .- Detroit Free Press.

Not Entirely a Slave to the Habit. Visitor (philanthropically inclined)-Auntie, don't you think you would enjoy better health and live longer if you could quit

Auntie (aged 98)-I don't smoke all the Auntie (aged 98)—I don't smoke all the time, mum. Sometimes I go half a day 'thout touchin' my pipe. Been doin' that-away, off an' on, fur about—(to a great-greatgrandson) you, George Wash'nton! give the lady a cheer ur I'll thess jerk the top o' yer head off'n ye!—fur about seventy-five year, mum. Land sakes, I ain't no slave to the habit!--Chicago Tribune.

She Advised the Impossible "If you don't want me to know where you've been, Henry, when you come home this way," said a wife to her late and what demoralized husband, "you had better run up stairs when you are coming to bed."

Tested.

Smart Wife-Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper today, showing how to get up a family dinner for \$1, and I took it around and the editor gave me a dollar. Husband—That's a rare piece of good luck.
What are you going to do with the dellar?
"I'm going to try that recipe myself, and see if it will work."—New York Weekly.

Doctor-I never have any trouble with my patients, thank heaven.
Undertaker—Pshawi I saw one of kick the other day. Doctor (angrily)-Kick! Saw

nationts kick! Undertaker-Yes! The bucket.-Lowell

Saving Wear and Tear. Miss Slimdiet-A new boarder came while you were out—a young lady.

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding hou "Awfully."

"Well, put an extra strip of rag carpet in ront of her mirror."—Philadelphia Record. Accounting for It.

"You say your wife once published a maga sine! I never heard of it."
"Yes, she conducted one for five years." "What was it called?" "The Age of Woman."

"That's the reason, then, why I neve found it out."—Chicago Tribune. A Little Too Much.

"Brown says he's going to show you up the newspapers, Dumley "Bah! Let him; what do I care!"

"And he says he's going to do it in poetry."
"Wha-at? If he does, I'll make it cost him thousand dollars a line!"-Harper's Bazar.

Addition to Scientific Knowledge. First Schoolboy-I wonder why do fireflies have fire in their stomachs.

Second Schoolboy—Why, you precious idiot, they eat their food raw and that is where they cook it. - Today.

On the Reservation.

Little Pimbrooke to Miss Eayre; - See what

papoose on this board. Make him's legs straight.—Judge.

NYE IN CHICAGO.

A Few Characteristic Remarks on the Lake City.

I came to Chicago (from the east) fearing that I would be shocked and pained almost constantly by the rudeness and ignorance of the masses. And I hate to be shocked. I have been reared so carefully that a few shocks would be fatal to me. Our people were extremely refined and high strung. Several of my ancestors drove their own teams and hauled freight from the depot. We are a baughty race, and when irritated would fight for our honor or anything else that presented itself

The Nyes extend back into the past for hundreds of years. They have occupied every position of trust all over the pages of the grocery history of their country. And so I was as pleased as a child when I entered this rough western town, so far removed from the great thought emporiums and brain works of the thinkful and tidy east, and found so much real merit, so much that we are fond of in the east, yet hardly expect to find so far west, where everything is, oh! so crude, and oh! so coarse. Among other things I brought my pajamas with me and a finger bowl. I did not think I would find any finger bowls out here, and I must have my finger bowl or I sicken and fade away.

There are some real good stores here, and eastern people who may be besitating about coming here because there is no good place to trade, need not besitate any longer.

Society here, too, is good. It is so good that, so far, I have not been pressed to enter it much, and so I can see that it is not so mixed as I have been told it was at home. Michigan avenue is a beautiful street. Max

O'Rell says it reminds him of the Bois de Boulogne. That is just what it reminds me of, but I never could think before what it was till be spoke of it. At first I thought it was the Champs Elysees that it reminded me of. It is a much more desir able street for walking purposes than the Rue de Boiler or the Bois de West Side.

The Chicago river is one of the most desclate and arid streams I have observed. It has the same soiled and troubled bosom that one sometimes sees in the lower walks of life, and it moves very, oh, so very deliberately, like a man going to the train to meet his wife's mother, knowing that she does not approve of him.

Two million three hundred and eighty-two thousand cows were made widows here last year. Five thousand pigs per day also bite the dust, after having emitted a piercing shriek. One sees the pig gay, frolicsome, and with life before him. Anon we find him cold in death. His chest has a large hole in it, and a big, big chip gives his mouth a hard, set look. It is awful. And yet to see Mr. Armour there, with his sleeves tucked up above his dimpled elbows and the tips of his red flannels just showing requishly beneath, you would find it hard to say in your heart, "Here is a cold, cruel man." He flits here and there among the workmen, looking now at the breastbone of a Quincy shote to see if we will have an open winter, and then going on to where he is trying to keep up a cob fire

under a hogshead in which he is smoking some of his justly celebrated hams.

"And are you fond of your work, Mr. Armour!" I asked, as he began to pull out the chin whiskers of an adult hog. I am," he replied. "It seems almost like play to me now. At first it made me very tired, and I yearned for something more remunerative, but it pays real well now. And though I feel very weary at night as I get home and put on my other clothes, I am sustained and soothed by the blessed assurance that I have made three millions of dollars, and that is worth making a sacrifice for. Of course it is pleasanter to write thoughts for the paper and wear good clothes every day and call yourself literary than it is to assassinate bogs all day and go home smelling like a lard rendering recital, but literature is not so remunerative. "Because, by running up stairs you will so fragrant as yours, but it is not after all lose your breath."—Boston Courier.

He then buried his gleaming blade in the watch pocket of a large ecru hog, and as he began to unravel the digestive economy of the poor brute I turned aside and hid my face on the shoulder of a young lady who stood near by. I am a brave man in a great emergency, but when my honor is not at stake my heart is just as tender as it can be.

I speak of Mr. Armour's works because it is customary to do so. People who come to Chicago from the east at once repair to the pork centers and, having seen them, they write a letter about the matter and go home. An old Chicago business man who has \$1,-253,850.27 more than I have as I write these lines, said to me: "You see, with about a million of people here, you must remember that the larger number are by birth eastern so we claim, Mr. Nye, to know as much as the eastern people and what we have learned

since we came west besides." "That may be true," I said in a tone of gentle cast irony, "but when you come west you lose that cool, cultivated look of refined vacuity which we of the east constantly dote

on. We do not like that in you. It is real coarse. You say 'Hullo!' and treat strangers politely without knowing who they are. That is where you fool yourselves in the west. We eastern people resent your easy way of getting acquainted with people on trains and in public places and treating them hospitably. You shouldn't do that. You ought to be more coy until people identify themselves. Don't you know that a man with the slightest tinge of intellect can get along first rate socially if he will preserve an air of hauteur and reserve instead of your off-hand bonhominy, as we say in dear old France?"

It is easy for the observer to readily trace the evolution of culture without going out of the cars. Leaving San Francisco you are on good terms with everybody, from the engineer to the rear brakeman, within twenty four hours. The California senator divides his lunch and cigars with the homeward Bostonian, and the San Francisco millionaire plays whist with the sad eyed humorist Crossing the Missouri river the air of curiosity manifests itself, followed east of Chicago by a falling off in the rapport and persiflage business, until between New York and Boston the stranger feels the, same air of cordiality that Mr. Enoch Arden did when he got home late at night, looked in the window and went away .- Bill Nye in New York World.

Gen. Butler's Ready Wit.

The editor heard the other day a story of Gen. R. F. Butler which is not wholly bad. In a certain case in court which he was conducting the general took occasion to read a statute bearing on the question at issue, and somewhat tediously labored through its long and legally involved phrases. The judge let him go through with it, and

then bent forward to ask: "Are you not aware that that statute has been repealed?"

"Oh, certainly," was the cool answer; "but I have read the old law and the new, and I find that I like the old much better." The perfect nonchalance of the reply was certainly eminently characteristic.—Boston Courier.

American-I suppose cheese is a moneyed product in your country! German - Oh, yes, cheese - our cheese There is millions in it!-New York Graphic

Millions in Cheese.

LINCOLN BRANCH OF

Max Meyer & Bro.,

PIANOS # ORGANS

General western agents for the Stein-way, Knabe, Chickering, Vose, Ernst Gabler, Behr Bros., Newby & Evans, and Planos marked in plain figures—prices always the lowest for the grade of planos.

C. M. HANDS, Manager. 142 North 11th Street.



MURRAY

Omaha's Leading Hotel.

inest Hotel in the West

Rates reasonable. Everything new and complete. Prompt service and the best menu in naha. Hot and cold water in every room. Office and dining hall on first floor. All modern improvements. Lincolnites always receive a cordial welcome. Call and see us while in

DIRECT TO THE DOOR. Cor. 14th and Harney, B. SILLOWAY, Proprietor.



FINEST LIVERY RIGS

You can get into the cars at depot and take HARNEY ST., CABLE LINE

In the City all come from the

Graham Brick Stables

1027 Q STREET. Where all kinds of

Buggies, Carriages or Saddle Horses,

Can be had at any ne, Day or Night, on short notice Horses Boarded and we aken care of at Reasonable Rates Call and see us, 102- Q street, or give all orders by Teiephone 147.



IRA P. HIGRY, Clerk.

A BEAUTIFULLY UPHOLSTERED RECLINING CHAIR

that is the very embodiment of ease and luxury; a friendly game of Whist, a choice volume from the well stocked library, a promenade from car to car (the handsome vestibule excluding all dust, smoke, rain or wind, and thus rendering the promenade a delightful and novel pastime). A sumptuous meal that comes in

the nick of time, and "just strikes the spot." The quiet enjoyment of a fragrant Havana in a charmingly decorated and gorgeous smoking apartment, and finally a peaceful sleep in a bed of snowy linen and downy softness. Such is life on the "BUR-LINGTON" ROUTE. What other line or combination of lines can offer you these advantages? NOT ONE. Please remember this when next you travel.



Information of all kinds pertaining to Railroad or Ocean Steamship Tickets promptly answered.

G. W. HOLDREGE, Gen'l Mgr., I. FRANCIS, G. P. and T. A.,

OMAHA, NEB.

sailings. The generous patronage accorded me by prominent people of Omaha, Lincoln and other Nebraska cities attest the popularity of this office.

My superior advantages enable me to ticket to and from Europe at the lowest rates

and to secure desirable cabins in advance of

City Passenger and Ticket, Agt., LINCOLN NEB.



dwas and operates 5.500 miles of thoroughly antipped road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Minuesota and Dakota.

It is the Best Direct Route between all the Principal Points in the Northwest, Southwest and Far West.

For maps, time tables, rates of passage and reight, etc., apply to nearest station agent of CHICAGE, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAIL WAY, or to any Railroad Agent anywhere in the world. General M'g'r. Gen'l Pass, & T'kt Agt, 1'l l l l'. GEO, H. HEAFFORD, 1spt., Gen' Mgr. Asst. G. P. & T. Agt. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

For information in reference to Lands and Towns owned by the Chicago, Milwauste & St. Paul Railway Company, wrte to H. HAUGAN, Land Commissioner, Mill waukee

Shortest: and: Safest: Route



orado, Wyoming, Utah, California, Mon-tana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory. Take the

OVERLAND FLYER

And save one day to all Pacific coast points THE UNION PACIFIC

Running into union depots and connecting with fast limited trains of all lines for all points east, west, north and south. Through tickets and modern day coaches. Haggage checked through to destination from all points east in the United States and Canada. Sleeper accomodations reserved in through Pullman Pelace cars from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast.

Fremont, Elkhorn & Mo. Valley RAILROAD. Operates and con-



trols its own service

LINCOLN, NEB., AND

OMAHA, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, SIOUX CITY

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL. Through Tickets and Baggage Checked to all points in United States and Canada. Vestibule Sleepers, Palatial Dining Cars and

Union Depots. CITY TICKET OFFICE: 115 South 10th street, . GEO. N. FORESMAN, Agent. H. G. Bunt, General M'ger, J. R. BUCHANAN, Gen'l Pass, Ag't

KOBERTS & CO 212 North 11th Street,

OMAHA, NEB.



Telephones,-Office 145. Residence 156. Open Day and Night. E. T. ROBERTS, Manager.



I can cheerfully recommend Dr Seth Arnold's Cough

as being a first-class remedy for Coughs and Colds, hav-ing used it in my own family with very great satisfaction. L. H. Bush, Des Moines, lowa.

Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.