

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

While the Indian delegation was loading around Washington the president said to Old Man-A-Fraid-of-the-Rheumatia: "Why does the great chief have eleven wives?" And the grim old warrior answered the great father sternly: "To keep his wig warm."

AT FLOOD TIDE.

"Noah was correct," was the pensive remark of the last of the antediluvians, as he sat on the sharp edge of a rock and reluctantly laved his shivering feet in the rising tide; "he said there would be a deluge, and there's no deluge about this." And as he chuckled hoarsely over the last remark, a pteryodactylosophagaurian, floating near by with a view to picking up anything that might happen, remarked that a fellow couldn't be expected to stand everything, and, opening a mouth somewhat longer than his entire body, took the humorist in out of the wet.

TOO MUCH PREPARATION.

A Brockton man has spent forty years working on a plan for a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. And a man in Pittsburg has been working twenty-two years at another one. Neither plan is yet completed. So long, that's the trouble. One of these days a man who has been too busy to think much about it will get up and put a ship railroad across the isthmus before he finds out that he has to have a plan. That's the way these things are frequently done.

A BAD BLUNDER.

Whitgoods awakens suddenly in the night, sees a figure in his room, fires and brings the intruders down. Dying robber falters, with labored accent: "You fired just in time; another minute and I would have cut your throat." Whitgoods, shuddering with remorse: "And you're only a burglar, then?" By George, old man, I'm awfully sorry, why didn't you speak? I thought it was an advertising solicitor."

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Well, sir, time comes round and round and round, doesn't it? We see by the papers Mrs. Langtry is 36 again.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

What various sorts of fools one meets in this pilgrimage. Now, here is a couple of people in Stamford have gone and named their first baby Methusalem, when the little fellow isn't ten days old. But hold on a bit; we apologize. Who can tell what may happen? Little did Enosh dream, when he named his first born Methusalem, how appropriate was the name.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Asked for His Name.

A wicked, wicked story is told by The Chicago Mail, to the effect that a new reporter on The Tribune of that city went the other evening to "write up" a reception. He got on very well until he met a fine, gray whiskered old gentleman, the center of a group of ladies and gentlemen in a corner of one of the parlors. The young man had jotted down the names of the others and asked the gray bearded old gentleman very politely: "Will you kindly give me your name, sir? I'm making a list of the guests." "Eh?" said the gray bearded old gentleman, putting his hand to his ear. "I would like your name, if you please!" repeated the reporter. "Eh! What?" and the old man inclined his head attentively. The young man thought: "Well, here's a nice old guy to be turned loose in decent society. I wonder why he doesn't carry an ear trumpet?" But he only gathered a lung full of wind and said in a voice that startled the dancers: "I'm a reporter, and would like your name." "Oh, reporter, eh? What paper?" "The Tribune. Will you give me your name?" The old gentleman stroked his gray whiskers tenderly, looked at the reporter calmly, and said quietly: "Joseph Medill."—New York Tribune.

"Dressed to Kill."



—Life.

The Future Generation.

The sweet girl graduate and the bumptious boy graduate are with us again. We are glad to meet them and shake hands with them across the chasm of years. We are glad to hear once more their plans for giving down frozen woman her proper sphere in life, and for solving within a few weeks' time all the social problems. We sympathize with them most heartily; for a happy experience has taught us what a blissful thing it is to know so much. Were they a whit less enthusiastic we should be ashamed of them, and predict for them failure in the coming struggle with the world. As it is, they are our hope, and they give us fresh courage.—Albany Express.

A Great Scheme.

Mrs. Oldrich—I was very sorry to miss you last week. I thought I had hit upon your day to be at home. Have you changed it? Mrs. Newcome—Oh, no; I have no regular day. Mrs. Oldrich—But your card says Thursday. Mrs. Newcome—Yes; isn't it convenient? I noticed them at the stationer's. They're such a neat reminder. I have a pack for every day in the week, so that folks will remember just what day I called.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

His Grand Destiny.

"You have spent eight years in college, three at a theological school and two in the study of theology, and yet you do not intend to enter the ministry. May I ask what special career you are fitting yourself for?" "I am studying for marriage with a Boston girl," replied the scholastic enthusiast, his voice tremulous and his dark, melancholy eyes lighting up with an eager, aspiring gleam.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Bull's Eye.

Hicks (to Briggs, who has had a day out at target practice)—Did you hit the bull's eye, old man? Briggs—No, it was a cow, I believe. At any rate it cost me a hundred dollars to fix it up with the fellow who owned the critter.—Boston Transcript.

Shad and Strawberries.

When the angels made shad The devil was mad, For it seemed such a feast of delight; So to ruin the scheme He jumped in the stream And stuck in the bones out of spite. When the strawberry red First illumined its bed, The angels looked down and were glad; But the devil, 'tis said, Fairly pounded his head, For he'd used all his bones on the shad. —Baltimore Daily News.

HE ARGUED THE CASE.

Now the Chief Justice Got the Best of a Car Conductor.

The chief justice and Justice Harlan usually ride in the street cars from the Capitol to their houses. As they are both smokers they usually choose the rear platform in preference to a seat inside. Now that the winter is breaking and the car door can be left open, the conductor objects, as the wind carries the smoke into the car. For some time the two leading jurists of the country let the street car conductor lay down the law for them and meekly passed through the car to the front platform. One day last week they made it up between them to argue the case with the conductor, and prove that the wind would carry the smoke in a opposite direction from the interior of the car.

The conductor began the war. "No smoking here. You'll have to pass to the front platform."

"But, my good man," expostulated the big justice, interposing his body between the conductor and his companion, "the wind carries the smoke to the south and we are traveling north."

"Can't help that, sir, them's my orders," said the other, dogmatically.

The little chief justice, in the meantime, had stepped down on the lower step, lighted his cigar and was puffing unconcernedly, screened by the vast bulk of Justice Harlan.

"There are exceptional cases, other things being equal, where a law coercive at one time may at another time be void. Let me cite you to case 8,127 of our Common Law Statute book."

"We gets our orders from the boss," said the conductor, firmly, measuring his man. The three hundred pounds of the justice were convincing, and he added, willing to compromise, "we fellows is expected to obey orders."

As Justice Harlan began his reply, the car turned from the avenue up Fifteenth street, the little chief justice carefully lighted his second cigar, his face wearing its poetic rather than its judicial expression. He was taking no part in the case before the court, he really did not seem to hear the plea of his distinguished friend.

"Let me call your attention to the fact," pursued the justice, courteously, "that you are not following the line of argument. The wind is a north wind. By a paradox peculiarly scientific a wind is named from the direction from which it comes rather than the direction to which it goes. Consequently a north wind goes south, we are traveling north. A wind blowing in a southerly direction cannot carry smoke north." As he saw that his man was weakening, rather from his size than from the weight of the argument, Justice Harlan continued the case. As they reached the boundary, Chief Justice Fuller stepped down lightly and offered the stump of his third cigar to Justice Harlan for a lighter. He did not smile or refer in any way to the case that had been tried before him, and Justice Harlan had another proof of what a courteous gentleman the chief justice of the United States is.

The conductor remarked to the driver as he watched the pair toiling up the hill, Justice Harlan trying to puff out one cigar before he reached home: "What a big man that is. He grew bigger all the time he was talking to me. Think he weighs 340 instead of 300."—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Nothing is Lost.

"I will print it for you, if you wish," said the editor, kindly, as he glanced from the joke to the Youthful Humorist standing timidly and wisely close to the door, "but we can't pay you very much for it, because we have printed it once or twice ourselves, and the man who owned the paper before the present company bought it ran it a couple of years in a tooth wash advertisement. But I'll tell you what you might do with it," he added, as he noticed the falling countenance of the Youthful Humorist, "you might take it to The Educator and Palladium; they are running a Prize Joke department in their Sunday edition." The Y. H. entered it in competition and took the \$500 prize.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Agriculturally Speaking.

He was a farmer's boy and very little. His father was pulling off his stockings one evening preparatory to going to bed, when his mother asked, "Freddy, what is your father doing?" Freddy had witnessed the process of treating ripened corn and replied, "He's huskin' his feet."—Binghamton Republican.

Maybe It Didn't Come Over the Wire.

Jenkins to Henkins (after vainly trying to understand a message over the telephone wire)—That's right! Get mad! I can hear you all right now.—New Haven Palladium.

The Rewards of Literature.

Visitor—You speak of this author's works as having become suddenly valuable. Why is that? Publisher—He has died.—Chicago Globe.

He Won the Prize.



Diner Out—Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup.

Waiter—Yes, sah—you're de lucky man. We has prize soup on Mondays an' Wednesdays. A handsome gift in every twentieth plate, sah.—Once a Week.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELS.

The demand for fancy stones is greatly on the increase.

Cowled monks in oxidized silver are a new feature in peppers.

Inkstands of polished bronze and bright silver are an innovation.

The newest comb headings are of platinum and gold intertwined.

Link bracelets made of graduated gold cubes are cropping up again.

Colored pearls are being extensively used in jewelry ornamentation.

Chased silver mice, linked together by the tails, form a unique bracelet.

A rich looking scarf pin is a pearl ball dangling from a diamond coronet.

There is again a call for coral jewelry, the more admired shade being pink.

Colossal spiders in oxidized silver is one of the latest devices in shawl pins.

A heart of diamonds, pierced by a ruby dart, is a brooch of a high class order.

One of the latest whims is a miniature gold compass charm with a blue enamel dial.

Pretty earrings are those made of a sapphire, a ruby and a diamond set in a trefoil.

Little grunners with diamond eyes and ruby studded backs dangle from queen chains.

Scarf pin tops are formed now of two or three broad circular bands of gold interlocked.

Seasonable queen chain pendants are tiny enameled eggs in colors to simulate porcelain.

It begins to look as though ladies' purses of fine woven gold are to make their mark soon.

Popular among scarfpin wearers is a small gold knife edge hand scythe set with tiny pearls.

The newest hat pins have heads of transparent amber and carved to represent apparagus.

Some of the newest gold glove buttons are beautified with incrustated gold crutch handles.

A gold disk completely covered with small turquoise makes a tasty and inexpensive scarfpin.

A perfect imitation of alligator skin in silver is what is being utilized for riding whip handles.

In gentlemen's rings the belcher's shank, richly chased, with a ruby center, has somewhat the call.

The latest oddity in finger ring settings consists of half a dozen blue whitestones set perpendicularly.

Two bars set all around with opals and diamonds alternately form a bracelet of a pleasing character.

Imitation whisk brooms on a small scale, of fine variegated gold, are the coming queen chain pendants.

Hammered gold links in grotesque patterns are richly set with gems and are considered quite stylish.

The fashion of wearing the scarfpin in the extreme corner of the scarf is being revived with a vengeance.

Some beautiful champagne pitchers are of cut glass of various tints, with richly chased silver mountings.

Among paper weight eccentricities is a metal bass viol straddled by a boy drawing the bow across the strings.

The newest fad in scarfpins is a pyramid of solid Roman gold with several small diamonds hooked on to the surface.

Newly imported specimens of carved ivory bear on their surfaces groups of traveling actors, full of life and expression.

IDEAS FOR DRESS.

Boss are things of the past.

The turban is more popular than ever. Ribbons for use on spring hats are all bordered.

Short capes have taken the place of winter cloaks.

Yellow is the color of many of the new summer gowns.

Nons but American ladies put on their gloves on the street.

Gold embroideries are used on some of the Easter dinner dresses.

Blouses of wash surah silk will be a feature of summer toiles.

Velvet ribbon has taken the place of moire ribbon for trimming.

India silks will figure in every well supplied summer wardrobe.

The fashionable visiting card is almost a square piece of pasteboard.

Square cornered souave jackets are becoming to all slender figures.

Gray, fawn and drab are the colors in favor for spring walking dresses.

Riding and driving gloves for ladies are short and have only one button.

White, green and rose are the most fashionable colors for evening toiles.

Embroidered collars and cuffs should be made separate from summer dresses.

Those ladies to whom the style is becoming are wearing their hair low again.

Four buttoned kid gloves with heavy stitching on the back are worn for walking.

Parasols with long handles will be more generally worn than they were last year.

Large studs or conspicuous jewelry of any kind are not worn by gentlemen of taste.

Easter gifts have become almost as much of an institution as Christmas presents.

Smockek gingham will make some of the favorite morning dresses for the summer.

White and gold brocaded silk parasols will be much used for hotel piazzas and carriages.

Very finely plaited hose, silk, muslin and lace about five inches wide are used as collars, cuffs and jabots.

The empire style of dress—round waist, full sleeves and slightly draped skirt—has not lost its popularity.—New York Press.

Paper.

We have just received a very pretty line of papers for covering pantry and closet shelves, etc. They are in cream, salmon, orange, mandarin, heliotrope, royal purple, sky blue, Nile green and other colors. Ladies should call and see these papers. They are the newest thing out and add greatly to the appearance of shelves.

To Sioux City.

The new U. P. line between Lincoln and Sioux City will be open Monday. The train will leave this city at 2:45 p. m., reaching Sioux City at 10:30 p. m. Will leave Sioux City at 7 a. m., reaching Lincoln at 1:50 p. m. These trains will run through solid by way of David City, Columbus and Norfolk, and will make the quickest time of any route. They will connect at Sioux City with diverging lines. This will make eight U. P. trains in and out of Lincoln.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

To the residents of Lincoln, Neb.: This is to notify you that the undersigned have purchased the right and title to the business heretofore conducted under the name of the Crystal Steam Laundry, and organized into a corporate body in accordance with the laws of the state of Nebraska, under the title of the "Capital Steam Laundry and Office Supply Company," of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. J. W. Wilder has been employed as manager and we guarantee that all work entrusted to our care will be done satisfactorily.

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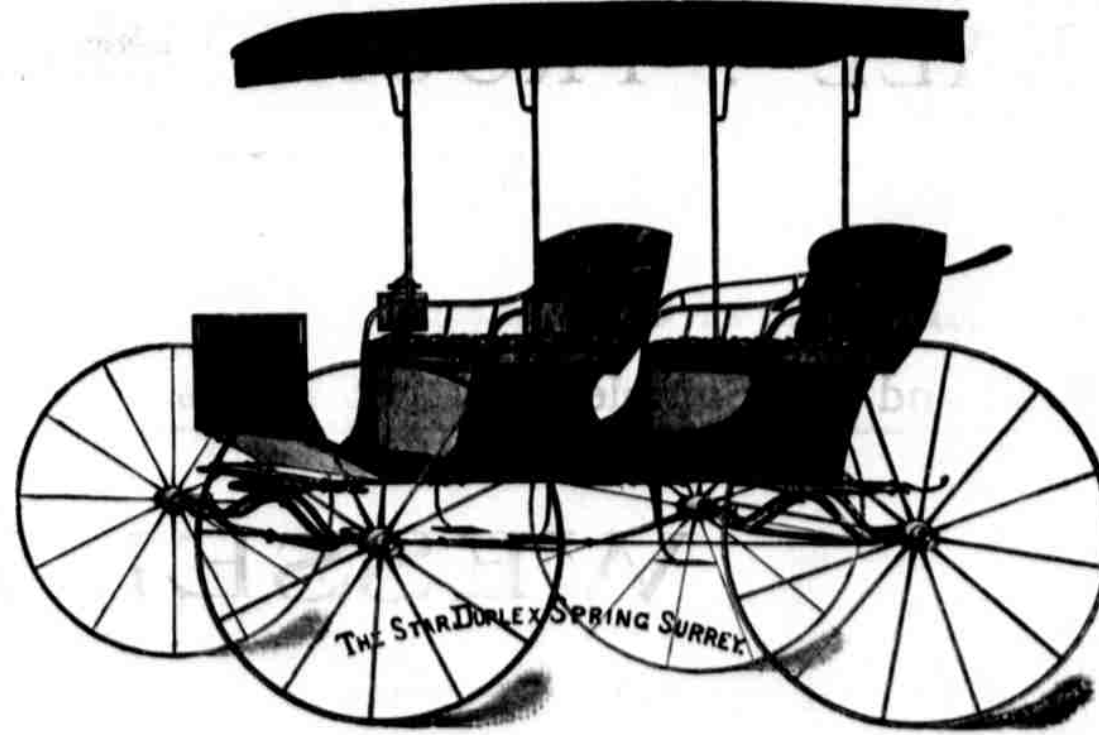
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