

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

The Subject of Honesty Discussed by Waydown Debee and Elder Toots.

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and other routine business, Brother Gardner stated that he had been asked to secure an expression of opinion on the question "Does It Pay to be Strictly Honest?"

"I war in hopes dat qeshun would neber cum up in dis club," said the old veteran in reply. "It ar a qeshun which has caused me many sleepless nights, an' which I hev neber bin able to settle to my own satisfack shum. On one occasion I found a wallet in de road. It contained \$30, an' when I restored it to de owner he handed me all de money an' thanked me besides. On several other occasions I hev found wallets and spent \$3 worth of time hurrin' up de owner an' bin rewarded wid 10 cents. A grocer once gim me a \$10 dollar bill fur a \$1. I handed it back an' he giv' me half a pound of tea. De very next week I giv' him a \$5 bill fur a \$2, an' he kept it an' swore dat I was a liar.

"If I buy meat de butcher works mo' or less bone in on me," continued the old man. "If I buy wood or coal it ar' allus a leetle short. I expect de dry goods man to cheat me mo' or less, an' de hatter an' shoemaker doan' allus stick to facts. If I war' strictly honest I reckon I should land in de po' house in about a year. I doan' advise any one to be dishonest, but it ar' my opinyun dat if you find a pug dog runnin' around de streets he should be taken home and tied up to de bed post until some one advertises a liberal reward an' no qeshuns axed."

Waydown Debee then spoke as follows: "Dar was a time when I was so strictly honest dat ober fifty of de nayburs chickens used to roost in my back yard o' nights. At de same time dem nayburs borrowed money of me an' dun forgot to pay it back, an' if I left a spade out doahs ober night it was gone in de mornin'.

"If I owed a debt I ached to go an' wake de man up at midnight an' pay him. If I found half a dozen lead bullets in my change, I melted 'em up fur nickels to shoot cats. If I discovered ten cents de de cash in de postoffice I handed it to de postmaster. I practiced dis course fur five long years, an' doarin' dat time I not only run be hind \$1,000, but I heard myself spoken of on all sides as a greenhorn, a pancake an' an idiot. I finally decided to change. In five years I has picked up ober \$2,000, am out of debt an' grocers an' butchers send to my house and solicit my trade. When you ax me if it pays to be strictly honest I mus' reply dat it don't—not by a jug full!"

Elder Toots was then called upon, and he said:

"If dar' am any one pusson in Detroit who has had chicken fur dinner any oftener dan I hev I should like to see his photograph, an' yit whar' am de pusson who dare stan' up an' say I steal chickens! I used to be strictly honest. If I found a cent in de road I went whoopin' up an' down to find an owner. If a \$25 lost dog crept under my house to be taken care of until advertised I drove him out an' let de man next doah get de money. I not only paid de house rent on de day it was due, but made all repairs out o' my own pocket. I run right down hill, an' by my by I woke up to find de old woman out o' taters flour, meat, sugar, tea and everything else 'cept Rough on Rats an' two bars o' soap, while my toes war' out to January weather. On dat same mornin', as I was gwine down town, I heard one man say to another: 'Say, Jim, see dat pusson! He ar' de fool nigger of Detroit. If he had a quarter wid a hole in it he would frow it in de ribber fur fear of accidentally passin' it off on a millyonary.' Dat set me to thinkin'. Dat very night I stole a lot of wood, three chickens, a bag o' taters an' a pair of butes, an' I hev prospered ever since. I specks it will be a leetle harder on me when I cum to de gates of heaven, but I am doin' powerfully well down yere below an' increasin' my fat every day."—Detroit Free Press.

Look Out For the Linings, Ladies.



Miss Henkleman—What a lovely gown, dear, from Paris, of course!

Miss Whitelyar—Yes, I can't get suited anywhere else, it came on the Umbria, Tuesday.—Scribner's Magazine.

He Tumbled.

"Look here, captain," began a prisoner who had passed a couple of days in a cell at headquarters, "I want some information!"

"About what?"

"Why don't you provide these cells with beds, carpets, rocking chairs and other comfortable things, so as to make a prisoner's stay pleasant?"

"Why didn't you go to a first class hotel instead of coming here?" queried the captain in reply.

"Ah! I see. I tumble. Nuff ced. It all depended on me, and I skipped the tra-la-la."—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Question Settled.

A St. Louis "newsboy," aged 25, has died, leaving an estate valued at \$23,000, accumulated in fifteen years. This seems to answer the oft propounded query, "Does Literature Pay?"—Norristown Herald.

How to Get Rich.

"James," said the proprietor, "have you marked all the holiday stock up 25 per cent.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put a sign on the window saying that we are selling out at cost."—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Good Chance.

Tobacco Chewing Husband after ascending the stairs—I'm all out of breath. Wife—Then kiss me, please.—New York Weekly.

A Divided Duty.

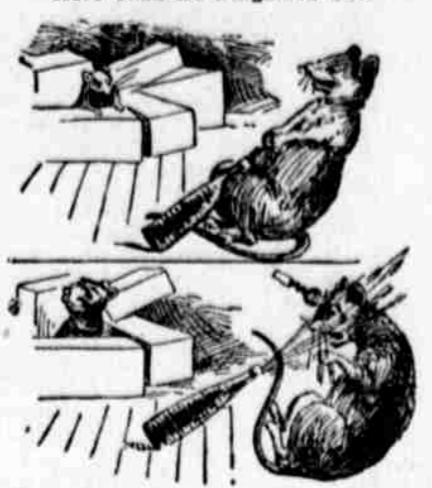
Woman to tramp—There, I have obeyed the divine injunction to "Feed the hungry," and now I hope you will remember that one good turn deserves another, and chop a little wood for me.

Tramp—I'm very sorry, mum, but I've got an engagement, an' must hurry off.

"Why, what have you to do?"

"It is my solemn duty, mum, to go out into the highways and byways, and tell hungry gents like myself that this 'ere house is a good place to git a square meal."—New York Weekly.

More Than He Bargained For.



—Texas Siftings.

Everything in the Style.

Senator Matt Ransom is back from North Carolina, happy over his re-election and handsomer than ever. His pose for the galleries is strengthened by some new elements. A brother senator who congratulated Ransom on his re-election slipped back into the cloak room and told this story:

"I never see Matt Ransom without thinking of an incident they tell about down in his own neighborhood. They have the biggest fair in the state there. One year a lank, lean mountaineer brought a horse down to the fair. It was blind, spavined and had the glanders. A sorrier looking beast couldn't be found in that country. The horse dealer showed his paces all around the track.

"Take a look," he cried, 'at the finest hoss in Northampton county.'

"He had gone half way around the track when a man came up to him and said:

"'Look hesh, stranger, that hoss is blind.'

"'Can't help it, it's the finest hoss in Northampton county,' and the mountaineer passed on a little further. Somebody else struck him and said:

"'Hello, there, that hoss is lame.'

"'Still the mountaineer called out:

"'Take a look at the finest hoss in Northampton county.'

"He had got around the circle when Matt Ransom met him. Thinking he would have some fun the senator went up and said:

"'That the finest horse in Northampton county? Why, it's lame, blind, and wheezes like thunder. What are its good points?'

"The mountaineer sized the senator up, changed his cud of tobacco, and said:

"'Can't help that, boss; its name is Matt Ransom, and it's—on style. That makes it the finest hoss in Northampton county.'"

—Washington Cor. Northampton County.

A Cheap Lesson.

"That piece of paper isn't worth shucks, is it?" queried a stranger as he handed a check in to the cashier of a Griswold street bank the other day.

"No, sir," was the reply after a brief glance.

"It is signed John Smith."

"I see it is."

"He's a fraud!"

"I think so. Where did you get the check?"

"At the depot. Lent a party \$30 to get off on a train with, and he gave me this check of \$50 as security."

"You have been confided."

"I know it. I knew it half an hour ago. When I started to come to town my brother said I'd let some one make a fool of me."

"And you have."

"I have. Turned out just as he said. Say, wamn't that confidence operator rather fresh?"

"How?"

"See here. Here's a wallet with \$3,800 in it, and the fool only asked me for \$30! Won't he kick himself if he ever finds out how cheap he let me off!"—Detroit Free Press.

Her Congratulations.

Millicent—There, I must tell you a secret, dear—Mr. Sanders proposed to me last night.

Ruby—How delicious! You accepted him, of course.

Millicent—He was so persistent that I really had to. I think we will get along nicely, don't you?

Ruby—Ever so nicely! As you know, he is not at all fastidious.—Binghamton Republican.

A Gentle Hint.

She—What's that noise on the street, Mr. Stalng! Could you distinguish it!

Mr. Stalng—Some noisy fellow going home, no doubt.

She—Oh! I thought it sounded like newsboys calling out the morning papers.—Burlington Free Press.

Look Before You Leap.



He—You wouldn't care to know Goodfellow, Miss Smart; he's awfully bad form—a regular cad, you know.

She—But I do know him.

He—Really now!

She—Yes, and I am going to marry him next month.—Scribner's Magazine.

How a Soldier Estimates Distances.

It constantly happens that men detached from the main body of an army are called upon to determine for themselves their distance from an object to be fired at. No assistance can be given, nothing but a stern reliance upon one's judgment and the size and appearance of surrounding objects. Experience abundantly proves that even the rawest of recruits may be taught to estimate distances approximately from his base line to at least 2,000 yards away, and this by simple rapid observation. Every soldier is supposed to have good eyesight; he therefore, after a little practice in sight estimating, learns the following facts:

At thirty yards the white of a man's eyes is plainly seen, and the eyes themselves to 80 yards.

At 100 yards all parts of the body are seen distinctly, slight movements are perceptible, and the minute details of the uniforms can be distinguished.

At 300 yards the outlines of the face are confused and the rows of brass buttons look like yellow stripes.

At 800 yards the buttons are no longer visible.

At 400 yards the face is a mere dot, but all movements of the legs and arms are still distinct.

At 900 yards details can no longer be distinguished, though the files of a squad, if the light be strong, can be counted.

At 800 yards the men in a squad cannot always be counted nor their individual movements distinguished.

At 1,000 yards a line of men simply resembles a broad belt; the direction of their march can, however, be readily determined.

At 1,500 yards infantry can be distinguished from cavalry.

At 2,000 yards a mounted man looks like a mere speck or dot.

The above rules are applicable in the beginning only to smooth, open country, but after a little practice they apply also with equal force to rough, broken country as well.—Fort Davis (Tex.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Kind and Courteous.

We who were born under a northern sky are accustomed to say that we have no time for the more elaborate courtesies of daily life. Perhaps, also, we have not the inclination to adopt them, and need to whet our resolution with stories like the following, told in "The Tramp at Home," and culled during a stay at New Orleans.

I once lost my way in the narrow streets of the French quarter, and, as there were no passers by, stepped into a shoemaker's shop to obtain directions.

"You wish to go to Washington square?"

"Yes."

"Well, come, I will show you."

He laid down his tools and shoes, and we started off together. The street we met on the quiet, almost deserted street did not seem to think there was anything odd in the shoemaker's walking along with me, his sleeves still rolled up, his leather apron tied round his waist, his workman's cap on his head.

"I did not mean to put you to this trouble," I apologized. "If you will tell me the way I can find it."

"Oh, it's no trouble," returned the shoemaker jovially. "Besides, you couldn't go by yourself. The streets are very narrow and very crooked."

The rest of the distance—about a block and a half—we talked politics, a subject in which the shoemaker was well versed. Then we came in sight of the square, and my guide, with a bow that would have done credit to a dancing master, touched his cap and returned leisurely to his shop.—Youth's Companion.

Incense for Homes.

The agreeable fashion of burning pastilles and fragrant herbs in rooms that are apt to grow "stuffy" in damp weather is almost a substitute for a fire on the hearth, which purifies and cheers the whole house. Ever since the mania for Japanese decoration came in there has been a demand for the delicious pastilles, or "reeds," which are the condensation of Eastern fragrance, and their use has brought about a greater love for aromatic odors of a refined and purifying nature.

The subtle sweetness permeating articles that come from China or Japan will last for years, and affect the atmosphere, not merely of the room they are in, but of the entire house. There is not a Rimel or a Lubin in Europe that can produce this intoxicating, and, if one may say so, high bred perfume from the Orient, try as he may. A bunch of Japanese pastilles, smoldering one at a time in a little burner, will last several weeks, while for olfactories disliking any perfume, however delicate, a bit of gum camphor or a little stack of pine needles produces a most refreshing odor while burning. Pine needles can be gathered by the bushel and kept all winter to be thrown on coal fires in city houses, or burned by themselves in one of those little chaffing dishes for which Japanese art is famous.—Chicago Herald.

An Episode in the Life of Mantell.

Robert Mantell, the actor, was born in Belfast, Ireland, and in appearance a typical Irishman of the finest class. His countrymen wherever he has played have taken the utmost interest in his success. There have been one or two instances, however, in which this has been decidedly embarrassing. While playing in London at the Olympic theatre as the leading man for Miss Wallace in "Ninon," two school mates of his attended a performance, occupying seats in the pit.

After a convivial dinner they were feeling in the happiest mood. As Mr. Mantell entered he delivered quite a lengthy monologue, and at its conclusion his North Country friends sprang to their feet and shouted, "Hooray for Ireland!" Quiet was immediately restored, but when Mr. Mantell, as the hero, foiled the villain and rescued the heroine, their enthusiasm again exceeded restraint, and standing up, they yelled, "Hooray for Ireland! Give him one with your left! Go it, old boy!" and not until a policeman had ejected them from the hall was order restored. Miss Wallace was greatly incensed at Mr. Mantell, thinking the matter had been arranged by him for effect, and it required considerable explanation to restore himself in the good graces of the angered "star."—New York Star.

They Do Not Speak as They Pass By.

They had both lost their husbands, one was a widow of fifty, the other was twenty-two. The older one called upon the younger one to console with her, and they went upon one another's necks and recalled the merits of the dear deceased. It was astonishing how much the old husband and the young one had been alike in their disposition and character—at least they both saw a distinct resemblance in every point, which shows that matrimony does not really change a man, nor age either—when he is dead. But they had a most delightful time until the young one, putting her arms around the old one's neck, sobbed through her tears: "I know it is selfish of me to say so much about my own sorrow. But really I do feel that it is so much worse for you than for me. I don't know how I would have felt if this had happened to me when I was your age and had no chance of getting another." The tears froze suddenly, and the old one does not speak as she passes by.—San Francisco Chronicle.

RAZZLE DAZZLE.

FROM "BRASS MONKEY" LANCERS.

Published through The American Press Association, by permission of the Author and his Publishers, Willis Woodward & Co., New York.

By CHARLES ZIMMERMANN.



Copyright, 1889, by Willis Woodward & Co., New York.

PIANOS

All the Latest and most Popular Musical Compositions

ORGANS

CURTICE & THIERS,

LEADING MUSIC DEALERS

207 SOUTH 11TH STREET.

SHEET MUSIC

Large Stock of the leading American made Guitars, Piano Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to.

NOVELTIES

Russet Goat Walking Shoes.

The Rue De Bunde French Oxford.

Brown French Goat Common Sense Oxfords.

Grey Tennis Shoes Strapped with Brown Ooze Calf.

Patent Leather with Grey Ooze Calf Plug Oxford.

All the Latest and Best Styles of Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords,

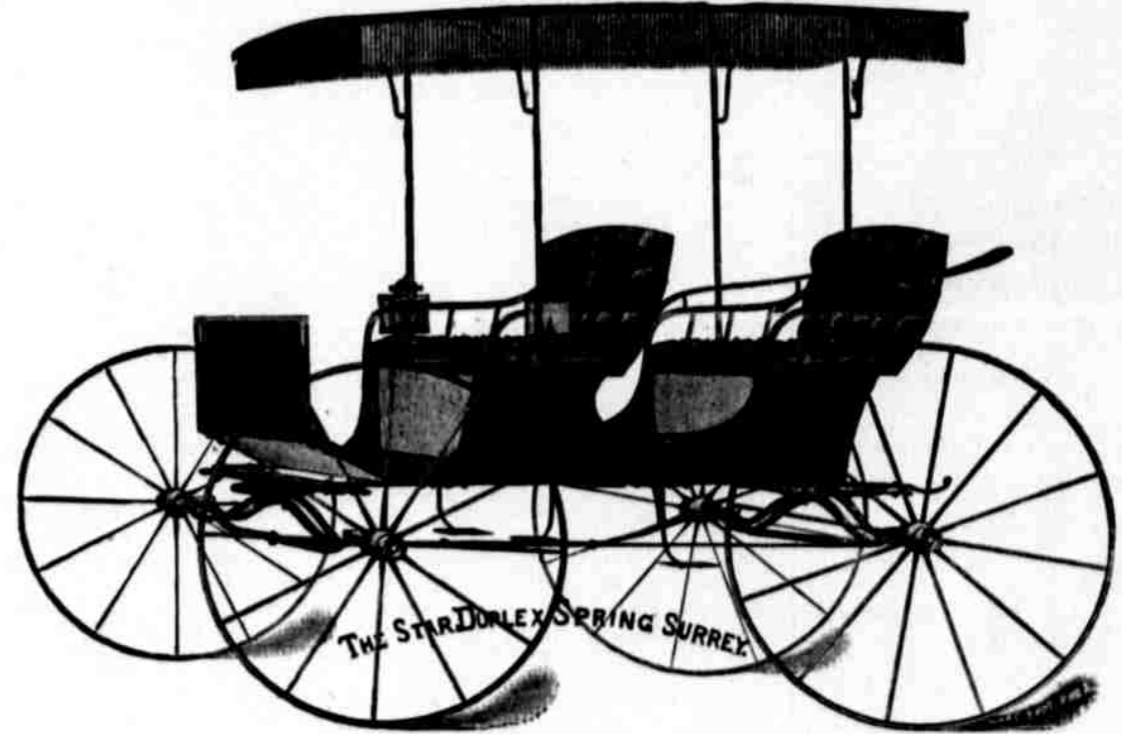
PERKINS BROTHERS,

1129 O STREET.

We are the Leading Carriage Manufacturers!

Our Stock is very Complete and Prices are Low.

Come and See us. Old Buggies taken in Exchange for New Ones.

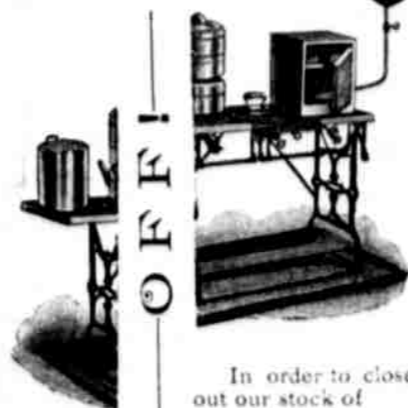


CAMP BROS.,

Telephone 664.

Cor. Tenth and M Sts.

One-Quarter!



In order to close out our stock of

Single - Generator

Gasoline Stoves,

We will give 1/4 off for Cash until closed out.

1242 O St. BAIRD BROS.

HOHMANN'S MUSIC DEPOT



EST'D 1862 FIRST CLASS PIANOS & ORGANS SHEET MUSIC, BOOKS, MUSICAL MERCHANDISE INSTRUMENTS ON PAYMENTS 1140 O St. LINCOLN, NEB.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

BALL PROGRAMS, MENUS

Wessel Printing Co., New Burr Block.