

WANTED!

Everybody to examine the plans and standing of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, before insuring. It has the lowest continuous death rate of any company. Realizes the highest rate of interest on invested assets which enables it to pay large dividends.

Policies incontestible and non-forfeitable after third year. The Union Central issues endowment policies at ordinary life rates; these policies are now maturing and being paid in from one to two years earlier than time estimated by the company. They protect the family and estate during the younger years of life, and the insured in old age at regular life rates. Other desirable policies issued. Call on us or write for plans.

J. M. EDMISTON, State Agent. C. L. MESHIER, Asst. State Agent. G. T. PUMPELLY, City Solicitor. Room 22 Burr Block, LINCOLN, NEB.

Past All Precedent! Over Two Millions Distributed. L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company. Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present state constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Extraordinary Drawings take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters. R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat. Bk. P. J. LAMAR, Pres. State Nat. Bk. A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat. Bk. CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

MAMMOTH DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., Tuesday, December 17, 1889. Capital Prize, \$600,000.

- 100,000 Tickets at \$10; Halves \$20; Quarters \$40; Eighths \$80; Twentieths \$160. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 PRIZE OF \$600,000 is \$600,000. 1 PRIZE OF \$200,000 is \$200,000. 1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is \$100,000. 1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is \$50,000. 5 PRIZES OF \$20,000 are \$100,000. 5 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are \$50,000. 25 PRIZES OF \$2,000 are \$50,000. 100 PRIZES OF \$1,000 are \$100,000. 200 PRIZES OF \$500 are \$100,000. 500 PRIZES OF \$200 are \$100,000. APPROXIMATION PRIZES: 100 Prizes of \$1,000 are \$100,000. 100 do. 500 are \$50,000. 100 do. 400 are \$40,000. TWO NUMBER TERMINALS: 1,998 Prizes of \$200 are \$399,600. 3,144 Prizes amounting to \$2,159,600.

AGENTS WANTED.

For Club Rates or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

IMPORTANT.

Address: M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. Or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C. By ordinary letter containing MONEY ORDER issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note. Address Registered Letters containing Currency to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER that the payment of the Prize is guaranteed by Four National Banks of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose charter rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes.

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US in any drawing. Any thing in our name offered for less than a dollar is a swindle.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer as being a first-class remedy for Coughs and Colds, having used it in my own family with very great satisfaction. L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

By MAX O'RELL, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Daughters," Etc.

VI-AT PLAY AND AT TABLE.

Cheerfulness the Secret of French Happiness—How Epicures Eat—At the Seaside and the Theatre.

The French are essentially a happy people. Their cheerfulness, which strikes the foreigner the moment he sets foot on French soil, is due to a sound stomach. Dyspepsia is not known in France. Light bread, generous wine, dainty dishes, productive of good humor, never heated, always eaten in good apartments or in the open air with leisure and jocularly, there lies the foundation of the Frenchman's happiness. From the rich banker's mansion in the Champs Elysees to the simple mechanic's garret at Belleville, business cares are never allowed to interfere with the pleasures of the table.

See the eyes sparkling with joy as the bottle fills the glasses, and the good humored rebuke of the host when a lady—most French ladies will—knocks the bottle in lifting her glass to prevent its being filled to the brim. "Sapristi, madame, say that you won't have any more, but, for goodness sake, don't slake the bottle!" Or look how he frowns if he catches a guest in the act of adding water to his pet wine. "Mix this wine with water! My dear fellow, it's a sacrilege! God will never forgive you!" There is nothing irreverent in this exclamation. He is thoroughly convinced that good wine was given to man by God to rejoice his heart; and to spoil it by adding water to it is in his eyes nothing short of a sin.

A Frenchman is very poor indeed who has not in the corner of a cellar a few bottles that he has carefully tended for years, and that he brings upstairs to welcome an old friend at his table or cheer a poor neighbor on a sick bed. Every year the French bourgeois promotes some hundred bottles of wine that has improved by keeping. You should see him as he gently opens the door of his cellar, and almost walks on tiptoe, for fear of shaking the ground. With very little inducement he would take off his hat; he is in his sanctuary. All his bottles are sealed and labeled. He contemplates them with a paternal eye. It was he who bottled that wine, who corked it, sealed it, labeled it and laid it down. In the driest corner he will point out to you a dozen of bottles covered with dust and cobwebs. Not even his most intimate friend has ever tasted their contents. He bought this wine on the day that a daughter was born to him. It will be opened on her wedding day. He knows he will require some generous wine to keep up his spirits when he has to part with his beloved daughter, who is to him as the apple of his eye.

The pleasures of the table are within the reach of all classes in France. The working people are better off in England than in France, but they are not so well fed or so happy. They spend their money in superfluities instead of spending it in necessities. The English women of this class go in for a lot of cheap finery; the French ones go in for sound linen. What the English working classes throw away in bones, scraps and vegetables would suffice to nourish a poor French family.

I assure you that with a vegetable soup, a stew, some cheese or fruit and good bread these people dine remarkably well at two or three pence a head.

I know of an English lady who, one day, sent by her cook a boiled chicken to a poor woman of the neighborhood who was sick. She sent it in a soup tureen full of the broth.

The following day she went to see how her poor patient was doing, and how she had enjoyed the chicken.

Then she learned that the broth had been thrown away, the "ladies" of the place having declared that it was only dirty water.

For the upper and well to do classes there are in Paris a few dozen restaurants, perfect temples of Epicurus. Now see the faithful at work. They will tell you that animals feed, man eats. "But," they will add, "the man of intellect alone knows how to eat."

A little walk is taken first, to get up the appetite. Some will have their glass of absinthe or vermouth, and will tell you with the most serious air in the world that without it their appetite would never come. Punctual as the clock, when their dinner hour arrives, behold them turn into Bignon's, the Maison-Doree, or some other well known house, and take their seat with the solemnity of an academician who is going to take part in the official reception of a newly elected member of the celebrated academy! The waiter presents the bill of fare and discreetly retires. He knows that the study of the menu is a momentous affair, and that these gentlemen are not going to lightly choose their dishes. They must have ample time for reflection. He leaves them in sweet meditation, savoring in advance the long list of dainties for the day. This preliminary is one of the pleasantest features of the performance, something akin to the packing up for a holiday trip. Each article on the bill of fare is discussed with endless commentaries, accompanied with knowing glance or smack of the tongue.

By and by the choice is made. One takes a bit of paper, and pencils the order for the waiter:

- Consomme aux pois Oysters and a sole Normande Pissant a la Sainte Alliance Chateaubriand Tenderest of asparagus a l'Amoise Supreme de macaroni Octolons a la Provencale Merlanges a la Vanille Ios, cheese, dessert.

The waiter's question is very soon settled. The Frenchman is familiar with the names of all his favorite friends. Beane, Leville, Chateau Lafitte, Chateau Margaux will help the chosen menu to go down. He will sometimes order a bottle of Rhenish wine, but not without

adding: "These rascally Prussians, what beautifully colored wines they grow!" Two hours, at least, are spent at table, for the whole time of the meal conversation goes on unflagging. When dinner is over our friends repair to Tortoni, the Cafe Riche or the Cafe Napolitain, and there sip a cup of fragrant coffee while quietly enjoying a cigar; after which, not infrequently, a tiny glass of fine champagne or chartreuse is brought in requisition "to push down the coffee." Then they rise, and arm in arm, smiling, gesticulating, they stroll on the boulevards or the Champs Elysees, delighted with the world at large and with themselves in particular.

In all their pleasures the French bring to bear a certain amount of artistic feeling. See the workman when he starts a new penny clay pipe. He will avoid sitting or standing in a draught, and will smoke gently to color it neatly, so that the black part may be perfectly regular. If he spoils it, he will throw it away and start another, bestowing on it still more care than before. Whether he works or plays, he will never do anything clumsy.

I have heard English people say "that the French have always an eye for effect," in such a tone as to imply that this was a blemish in the national character.

It is true they have this eye for effect, and it is because the feeling for art, the love of the beautiful, is innate in all classes of the French people. So strong is it in the tradesman, for example, that it would never enter his head to turn out in his trap to go to the races in the stream of carriages that flows through the Bois de Boulogne on race days. Even the small bourgeois, who takes a cab for the journey, goes by another route so as not to spoil the show. He goes by train if he cannot walk, or he sends himself with his friends under the trees along the route, and enjoys the pretty sight for his artist's eye by the file of smart carriages filled with gayly dressed people.

Not long ago, being in a fashionable English health resort, I went one morning to see a meet. The pink coats and well groomed hunters, the amazons, the hounds, all made up a bright tableau pleasant to the eye; but, there in the midst, was a butcher's boy on his master's nag, who had joined the cavalcade, and was grinning from ear to ear at the joke of being in it—if not of it.

Now it is not that a French butcher's boy would not think himself as good as anybody else. On the contrary, his pride is stronger than the English boy's, and would not allow him to mix with the "swells" unless he could be as smart as they. This feeling and his natural repugnance to mar in the slightest degree the beauty of the scene are strong in him, and he has no taste for horse play, the great feature of any English holiday in which the people take part.

I have often heard that the English take their pleasures sadly. I am not prepared to say that I indorse the opinion; but I can affirm that the French have a wonderful capacity for enjoying themselves. They know how to throw off conventional restraints and give themselves up to pleasure. Take the seaside, for example. What fine opportunities the English seem to throw away there for thorough enjoyment? On the French beaches all the holiday makers form but one big family, as it were. The children play together without restraint. In the evening the "children of a larger growth" meet at the Casino, where, by paying a pound a month, they can enjoy good music (not German bands), have the use of billiard rooms, smoking rooms, reading rooms, etc., and the entire of frequent balls and soirees. All mix and are happy.

I have seen aristocratic ladies of the most haughty type—people who in Paris or their country homes would not think of associating with any one outside their own class—put in an appearance at these Casino balls, and dance with the first comer who asked them for a waltz or a polka. These acquaintances are made for the pleasure of the moment, and do not last. No gentleman takes advantage of such an acquaintance to go and call on the people he meets thus. Nay, more, if he meet elsewhere a lady with whom he has danced at the seaside, he puts her completely at her ease by not showing signs of recognizing her, unless she herself makes advances. If he behaved otherwise, he would immediately be stamped as an ill bred fellow. Of course you run the risk of mixing with people whose society you would not think of frequenting at home; but when the French are out for a holiday, they have only one consideration—that of passing the time gayly. If the women are attractive and the men agreeable, that is all you require of them for the little time you will be thrown among them.

The Englishman, who passes his time in standing sentry at the door of his dignity, is often almost bored to death at the seaside. If he have a large family, things may go very well, but imagine a man with a wife and daughter in lodgings by the sea. If a week of wet weather sets in, poor fellow, what resources has he but the local library, where the books he would like to read are generally "out, sir!" When he does find one to his taste, the pebble stuffed sofa or the piece of furniture his landlady facetiously calls the "easy chair," are not precisely aids to the enjoyment of it. On the beach he looks around, and says to himself that all the people look decent enough, but there is no knowing who they may be at home. That man over there looks very jolly, but, alas! perhaps his grandfather kept a shop. It is too horrible to think of the risk one may be running by making acquaintance with him. And John Bull retires into his shell.

French beaches offer a most pretty spectacle. My dear countrymen and countrywomen never lose sight of their get up; how they are going to look is a matter of first consideration. The costumes that she will take to the seaside are talked over for months by the French woman. But all wear conventional dress; this is a habit they do not seem able to throw off. No harlequin striped jackets of gaudy colors on the men; no

economizing of ribbons on the hats of the ladies. The former greatly favor white flannel suits, white straw hats, white shoes, and white umbrellas lined with green. Ladies disport themselves in white cottons, muslins and crepe de Chine. Here and there are wonderful new colors, creations of Parisian fancy, "sporadic apricot," "dying flea," "bashful frog," and others equally true to nature. These eccentric fashions are generally made up in eccentric fashion; but, whatever the dress is, it is worn as only a French woman can wear it. A big hat, turned down over one ear and caught up over the other with rampant knots of ribbon, is pretty sure to crown the jaunty little figure and rather spoil its effect. The ideal is to have one or two pounds' worth of trimming on a three-penny Zulu hat.

In the evening is donned the toilette de bal de lace or muslin, and monsieur also appears in evening dress, accompanied by a yachting cap. This is the acme of style, the latest utterance, the latest spasm of chic. Two or three hours are spent in chatting, laughing and dancing, and all go home having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The limits of this chapter will not admit of my entering into every favorite pleasure of the French people. I would like to take you to a French soiree and the races at Longchamps or Chantilly. But you might object to go to races on a Sunday, so it is as well that we should avoid Longchamps.

A few words I must say about the theatre. Theatre going is a pleasure not confined to the refined, the well to do, and the middle classes in France; it is a national thing, and the humblest enjoy and criticize what they see on the stage as acutely as do the occupants of the stalls and boxes. This class will enjoy not only melodramas and farces, but psychological plays. Victor Hugo relates that, at the funeral of Mlle. Mars, the famous actress, he heard men in blouses and with sleeves turned up say very true and very acute things concerning the theatre, art and poetry. I have always enjoyed listening at the door of Parisian theatres to workmen making their remarks on the plays and the actors, or seeing them make themselves at home in the upper gallery. Look at them in the summer, with their coats off, eating their supper and discussing across the room the merits of the acts they have heard.

Every Frenchman is an observer of human nature, and I know very few countrymen of mine who have not once or twice put on a blouse and a casquette, and taken a seat in the upper gallery. You will often hear these Paris workmen make very witty remarks. I was once present at the performance of Alexandre Dumas' "Anthony," at the Cluny theatre. In the last act Mlle. Duvergier faints, and has to be carried away by her lover. Mlle. Duvergier was a stout lady, and the actor seemed for a moment to be reflecting how he would set about it. "If you can't manage it," cried an occupant of the gallery, "make two journeys, you fool!"

The French are very strict with their actors. If a comedian's part should consist of simply having to open the door and say, "Dinner is served," he would be expected by the French public to be an actor. The Theatre Francaise is not only a great playhouse, it is a great school of manners. Mothers take their daughters there to see and learn how a woman should enter a room, walk across it, bow, and sit down. How I should like to detain you over this, a great favorite subject of mine!

I must stop. Perhaps I have succeeded in showing that the people of Paris are like the people of Athens—they may be a little frivolous, but they are intelligent and artistic.

To Be Continued.

Northwestern Indians.

A. M. Burgess, deputy minister of the interior department of Canada, has just completed a tour of the northwest settlements looking into disputed land matters. Speaking of the Saskatchewan half breeds, Minister Burgess says they are all right now. As soon as the railway is completed their means of support freighting will be cut off, and their condition may form a serious and difficult problem. The half breeds look upon the advent of the railway with so much disfavor that, although crops were a partial failure this season and the outlook is anything but bright, they absolutely refused to work at railway construction, although offered every inducement to do so. Since the recent rebellion missionaries have entirely lost control of them. They own the choicest lands on the Saskatchewan river, and it is expected they will sell out and go further north in a year or two. When they again get beyond the limits of civilization it is feared they will always be a source of trouble and danger—Winnipeg Dispatch.

"Le Dernier Cri."

The latest slang! Yes, but you mustn't call it that. In conversation it's "le dernier cri." You abhor a "pretty dress," you wear "a fetching gown," your hat with its black birds upon it is not "stylish," it is "swagger," and you are not acquainted with fashionable people, but know all the "swells." You no longer hate a man, but you simply "don't like him a little bit." You are not in society, but "in the swing," and nothing amuses you "it goes." You don't cry when a friend goes away, but you announce that you are "weak enough to blubber." What would our grand mothers have said—Louisville Courier Journal.

Rubber Tree Culture.

The Mexican government has granted a concession for rubber tree culture in the state of Oaxaca, paying three cents per tree planted, and permitting the free entrance of all needed machinery and appliances. The concessionaires must plant 1,000,000 trees the first year, and each succeeding year 1,000,000 till 15,000,000 are planted. A company with a capital of \$1,000,000 is to be organized to carry this concession into effect. Six years are required for the rubber tree to come to maturity, after which the yield of rubber is steady.—New York Telegram.

Notice of Publication.

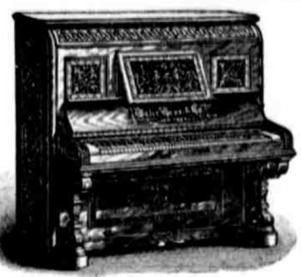
To John F. Blackmar, non-resident defendant. You will take notice that on the 5th day of December, 1889, Dollie Blackmar, plaintiff, filed her petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you for desertion. You are hereby required to answer said petition on or before the 20th day of January, 1890. DOLLIE BLACKMAR, By CURTIS F. FICK, her attorney. Dated Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 6, 1889.

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.



LINCOLN BRANCH OF Max Meyer & Bro. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in PIANOS and ORGANS. General western agents for the Steinway, Kuhnle, Chickering, Vose, Ernst Gable, Behr Bros., Newby & Evans, and Sterling. Pianos marked in plain figures—prices always the lowest for the grade of piano. C. M. HANDS, Manager. 142 North 11th Street

FINEST IN THE CITY THE NEW Palace Stables M St, opp. Masonic Temple. Stylish Carriages and Buggies, At all Hours Day or Night. 127 Horses Boarded and best of care taken of all Stock entrusted to us. PRICES REASONABLE. BILLMEYER & CO., Proprietors. Call and See Us. Telephone 435

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

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY. Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Travellers new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnishing meals at reasonable hours west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. THE DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeur of Colorado. VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE, Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENeca AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass Agent.