leaf nor blossom waste; the hills are bare; Loss and regret

Ah! sleeps there not in Nature's bo Some recompense Some sweet re-

pair?

Where are our lost? We wander weeping. Filled full with anguish and dismay The world is veiled, the skies are gray; Faith in our hearts is dead or sleeping; In vain we watch, in vain we pray

Hark! on the leafless boughs above us bluebird's warble, soft and clear; Look down' a blade of grass is here Slight choral, tiny hint, to move us: Yet 'tis the turning of the year

Here in thy soul, thou unbelieving, One word forever dear and sure "I live." The promise stands secure. Here is the balm to heal thy grieving. Hope of the patient and the pur-



'TIS BUT THE TURNING OF THE YEAR. Break out, O heavens, into singing; Awake and shout, O slumbering clod Here is thy life. The breath of God Through earth and heaven in joy is ringing: His spring the cold gray fields hath trod.

Ye lilles of the field, adore him Ye that have slept in dust and dew: Ye faithless mortal spirits too, down with rapturous song before him. Behold, he maketh all things new! -Rose Terry Cooks in Harper's Bazar

EASTER FORGIVENESS.

[Copyright, 1890, by American Press Association.] WOULD not live



alway; I ask not to stay!" quavered Miss Elizabeth, in an uncertain soprano, keeping time at the same time with her foot to the strains Peter was drawing from the melodeon in the little parlor across The old Dutch

clock in the corner of the kitchen pointed to 8. They were early risers at the Darrow farm.

Five o'clock never found Miss Elizabeth or Peter asleep. Here it was only 8 o'clock on Easter morning, and breakfast was over, Miss Elizabeth was taking the last pan of crisp gingerbread out of the oven, and Peter in his best clothes and new blue tie was playing hymns and thinking of Lucy Allen's blossom like face and the soul thrilling prospect of seeing her at church.

A trim, spry body was Miss Elizabeth. The only remnant of beauty left her after the frosts of forty-five years was a pair of limpid blue eyes that looked out on the world so frankly that you knew instinctively that a woman with such eyes would have thrived upon caresses and tender words-and she had none save what Peter gave her.

"Oh, who would live alway?" 'she continued, her voice rising with an eager, faltering strength as the hymn drew to a close, and then she stood still for a little while, her finger laid pensively on her lips.

An Easter Sunday morning of years agoah, how many!-had come back to her sud-Thousands of yesterdays faded away, and that one, glad morning came back to her, a living thing.

She saw herself in her cool pink and white frock, her face, with a cascade of curls on both sides, almost hidden under a shadowy poke bonnet. She was standing with her prayer book in her hand beside an open window; somebody was on the grass outside, his face raised to hers, his touch upon her hand. Somebody else was singing the hymn which Peter was just finishing with a long drawn, sighing chord. She heard a voice:

The man who wrote that bymn was never in love, or he had just been jilted; don't you think so, Bess! Now, we would live always if we could spend our eternal lives together!" Then this somebody had opened her little prayer book, and with an unspeakable ten-

derness of look placed her finger on these words in the marriage service: "Until death do us part."

"Never forget that, Bess," he had said; "I But he had, oh, he had! Years of pain

had been her portion. She had suffered, and through him.

The story was an old one. People had almost forgotten it. Sometimes a few of the oldest gossips touched upon it at quilting bees and sewing parties when chatting of old touch of impatience. times. They wondered what had become of jilted Elizabeth Darrow for the actress from was pale and refined and bore marks of re-Elizabeth had never married? Or was it because, her sister dying, she had been left with in his glance. He seemed unable to speak. all those Marvin children to bring up! They

had all died, too-all except Peter. Peter's heavy tread upon the bare white boards roused Miss Elizabeth. She looked up at him. A quick sigh sent the dream back to the shadows from which it had crept, and she was herself again; practical, kind and nervously energetic.

"Now, Peter, why don't you get your tie straight just for once?" she exclaimed, stand ing on tiptoe and giving the big fellow's shoulders a twist to bring him into a better "There you are now, Land sakes! your hair, too, is all awry. Whatever have you been doin' to yourself!"

"I poked my fingers through it when I was thinkin'—thinkin' "— commenced Peter awk-

wardly, his face taking on a deep blush. "What's the matter with the boy!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, and then her quick mental perception told her that Peter was on the brink of a confession of love. She whisked around and placed a chair before him.

"Sit down, Peter Marvin," she said, pointing to it like a judge. Then she took a seat opposite him and smoothed the creases out of

her apron. "You don't need to tell me who it is. It's Lucy Allen, that's who it is. You don't sup- a little; and the place looked so pretty. pose I haven't seen you castin' sheep's eyes at her? The idea! it's nearly killing to think of (individuality in the way a man lifts his hat von-dear, dear - but have you asked her:

A lump in Peter's throat threatened to strangle him as he answered spasmodically: "Last night-singin' school-as we were a-walkin' home"-

sharply; "moonlight-the gate-well, what did she say? "She said just 'Yes." "Oh, she did!-and didn't lose time about

it, I'll wager. Giris nowadays do mor'n half the love making And what did you say?" Peter turned a deep, slow scarlet.

"I didn't say anything at first." "What did you do?"

"I didn't think I could, Aunt Liz, but I did. -I-I can't say it nohow," he said, looking verywhere but at Miss Elizabeth's face, "Peter Marvin," she exclaimed, a pitiful break in her voice and her eyes wide and

humid; "did you kiss her?" "Yes, I did," he said, a little bit frightened. "And did you tell her you'd love her's long as you lived! And did you say nothing in the world could ever make you forget her!

"They be the very words, Aunt Liz!" ex-

claimed Peter, wondering eyed.

Miss Elizabeth started from her chair, and flinging her thin arms around his neck kissed

him for the first time in years.

wet forget-me-nots; "don't fail her. Be true to her, Peter! Be true to her." "I will, Aunt Liz," he said, softly.

An hour later the brown pony was har nessed to the phaeton and Miss Elizabeth, by Peter's side, was whisked along the curving roads to the little church two miles distant, Oh, how fair the world was! Across the rolling meadows a light breeze courtesied, the blue sky was reflected in every little pool of water, and the budding pastures sent up that moist, sweet, earthy smell belonging to the spring. She was very proud, very contented.



UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

her mind busy with pictures of the coming parriage. Ah, it was something to walk into church behind a prospective bridegroom. She almost felt as if she were going to be married herself. Her little worki had taken on a new significance. She sang the "Holy, oly, holy," with a feeling of ciation which almost took her off her feet, and exchanged Easter greetings quite gavly with the nem-

bers on the church purch.
"I know all about it, dear," she whispered to the blushing Lucy. "Come and take tea with us and we'll talk it over."

All the way home she hummed snatches of hymns and laughed merrily at Peter's uncouth jokes. She was teasing him in her high sweet voice as he turned the phaeton in



"DID TOU KISS BER!" "YES, I DID." at the gate and drew up a few yards from the kitchen door. Then she saw they were not alone.

Something was huddled on the lower step. Gradually as they approached it took form, and she saw an old man sitting in the sunlight. his head supported by his hand, "Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Eliza

beth; "and the key under the mat. If he'd only known he wouldn't have left a thing, mebbe. You go on to the stable, Peter; I'm not afraid; I'll speak to him." She walked nimbly up to the despondent

figure and touched his shoulder. "What's the matterf" she asked, with

The man raised his head and looked at her that handsome fellow, Dick Aspell, who had with a far off, dazed expression. His face

New York. And was that the reason Miss cent illness. He was pitifully thin and there was the suggestion of a life's disappointment "Are you sick?" she asked again, and her voice was kinder; the dovelike softness had come back to her eyes.

> "Only tired," he answered, and his sad eyes looked at her quietly, intently.

Miss Elizabeth felt uncomfortable. He did not look like a tramp, although he was miserably poor. His voice was soft and pleasant. Why did that strange, exultant chill creep through her blood! What if his eyes were gray and pleading like a well remembered pair which had made sad havor of her foolish heart! But there was a something else about him, Miss Elizabeth could not tell

what-there was a something. "You're an old fool, Elizabeth Darrow. she said inwardly, and flounced into the

By and by Peter appeared. 'You're not goin' to leave him sittin' there all day, I hopef' asked. Peter in what he supposed was a whisper; "Lucy'll be along to tea this afternoon. Why don't you give him some gingerbread and milk, Aunt Liz, and

let him go on!" The man outside heard him. "Don't mind me," he said, staggering to his feet; "I'm going now. I only wanted to rest

He leaned weakly against the wooden post her this last three months, though I've kept and lifted his torn hat with a distinctive my knowledge to myself. Have you asked grace and courtesy. There is almost as much

as in his handwriting or footstep, and the ease and freedom of this poor wretch's gesture sent another premonitory thrill through the little spinster watching him.

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Miss Elizabeth She darted down the steps and took hold of his sleeve as he turned away. "Don't dare go. It's Easter Sunday and I couldn't have it on my soul to treat any one

so on the Lord's day. Come in and have your dinner. A sigh tremided over the man's lips. He hesitated and looked at her-

"That's good of you; very good of you," he said gently, and followed her in. At dinner, however, he searcely toucher the food.

"You're ill; that's what you are," said Miss Elizabeth. "Where do you come from?" "I've been everywhere," he answered. "I

"I reckon you've been to seaf" queried "Many, many times. I've been in every country on the globe. Had to give up when I got sick. I left the hospital three weeks ago, and I'm making my way back to New York.

have no home; I've been a rolling stone.

"Have you no friends nor a wife?" asked Miss Elizabeth. "My wife died five years ago; I am quite

"Oh, Peter," she sobbed, and he thought her sweet eyes looked for all the world like able to stand."

She leaned over and whispered something to Peter, then said aloud: "If you like I can give you a place to lie down in. Mebbe you'll feel more chipper in the morning. There, you needn't thank me. 'Tain't nothing to

At twilight, while Lucy and Peter were singing hymns in the parlor, Miss Elizabeth went up to the vacant, cobwebby attic used only as a store room, made a comfortable bed on a cot and then called to the stranger to come up.

"You'l better lie down now. You look fagged out," she said briskly; "be careful to put your candle out when you're ready for The wavering light played with picturesque

effect on the silvery hair lying softly against her brow. Her brave, self reliant little figure caught a mysterious charm from the shadows piled up behind her.

"Wait-please wait a moment," said the stranger, in a weak, choked voice, as she turned to go. "Will you shake hands with me! Thank you," as she gave ber hand gently and wonderingly. "This day has been of pure gold. You're a good woman. Your charity does not sting.'

The undercurrent of feeling in his tones electrified her and she want away trembling. What was there about this homeless one that made her think of one dead to her these many years? Miss Elizabeth began to despise herself as a soft hearted old fool.

Bedtime came and she and Lucy sat for a while by her window looking up at the clear sky where the large stars burned, shedding a halo of star dust on the world. Then her thoughts went back to him. Was he asleep? No. impossible. He was doubtless wonder ing wearily where he would drift on the morrow and how it would all end.

Suddenly she and Lucy looked at each other with startled faces. What was that sound? They listened again, A stealthy footstep, a voice and a little vibration as something fell.

"He's not asleep at all!" she said in an excited whisper. "What's he doing now! I was a fool to let him in, mebbe. How do I know the man's not a thieff There-don't you hear him speaking? He's let in an accomplice while we were downstairs. Oh, what a fool I was! I'm going to get Peter. I'll show him we're not so green either."

"Let me go with yon," chattered Lucy, taking hold of Miss Elizabeth's skirts, and without making a sound they crept through the dark halls to Peter's door. In a few moments he joined them, carrying

a revolver and a candle. Miss Elizabeth with a stout cane followed, and Lucy, trembling with fear, kept close by her side. When they reached the door leading into the attic Miss Elizabeth pushed Peter aside. "Let me go first. I'll face him," she said in an indigment whisper. She paused and bent her ear forward. Yes,

there was the sound again, and his candle was still burning, as she could see by the thread of light stealing under the door. She turned the knob quickly and the trio burst into the room without any sort of warning. and saw-not a pair of thieves plotting a robbery-but the stranger sobbing like a child over a little book pressed fervently in his

"What is it! What's he got there!" asked

Peter. Miss Elizabeth knew. Her face grew white as the kerchief around her neck. It was a little time stained volume of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which her old lover had given her in the early days of their courtship, and it had lain for many years in the attic with babies' cradles, toys, children's useless little garments and other dusty tokens of the past. She looked at the thin wan face on which the candlelight played It was turned from her now in shame,

She stood erect, her eyes misty and ques tioning, her hands folded tensely before her.

"Is it Dick?" she asked. "I meant you should never know," the old man stammered, and she saw the tears stea from beneath his lowered lids.

Why did she not hate him! Why did she almost forgive him without question! The why or wherefore was past her knowing She only knew that the sight of him moved her deeply

But she struggled against the feeling that well nigh overmastered her, and the pride of a stanch New England woman flushed her cheek. No, she could not forget the bitter ness of the past.

She felt the warmth ooze away from her her heart. She became his judge, and all the details of her unhappy past rose one after an other as witnesses against him. When she spoke her voice was cold, and Peter had never before seen such a bright, stern light in her eyes.



HE LEANED WEAKLY AGAINST THE WOODEN

POST "It's time we were all asleep," she said. worked. The congruences about the house "Put away the book, Dick Aspell What's have some to grief at last," said the landlindy done is done, and there's no use shedding tenra over it."

She hurried away, Peter and Lucy following in wondering silenes,

And was this the end of it all! And did Miss Elizabeth, strong in her pride, see her old lover depart next day without a pangi Ah, not so easily are old memories forgotten and put aside. Lucy had a dim remembrance afterward of waking several times and seeing a lonely figure sitting thoughtfully by the grayness of the dawn,

When at length Miss Elizabeth ross and looked in the little mirror she shrank back with a startled sigh. The peace had vanished from her face. The interview with her heart in the still watches of the night had given a new, stormy depth to her eyes and left new lines of pain about her mouth.

"Shall I let him go without a word?" she thought. "It's only what he deserves and talkin' 'll do no good. I'm not one o' the kind of women who thrive on cruelty and deceit, But is it Christian like to let him go without saying I have no hard feelin's for what's dead

After brushing her hair and dipping her face in a basin of cold spring water she felt better and again took her seat by the win-

"After the way I neted he'll be sure to creep off early without seeing me again," she thought; "he's as proud in his way as I am, and that's what I'd do in such a case."

The light strengthened and advanced in the east as if marking the invisible footsteps of a god; Peter passed whistling on his way to the barn; but still he for whom she waited did

At last she could bear it no longer and hur ried out to the barn. "Peter, go and see if he's up," she said, try

ing to speak carelessly and with an emphasion the pronoun. The thought that he might be very ill made

her as Peter returned, swinging his hoe and calling out lustily: "He's gone. Aunt Liz." "Gone! No, it can't be," she stammered.

"Dead sure," said Peter. Miss Elizabeth went to the barn door and

slowly by the low stone wall? "That's him," said Miss Elizabeth, catching "I must speak to him once, Peter, for-

for the sake of old times." She ran down the pebbly stable path, weak he was, and how deathlike his face in and joy purchased by our risen Saviour. The she stood beside him.

"You might have waited for your breakfast," she said rather awkwardly.

"Why annoy you further?" he asked quiet-"You were far kinder than I had dared to hope. Few homeless wanderers fare as well. I thank you for the charity you gave minor strains tell the sad story of Jesus' death,

very much. After an effort she spoke again.

"I followed you just to say that I-I-bear no grudge for what's past. The sermon yes terday was about forgiveness, and 1 forgive you. This is all I thought to say to you But there's one thing now I'd like to ask. She boked away from him, a piteous tremolin her proud tones. "Why did you do what ing Willie."- Washington Post. you did, Dick Aspell! Or why did you do it the way you did! 'Twan't by no means nec essary to throw me over without a word and sneak off's if I'd have kept you when you wanted to go. If you'd told me you cared more for that other girl than you did for me and told me in the right way, I'd have seen New York Weekly. you couldn't help your feelin's, and 'twouldn't have been Elizabeth Darrow who'd have made you stay, not if the givin' you up had broken her heart, and that's why"-

She stopped, losing the thread of her long good deal in the last twenty years, and I'm speech in a growing inclination to burst into "What are you saying?" asked the man be fore her in a slow, amazed tone; "I didn't think you could be so unfair. You ask me Harlem contractor, was a prosperous and why I went away when you sent me off your happy man a few short weeks ago.

self, and in a spirit of pique I married the woman I had been only flirting with." "I sent you away!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, scarcely believing her ears. "A likely story. You musn't say that to me, Dick Aspell. I remember everything as if 'twere

yesterday." "And so do I. I remember the letter you sent me; the bitter letter, where you told me in pretty plain terms what you thought of me. But perhaps that existed only in my

"I sent you no letter," said Miss Elizabeti breathlessly, and she stood with her eyes looking past him as if peering into the van ished years for some explanation of this appalling fact. "Oh, wait!" she cried; "I se it all. How everything becomes clear. Oh. Dick. Dick, listen," and she held his arm in a tight clasp; "Mary-you remember my elder sister, Mary?-she never wanted me to marry you. She thought you would come to look down on me because your father had given you such a good education, and she thought you too wild. When people began to gossip about you and that actress she grew very bitter She sent the letter, and this is why I know When she was dying she said she had done me a wrong and wanted to confess. She struggled hard to tell me. I thought it only the raving of the fever when she kept muttering about a letter, and before I could make out anything at all plain she died. Oh. Dick-oh, the drendful years that have

passed—and I never knew?" There is little more to be said. Miss Eliza beth was content to gather up the tattered threads of her old romance, and there was a double wedding on the June day set by Peter

and Lucy. "And to think," ruminated Miss Elizabeth as she walked up the aisle dressed in a rustling gray poplin and leaning on her lover's arm, "that I might not have followed him if my heart had not been made tender by thinking of that other Easter morning." EVELYN MALCOLM.

The Arbiter of His Own Fate. Tennyson N. Twiggs-Would it make any difference if I should read this poem to you or leave it here for you to readf The Editor-Yes; I think it would. If you

pincott's. Smith at the Bar. Judge-What's the charge, officer! Officer-He was examining doors. Judge-What is your business, Smith?

read it you may go out of the window.-Lip

Danger Ahead. Youth in deep, passionate, tender tonesi-

How can I tear myself away: Young Lady's Pa (wrathfully)-The tear ing won't be done away. It will be done right here. Wait till I loose the dog -Bos-

Smith made a bolt.—New York Herald.

Smith-I am a begsmith.

"Yes," assented old Stubling, "they're in the soup " - Merchant Traveler.

Odd Facts About Easter.

Of course around the festival of Easter there cluster many queer customs, some of which are obsolete and others yet in vogue, In Ireland on the Saturday evening just precoding Easter Sunday it is the proper thing the window through the long night and in for the peasant's wife to place in the boiling pot a fat hen and a piece of bacon. These must be cooked continuously from 9 p. m. until the crowing of the farmyard cock. It is perpetual bad luck to touch the savory prepacation until chanticleer gives the signal. In Hampshire and Kent, England, on the Tuesday of Easter week, the servanta of the private house or inn, as it may chance, are privileged to enter the apartments of the family or the guest. They carry a gayly decorated arm chair, in which is placed the person who is the object of their visit. The servants lift the burden on high, turn the chair around and compel the occupant to kiss each one of the bearers and disburse a fee. The observance is an old one, the royal records of the time of Edward I showing the payment of a fee by his majesty for being heaved."

Of course the egg plays a prominent part in the Lenten season, and the demand for it in the United States is much greater than the domestic supply. So there is quite a brisk import trade by which the following countries, among others, are financially benefited: Austria, Belgium, Central American states, China, Germany, England, Canada, British West Indies, Sweden and Norway. Canada naturally furnishes the largest quantity, the annual export across the border being nearly twenty million dozen.

An impressive and novel sight is the reher heart beat rapidly, but that was nothing ligious observance of Easter by the christianto the remorseful pain which shot through ized Indians of the northwest. Those who have been present at their mission churches describe the ceremonies and decorations as

being of peculiar and unwonted interest. The most charming feature of the service was seen, says one writer, when thirteen young pupils stepped forward at a signal, sent her eager gaze over the level pasture ranging themselves in a semicircle in front of lands sweeping to right and left. What was the platform. Each recited a short Bible that dark object three fields away moving portion, the initial letter of which he held, and then gave the letter to the preceptor, who placed it upon the arch, forming when up a sun bonnet hanging on a rusty nail near | finished, "Christ is risen;" the entire rendering accomplished by pupils and teacher with enthusiastic delight

After this an address to the children was jumped as lightly as a girl of 16 over the bars given on Christ's birth, death and resurred at the end of it, and ran across the fields until tion, enforced by a touching allusion to the she was only a few yards from him. As she death of one of their number a week before, waited to get her breath she noticed how who now knew more than we all of the glory its ivory whiteness. He did not see her until class of young men were greatly moved by this sermon to the children, and gave their later recitation from John's Gospel in a manner that showed their hearts thrilled by the wondrous love that had blessed them.

A quartet of beautifully trained Indian voices sang an Easter song, in which the first me before you knew who I was. I thank you followed by the triumphant chorus, "He is not here, but risen.

A Puzzle.

"It's very puzzling," said a worried looking voman to one of her neighbors.

"What is that?" "I can't tell whether Willie is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupt-

Tailor-The fashionable spring cont, sir, has but three buttons. Old Customer-Put on the usual number.

A Handy Fashion.

Developed. "I never told you that story before, Jim." "Yes, you did, Bill; but it has grown a

giad to meet it again."-Harper's Bazar. All on Account of McGinty. The Hon. William McGinty, the prominent



11 But his friends got off so many bad jokes about his unfortunate name that his mind gave way and he has become a raving maniac. Argosy,

Deferred.

were to have a new suit?

Gus—I was talking with my tailor, and he clearly stating your residence, with State 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

On a recent visit to lowa, Mr. K. Dalton of Luray, Russell county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six year old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. He says it has an excellent reputation in his vicinity; that farmers come fifteen miles to his store for it and that many of them, like himself, are ever without it in their homes. For sale by A. L. Shader, druggist.

Notice of Sale in Partition by Referees. In the District Court of Lancaster County,

Isabella Bordman, et al.)

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in an

Fannie Quackenbush

action wherein Fannie Quackenbush is plain-tiff and Isabella Bordman et al. are. defend-ants, we, the undersigned referces, duly ap-pointed by said District Court, will on the 2d pointed by said District Court, will on the 2d day of April, 1880, at the bour of 2 p. m., at the cast entrance to the Court House on Tenth street, in the city of Lincoln, in said county and state, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to wit: The southeast quarter (S. E.), of Section Number Five (S. In Township No. Een (10). North of Range No. Six (b. cast of the Sixth offit P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska. The terms of sate being one-third (1), cash, one-third (2) in two years with interest on deferred payments at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum, with approved security, for said deferred payments.

S. M. MELICK

JOHN H. McCLAY Referes.

J. C. McBRUDE

Houston & Baird, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

1-1w; eave it, you'll go out of the door; but if you Judge Jailer, lock-Smith up. Whereupon

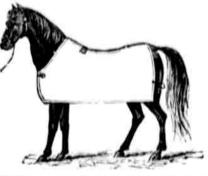
District Court, Lancaster county, Netraska, George W. Hubble, plaintiff, Faunie Hubble, defendant.

Faunte Hubble, defendant.

To Faunte Hubble, non-resident defendant. To Faunte Hubble, non-resident defendant. To Faunte Hubble, non-resident defendant. To Faunte Hubble, fled a petition against you in the distribution of Langary, 1860, your faustamit, George W. Hubble, filed a petition against you in the distribution of Langary, 1860, your faustamit, George W. Hubble, filed a petition against you in the ground that you have writenly adapted at last, said the landlady. "Yes," assented add Stubbles, "They're in your resident and the planning without good cause for the term of two years last past You are required from swer said partition to before Monday, the Ethiday of March, 1890 GEORGE W. HUBLER 2 (w) By Pound & Harr Hay Attorney

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Graduate of the Royal Veterinary College, London.



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<u>Littleaungañ</u> I1 Envly Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louislana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters.
R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisana Nat B'k
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres.State National B'k
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nati Bank
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank They will get down to three soon enough.-

> Grand Monthly Drawing. At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 15, 1890. Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths, \$2; Twentieths \$1. | PRIZE OF \$300,000 is | PRIZE OF \$100,000 is | PRIZE OF \$6,000 is | PRIZE OF \$5,000 is | PRIZES OF \$10,000 are 5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are 25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are 100 PRIZES OF 500 are 200 PRIZES OF 500 are 500 PRIZES OF 200 are (*) +++++++ APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

Note-Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal Prizes.

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3,144 Prizes amounting to \$1,054,800

AGENTS WANTED. Charlie-How is this, Gus, I thought you For Club Rates or any further informadesired, write legibly to the undersigned

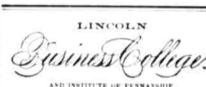
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