



Mrs. Graham's CUCUMBER and ELDER Flower Cream.

It is not a cosmetic but permanently beautiful. It creates a soft, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter.

If you Deposit your Savings in the Lincoln Savings Bank Safe Deposit Co. THEY WILL EARN INTEREST FOR YOU

CANDY FOR EVERYBODY

Strictly Pure and the Largest and Finest Line in the City, at FOLSOM'S 1307 O STREET.

We make a specialty of catering Ice Cream and Fruit Ices for Balls, Parties, Weddings, etc., and can serve them in the brick or by the quart on short notice at reasonable prices.

Dr. Alma J. Coe, Office, 1704 N Street. LINCOLN, NEB.

The Bond

W. T. SAWYER, Prop. European or American Plan! FINEST SUITES IN THE CITY

This beautiful new house is now under new management. All the latest conveniences, such as bath rooms on every floor, passenger elevator and superb service.

THE FIRST ADVERTISER.

HE LIVED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO AND LOST A HORSE.

The Giant Strides Made in Advertising During the Last Quarter Millennium. Quaint and Amusing Notices Published by the Papers—The Key to Success.

When an American citizen wakes in the morning he pulls down under his pillow a watch, on the cases and works of which



THE SANDWICH MAN.

appear the advertisements of the makers. Learning by the timepiece that it is his hour for rising, he throws back the blankets in respect, and yet a waking advertisement stamped with the imprint of the manufacturer, and performs his ablutions by aid of a cake of soap bearing the dealer's name.

Empirically this is an age both of competition and of advertising, and in the forward rush to success only the shrewdest and best can be counted on to win the great prizes of commerce.

On the opening night of a new play at Drury Lane theatre, London, recently, the proprietor advertised for and secured twelve baldheaded men to sit in the third row of stalls.

A rival house offset this by a nightly display of fireworks. Rockets were sent up which threw out in words of flame the title of the play and the names of the leading actors.

The above are a few of the novel and amusing features developed by the Anglo-American race in 250 years of advertising.

She Owes Her Life to Cold Water. Cold water is a remedy long favored by those believing in the hydropathic treatment of disease, but now it would seem that it is also efficacious as a deterrent to suicide.

A Pig with a Cork Leg. The merciful man who is unreluctant to his best must be Dick Walker, of Jessup, Ga. A pig belonging to him had the misfortune to meet with an accident which caused the loss of a leg.

Joy of an Octogenarian Father. Adam Oberholzer is an 80-year-old resident of Wapakoneta, O. A year or so ago he induced a young woman to marry him by giving her a large oil farm and \$5,000 cash.

Consensus figures show that there are forty organizations of theosophists in the various states of the Union, California leading with fourteen. All told, they number 695 members and own \$600 worth of property.

The Schwemkfeldians is one of the smallest religious communities in the United States. It exists in four counties of Pennsylvania and has a membership of 365.

country roads, meet the eye of the tourist by Lookout mountain, the Mammoth cave, Yosemite, Yellowstone park or the Palisades of the Hudson, and are familiar to the humblest villager or the inhabitant of the most isolated farmhouse.

First see the editor. When he's provided for, go forth in haste. With bills and paste; Proclaim to all creation That men are wise Who advertise.

The lengths to which patent medicine men go are proverbial, but it was demonstrated recently that the English pillmaker is equally versatile with his Yankee rival.

Much ingenuity and novelty are shown by the theatrical manager of today. He is one of the firmest believers in printers' ink.



THE NON ADVERTISER'S FATE.

prit to justice, evened things up by refusing the company permission to exhibit on its arrival.

It's a GOOD SHOW. A rival house offset this by a nightly display of fireworks.

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Too Much Iron. Doctor—Did you get that mixture of wine and iron that I ordered? Deacon Waters—Yes; it was first rate. Never enjoyed a bottle of medicine better in my life. Drink it up without takin' breath. But, doctor, there was too much iron in it.

As Delicately Put as Possible. Bristow—Funny thing about that moose. He was at least a mile away when I plunked him, and I hit him within an inch of the spot I aimed for.



Eastlake's Smart Baby. "Let me tell you the latest cutting my baby said," exclaimed Eastlake to Squidzig, as they met on the street yesterday afternoon.

Couldn't Go On Without Him. A policeman at the Polk street station yesterday morning walked up to a young man whom he had observed hurrying to and fro in a feverish way for an hour or more, and said:

Mr. Niecefoll—Ah, Mrs. De Mellow, I am so glad to find you in. I have been unexpectedly released from a projected business trip, and as Wagner's greatest opera is to be presented this evening I wished to know if I might not have the honor of the company of yourself and daughter at the performance.

Wagley—I understand you've been out west. Wooden—Yes; went everywhere, saw everything.

Wagley—Well, what impressed you most? Wooden—Well, I think I was most impressed by their snurries.

Wagley—Pardon me, that was impossible. Wooden—Why? Wagley—Because the sun doesn't rise in the west.—Boston Courier.

What He Taught. Sunday School Teacher—And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet two she bears came out of the mountain and ate up forty of the wicked children. Now, boys, what lesson does this teach us?

A Series of Explosions. Mrs. Fatwood—I cannot allow you to light the fire with kerosene.

His Laudable Intention. Jaysmith—Can you lend me \$30, Glanders? Glanders—No, I can't. You haven't returned the \$10 you borrowed last week.

A Pious Fraud. Chandler—You are wrong. I can't think Harris is a fraud. I have seen him weep when he passed a beggar.

Nothing Could Be Worse. First Tramp—Jim, let's get out of this country; it's dangerous.

Annals of the Past. Johnnie—Are you Noah's wife, Miss Olden? Miss Olden—Why, no child! What do you mean?

Legal Notice. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of license to me granted by the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, I will sell for cash, at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Lincoln, on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1891, between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real property of the estate of John B. Ginter, deceased, to-wit: Lot 11, of block 17 and the west 3/4 of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block 55, all in the City of Lincoln.

Notice of Plaintiff. NOTICE OF PLAINTIFF. The State of Nebraska vs. John B. Ginter, deceased. In County Court, Lancaster county, Neb. The said John B. Ginter, deceased, was a resident of the City of Lincoln, Nebraska, at the time of his death, and he owned and possessed certain real property in said City of Lincoln, Nebraska, to-wit: Lot 11, of block 17 and the west 3/4 of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block 55, all in the City of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Notice of Defendant. John Creighton Ballinger will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1890, John B. Ginter, deceased, by his executor, John Z. Ballinger, filed his petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, against said defendant, to quiet title and prayer of which are to foreclose the certain mortgage executed by John Z. Ballinger and Emma E. Ballinger to the plaintiff upon the following described premises, to-wit: Block 3, of Second East Park Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated the 9th day of March, 1890, for the sum of \$500, due and payable in monthly installments from the 1st day of January, 1891, to the 1st day of March, 1891, payable monthly. Plaintiff prays for a decree that defendant be required to pay same or that the premises may be sold to satisfy the said promissory note. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of January, 1891.

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IT WORKED.

A Plan Adopted by a Man Who Wanted to See the Play. The theatre was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headresses fluttered in the breeze before them. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage.

In a conspicuous location about halfway between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage.

Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everybody in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a world weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," he said, in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn round and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off with in the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the star of the evening stepped on the stage, and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put up job.

The lady whom that man addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters.—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Go On Without Him. A policeman at the Polk street station yesterday morning walked up to a young man whom he had observed hurrying to and fro in a feverish way for an hour or more, and said:

"My friend, what is the trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?" "Do for me? Je-ros-lum! No! Not unless you can bring back that 8:25 train. I'll bet a thousand dollars it left ahead of time."

"Can't you go on another train?" "Certainly. That's what I'm waiting for. But it doesn't leave till 3:30 this afternoon, and won't get to where I'm going till about midnight, and that won't do at all."

"If it's anything important can't you send a telegram?" "Send a telegram? I've sent half a dozen already. The fact is I'm on my way to a wedding to take place at 7 o'clock this evening. I've got some presents for the bride."

"Well," said the policeman, "the case isn't so bad. You can deliver the presents the next morning. The wedding will be over, of course, but—"

"Wedding over? Jumpin' Jupiter! It won't be over! That's the trouble." "Why not?"

"Because it can't come off unless I'm on hand. I've got to be there. I'm the man that's going to be married. Policeman, you mean well, but you can't pour any of the oil of joy into this wounded bosom. I'll feel obliged if you'll go away somewhere and sit down."—Chicago Tribune.

He Had an Object. "Look here," said a Sixth avenue druggist to a boy who had come in and gone out of the store and left the door open each time, half a dozen times in one afternoon. "You must be a very careless boy. I have had to shut that door after you each time you have gone out."

"I know it," replied the boy. "But it was done purposely on your part." "Yes, sir. My brother has patented a door spring, and my object was to call attention to it. Put you one on for a dollar which will shut that door a million times and never skip a cog."—New York Sun.

Experientia Docet. The Sunday school teacher had just read the story of the bringing to life of the son of the widow of Nain, and then began to ask questions to see if her scholars had understood what she had read.

"In the first place, let me see if any of you can tell me what a widow is?" There was a long silence. Finally a small boy spoke: "I know, 'cos my mother's one. It's a lady what takes in washing."—New York Evening Sun.

All Else Forgotten. "Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?" "Yes, but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."—Puck.

Couldn't Hide It. Mrs. Trumbull—It's too bad that your husband cut off his flowing beard. Mrs. Crimple—Yes, but he had to do it. I gave him a diamond pin for Christmas.—Life.