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May be produced by the use of Mrs. GRAHAM'S Emamel and her Rose Blossom. The complexion and color are made perfect...

If you Deposit your Savings - IN THE - Lincoln Savings Bank Safe Deposit Co.

THEY WILL EARN INTEREST FOR YOU At the Rate of: 5 - Five per Ct. per Annum - 5

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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.

Table Unsurpassed! Street Cars to all Depots pass the door. Cor. 12th and Q Sts.

THE WEALTHY NAVAJOS

TO BE MADE THE OBJECT OF GOVERNMENTAL INVESTIGATION.

They Own Millions of Sheep, Cattle and Horses, and Live as Did the Patriarchs of Old—Their Manufactures, Fashions, Religion and Customs.

(Copyright by American Press Association.) The members of the United States government commission recently appointed to investigate the condition of the Navajo Indians will find that they have to do with the most remarkable of Uncle Sam's barbarian proteges. Inhabitants of their present location in New Mexico for centuries...

Many are rich, and have flocks and herds that would grace the ranches of white cattle and sheep barons, while the thousands of handsome horses owned by the tribe are the admiration of every visitor.

The old Abrahamic form of government exists among the Navajos. The wealthiest men are chiefs, and have retainers, resembling the serfdom of the feudal lords. The chiefs confer at times and decide what shall be done with the tribe's possessions.

The Navajos will no more touch or eat a hog than will a Jew. It is estimated that they have now on their ranges 3,000,000 sheep and 20,000 horses, besides large herds of cattle. As there are less than 10,000 of the race the wealth is quite respectable. They add to it constantly by the sale of the famous Navajo blankets, which all the skill of the white man has not been able to duplicate.

The Navajos are, however, true Indians as regards treatment of their enemies. They have no friendship with any other tribe, and war upon the aboriginals of the southwest constantly. Once, when they were fighting the Pueblos, they called a peace council, and having gathered all the Pueblo chiefs in a canyon, fell upon them and attempted to massacre the whole party.

The Navajos are not experts with bow, arrow or rifle, their favorite weapon being the spear, which they throw with great force and skill. They are fine horsemen, and the young men are fond of athletic sports. Like the old Greeks, they have an annual contest in wrestling, running, etc. These are held every spring at the full moon, and the participants gather from all sections of the country over which the tribe roams.

Following a guide we went across a piece of valley woodland, and reached a pleasant opening just as the cortege entered it on the other side. The body was wrapped in costly blankets, and rested on poles also covered with blankets. Depositing their burden on the cut branches of trees the men took turns at digging a grave. When it was done the body, blankets and all, was lowered, and the mourners set up a quarter hour's howling and wailing. Next they placed in the grave the articles it was

supposed the dead Indian would need in his new hunting grounds, including a spear, part of a loom, some dyes, his helmet and moccasins, after which the grave was filled up. Then a pure white pony was brought out of the woods. Guns and arrows were pointed at his heart, and the next instant he lay dead across the newly made mound, where he was left for the future use of the departed chief.

Woman holds an exalted place among the Navajos. They believe that a woman places the sun in the heavens each morning, while the stars are sprinkled upon the great blanket of the sky by a woman's hand. In strange variance with this idea is the one that the moon is carried on the back of a burro, or mule, the long ears of which the medicine men pretend to be able to desecrate.

Their ceremonies are most interesting. That of moving is one religiously observed. The medicine man takes from the chief camp fire a burning brand, which is carried ahead of the travelers until a halt is called. Should the brand be extinguished they return to the original camp, where they remain until the following day.

In marriage the woman is, so to speak, the best man. The acceptance of a pony tied outside the square's wigwam is a betrothal, and at the wedding the bride and groom sit on opposite sides of a waterproof basket filled with food, of which they partake in the presence of the assembled relations. By this act they are made man and wife.

Gradually the tall humorist made his way around the corridors, his voice losing some of its volume or strength. Meanwhile the commotion in the postoffice department was increasing. Every window was occupied by one or more clerks, with bulging eyes and necks craned to catch a glimpse of the daring, practical joker.

"Thank you, thank you, sir; you are behaving nicely, nicely." "Pass along, pass along, ladies and gents; but bear in mind and remember you have ample, ample time to see all the curiosities before the show in the great pavilion opens."

"By its," excitedly exclaimed the managing editor, rushing into the local room of a Chicago morning paper late one night in 1888, "here's the chance of your life to distinguish yourself—forty men and women burned to death in an asylum fire in Denmark. Want two of you to go there on a special train and cover the thing as completely as possible until we get a relief down to you."

While they pursued this interesting topic the train pursued its course, and two hours later the young Englishmen, after much consultation, started toward Chicago a telegram reading like this: "Dear Mr. Editor: We are here. What shall we do?" The answer came back shortly. "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

The beautiful young man was looking at a painting representing an arctic landscape. "Isn't it strange, Miss Ida," he said, "that they harness the reindeer?" "No," she answered dreamily. "People can harness the lightning, dear." "This is so sudden, so unexpected, Horace. Well, ask papa."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE NEXT CAGE.

In a hilarious mood a tall man with a theatrical makeup entered the postoffice. It was early morning and the corridors were almost deserted. As he slowly passed through the building on the ground floor he gave evidence that he was or had been a shouter for the side show of a circus.

"In this cage," he exclaimed in deep, sonorous tones, as if addressing an audience of curious and expectant people, "you will find that melancholy beast the laughing hyena. This animal roams about the prairies in the night, and there he laughs and laughs and laughs, but what earth he is laughing at nobody has been able to find out."

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By that time the loungers in the building were enjoying the sport highly, but how the clerks felt is not known. As the stranger neared the last door at the upper end of the Broadway side he turned toward another "cage" and exclaimed:

"I heard one of the boys, don't you know, saying that the health of the editor wasn't good. They may want a successor to him." "While they pursued this interesting topic the train pursued its course, and two hours later the young Englishmen, after much consultation, started toward Chicago a telegram reading like this: "Dear Mr. Editor: We are here. What shall we do?"

Three successive telegrams from a young man staying at Monaco to his anxious mamma who has sent him there for his health. "Send me some money. Have found my pocketbook." "Send money. Pocketbook found, but nothing in it."—Fleingende Blätter.

"The answer came back shortly. 'Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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A St. Louis Charity.

A meek eyed, mild spoken man dropped around to the hotel in St. Louis one evening last fall, and as fast as he came to any one whom he had sized up as "safe" he said:

"It is a case of charity—a noble charity—but we are opposed to anything like a subscription. The widow wouldn't have it that way, you know. We have therefore arranged for a ten round 'go' between the Missouri Terror and the St. Louis Chain Lightning. Comes off at 10 o'clock—admission \$1. It's for blood, and the money goes to the widow of the best dog handler in the United States."

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The Atlantic

For 1891 will contain The House of Martha, Frank R Stockton's Serial.

Contributions from Dr. Holmes Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier.

Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Notes: an Unexplored Corner of Japan.

A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

Modern Science

The Atlantic for 1891.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

Library of American Literature

In Eleven Elegant, Large Octavo Volumes, with over 6,000 pages, handsomely illustrated with 100 full page portraits. The cream of 400 works copyrighted by American writers. 1,07 authors quoted. Over 257 selections covering every branch of literature from 1607 to 1880, chronologically arranged. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Steadman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, and published by CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., New York.

George's Original Copy Book.

One of George Washington's copy books has been found at Mount Vernon. It shows that when George dropped a splash of ink in the middle of the page he licked it up toward the right hand corner instead of down to the left.

The Absorbing Aborigine.

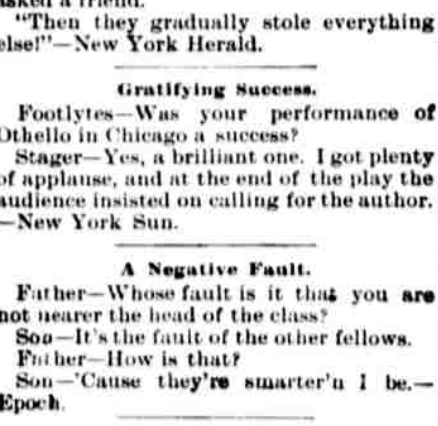
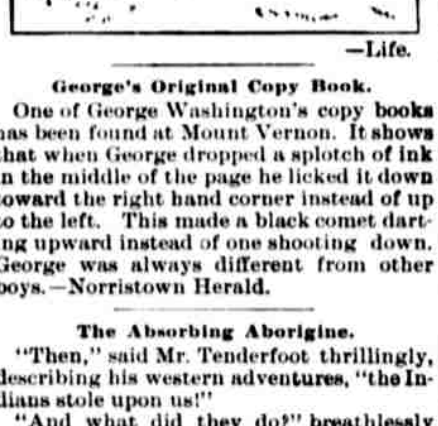
"Then," said Mr. Tenderfoot thrillingly, describing his western adventures, "the Indians stole upon us!" "And what did they do?" breathlessly asked a friend. "Then they gradually stole everything else!"—New York Herald.

Gratifying Success.

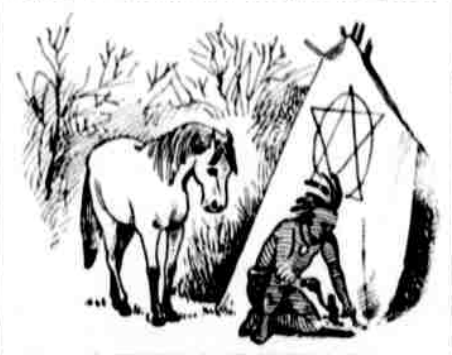
Footlights—Was your performance of Othello in Chicago a success? Stager—Yes, a brilliant one. I got plenty of applause, and at the end of the play the audience insisted on calling for the author.—New York Sun.

Two Gems.

With pain the dog who last July was clipped in manner quite an fait, finds that his hair is still too sparse To keep the winter wind away —Washington Post.



A NAVAJO WARRIOR.



A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.



WILLIAM STEINY.