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Society Notes.
Mr. Thompson, formerly of Detroit, but now of Denver, is visiting in the city. Nature has endowed him with large feet. Yesterday his sister begged him to go skating with her on the island.
"But," said he, "I have no skates."
"You can rent them there," was her retort.
"Suppose they have none large enough for me," he asked facetiously.
"Then rent two pairs and use them as 'bobs,'" was the response.—Detroit Free Press.



AND QUARTERED.—Munsey's Weekly.

His Wife Is Suspicious.
He was standing in a doorway on Jefferson avenue, and presently he halted a pedestrian with a wave of his hand and beckoned him to approach, and said:
"How do I look?"
"Why, you present a pretty shabby appearance, if you want an honest answer," replied the surprised citizen.
"That's good. Stabby refers to my dress. How's my facial appearance?"
"Pinched and hungry."
"That's excellent. Do I look like a man who had money?"
"No."
"Would you class me as hard up and friendless?"
"I certainly would."
"Thank you. To sum up, you would set me down as a victim of unfortunate circumstances, who couldn't get out of this town too fast?"
"That's about it."
"Thanks. Here is a letter I have written to my wife asking for money to get home. She's a suspicious woman, and she won't take my word for it. Please write at the bottom:
"Attest: It's a darned sight worse than he says it is." And sign your name."
The citizen complied, and the letter was at once taken to the postoffice.—Detroit Free Press.

Accident and Art.
Young Wife—Just to think, Harry dear, my new hat blew into the street today, and was run over by three wagons, four carts and a cable car!
Harry—Humph! That means a new hat, of course.
Y. W.—No, truly. It was rescued, and I took it to Mme. Wayuppe's, who was perfectly charmed! The wagons and things had mangled it into the most fashionable shape imaginable, and it is to be trimmed just as it is. You never saw anything so utterly fetching.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Order.
Hungry Joe—How much do you charge for roast beef?
Waiter—Twenty-five cents.
H. J.—How much for bread?
Waiter—Nothing.
H. J.—And how much for the gravy?
Waiter—Oh, we give you the gravy.
H. J.—Well, you can bring me plate, bread and gravy.—Harper's Bazar.

Unfinished.
Dashaway—Have you heard Robinson's new story? He started to tell it to me when we went down to the races together the other day, but didn't have time to finish it.
Cleverton—Why, didn't you return with him?
Dashaway (silly)—No. He rode back.—Week's Sport.

Another Philanthropist Sat Upon.
Shabby Personage (addressing old lady)—Please, mum, will ye give me a few cunts fur breakfast?
Old Lady (sternly)—No, sir; you've been drinking.
S. P.—Faith, an' is that any reason why I shouldn't ate?—Harvard Lampoon.

Wonders of Science.
Carlos had just received a telegram from Havana.
"What an admirable invention the telegraph is!" he exclaimed, "when you consider that this message has come a distance of 1,500 leagues, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—La Union.

Knew His Father.
Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?
Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy.
Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?
Pa—You're right I did, Tommy.
Tommy—Did they ketch you, pa?—Boston Courier.

Misunderstood.
He—I hear you attend the Oratorio society's performances. Were you present at the "Creation?"
She (indignantly)—I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's ark.—Illustrated American.

The Wise Little City Girl.
"What are these funny little green things?" asked Flossie of her country cousin, pointing to a number of pea pods.
"Those are peas," said Tommy.
"You can't fool me," retorted Flossie. "Pease come in big red cans."—Harper's Bazar.

They Swore.
"Has any one sworn to this statement?" said the president of the company when the treasurer presented his report.
"No one but the stockholders," was the reply.—Lowell Citizen.

The Nearest Way.
Stranger (to cabman)—My good man, can you tell me the nearest way to the depot?
Cabman—Yes, sor. Just inside the cab, here, sor.—Journal of Education.

The Men Who Rise.
Stranger—That Mr. Harrow is one of the solid citizens of the place, I presume.
Villager—Yes sirc. He bought his coal in the summer.—Good News.

A Definition.
"Papa, what is a fad?"
"A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."—Exchange.

INSPIRED GENIUS.

Eugene Field's Original Way of Writing Poetry.
In 1884 the present writer, then an editorial writer for the Chicago Daily News, and his work in the same room where Mr. Eugene Field wrote those graceful verses and irresistibly funny paragraphs which made the "Sharps and Flats" column of that journal so eagerly sought for. Both occupants of the room were frequently subject to visits from acquaintances who chanced to be in the city for the day, so they contrived a number of practical jokes intended to increase the respect which some of these lay brethren had for newspaper writers in general and for these two in particular. One day an acquaintance of Mr. Field's boyhood, a tall, gangling-looking Missourian, came in and made himself known. After cordial greetings and a few moments of conversation Mr. Field clapped his hand to his brow, assumed a wild expression, and speaking sharply to his roommate as if he were an amanuensis, said: "Take this poem down."
The amanuensis cleared the desk of his desk for action, and Mr. Field began to dictate a poem. It was a beautiful little lyric upon which he had devoted weeks of painstaking work, but he reeled it off as if it had just popped into his mind, and to increase the wonderment in the mind of his guest, turned two or three times in the course of the dictation, and chatted with him about their boyhood frolics. The eyes of the Missourian stood out in amazement, as, at the close of the dictation, the amanuensis read the charmingly finished poem, and Mr. Field in a tone of command said: "Send it up to the printer. Have it put in to-morrow morning's paper."
The next morning the Missourian, proud of his acquaintance with so wonderful a man as Mr. Field had shown himself to be, read the poem, and set out to tell every body who would listen how an inspired genius writes poetry.—Anastasia Magazine.

Invisible.
The other day an old Irishwoman entered one of our well known drug stores, holding in her wrinkled hand an empty beer bottle, which she desired to be half filled with hair oil.
"I wud be thankin' ye, sur," she said to the urbane druggist, "if ye wud put in a taste o' oil of roses which do be smellin' so nice."
"About how much shall I put in?" asked the druggist.
"Shure, sur," replied the old woman, "tin cints worth will be plinty. An' wud ye mind," she added, dropping a courtesy, "puttin' it in the bottle first? Arrah, I'd loike to take a peep at the stuff."
The distinguished-looking druggist went back of the prescription counter, put into the bottle two drops of oil of roses at a nickel a drop and brought it back to his Celtic customer. She held the bottle up to the light, and looked at it long and curiously. Seeing nothing she cautiously extracted the cork and took a deep whiff, which caused a cherubic smile to spread over her ancient face.
"Bedad, sur," she said, "it smells mighty foine, but," looking suspiciously at the druggist, "where is it?"—Brooklyn Life.

Value Received.
Yesterday forenoon two pedestrians met on Monroe avenue, and one knocked the other down and hurried off.
"That's an outrage!" exclaimed a citizen who helped the fallen man up.
"Call the police and have him arrested!" shouted a second.
"Run after him and get satisfaction!" advised a third.
"Gentlemen," said the victim as he reached his feet, "it's all right—all right."
"How all right?"
"I owed him \$3 and refused to pay it. He therefore took it out of my hide."
"But, man, you have been knocked down!"
"I know it, but I've saved \$3. If anybody's ahead I'm the one, and there's no need of raising a row over it."
And he got a brace on his jaw with his left hand and skated off into a side street.—Detroit Free Press.

Financial Item.
Matilda Snowball, who is employed in the family of Col. Yergor, complained that the colored gentleman who is paying her attention borrowed a dollar from her and refused to return it.
"Yes, mum," said Matilda to Mrs. Yergor, "I has hunted for dat dollar, but hit's no use. He jess don't shell out. Can't you give me some advice?"
"Well, Matilda, the best thing you can do is to marry him, and then you can get your money out of his pockets at night when he is asleep."—Texas Sittings.

Cool.
"The coolest man I ever knew in my life," said a congressional arrival, "was a native of Kansas. A cyclone had struck him, and set him down with his entire family and a portion of his furniture within twenty feet of my house. I said to him, 'Hello, Sam! what are you doing over here?'"
"Oh," he replied, as he dumped a handful of tobacco into his pipe, "I just came over to get out of the draft."—Washington Post.

Paid Off.
"Excuse my coming to dinner in a business suit, old fellow. My way, you know."
"That's all right. You won't mind my giving you a small table all by yourself in the pantry, will you? It's a conceit of mine to do it, old chap."—New York Sun.

Young People Often Do.
Mrs. Cumso—How did Charlie and Mary get acquainted with each other?
Mrs. Fangle—They sang in the same church choir.
Mrs. Cumso—Oh, I see. They met by chants.—Drake's Magazine.

Proverbial Philosophy.
Miss Flora Wall—Jessie Stryker seems to be quite successful in absorbing the attention of that rich old Mr. Doshlering.
Miss Minnie Bill—Oh, yes! You know her motto is, "Where there's a will, there's a way."—Puck.

Accommodating.

The right kind of a feller to have on the ice.—Once a Week.

FLY FORTH, O GENTLE DOVE.

Words by F. E. WETHERLY. Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante grazioso

1. I sent a letter to my love, Made
2. And when beneath the bow'r thou art, And

bright with lov-ing words and sweet, I gave it to a ten-der dove, To
see'st her lean-ing from a -bove, Fly up-ward straight in-to her heart, And

rall. *con grazia.*

car-ry to my darling's feet! Fly forth, O gentle dove, I
nes-tle in the warmth thereof, My love will love thee for my

un poco rall. *a tempo*

cried, Spread, westward spread thy pinions fleet, O'er hills and woods and meadows wide, And
sake, And give thee welcome, happy dove; Then westward swift thy journey take, And

cresc. *rall.* *cresc.* *dim.*

bear my let-ter to my sweet, to my
bear my let-ter to my love, to my

f. *con anima.* *rall.*

sweet! Fly forth, O gen-tle dove, I pray, And bear my let-ter to my sweet I
love! Then westward swift thy journey take, And bear my let-ter to my love I

f. *segua il canto.* *dim. e rall.* *col. canto*

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