

# 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. Fancy Cakes of all kinds made to order. Telephone orders receive prompt attention. Call up 501.

## SMALL & WALLACE Steam Laundry

SUPERIOR Custom Work.

We are especially well prepared to laundry, Lace Curtains, Ladies Garments, Fine Fabrics Etc., having special methods for doing this work not only satisfactory in appearance, but without injury to garments as well.

Gentlemen's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, and all kinds of Fine Starch work beautiful done up. Give us a trial.

## CALL AT HALTER'S Meat Market!

With your CASH, and get Good, Juicy Meat at your own Price.

- Hams, ..... 5c
- Beef Steak, ..... 6c
- Beef Roast, ..... 5c
- Boiling Beef, ..... 3c
- Pork Steak, ..... 6c
- Roast Pork, ..... 6c
- Sausage, ..... 6c
- Bacon, ..... 6c
- Lard, ..... 6 1/2c

Every Pound Guaranteed to contain Sixteen Ounces.

### Tenderloins and Rolls always on Hand.

Poor or sick people can call and get meat for Nothing with an order from Elder Howe.

We don't change our name every six months. We are still running under the old name, and are not ashamed of it.

## Halter's Market.

216 North Tenth St. Telephone 100. Meat Delivered Anywhere in the City

## LINCOLN Business College

AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP. Shorthand, and Typewriting, is the best and largest College in the West. 60 Students in attendance last year. Students prepared on business in from 3 to 6 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Beautiful illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent free by addressing LILLIBRIDGE & ROSE, Lincoln, Neb.

Ladies Use Dr. Le Duc's Periodical Pills from Paris, France. That positively relieve suppressions, monthly derangements and irregularities caused by cold, weakness, shock, anemia, or general nervous debility. The large proportion of ill to which ladies and misses are liable is the direct result of a disordered or irregular menstruation. Suppressions continued result in blood poisoning and quick consumption. 25 package or 3 for \$1. Sent direct on receipt of price. Sold in Lincoln by H. F. Sherwin, druggist O street

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fully intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation of employment which you can earn that amount. No money for the student's tuition. Keep and quickly learned. I don't but our worker from such districts or country. I have already taught and provided with money to work for number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's N. E. W. and 801 E. 10th, full particulars. P. O. Box 275. Address of course, E. C. AUSTIN, Box 488, Augusta, Maine.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us. As you know, Austin, Texas, and Joe. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio, etc. etc. Others are doing well. Why did you? Some earn over \$1000.00 a month. You must do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even here. We are only starting from \$25 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or full time. Big money for work. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. Failure unknown among them.

### A PHILADELPHIA ROMANCE.

In Which the Day Was Named and Then Came the End.

"I swear it!" These words were spoken in that classic portion of old Philadelphia where the placid waters of the sleepy Schuylkill seem too lazy to turn in their little bed. Not a sound was heard in the early spring night but the rush of innumerable cable cars, the clang of bells, the zephyr like movements of the trains every two minutes on the nearby railroad bridge and the song of the pumped in wind as it forced its way through the narrow lamp pipes. Beyond the shadow of the mountainous coke piles towered a series of strange brick buildings. Ever and anon a tired looking figure might be seen lifting a shovel or agitating a wheelbarrow. Bright snatches of flame sometimes broke into the gathering gloom and lit up the weird surroundings. Travelers on the highway would stop at these impressive moments and say to each other in awe struck tones: "Behold where Wagner makes it!"

The youth who had just spoken took off his hat and wiped his galled brow, when the fair girl standing by his side told him to put it on again. In the far west there shone a silver crescent where the moon was giving a quarter show. Effrida Short-wate, staid as she was of Vassar, and knowing the stars well, from Venus down to Adonis, looking at the bright orb over her left shoulder, could not repress a shudder. Still, though she might shake herself, it was very evident she didn't want to shake him.

"And you'll live with mamma?" There was something in the maiden's accents that suggested to D. O. Spudkins, experienced as he was, a strong draft on the back of a close shaved neck. It was not incredulity or doubt. The full import of her question suddenly struck him, as it were, with a strong upper cut as he was trying to dodge, and left him helpless unless saved by the call of time.

"And with mamma too. I swear it." He spoke the words, but there was no gush to them. The elocution was that of a phonograph or an Edison doll. She noticed the strange air of abstraction which had fallen upon him, and while he might not have been her last chance he was for the time being, and she was determined not to lose it.

"Then I am yours, Daniel," she murmured. "When shall it be?" But to this his lips gave forth no answer. Even beneath the shadow of the gas lamp it could be seen he was white. She peered anxiously into his eyes. He may have been waiting for inspiration or merely a good opportunity for catching a passing car. Yes he said nothing. All the proud feelings of an injured love welled into her woman's bosom. What men in convivial moments often noticed in him she noticed now. He kept on saying nothing. There was a dreadful pause, broken only by the crash of innumerable air castles and the miscellaneous noises first mentioned. Then shifting her gun to the other side she threw the finest article of withering scorn she possessed into the inquiry: "And when will it be? When the Mint is built?"

"No!" he hissed through his clenched teeth; "when the public buildings are finished." And, jumping a six weeks' board bill, he escaped to the wilds of Laniganville.—Philadelphia Times.

**Thrilling.** The editor of a daily paper says: "We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt for items, and after being away all day returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do:

"Yesterday we saw a sight which froze our blood with horror. A cabman, driving down Clark street at a rapid pace, was very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heartrending catastrophes ever recorded had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a chemist's shop just before the cab passed. Then, too, the cabman, just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and, turning about, drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence of favoring circumstances a dotting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters would have been plunged into deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expenses." "The new reporter will be retained."—London Tit-Bits.

**She Was Saving.** A woman who was shopping saw some old fashioned trimming that was placed on the cheap sale counter at a great reduction. "I will take the whole piece," she said after looking it over: "it's cheap and may come handy."

"Can you understand principles of economy," remarked the clerk.

"Economy, young man," answered the shopper, "why, I just make econ-ny tremble."—Detroit Free Press.

**Unreasonable.** Customer—Here is a fish in this quart of milk. Milkman—Did you expect two fish in one quart of milk?—Munsey's Weekly.

**A Vain Quest.** Guest—Take these clam fritters away. Waiter—Yes, sir. Anything else, sir? Guest—Bring some clams.—Brooklyn Life.

**Essential.** Grip—I always pay as I go. Sack—So do I. It's the only way I can get my baggage.—New York Sun.

**A Sound Reason.**



"I didn't know you could read, Bre'r Downey." Downey (apparently much interested in his paper)—Oh, yes, I've read ebbor since I wuz er boy.

"Den how comes it you're readin' dat paper upside down?" "It always reads dat way, den. I've gets at de bottom ob de face's widout hubing ter read down de whole column."—Life.

### AN OLD FAVORITE.

[This poem was written when Lanigan was on the staff of the New York World. A London cablegram was received saying that the Ahkoond of Swat was dead.]

What, what, what, What's the news from Swat? Sad news, Bad news, Comes by the cable led Through the Indian Ocean's bed, Through the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Aegean— he's dead! The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn, Who wouldn't? He strove to disregard the message stars, But he Ahkoond't. Dead, dead, dead! Swat's who line w' Ahkoond bled, Swat's whom he hath often led Onward to a gory bed, Or to victory, As the case might be. (Sorrow, Swats!) Tears shed, Shed tears like water, Your great Ahkoond is dead! That Swat's the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat, Your great Ahkoond is not, But laid 'mid worms to rot. His mortal part alone, his soul was caught (Because he was a good Ahkoond!) Up to the bosom of Mahound. Though earthly walls his frame surround (Forever hallowed be the ground!) And skeletons mark the lowly mound, And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!" His soul is in the skies— The azure skies that bend above his loved metropolis of Swat.

He sees with larger, other eyes, Athwart all earthly mysteries— He knows what's Swat. Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond With a noise of mourning and lamentation! Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond With the noise of the mourning of the Swatish Nation!

Fallen is at length Its tower of strength, Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned: Dead is the great Ahkoond, The great Ahkoond of Swat Is not. —George T. Lanigan.

**Was Hospitable.** A man was speaking in a country hotel about the hospitality of people whom he had met, and told of a family in Virginia that had kept him and his horse two days and would not charge a cent.

"That was very kind," said a fellow who had been listening; "but I struck a man in Alabama some time ago that was strikingly hospitable. I stopped at his house, and he came forward and said that everything I saw was mine."

"Well," said some one after a few moments' silence, "what did you do?" "I simply took his word and suffered for it." "How so?" "I took a horse during the night, and he had me arrested and sent to the penitentiary."—Arkansas Traveler.

**A Blasphemer Against the Immortals.** Theodore de Banville always refused to stand as candidate for the academy. One evening Francois Coppee, who had just been elected academicien, undertook to rally the poet:

"Now really, Banville, will you never be one of us?" "Never, my dear fellow. What is the use?" "But supposing somebody were to present you your certificate of election ready made—on a platter of silver?" Banville, meditatively: "I should take the platter."—Paris Figaro.

**True Philanthropy.**



Tramp—Madam, I wish to tell you that your generosity saved my life. Lady—Ah, I remember, I gave you a pie. Tramp—Yes; I pawned it and bought food!—Munsey's Weekly.

**Fascinating Ugliness.** It is said that although Windhorst was plain almost to ugliness, he was much admired by women. Plain men are often much admired by many women. One of them explains it in this way of an ugly man of her acquaintance: "He is so very homely it is fascinating; we always wish to look at him just once more to see if he is still as ugly as he was last time we looked. And he always is."—Boston Transcript.

**Too Much to Ask.** Poet (to his practical friend)—Is there anything more beautiful than to see those magnificent swans float upon the lake's silver surface? How I would love to be like them! "What! Go around with one's stomach on that cold water all the day! Not for me, thank you."—Fliegende Blatter.

**The Late Bird Got There.** "What's the matter?" asked the early bird's mother. "Didn't you get the worm?" "Yes," whimpered the early bird. "Well, then, what are you sniveling about?" "The late bird came along and took it away from me just because he was bigger than I."—Washington Post.

**He Had His Choice.** "Bring me an oyster stew," said a pompous individual in a restaurant. "Yes, sah," answered the waiter politely, "will you have them with or without, sah?" "Without what?" "Pearls, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

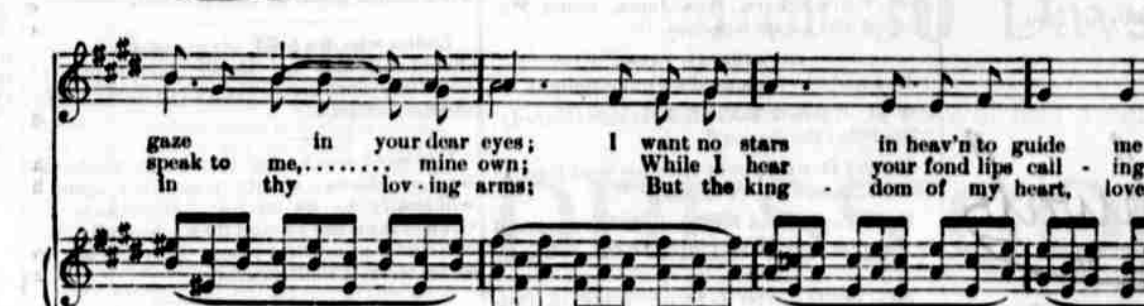
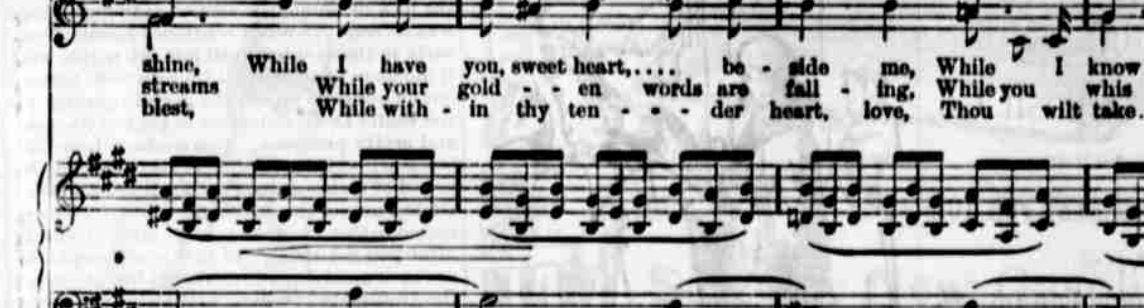
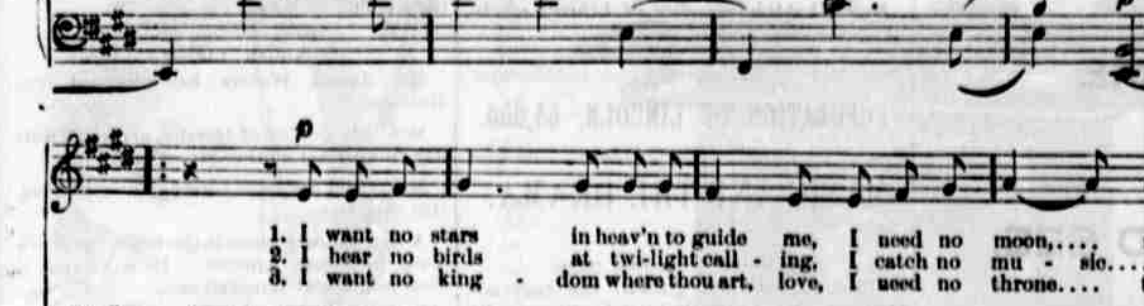
**His Specialty.** Dentist—I shall have to charge you twenty-five dollars for that job. Victim—Mr. Yankem, you have mistaken your profession. You can pull a man's leg better than you can pull his teeth.—Chicago Saturday Herald.

**A Natural Defect.** A high personage, on visiting a small country place, asked the Sinclos: "How is it that all the children go bare-foot in this neighborhood?" "Beg your pardon, excellency, they are born so."—Motto pere Ridere.

**A Nice Adjustment.** "How is it that poet fellow, Bavebons, gets along so well with his wife?" "It's very simple. She can read what he writes and he can eat what she cooks."—Fliegende Blatter.

# BEAUTY'S EYES.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by F. PAOLO TESTI.



Telephone 176

Office 1001, O Street. Moving Household Goods and Pianos a Specialty