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REMOVAL**Lincoln Shirt Factory**

To 1402 O Street.

In its new location this establishment will have better facilities than ever for turning out first-class work, and an increased line of Gent's Furnishing Goods will always be on sale. To our business has been added a

LADIES' TAİLİNG DEPARTMENT

In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and any article from the smallest undergarment to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice. In this department we employ one of the best cutters and fitters in the country and satisfaction is guaranteed to every person. Our factory will hereafter be known as the

Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co.

A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager.

Call and see us. Cor. 14th and O Streets.

NOW IN NEW QUARTERS!**Lincoln Trunk Factory**

O ST 1133 O ST.

Where we will be glad to see all old friends and customers and as many new ones as can get into the store.

C. A. WIRICK,

SUCCESSOR TO

WIRICK & HOPPER.**DELIGHTFUL COMPLEXION EFFECTS**

May be produced by the use of MRS. GRAHAM'S Eugenie Enamel and her Rose Bloom. The complexion and color are made perfect, and the closest scrutiny could not detect one grain of powder or the least indication of makeup. I can assure you that using it that on any face I can give the most delightful complexion and color with Eugenie Enamel and Rose Blossom, and that no one could possibly tell that the makeup was done.

This is high art in cosmetics. They are each more harmless than any other cosmetic in the world, because they are each dissolved in their nature, and thus do not clog up pores, nor do they leave unappreciated colors you may wipe the dust or perspiration from the face without marring their delicate beauty. They remain on all day, or until washed off.

For sale at the HOWARD'S DIAMOND PHARMACY, Northwest corner N and 12th street.

Mrs. Graham, 103 Post St., San Francisco, treats ladies for all defects or blemishes of face or figure. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful."

A 15 Cent Shave FOR 10 CENTS

AT

SAM WESTERFIELD'S,

BURR BLOCK.

Hoyden Leading PHOTOGRAPHER!

Fine Bust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Special rates to students. Call and see our work.

Studio, 1214 O Street.

Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays.

J. S. EATON,
Physician and Surgeon

Office: 239 South Eleventh St.
 McMurtry Block.
 Office Phone 501. Residence Phone 562.

LINCOLN, NEB.

**TWO LOVES IN A LIFE.****The Most Thrilling and Passionate Love Story Ever Written.**

[This story will not be published in book form.]

CHAPTER I.

Strangers once, but lovers now. He presses a kiss on a snow white brow. Oh, the dreary past is gone and brown! Take me and hew it down.

Reginald Travers leaned carelessly against the fainting. He held a scented billet doux in one hand, and smoked his Havana with the other.

"Hah!" he laughed, that low, rippling musical laugh that had thrilled the proud heart of Ethel Beanpoddy, the aristocratic heiress of Thorndale manor—but to return to the hat!

Then Reginald Travers' eyes glanced around the luxurious apartment and a courtly smile rippled across his face and broke in billows against his classic pompadour. At that instant there was a loud ring at the door.

"Fool that I am!" muttered Reginald Travers. "Why did I ever tie myself to that white faced girl. Thank heaven, she knows not that I am an excise commissioner. But if I am betrayed!"—and a pallor of death overswept that mobile countenance.

"But no," he resumed; "that can never be. She awaits me at the little vine covered cottage in Hoboken. She little thinks that Andrew McCaffey, the artistic kalmominer, her husband and Reginald Travers, the excise commissioner, who is soon to wed the peerless Ethel Beanpoddy, the rich heiress, are one and the same."

Far over in Hoboken the sad faced girl wife, Bedelia McCaffey, was cooking flapjacks on an oil stove. Marks of flour and of care were on her pretty face while her big, wide, pensive eyes were filled with tears that anon fell down on the griddle and spoiled the flapjacks. Then all at once a sudden resolve seized her. Taking a large cloak that hung behind the door, she enveloped her lissome form. "Heaven help me!" she cried, as she sped onward to the grim and ghostly ferry. "I must balk them, for I haven't a penny!"

CHAPITER II.

"She refused to tell whom a reporter called, but only said that it was a boy plaited with a shirred waist, the front being frocked, and a six inch hem to the overskirt, with accordion-like the whole affair of golden guaze by screen wire?"—Romance of a Wire Dress.

Ad.

In a brilliantly lighted Murray Hill mansion sat Ethel Beanpoddy, the heiress of Thorndale manor. On every side were strewn the evidences of wealth and luxury. A Broadway rose shed its fragrance from an ivy sale Japanese vase, real coal burned in the open grate. Ah, Ethel Beanpoddy had no' fer' felt poverty!

Her beauty was of the rich, dark, southern type that costs money. Her ardent lidded eyes glanced carelessly over a libretto of "Reilly and the 400." Ethel Beanpoddy was one of those bright butterflies that bask in the sunshine and have pie three times a day.

The footman in the bird's eye maple plush announced in rich Castilian accents, "Misster Reginald Travers." The next instant her form was locked in his embrace and they had gone to press.

None noticed the slight girlish figure, clad in a shabby sealskin cloak, that crept up the marble steps. It was Bedelia McCaffey. In an instant she had reached Ethel Beanpoddy's boudoir, silently sash-bagging the lackey at the door. She burst inside only to find Reginald Travers covered with confusion and Ethel Beanpoddy, who sat in his lap.

The wronged girl wife raised her hands and shrieked.

The continuation of this thrilling and passionate love story will be found in No. 1,012 of the Queen of the Kitchen, the best paper ever published. For sale at all news-dealers.—New York Evening Sun.

Knew His Man.

St. Louis is becoming noted as the home of the corn doctor. On nearly every street corner there stands a man with a banner proclaiming his wonderful skill. The other day a man went into the press club and remarked that some one had just fallen into the river.

"A man?" the reporter asked.

"Yes."

"Did they get him out?"

"No."

"Learn his name?"

"No."

The reporter wrote the following paragraph. "Yesterday afternoon a prominent corn doctor fell into the river and was drowned."—Arkansas Traveler

Time for Sleep.

"Will you kindly sing something?" he said after a somewhat prolonged pause in the conversation.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, running her fingers carelessly over the keys of the instrument.

"Anything—something appropriate."

"Something appropriate," she repeated, looking at the clock; "then I will sing a lullaby."—Cape Cod Item.

He Was Right.

"Have you any photographs of your children, Mr. Peck?" asked a friend of the Hon. Alpheus Peck.

"I should say I had," answered Mr. Peck. "I've about a bushel of them."

"Why, Alpheus!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, haven't we? Haven't we photographs of all four of them, and don't four pecks make a bushel?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Suggestion.

Strawber—Hello! For the first time in my life my laundry has been returned promptly. What shall I do to celebrate the event?

Singerly—You might put on a clean collar—Clother and Furnisher.

The Reverse of Time.

Strawber—Hello! For the first time in my life my laundry has been returned promptly. What shall I do to celebrate the event?

Singerly—You might put on a clean collar—Clother and Furnisher.

Customer—I notice that you charge me a dollar a piece more for these shirts than you did for the last lot. I don't propose to pay a cent more.

Clerk—But, my dear sir, since you ordered the last lot shirts have gone up.

Customer—That's all right. But since I ordered that last lot I have gone up too.

Clother and Furnisher.

Great Capacity for Rest.

He was about twelve years old and very black. He was hired to work in the garden by the day, but the moles and frogs in the ground, the birds in the trees, the stray cats and dogs outside the fence, and the passing stream of acquaintances, offered so many diversions that work lagged.

His mistress watched him in despair. "Josiah," she pouted, "why don't you do your work? It wears me out having to sit here to watch you."

He looked up his wizened face expressionless. "Why?" he laughed, that low, rippling musical laugh that had thrilled the proud heart of Ethel Beanpoddy, the aristocratic heiress of Thorndale manor—but to return to the hat!

Hope Deferred.

Auntie—Oh! Where's Fido? We've left him behind.

Ebie—We must telegraph.

Auntie—We'll telegraph when we get on board.—Judy.

HE GOT MAD.

The Old Fellow Thought He Meant Sudden, but he was Wrong.

There was a man walking up and down Prospect park, at Niagara Falls, with his hands behind his back and his head down, and an old fellow from near Syracuse wasn't to be blamed so much for imagining that suicide was contemplated. He had no doubt read of other men who had acted just that way before leaping into the terrible current above the falls. He waited a reasonable time for the performance to come off, and as there appeared to be a hitch somewhere he approached the stranger and said:

"Stranger, I don't want to meddle with your business; I never do with anybody's, but if—if!"

"Well," sharply asked the other.

"I've only got about forty minutes before I take the train. If you're fully made up your mind to do it, and nothing on earth will prevent!"

"Are you addressing me, sir?" demanded the stranger.

"Yes, of course; there hasn't nobody else around, is there?"

"And what do you want?"

"Why, if you are going over them falls any time today I wanted to suggest that you—"

"Going over the falls! What do you mean?"

"Why, if you are going over any time today, go now, so I can see it, and tell the folks all about it. Don't want to hurry you, you know, but if a man wants to go, and will go, and praying won't save him, he might as well go one time as another."

"You infernal old milkweed, but I'll knock the top of your head off if you don't clear out," shouted the man as he made as if to pull off his coat.

"Gosh-all fishhook! but don't flare up that way!" gasped the farmer as he retreated. "What's happened to make you mad? I hasn't said nor dun nothing as I knows on."

"Go—clear out—skip!"

"Hold on—I'll go—don'toller me up!"

"Lands alive! but he come within an ace o' boppin' right on to me! Got reg'lar mad in a minit, and that without the least bit o' cause! Wooh! Clus call fur me, tho' I'd a fit the hardest I could. Suicide and to hanged to him—I'm goin' hum!"—New York Sun.

A Lull in Business.

"Hard luck, eh?" said the deputy sheriff, as he tacked a notice on the door of the Tomed restaurant, up on Market street.

"Did they boycott you?"

"It wasn't that," gloomily responded the proprietor, who was making out a list of indestructible pies for the assignees. "It was the fearful want of education among the lower classes that did me up."

"As how?" asked the city hall man, pocketing a handful of five-centers.

"Well, about a month ago I came across a fat old loner who weighed about 300 pounds—looked like a load of hay on legs—so I hired him as a walking advertisement and had him float around town carrying a sign lettered:

I LUNCH AT THE TOMOD.

"I see. Big scheme."

"So it was. The scheme was all right, but pretty soon business got to terribly bad; couldn't understand it until one day I came across the sandwich man down on Kearny street. It seems that neither of the old rounders could read."

"But what did that?"

"They had changed signs. See?"—San Francisco Examiner.

I DON'T LUNCH AT THE TOMOD.

"I see. Big scheme."

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Rhody's Kisses.

Rhody Cassidy, begorra, is the darlin'est of cratches.

She's a shottle of location.

That's mortify the prachers,

For she stutters, shoppin', moid ye,

Wholle she parts of shaphe carisses,

And tickles me to tell it—