

Columbia National BANK. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. Capital, \$250,000. Officers and Directors: John B. Wright, Pres., T. E. Sanders, V. P., J. H. McClay, Cashier.

REMOVAL. Lincoln Shirt Factory To 1402 O Street.

LADIES' TAILORING DEPARTMENT. In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and anything from the smallest undergarment to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice.

Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co. A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager. Call and see us.

NOW IN NEW QUARTERS! Lincoln Trunk Factory

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.

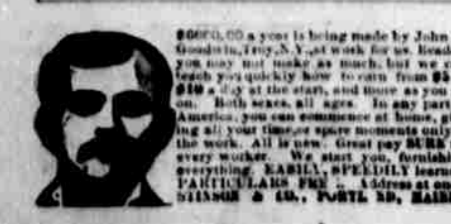


DELIGHTFUL COMPLEXION EFFECTS. May be produced by the use of MRS. GRAMM'S Eugenic Enamel and her Rose Blossom.

A 15 Cent Shave FOR 10 CENTS. SAM WESTERFIELD'S, BURR BLOCK.

Leading Hoyer PHOTOGRAPHER! Fine Bust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Studio, 1214 O Street.

J. S. EATON, Physician and Surgeon. Office: 239 South Eleventh St. Office Phone 561. Residence Phone 562.



TWO LOVES IN A LIFE.

The Most Thrilling and Passionate Love Story Ever Written. CHAPTER I. Strangers once, but lovers now. He crosses a kiss on a snow white brow.

CHAPTER II. "She refused to tell who a reporter called, but only said that it was a boxer called by a shiner and the front being frocked, and a six inch hem to the overshirt, with accordion-plant, the whole affair of golden gauze fly screen wire."

In a brilliantly lighted Murray Hill mansion sat Ethel Beampoddy, the heiress of Thornfield Manor. On every side were strewn the evidences of wealth and luxury.

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

St. Louis is becoming noted as the home of the even doctor. On nearly every street corner there stands a man with a banner proclaiming his wonderful skill.

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

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

The Reverses of Time. "It's strange how time reverses things, isn't it?" "Yes, I suppose so."

Great Capacity for Rest.

He was about twelve years old and very black. He was hired to work in the garden by his day, but the notes 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.



Hope Deferred. Auntie—Oh! Where's Fido? We've left him behind. Auntie—We'll telegraph when we get on board.—Judy.

Lookin' After Pete. Just at the top of a long hill, as we had stopped the horse to breathe, a farmer came up. He was at least sixty-five years old, being very gray and wrinkled, and he was so decrepit that he had to use a staff.

A Dilemma. Can you recall an old to June Or lines to any river? Which will not meet "the moon" And see "the moss-bean quiver"?

A Really New Story. The biggest story of the season comes from Lincoln. Mr. W. T. Murray, who is a merchant of that place, says that while he was a soldier in Virginia he came across a farmer who had just housed a crib of popcorn.

Served Him Right. Judge—What is the charge against this prisoner? Officer—Assault and battery, your honor.

Both Gone Up. 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.

HE GOT MAD.

The Old Fellow Thought He Meant Suicide, 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.

A Lull in Business. "Hard luck, eh?" said the deputy sheriff, as he tacked a notice on the door of the Tomcod restaurant, up on Market street.

I LUNCH AT THE TOMCOD. "Great idea that! Well?" "Well, it worked fine, and then I struck another barn—weighed about eighty-five regular living skeleton."

Rhody's Kisses. Rhody Cassidy, begorra, is the darlin' of crackers. She's a shole in locations.

A Slave to Duty. Scrawler—Has your suit come over from England yet? Sinnerly—Oh, yes. It is in the custom house.

An Anxious Question. A—Just imagine, fraulein, I dream last night that I went with you on the ice. We skated together. All at once you stumbled, but I caught you in my arms and gave you a kiss.

Embarrassing. Mrs. Binge—There! I know it. Those moths have got at your dress suit and eaten a hole right through the pocket.

Extra. "What do you get an evening for waiting at a table?" "Five shillings, but if there is to be any thing I must ask six—London Fit-Bits.—J. H.

Maxwell, Sharpe & Ross Co.

Are After Your Trade — AND OFFER TO SELL —

AT COST For 30 Days,

DRESS GOODS SILKS, Table Linens, Domestics, Notions, &c.

Look this department over for you will find bargains that you will never get again. In our Shoe Department you will find everything complete with many special bargains.

Maxwell, Sharpe & Ross Co.'s

DISTRICT L.D.T. TELEGRAPH COMPANY. SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR Delivering Notes, Letters, Invitations PARCELS, ETC.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. THE - BOND.

J. G. BURPEE, Proprietor. This beautiful new house under its present management will be conducted in thorough first class style on the American plan, rates \$2.00. It has ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

Dr. H. S. Aley, Specialist in FEMALE, NERVOUS and KIDNEY DISEASES. Special attention paid to the treatment of these diseases by means of electricity.

German National Bank, LINCOLN, NEB. Capital Paid up, \$100,000.00 Surplus 25,000.00