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HONORED BY THE IROQUOIS.

A White Woman Takes Part in the Six Nations Councils.

The other day the chiefs of the Iroquois invited Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, a well known authoress of New York city, to take part in a council of the Six Nations. Mrs. Converse is the first white woman to whom this distinction has been extended since the death of the celebrated Mary Jamison, who, in 1755, when thirteen years of age, was taken captive by the Iroquois, lived with them seventy years, was an interpreter and chronicler of the events in their history, and twice married to prominent chiefs, left at her death seven children, whose descendants are now numerous among the New York state and Canadian Indians.

On the occasion of Mrs. Converse's presentation to this Six Nations council it had met to prepare a remonstrance against the New York assembly bill No. 544, which had for its object the abrogation of the treaties existing between the Indians and the United States. At these governmental councils—the highest courts of the Indians—the president of the Six Nations, who is also the "fire keeper" of the Onondagas, presides. At this special meeting the Onondagas, Senecas, Tuscaroras, St. Regis, Oneidas, and Tonawanda Senecas were represented by their head chiefs and sachems.

On the morning this council was called a runner or delegate was commissioned to notify Mrs. Converse that she was invited to the council. Accepting this unusual honor, she was conducted by the runner, a Seneca chief, to the council room, and was received by President Sachem Daniel La Fort, who, recognizing her as a Seneca, by adoption, presented her by her Indian name—Ga-yah-nis-ha-oh (the bearer of the law)—to the delegates assembled, at the same time requesting that she might have the right to counsel with them. Thereupon a national vote was taken, she was unani-



MRS. HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE.

mously granted a voice in the council and a seat was assigned her at the "east door," with the Seneca delegation. This distinction was tendered to Mrs. Converse in recognition of her indefatigable zeal in opposing the bill No. 544, which as a consequence was adversely reported or "killed" by the assembly committee on Indian affairs.

In a stirring address Mrs. Converse recited to the council the rights and wrongs of their people for the past 100 years, appealing to the Indians to stand fast together and endeavor for a while longer to remain the possessors of the lands of their fathers. The adoption of Mrs. Converse into the Iroquois nation is considered by the Indians a bond as sacred and legal as if the tie was one of birth and blood.

Mrs. Converse, by adoption a great-granddaughter of Red Jacket, claims an inherited right to the honor. The naming and adoption by the Seneca Indians of her grandfather took place in 1792, and of her father in 1804.

The Abuse of Hypnotism.

In view of the reckless practice of hypnotism by some "professors" of the acquirement, a movement has been set afoot in England and America to secure appropriate restrictive legislation on the use of this modern "black art." The British Medical Journal says "that reliable information is at hand that several physicians of standing are traveling in England under assumed names and practicing hypnotism upon all applicants, regardless of risk to health and life." Issue must be taken as to the "standing" of these fellows. They belong in the list of assassins, not in that of doctors. A doctor who ceases to be an honorable man, at least so far as his obligations to the public are concerned, is no longer a doctor but a quack, and often something worse.

Electric Clubs for Policemen.

An inventive genius has designed a policeman's club that contains a galvanic battery. When a criminal gets a grip on it and thinks to wrest it from the "cop," he receives an electric shock that as tonishes and paralyzes him, and renders his arrest an easy matter.

Nature's Burlesques.

In the interior basins of the Rocky mountains, and especially in the Yellowstone region, the wear of waters in the ages long past, and of wind and driving sand since the waters subsided, has carved the isolated rocks into shapes that seem like nature's burlesques of living creatures. To those which have a grotesque likeness to man the mountaineers have given the name of "hoodoos," and after seeing them no one wonders that the Indians were superstitious about them.



A YELLOWSTONE "HOODOO."

Hoodoo mountain lies about fifty miles southeast of the great canyon of the Yellowstone, and there erosive nature seems to have done her wildest work. As the tourist walks through the canyons or across the oval valley on the mountain side he is sometimes startled and often amused by the caricatures in stone. Every animal in nature or mythology is there, but the most amusing forms are those bearing ludicrous likenesses to men. Here and there, also, great cathedrals, towers and battlements stand in solitary grandeur.

STATUS OF THE MULES.

The mule who chewed up an envelope containing \$200 in greenbacks the other day owns the most expensive appetite on record. The goat who devours violently colored circus posters possesses a palate for the picturesque; the catfish, who swallows old china, bric-a-brac, pink tacks, railroad spikes and other articles of vertu, has digestive organs of limitless power. But when it comes to absorbing a costly meal in which uncooked cash forms the sole ingredient, the Texas mule rises as far above all competitors as Teneriffe above the sea.—Galveston News.

Justifiable Homicide.

His Honor—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your own defense before the case is given to the jury?
Prisoner—Only this, your honor. I admit I killed the man, but we were playing whist; he was my partner; he had just trumped my ace.

His Honor—The jury will bring in a verdict of not guilty by reason of cautious insanity.—Boston Transcript.

A Russian Joke.

"Ah, doctor, allow me to give you my heartiest thanks for that medicine you prescribed for me."
"So it helped you very much?"
"Yes, indeed, immensely."
"How many bottles did you use?"
"I didn't drink any myself, but my uncle got away with one bottle and soon after breathed his last. I inherit all his property."—Svet.

Its Value Determined.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darkey who was to be the next witness.
"Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done give me foah dollars for to swear to suffin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah."
And then there was consternation in the courtroom.—St. Joseph News.

At a Ball.

Young lady—Whenever I dance with you, Herr Lehman, I imagine myself to be a piano.
Gent—How is that?
Young lady—Because you always use my feet as pedals.—Humoristische Blatter.

A Correction.

"Shall I shovel off the sidewalk, ma'am?" inquired the boy with the snow shovel.
"No, I may need the sidewalk again," replied the good woman, who happened to be a Vassar graduate. "You may remove the snow, however."—Harper's Bazar.

She Agreed With Him.

Father (coming in upon them at 11:30)—Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed?
Daughter—Why, yes, papa. What on earth keeps you up so late?—Yankee Blade.

An Impartial Parent.

He—I met your father last night for the first time.
She—How did he strike you?
"Just like the rest of the boys. He wanted five dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

A Needless Reminder.

"Why have you got that string around your finger?"
"To remind me that I have forgotten what my wife told me to buy."—Lowell Citizen.

Fit for an Epic.

He wrote a sonnet to his lady's hat. In hopes, by aid of Pegasus, to get her. But when behind the thing two hours he sat. He added that an epic would be better.

SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY.

But the Astute Official Wasn't as Astute as He Might Have Been.

We were waiting at Hinsdale Junction, which is in Missouri, and is at the crossing of three different railroads. I was sitting on a dry goods box on the platform along with a man whom I took to be a drummer when a third man came up and borrowed a light for his cigar and sat down. After some general talk he said:
"Confound this delay! I am mighty anxious to get down to Ripley."
"Marriage?" queried the man beside me.
"No."
"Anybody dying?"
"No."
"Speculation, eh?"
"No. They had a big robbery there last night, and want me to catch the thief. I am the sheriff of this county."
"Do tell!" exclaimed my friend. "I thought as much when I first looked at you."
"Why should you?"
"Well, you've got the eye of a hawk and the courage of a tiger, or I'm no judge of human nature. You'd be about the last man I'd care to play roots on."
"Have a cigar?" asked the sheriff as he extended a couple, and it was easy to see that he was tickled all over.

We talked for an hour or so, and then his train came along and he boarded it for Ripley. He was no sooner out of sight than my friend sat down and laughed until black in the face. Of course I inquired the cause of his hilarity, and he finally sobered up and replied:
"Won't you give it away?"
"No."
"Hope to die if you do?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'm the robber and the identical chap he's after—ha! ha! ha!"
And he went off into another fit which lasted two or three minutes, and which he recovered from to say:
"Got all the swag in that sachel and can show it to you, but you've passed your word, you know. Think how I piled it on—what an ass he is—ha! ha! ha!"
And he pounded his leg and laughed until he rolled off the box.—New York Sun

His Favorite.

He has a pretty rubber ball. About one hundred blocks. A horse that stands up in a stall. Five dolls with curly locks. No end of ears are his, likewise. With engines by the score, A set of plates with plaster pies, A painted grocery store. But with these things he will not play—Of them he will not think—But hovers all the livelong day About my pen and ink.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Young People.

His Ambition Nipped.

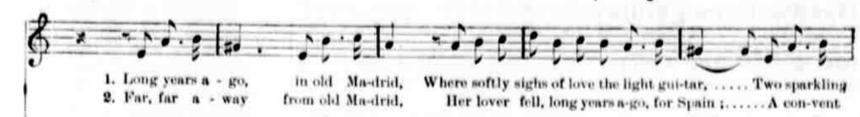
A smart little boy in Utica is—or was, rather—ambitious to be a letter carrier. A few days ago he secretly secured a bundle of old love letters that his mother had treasured as the courtship days, and distributed them from house to house throughout the neighborhood. The sequel is not related, but the probability is that this bright youth has no further aspiration in the letter carrier line.—Columbus Enquirer Sun.

IN OLD MADRID.

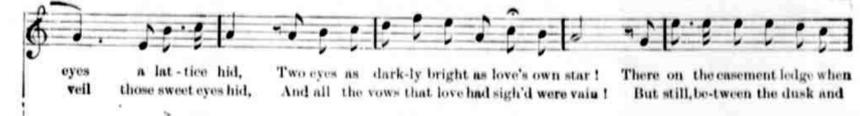
Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by H. TROTÈRE.

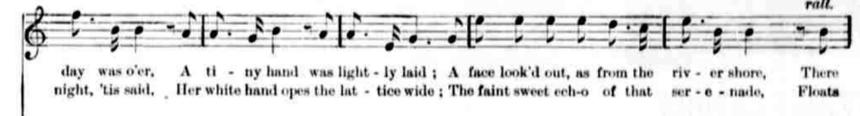
Tempo di Bolero.



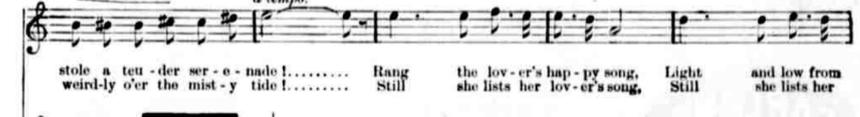
1. Long years a-go, in old Madrid, Where softly sighs of love the light guitar, Two sparkling
2. Far, far a-way from old Madrid, Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain! A convent



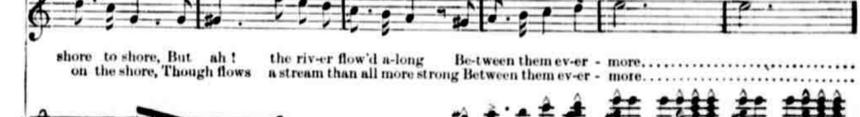
eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There on the casement ledge when
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But still, be-tween the dusk and



day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light - ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore, There
night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide; The faint sweet ech-o of that ser - e - nade, Floats



stole a teu - der ser - e - nade! Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
weird-ly o'er the mist-y tide! Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still she lists her



shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a-long, Be-tween them ever - more,
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be-tween them ever - more,



"Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly-ing, Love is sigh-ing;



Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here-a-lone I wait for thee,"



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