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The Through Trains of this Line between Chicago and New York are run solid, thus avoiding annoyance and confusion of changing cars or missing connections.

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Vestibule Limited Trains, consisting of Baggage, Smoking and Day Coaches, with Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars (heated by steam, lighted by gas.)

Pullman Service to Boston.
A Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car to and from Boston daily via this route.

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To Columbus, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky.
Pullman Sleeping Car between Chicago and above points daily.

Santa Fe Route!
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.
The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast.
Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers

The Direct Texas Route
Solid Trains Between Kansas City and Galveston. The Short Line Between Kansas City and Gainesville, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Austin, Temple, San Antonio, Houston, and all Principal Points in Texas.

FAST MAIL ROUTE!
MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

2-DAILY TRAINS-2
Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all Points South, East and West.

J. E. R. MILLAR, R. P. R. MILLAR, City Ticket Agt. Gen'l Agt. Cor. O and 12th Street.

LINCOLN Business College
AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP.
Short-hand, and Typewriting, is the best and largest College in the West.

In the District Court of Lancaster County Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas J. Kidd, Deceased, Order to Show Cause.
This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Francis E. Jones, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas J. Kidd, deceased, praying for license to sell the following described real estate, situated in the County of Lancaster, State of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot three (3) in Block seventeen (17) in Kinney's "C" Addition to the city of Lincoln, according to the recorded plat of said Addition, for the payment of debts against said estate and the costs of administration, there not being sufficient personal property to pay the said debts and expenses.

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

German National Bank, LINCOLN, NEB.
Established Dec. 10, 1880.
Capital Paid up, \$100,000.00
Surplus 25,000.00
Transacts a General Banking Business

SMALL & WALLACE Steam Laundry
SUPERIOR Custom Work.
We are especially well prepared to launder, 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.

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SAM WESTERFIELD'S, BURR BLOCK.

AN ADVENTUROUS YOUTH.
His Letters Showed That He Was Having a Great Time.
Kid Jelson, second son in a family of five, made up his mind he would leave the parental roof and go in search of a fortune. So he threw up his clerkship and left for a town in the northern part of the state.

DEAR GOV.—Everything is lovely and the goose is high that she is out of sight. I took Dollie to my room, and she spoke to me the other day, and I told him I guessed you'd fix things up all right as soon as you got on your feet. Your lodge dues are ripe also, and I would suggest that you communicate with the secretary. We are all well. Write me how you are getting on. Your affectionate father, JAMES JELSON.

DEAR OLD GOV.—Pretty tough this week, but a living high. Cause why? Cause of my great head. Down on Chilpe street there is a resort for invalids where they serve up the daintiest meals you ever saw. I am solid with one of the invalids. I go in, order a cup of coffee, and wind up with the incurable's meal of toast, eggs and chicken broth. Don't say a word, but it's great, and the goose stuck say he enjoys seeing me eating. My check is coffee, ten cents, and I lay low for meal time to come around again. There's one fellow here who is standing in my way. I've got his girl, and I'm training her to bite him out of him when he comes around again. Give my love to all the folks.

DEAR POP—I'm out of sight, and I've got the town on a down hill run. Everything is as lovely as a professional beauty. I have given everybody a grand rip up the back, and have about Dollie's letter to write a bank expert to my cash account. The town is mine and I hold a royal flush. Yours with love, P. S.—Tell Harry to hustle his dress suit along and don't mind the tailor. Tell him I'll pay him interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Billus had an argument the other day. "I tell you, Maria," said Mr. Billus, "you are mistaken. There are only four children in the Whitks family." "I know what I am talking about, John. There are five," replied his wife. "If you were a man I'd bet you ten dollars on it." "You needn't hesitate on that account, John. I'll take the bet." "I'll make it twenty dollars to ten dollars." "Done." "Mrs. Billus ran over to Mrs. Whitks' and returned in a few minutes rather crestfallen. "You were right, John," she said. "There are only four children." Mr. Billus reached into his left trousers pocket, took out a ten dollar bill and transferred it leisurely into his right trousers pocket.

Saved from an Awful Fate. "Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree, and it remains for me to pass sentence of death upon his head. But, gentlemen, the judge continued, "the enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not expiate it. I have therefore decided to meet the requirements of the case by a new and effective punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the dull thud that followed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued murmur of relief passed over the court room as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Pleasures of Friendship. "So the marquis gave you those flowers?" "Yes, and oh, Maund, he actually said that life without me would be nothing." "Yes, dear, everybody says you are his last chance."—Life.

THEY WERE SWEET SIXTEEN.
And They Talked as Girls Do at That Lightly Loquacious Age.
Every one has overheard incidental conversations held between girls of sixteen, when they are just beginning to assume a mature knowledge of the world. The main purpose of each is always to surprise the other by careless remarks of things she has recently seen or heard. They are quite self-conscious, and each thinks of what she wants to say much more intently than she does of what the other is saying to her.

"I'm going to hustle, I am," he said to a select circle of the boys just before he took the train; "and I'm going to make the jays of Jaytown hump themselves. I'll bet their eyes will bulge out when I get in the swim." So he went away, and incidentally he left behind him a few little debts, of which he spoke thus to his indulgent father: "I'd pay them now, but I may need the money. If you quiet any one who asks about me I'll send you some money before I've been there a month."

"M-m! I think a man I know has got such an absurd collection. Girls' boot heels mounted on silver pedestals." "M-m! I know a man who wears gold buttons on his waistcoat. So foolish." "M-m! Have you heard about my accident?" "No." "Was driving tandem with Tony Newmarket, and had a spill. Wasn't hurt, but my leader kicked the pole horse in the knee, and now I'm driving my ponies altogether—three abreast, you know. Why don't you come out on the river and see us? I'll give you a nice drive." "Oh, I can't get out of town. My sculpture lessons, you know. Now that my last head was spoken of so highly by Mr. Jones, the art critic, I feel that I must do all I can to get something done for the spring exhibition."

"Well, I might drive my own horses out some morning." "Do." "Goodby." "Goodby." "One of them leaves the stage very much confused and wondering if she has made the hit she tried for with the one who remains. The latter looks after her friend, and then is cross with herself because she forgot to flash her new jeweled watch into view during the brilliant conversation. It is not certain that sixteen-year-old girls always grow entirely out of the humorous condition of self esteem herewith set forth.—New York Sun.

She Didn't Telephone. A boy about twelve years old rang the door bell of a house on High street east the other day, and said to the lady who answered it: "Won't you please telephone to the police station for me? I have found a lost boy." "A lost boy? How old?" "About four years, ma'am. He can talk, but he can't tell where he lives." "Some poor child, probably." "Some awfully poor child. Why, he was the dirtiest boy you ever saw, and so hungry that ma said he hadn't eaten anything for a week. We think his folks lost him on purpose. Ma says they ought to be sent to state prison."

What They Had. During the rainy season last fall, while the rain was rotting the bottom crop of cotton and the army worm was destroying the top crop, the following conversation took place in a country store in the Mississippi Delta between a couple of Jew money lenders: "Jake—Vel, Mose, lef the rain and der vet haf got de pottum krop, and de vurns haf got the top krop, vat haf ve got?" "Mose—Ve haf der mortgage!—Texas Sittings.

Two Ways. Jack—How is it you keep in such good spirits all the time? Harry—I think how miserable I should be if I had a toothache. Jack—What do you do when you have the toothache? Harry—Think how happy I should be if I hadn't.—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Up in Lions. The Fat One—What would yer do, Billy, if dat lion was ter break loose? The Lean One—I'd get behind you. He wouldn't grab at a woman when he could get meat!—Life.

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All Modern Improvements and Conveniences.
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