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

G. A. WIRICK, SUCCESSOR TO WIRICK & HOPPER.

EDWARD EVERETT MALE.

A Boston Preacher Who Has Gained Wide Fame.

Boston is particularly well provided with clergymen who are celebrated in their profession, or literature, or the cause of education. No one sect or denomination can claim them, for they vary in faith from Episcopal to Unitarian. Some of them have written books that have become famous, and have started more than one train of thought toward the uplifting of the race.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale is probably one of the most famous of Boston clergymen. His fame is by no means local, and his name is respected over a wide range of territory. He was born in Boston, April 8, 1822. He is sprung from an old New England family that have figured largely in the history of the country. An ancestor of his was the martyr Captain Nathan Hale, whose last words were a wish that he had more lives to offer on his country's altar.

The early education of Mr. Hale was under the most favorable circumstances. From the Boston Latin school he went to Harvard, and graduated from that celebrated university in 1839. He then became an usher in the Latin school. During this time he read theology and church history, and in 1842 he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. His first regular charge was the Church of the Unity, in Worcester. He remained pastor of this church from 1846 to 1856, when he became pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) church, in Boston, where he still remains.



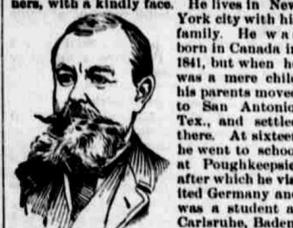
EDWARD EVERETT MALE.

During his pastoral work in Boston he has been identified with many charitable bodies and movements. A book published by him in 1870, "Ten Times One is Ten," led to a movement which now exists in a club or series of clubs with over 50,000 members. Another society due to his efforts, the Look Up Legion, numbers some 4,000 members. Several magazines are under his charge. He is a thorough newspaper man, having served in every capacity on the Boston Daily Advertiser from reporter to editor-in-chief.

ALEXANDER E. SWEET'S HUMOR.

A Man Who Began to Write Jokes When a Child.

Alexander E. Sweet, who edits Texas Siftings, and who is prolific as a humorist, has been described as "a typical hayseed, with his loose, rough looking clothes, heavy movements, full uncultured beard and rich complexion. One would judge he knew more about crops than human nature. In conversation he says funny things that deserve places in prints with a countenance marked by ineffable solemnity." Mr. Sweet is a modest gentleman of mild manners, with a kindly face. He lives in New York city with his family. He was born in Canada in 1841, but when he was a mere child his parents moved to San Antonio, Tex., and settled there. At sixteen he went to school at Poughkeepsie, after which he visited Germany and was a student at Carlsruhe, Baden, for several years. He returned to Texas in 1863 and joined the Thirty-third Texas cavalry as a private, and served until the war ended.



ALEXANDER E. SWEET.

"After the war," says Mr. Sweet, "I practiced law, but not with any bewildering degree of success. I drifted into Journalism, and for several years furnished a column of San Antonio siftings for the Galveston News. These items were much copied, and I started Texas Siftings in 1881 in Austin. My life has been comparatively blameless, except for a short time when I was learning to play on the flute." In regard to his methods of work Mr. Sweet once remarked:

"Unlike other alleged humorists, I can not recall my first downward step. I began going down from my cradle, I believe. The propensity to write funny things was contemporaneous with my first successful struggle with the alphabet, and has accompanied me through life, bringing with it all the misfortunes which have blighted my career and made me the pensive creature you behold. How do I build my jokes? I think my jokes build themselves. They even get into my business correspondence. Of the different styles of humorous writing the brief paragraph is the most difficult. A column of such paragraphs daily would put any man under the sod in twelve months, whereas humorous sketches, especially if they are in a series, are the easiest work a professional humorist can do. I can write a couple of columns of sketches without any great mental wear and tear, but a half column of paragraphs makes me long to be a popular preacher."

Floriculture in the United States.

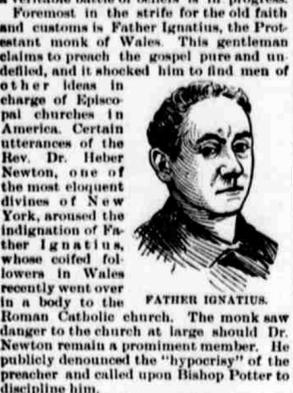
A recent bulletin issued by the census bureau gives some timely statistics regarding floriculture, which has been carried on as a business for upward of a century, and which in the last twenty-five years has assumed large proportions. Out of a total of 4,650 establishments, 2,755 were started between 1870 and 1890, and of these 1,797 between 1880 and 1890. There are 312 commercial floriculture establishments owned and managed by women. These 4,650 establishments had in use in the census year 28,923,947 square feet of glass, covering a space of more than 901 acres of grounds. The establishments, including fixtures and heating apparatus, were valued at \$38,355,722.48; tools and implements, \$1,587,008.95; and gave employment to 10,847 men and 1,956 women, who earned in the year \$3,425,657. Fuel for heating cost \$1,160,152.05. The products for the year were 46,056,353 rose bushes, \$3,200,273 hardy plants and shrubs, while all other plants amounted to 123,423,302, reaching a total value of \$13,008,477.76 for plants. Cut flowers brought an additional income of \$14,175,328.01.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

IT SEEMS AT PRESENT TO PERVADE THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Attack of Father Ignatius on Rev. Heber Newton—Controversy Between Two Catholic Bishops—Why Dr. Bridgman Resigned His Charge.

A strange spirit of unrest seems to have taken possession of the religious world of late. Eminent pastors are questioning the inspiration of Holy Writ, denying the doctrine of eternal punishment and casting doubt upon the resurrection of Christ. Professors of theology are giving the broad construction to creeds, church discourses are rife over foundational truths, and a veritable battle of beliefs is in progress. Foremost in the strife for the old faith and customs is Father Ignatius, the Protestant monk of Wales. This gentleman claims to preach the gospel pure and undefiled, and it shocked him to find men of other ideas in charge of Episcopal churches in America. Certain utterances of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, one of the most eloquent divines of New York, aroused the indignation of Father Ignatius, whose coiled followers in Wales recently went over in a body to the Roman Catholic church. The monk saw danger to the church at large should Dr. Newton remain a prominent member. He publicly denounced the "hypocrisy" of the preacher and called upon Bishop Potter to discipline him.



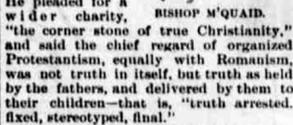
FATHER IGNATIUS.

Dr. Newton's offense, as formulated by Father Ignatius, consists in his alleged denunciation of the incarnation and resurrection of Christ. He is also said to have expressed the opinion that there is no need for the miraculous conception of the divine word. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, who questioned the accuracy of the monk's statement of Dr. Newton's position, and appealed for tolerance in the church, was dubbed an infidel, and his letter on the subject characterized as a "piece of slippery Jesuitism." Dr. Da Costa, in upholding Father Ignatius, declared that "the church today is badly entangled in the coils of Satan. The spirit of the worldliness, insipid and directed by wealth, is eating as a canker, regardless of divine truth. The wealth of the land, to a large extent, views religion as a system of economical insurance, a cheap defense for the nation, and regards the priest simply as a member of the moral police."



HEBER NEWTON.

Dr. Newton has conducted himself with dignity during the hubbub. In a sermon he said the massacre of St. Bartholomew was one of the atrocities committed through faith, which "has also burned libraries, closed schools, annihilated sciences, martyred philosophers, white-washed the walls on which art has drawn her glorious visions, staid the progress of the human race through centuries, and wrought incalculable evil to civilization." He pleaded for a wider charity, "the cornerstone of true Christianity," and said the chief regard of organized Protestantism, equally with Romanism, was not truth in itself, but truth as held by the fathers, and delivered by them to their children—that is, "truth arrested, fixed, stereotyped, final."



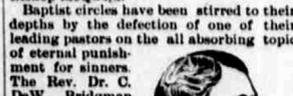
BISHOP McQUAID.

There is also warfare in a certain section of the Catholic church. This, however, is not a dispute as to doctrine, but what appears to be a personal quarrel between two bishops openly carried on by the Rochester Catholic Journal and the Buffalo Catholic Union. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, condemned the course of the latter paper in a recent pastoral letter. He said it had for years misrepresented and maligned himself and diocese in a shameful manner, with the fullest approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo. It had sought to create division among the priests and people in a malicious, unchristian spirit. To prevent serious injury to the faith and morals of the young he protested against the circulation of The Catholic Union in the diocese, as it was "not fit reading for decent and pure minded children," and was "a constantly recurring source of scandal to many, running into sin and shame." Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, refused to make any answer to this pastor. "The Bishop of Rochester," he said, "undoubtedly felt justified in writing the letter, and with his action this diocese has nothing to do. I have no quarrel with Bishop McQuaid."



BISHOP RYAN.

Baptist circles have been stirred to their depths by the defection of one of their leading pastors on the all absorbing topic of eternal punishment for sinners. The Rev. Dr. C. DeW. Bridgman recently resigned the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, New York, because his views thereon were in conflict with the general belief of the church. In a recent sermon he expressed his firm conviction that the doctrine of hell is directly opposed to Christ's teaching; that the hell against which the Lord warned mankind is just the inward depravity which selfishness and selfish and unfaithfulness are certain to breed.



DR. BRIDGMAN.

JOHN W. PORTGATE.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Wild Ways of Go Ahead Journalism.

Last December, when we had completed the repairs to the picket fence surrounding our private graveyard and counted up the graves, we announced our earnest hope that the number would never exceed nine. We never really wanted to kill any one of the writing much preferring to live at peace with all mankind, but it was a case of "shoot first or go under" in each and every instance, and it became our duty to shoot. Everybody knows we have done the square thing when compelled to outfit a man for the far off country. We have bought coffins, furnished shrouds, got up funeral processions and planted the immigrant on our own private lot, where his headboard would not be taken by the crows for an encher table nor his bones become the prey of the coyotes. It is needless to add that we shall continue to pursue this liberal policy in the future, while the subscription price of the Kicker will still remain at two dollars per year.

As stated at the beginning, we hoped to keep the number down to nine, but circumstances over which we had no control erected a tenth headboard the other day. In writing much preferring to live at peace with all mankind, but it was a case of "shoot first or go under" in each and every instance, and it became our duty to shoot. Everybody knows we have done the square thing when compelled to outfit a man for the far off country. We have bought coffins, furnished shrouds, got up funeral processions and planted the immigrant on our own private lot, where his headboard would not be taken by the crows for an encher table nor his bones become the prey of the coyotes. It is needless to add that we shall continue to pursue this liberal policy in the future, while the subscription price of the Kicker will still remain at two dollars per year.

Bright and early Monday morning the gentleman with the imperfect optics opened the front door of our office with a great deal of useless energy, and before we could give him C. O. D. rates on a half column he began banging away at us. We knew, from the way his first bullet chewed its way through the straw hat we wear in the office that he meant business, and we didn't allow any vision of the dear old home back in New England, with mother standing in the door, stop us from getting ready to return his courtesies.

William shot the hands off our office clock, split the ear of the Chinaman who turns the crank of our power press and blasted the peaceful life of a yaller cat which we paid five dollars for in Tucson; but when the cannonade had ceased William had gone down the long, dark trail to join his forefathers. We were, of course, promptly acquitted before the coroner's jury, and we think we did the square thing when we got thirteen vehicles out to William's funeral.

All our readers will bear witness to the fact that we have exercised the greatest patience in bearing the slurs and taunts of our esteemed weekly contemporary. On three different occasions we would have been perfectly justified in killing him, but we restrained our hand because we knew he owed his two compositors money which they would lose if he went under ground. We long ago decided to pay no further attention to him, no matter what he said, but there was an item in his last issue which calls for a word or two of explanation from us.

Our lop eared, lop shouldered, knock kneed, slab sided, ramshackle, bald headed, poverty stricken, cross eyed, web footed, toothless old contemporary, with an average circulation of 317 copies weekly against our tens of thousands (see our sworn statements), says that we were cowardly in our own days ago by a lady named Miss Green, who is a music teacher lately arrived from Indiana.

His statement is an insult to a young, beautiful and accomplished lady, who was at once accorded the obituary of the best society in the town, and who came here with letters of the highest recommendation from respectable people.

Mrs. Green called at The Kicker office in the most amiable mood and with the most peaceful intentions. She simply and sweetly desired us to publish one of her original poems, entitled "When the Hen's Egg Nests Again," and we were three glad to do so. It appears on our third page today, and we feel that we cannot say too much in praise of it.

Thus do we confound, paralyze, upset, break in two and knock out the human hyena whose spiteful soul would blacken our private character before this community, and with it the fair reputation of an angel in female clothes. Words fail to express our contempt for this inhuman monster, but no advance will be made in our advertising rates.—M. Quad in New York World.

The Mule and the Bees.

Once upon a time a Young and Frisky Mule wandered away from its Mother's side toward a Hive of Bees, which the Farmer kept in order to procure Beeswax for the children to chew on. Observing his Tendency to Investigate the Mother observed:

"Boy! You keep away from that Locality; Bees and Mules never have and never will Agree."

The Youngster pretended to Submit, but at a Favorable Opportunity he entered up for a close Investigation. He got an ear full in about half a Minute, and had not the Farmer and his son turned out to his Aid he would have been Stung to death. As it was, he was Badly used up by the Sharp and Remorseless stings, and he was standing on Three Legs with his Eyes closed when his Mother drew near and queried:

"Did I not warn you against the Bees?" "You did."

"Then why didn't you Heed my Words? I told you that the Bees and Mules did not Agree."

"So you did, but I went over to the Hive to ask them why it was."

Mules, always put confidence in your mother.—New York World.

A Good Reason.

Little Johnny Fizzletop has the habit of waking up every night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him:

"Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night."

"Well, I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept my teeth in a mug of water."—Texas Siftings.

Chivalry at the Breakfast Table.

"Now, cook, just you look here! Look at that piece of bacon I've just given your mistress! It's the thickest and worst cut I ever saw in my life—and this piece I'm just going to take myself is only a little better!"—London Punch.

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Forty Nine Cts.

Come in and look our Dress Goods Stock over. You can buy goods at your own price.

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The Greatest Bargain ever heard. They all go at and below

Actual Cost,

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Ladies' Dongola Patent Leather Tip, Button Shoes for \$1.39, would be cheap at \$2.00.

Ladies' Dongola Oxford Ties, Patent Leather Tip, 95c, usually sold at \$1.75.

A better one for \$1.29 that always sells for \$2.00.

To appreciate our bargains they must be seen. Call early.

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