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### THE ARMY MULE AGAIN.

How Private Peck Did Not Learn to Drive.

Everybody knew I had been recommended for a commission, and they called me "lieutenant," but all the same I was doing duty as a private. For two or three days I was detailed to drive mules for the quartermaster, and that was the worst service I ever did perform. I kicked some at being detailed to drive a six mule team, but the colonel said I might see the time when I could save the government a million dollars by being able to jump on to a wheel mule and drive a wagon loaded with ammunition or paymaster's cash out of danger of being captured by the enemy.

So I went to work and learned to "gee-haw" a six mule team of the stubbornest beasts in the world hauling bacon, but there was no romance in taking care of six mules that kicked so you had to put the harness on them with a pitchfork for fear of having your head kicked off. If I ever get a pension it will be for my loss of character and temper in driving those mules. I have been in some dangerous places, but I was never in so dangerous a place in battle as I was one day driving those mules. One of the lead mules got his forward foot over the bridge some way, and I went to fix it, and the team started and "straddled" me.

As soon as I saw that I was between the two lead mules, and that the team had started, I knew my only safety was in lying down and taking the chances of the three pairs of mules and wagon going straight over me. The attempt to get out would mix them all up, so I fell right down in the mud, which was about a foot deep and like soft mortar. As the mules passed on each side of me every last one of them kicked at me, but I escaped everything except the mud, and when I got up on my feet behind the wagon the quartermaster, who was ahead on horseback, had stopped the team. He called a colored man to drive and told me I could go back.

I tried to sneak in the back way and not see anybody, but when I passed the chaplain's tent a lot of officers, who had been sampling his sanitary stores, came out, and one of them recognized me, and they insisted on my stopping and taking something with them. Honestly, there was not an inch of my clothing but was covered with red mud. They had fun with me for half an hour and then let me go. I have never looked at a mule since without a desire to kill it.—How Private Peck Put Down the Rebellion.

### Not Quite Gone.



A soldier of Bates' division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and alone in the woods sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings, "I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered."—Moore's Collection.

### A Fair Exchange.

The day after the battle of Bull Run (July 22, 1861), while burial parties were busy at their then unaccustomed work, Mike Flaherty, a member of the Second S. C. V., wandered away from his comrades, and while strolling through the woods came upon a Yankee, cold and stiff, with a new pair of shoes on his feet. Now, Mike's shoes were much the worse for wear, and the poor fellow looked long and wistfully at the new brogans. It would never do to rob the dead, and yet he wanted the shoes. Finally he sat him down, untied the strings with many a furtive glance at the dead man's face, pulled off the shoes and tried them on. They fitted perfectly, and Mike sat eying them regretfully. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed into Mike's brain. Why not swap? It was done. The old shoes took the place of the new, and were securely tied on the dead man's feet, and Mike, with a long drawn sigh, said in a half apologetic manner, "Them's plinty good enough for where you're govin'."—Volunteer.

### Empty Honor.

During the war a man, great in his own eyes, was, by some influence, appointed a brigadier general. His sense of his own importance was greatly increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his new dignity. Meeting a "homespun" Yankee one day he accosted him thus: "Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed a brigadier general?" "Yes," said Jim, "I heard so." "Well, what do folks say about it?" "They don't say nothin'," replied James; "they just laugh."—Exchange.

### Over Their Graves.

Over their graves rang once the bugle's call; The searching shriek of the crashing ball; The shriek, the shock of battle and the neigh Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay, And the loud cannon's thunders that appall. Now through the years the brown pine needles fall, The vines run riot by the old stone wall, By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away, Over their graves!

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall— Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul. A love that's deathless! But they look today With no reproaches on us when we say, "Come, let us elasp your hands—we're brothers all!" Over their graves! —Henry Jerome Stockard.

### Hitting the Nail.

A horse which showed evidences of distress was taken off a car in the Bowery, near Duane street, yesterday, and as usual a crowd gathered and everybody knew what was the trouble and had a remedy for it.

"Epizoot, and he wants a hot bran mash!" called a bootblack. "Bots, and you must give him sweet feed!" shouted a truckman. "Coffee, and he wants powders!" exclaimed a third.

"What's all this about?" asked an apple woman as she pushed her way into the crowd.

"That horse wants to lie down, I guess," replied a man who had no particular interest in the affair.

"And it's no wonder to me," continued the woman, as she backed herself out; "such a crowd as this would even tire a elephant!"—New York World.

### Advice.



He—Ya-as, I am weally tired of mah aimless, frivolous life. If only some opportunity, now, would present itself faw me to assist those in distress I should be positively chawmed.

She—Why don't you join the King's Daughters?—Life.

### Unfortunate.

At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference held here, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon session I stated that Elder H— would present a paper on "The Devil," and without intending any joke or thinking of the ludicrousness of the thing, I added, "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H— has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject." Imagine my chagrin when an uproar of laughter reminded me of the unhappy witticism I had blundered into. I never could make Brother H— believe it was unintentional, but it was.—Homiletic Review.

### Duly Explained.

They had moved in next door to each other on Saturday. The two men happened to meet in front Saturday evening, and the first observed:

"If you should hear a noise like tacking down carpets in my house tomorrow please don't make any mistake. It will be the children trotting around the house."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the other. "And if you should hear things moving and bumping and smashing on my side don't jump to the conclusion that we are respecters of the Sabbath day. It will be me playing with the baby."—New York World.

### Too Late.

In the wardrobe—"My hat, please." "Here, sir." "That isn't mine." "Excuse me. Here it is." "That isn't it, either." "This one, then. No? What kind of a hat was it?" "A new one with white silk lining." "What! A new hat—at 9 o'clock! I ask your pardon, but here all the new hats always go away before 8."—Fliegende Blätter.

### Why He Was Late.

"What makes you so late coming to school this morning?" asked Mr. Leonard, a teacher in one of the New York public schools, to a tardy pupil named Horned Brooke.

"They arrested a burglar in Fifty-eighth street, and ma sent me to the station house to see if it was pa," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

### Success in Life.

"My son," said the venerable man, as he sent his boy forth to do battle with the world, "select your calling, stick to that one thing alone, and you will succeed."

The boy selected the calling of village lawyer, stuck to it faithfully, and now he is known for miles around as the best checker player in Pike county.—Chicago Tribune.

### Her Mite.

"That was a stirring appeal of Dr. Hicks' this morning."

"Wasn't it! And did you see how it affected Mrs. Pottston?"

"No." "She hadn't any money with her, so she took off her new bonnet and put that in the plate."—Harper's Bazar.

### An Aid to Memory.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" hinted the waiter insolently as the guest was leaving the table.

"Ah, yes, thanks; I believe I have," and the guest took a half dollar from under his plate, and with a pleasant smile put it back in his pocket.—Washington Post.

### Disguised.

"There," he said, as he wrapped up his gun, "I don't think any one will say that we are going out shooting instead of going to church. That doesn't look much like a gun, eh?"

"No, indeed. It looks more like a fishing rod."—New York Recorder.

### Both at the Game.

Bookkeeper—I was compelled to absent myself from my desk yesterday, sir, on account of the grip.

The Boss—Grip? Lack of grip, you mean. I never saw such a loose, fumbly, muffy game of ball in my life, never!—New York Herald.

### A Stage Picture.

She stands with rapt, ecstatic glance, As if in an inspiring trance, A heroine of old romance Before the footlights on the stage. She looks enraptured into space, A seraph's smile upon her face; In all her beauty, youth and grace Who can her soul's emotion gauge?

Her lips are moving, and I glean That she, always so cold, serene, Some time lover's face has seen Amid the crowd whose eyes she meets. Or does she build chateaux in Spain? Or inspiration seek in vain? Ah no! I see I'm wrong again— She's only counting the receipts. —America.

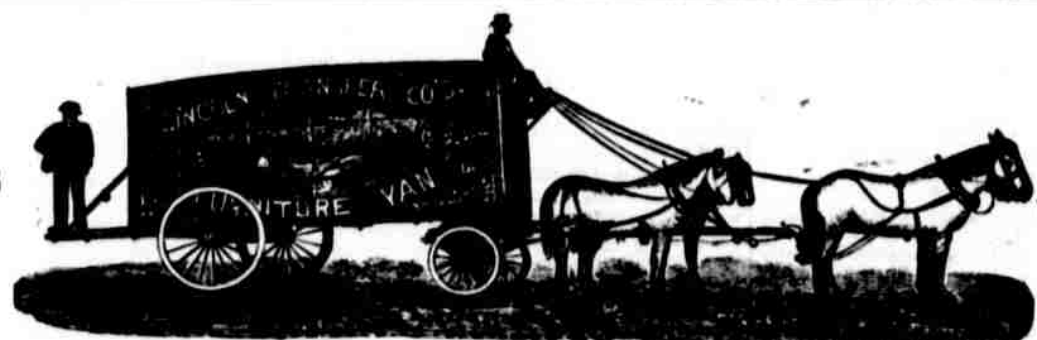
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