

TO OUR Lincoln Patrons

We beg to inform you that our Stock of

Spring and Summer SUITINGS

Is now ready for your inspection and comprises all the

LATEST NOVELTIES

From the—

Finest French & English MANUFACTURERS.

Every Garment Strictly First-Class!

Guckert & McDonald, THE TAILORS,

317 1/2 15th St. Correspondence Solicited

OMAHA, NEB.



DELIGHTFUL COMPLEXION EFFECTS

May be produced by the use of MRS. GRAHAM'S Eugene Enamel and her Rose Blossom. The complexion and color are made perfect, and the closest scrutiny could not detect one grain of powder or the least indication of artificial color.

Price of each \$1; the two sent anywhere for \$2. For sale by HOWARD'S DIAMOND PHARMACY, Southwest Corner 8 and 12th Street.

Lincoln Floral Conservatory Corner G and 17th Streets.



Out Flowers and Designs For Weddings, Funerals, Parties, Receptions, Etc.

General Collection of Plants. Visitors Always Welcome. City Orders by Telephone Promptly Filled.

W. S. SAWYER & CO. Price List Free. Telephone 344

NOW IN NEW QUARTERS! Lincoln Trunk Factory 10 ST 1133 10 ST.

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.

BILL NYE STANDS READY

HE IS WILLING TO AGITATE HIS FRISKY FEET UPON THE ICE.

His Heart Is Touched by the Pathetic Letter of a Man Out of a Job—The Price of Aristocratic Eggs Commented Upon.

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.)

The joyous season for skating is now drawing to its close, and with it ceases the best record for many years in these parts. My attention has been called by friends to the following challenge, which I print herewith and reply to later on:

The undersigned, being 70 years of age, hereby challenges any person of the same age, or upward, to compete with him by skating from 50 to 100 miles, and will accept a handicap of twenty rods for every mile. He also challenges any person in the world, irrespective of age, to compete with him in delineating on ice by skating the capital letters of the alphabet, in forming the name of any person, place or thing, or any sentence in the English language.

W. J. WEEKS, Long Island.

I allow no man to defy me in this way, even if he be 70 or 170 years old. No Long Islander shall come out and shake his bony finger at a Staten Island-



PRACTICING.

er with impunity as regards skating. I do not know what a handicap is, neither do I care. Mr. Weeks can wear such clothes as he looks best in, but when it comes to skating I take up the gauntlet on behalf of Staten Island, the hotbed of athletic sports, where firemen are not allowed sufficient beer money to make an ordinary fire any object at all.

I will accept the challenge to a limited extent only. I am getting along in years myself, but still read fine print, though preferring editorials and display ads. I am an American by birth, and remember very well the fight between Heenan and Sayers; also Lydia E. Pinkham—was kissed by her as a child. I can saw a cord of wood in a given time, and look forward to a pleasing immortality beyond the grave.

I hereby agree to skate with Mr. Weeks from 500 to 1,500 miles in an easterly direction, from any point he may select on Long or Staten Island, with bare knuckles to a finish. I also challenge him or any other skater from 70 years of age upward to skate backward up the rain water pipe of the Chicago Auditorium for gate money and the championship of the world. I will also agree to challenge Mr. Weeks or any other gentleman of his age to compete with me in delineating on the ice four pages of Sanscrit which I will select.

I also challenge the world to compete with me in skating on the ice an ornamental poem from Browning, which I shall select; also decorating margins of a small with fancy scroll work, turtle doves engaged in trysting at springtide; also eagle with Græco-Roman beak and Spencerian pretzels in his tail feathers. I will also agree to skate on more parts of myself at one and the same time than any other man between the ages of 70 and 75 years respectively.

I will challenge any man of twice my own weight and age to skate the score of the opera of Il Trovatore backward, together with scroll work and ornamental swan at top, wearing doughnut wings and beautiful full arm movement pantallettes.

For purse of \$5,000 and funeral expenses I will agree to skate across Lake Victoria Nyauza as soon as the ice shall be suitable for that purpose. I also will accept a handicap of twenty rods for each mile, or anything else that is not too indigestible.

The following bona fide letter, with the name slightly suppressed, is given merely to show that good help can always be had in America if one goes at it in the right way. The right name is not Ernest Pernambuco, but I do not wish to use the real name, fearing that some one else may seek to decoy my new coachman from me before I can get him home:

NORWAY HERKIMER CO NY Y MR BILL NYE ce in your letter in the new york weekly world and thinkin that you mite wish to employ a hand to do some of your arents i thut i wood aply before anyone else had taken the job i wish to know if you wished to employ a man that is 68 years old and an olde crippled but can walk with out a cane Bein disabled in one arm can drive a jentle horse if desired to but dont know any thing about the city of new york tho i have been there for a few days i did not get any acquainted with the streets or numbers of lots but thik i cood drive if the lady new where she wood like to go i wish to have good bord and good logins this means a good bed to rest on after a days work dont arents or driven do you thik i can get a place to drive for lady or do arents some say that i am good lookin but i dont wish to say any thing on this subject pleas if thar a chance in form me yours with respects EARNST PERNA MBU CO. P O I should want \$40 dollars a month Beside bord and login and washin yours truly E. P. eskuse all bad spellis or riten

In me fancy I can see myself trying to get from the Cortlandt street ferry to Forty-second street station on three wheels to catch a train, with Earnest on the box and a tamarack pole under the axletree of the off corner of our coach, while I hold in my lap the dish and disheveled nice red wheel which now looks like a countryman's character after one session in the New York legislature. Oh yes, Earnest, we can show you the

people who range their concave abdomens up against the heated guns of a hostile fortress and wait for an honorable death. Nyetter would they scale a redoubt in the teeth of a galling fire. They are not constructed according to those specifications. On the contrary, they sail up in a sort of circle, sort of tautalize and pick at the advancing foe, shake their travel stained nighties at the moving enemy, and, emitting a war cry as melodious as the cranny remark of a cuckoo clock, they go away from them.

After the battle the Arabian papers announce that fifteen hundred handsome Englishmen, with beautiful sloping shoulders and Vonu de Medici figures, have bitten the dust, while one elderly Arabian has sprained his thumb by falling from his horse and striking on the sharp prong of a gopher hole.

But this has nothing to do with the late religious craze among the red brethren.

The Indian is no worse than all other barbaric people who scorn the sacred and secular press. Politics may be corrupt and leaders venal, but intelligence will win at last. It is where people do not advertise that the bogus Messiah is permitted to do up the people. It is where the Washington hand press and the primary school house yet slumber in the womb of the future that people fall down and worship a warty prophet who cannot safely refer to the place where he was last employed. The red brother, as many of us know, is not educated. He has for generations gone fishing in his youth, and in his old age died in ignorance. That is why religious fanaticism finds him a ready prey. That is why he is enabled to make, as the French say, one fox pass after another, and to fall a ready victim to the wiles of the crafty.

The ghost dance is not likely, however, to become popular at the Patriarchs' balls this winter, I am happy to say, as it is danced entirely by the males, the squaws not being in it, as Mr. McAllister, the blooming cad of an otherwise creditable epoch, would say. The squaws are sometimes present at these religious dances, but not generally allowed to participate. Below I am permitted to give some of the costumes worn at a Pine Ridge small and early, as given me in a private letter dated some weeks ago.

Tush-Tush, the daughter of old Johnnie-Jump-up, the sockless Brule, wore a manve drap-de-tay hat lining with breast of buzzard in front and side ornaments of empty cartridges, size 44. She also wore ear tabs to same, cut en V and made of muskrat skin lined with bed-ticking. She wore an alpaca vest, with corsage bouquet of corn fritters draped with New Orleans molasses. Her loose artillery trousers had a broad red stripe down the side. She wore over all this a leather trimmed horse blanket with eye holes in it from St. Paul. Her hair was braided plainly down each side, and tied en masse at the ends with sinews. Where it parted at the nape of the neck there peeped coquetishly forth a small patch of the beautiful skin of Tush-Tush, bright and shiny as a new cent, and bidding those who were brave enough to do so to plant thereon a large, resonant kiss.

Standing Horse, who led the ghost dance, wore a United States wagon cover on his arrival, and also threw one corner of it over his departure; but when the dancing began he checked this outer wrap, and was discovered to be dressed lightly in a tiara of dickey bird's feet and a coat of shellac. He danced until utterly worn out and exhausted, when he fell to the ground, and a tidy was thrown over him by an attendant.

White Wings, who came merely to look on, as he naively said, wore a fur cape of gopher pelts and calico shirt. No ornaments to speak of.

Jaybird, who fetched Tush-Tush to the dance, wore a percale shirt, which would have been tucked into the waistband of his trousers, if he had been blessed with trousers, but the cold and cruel winter, ah, the nipping, biting winter, came and caught the doleless Jaybird, caught him at a disadvantage, caught him slightly dishabily, caught him shivering on the prairie, caught him short of ere a trouser; and goose pimples chased each other, following fast and following faster up his limbs of alabaster. When he saw Tush-Tush and passed her, then he trembling turned and asked her.

She allowed that she would come with him. She said so long as they lived in the west, what was the use of trying to pat on lugs. East, of course, she said her escort would be de trop, but in the west, where pants do not make the man, nor want of them the fellow, there would be no fuss made over this idiosyncrasy. She then got ready and went.



THE DANCE. I presume there is a moral to the ghost dance and bloody massacre of this season. Possibly several of them. One of them is that you cannot make a card case out of a sow's ear, and the Indian cannot be worked over into a Farmers' Alliance. Squaw Jim was a white man who once basked in the sunshine of my friendship. We were quite intimate in those days. He was a white, man originally from near Napoleon, Ark. He gave his name in marriage to a Shoshone debutante with an Indian name

that would fence in a house and lot. She apparently loved Squaw Jim in her untutored way, but he told me that she was as wild as a hawk. In winter time he could tell pretty near where to find her, but when the grass got green along the sunny banks of the mountain streams, and the "pussey" on the tall and graceful willow began to get its back up, and the smell of the moist earth as the frost began to leave out greeted the glad nostrils, he could no longer make Push-me-ta-ha-to-le-quah, etc., come up nights.

When the pocket gopher began to build his fresh embankments along the sides of the sandy hill, and the bittern wailed in the buffalo wallows; when the killdeer chirped in the low "draws," where the grease wood grew and the track of the sage hen wound along the gray margin of the alkali pond, then Push-me-ta-ha-to-le-quah, etc., with a glad cry lit out like a frightened comet, and for a moment the air along her trail seemed to be full of innocents.

Squaw Jim said that one at such a time could easily play tiddledewinks on the coat tail of his savage bride. He would have been very loudly during the summer time if he had not been blessed with a white wife at Omaha, with whom he lawdled away the glad summer tide.

The Indian can never, alas! be taught the religion of the white man any more than he can be brought to look kindly upon the pickled olive as an article of food. He can no more cope with the doctrine of the Trinity than he can raise side whiskers or Lima beans. Personal godliness and the use of the crash towel are repulsive to the feelings of the red brother. The idea of a God who favors manufacture and industrial pursuits bothers him, and our great North American scheme of charitable endeavor, which consists mostly in telling other people how they can do a great deal of good, confuses him.

I am pained, of course, to note the hostile feeling now existing between my own race and the red brother, for undoubtedly he was here first. So also were the centipede, and the coon, and the north and south pole cats, but they, as civilization approaches, will have to retire, even as the red brother must, before the all powerful influences of Rum, Red Tape and Rascality. Adieu, red brother! You are going to join the Mastodon and the Scythosaurus. Some day, in the great year of approaching years, you will have to lie over a little further in your geological bed, and give place to the last specimen of the bald and perfected Caucasian, who with a wild whoop yields up his meazy life, and with his labor saving machinery and his saleratus bread he will lie by your side, Mr. Lo. So step forward a little farther, red brother, and give the pale face a chance along with you to hold on by the straps as the great car of progress moves onward, or else pitch along in your rocky bed and give room to the gentleman who today is acting as your agent and undertaker.

Bill Nye

A Tight Success.



"You heard about the grizzly bear that tackled a Chicago girl?" "No. What happened?" "The girl hugged the bear to death."—Life.

A Reliable Weather Gauge. "No barometer less than \$10!" retorted the old lady.

"None we can recommend." "Goodness gracious!" she ejaculated resignedly, "I'm so much bothered over that thing I sometimes almost wish John hadn't got cured of his rheumatism. Then we always knew what the weather was going to be."—Philadelphia Times.

Too Effective. Bride—I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought for any one but himself.

Matron—I adopted that plan when I was married, and my husband never got over it.—New York Weekly.

Strong Indication. Visitor (at public library)—If you have the bound volumes of The Congressional Record for the last ten years I should like—

Attendant (ringing telephone violently)—Give me the police station, quick! There's an escaped mania here!—Chicago Tribune.

The Lady's Natural Mistake. Kind Hearted Lady (stopping seedy pilgrim on the street)—My poor man, is there anything I can do for you? Seedy Pilgrim—You mistake me, madam. I am not a mendicant. I am trying to be an amateur photographer on \$40 a month.—Chicago Tribune.

Necessary. Mrs. Motherleigh—Dora, my love, was it necessary to spend fifteen minutes in bidding Harry good night? Dora (furtively rearranging a rumpled collar)—Yes, mother, it was a case of mussed.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

And Then There Was Music. Fond Mother—John, do you know Gerlie has arranged a little piece for the piano? Fond Father—Good! Peace for the piano means peace for all of us.—Detroit Free Press.

No Fooling!

The Goods Must Go!

The Receiver Has Said So,

and his word is law. Came and price the goods, and see if this is not the case. It's an enormous stock and you can buy almost anything for the house or your own personal wear that you want at a sacrifice.

Furniture, Hardware.

Dry Goods

Groceries, Boots and Shoes

Stoves, Tinware

Fancy Goods, Novelties

and in fact too many things to mention. You are always wanting something—why not get that something of us at half what you pay elsewhere for the same.

Prices Talk--Come and See!

Maxwell, Sharpe & Ross Co.

R. H. MAXWELL Receiver.

The Peerless Gas Stove

The Latest thing in Gas Stoves.



A 3 Hole Stove With Large Oven, FOR \$16.00

Can make your Gasoline Stoves over into Gas Stoves.

HOOKE & ORR, Telephone 345. 240 South 11th St.

Dr. H. S. Aley, Specialist

In FEMALE, NERVOUS and KIDNEY DISEASES. Special attention paid to the treatment of these diseases by means of electricity. All non-malignant tumors of the womb removed without the use of the knife. All operations for injuries from childbirth skillfully performed. Displacement of the womb cured in most cases without the use of instruments. Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Hysteria, different forms of paralysis, Deformities, and all other forms of Nervous Trouble successfully treated. Consultation at office or by mail \$1.00. Newman Block, O St., bet. 10th and 11th, Lincoln, Neb. Hours—9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8. CUT THIS OUT

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 including passenger elevators and bath rooms on every floor. The sleeping apartments are large and elegantly furnished and may be had either single or en suite. We have reserved a limited number of rooms for city patrons and are prepared to give excellent table board with or without rooms at reasonable rates. Call and see us. THE + BOND + Telephone 482. Cor. 12th and Q.