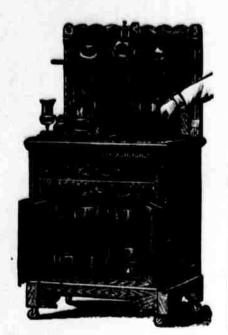
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THE OLD RELIABLE

-Is still Headquarters for-

Ices, Cakes, Candies, Etc.

Our Special order department for catering to private said the czar, "you've got to stopoveki making angel cakeovitches."
"Why, soski?" asked the czarina. most popular in the city "Prompt delivery, pure goods and reasonable prices" is our last highest made me dream that we had Georgeovitch Kennanowski here to dine-ovitch."—Life. motto.

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LINCOLN, NEB H. M. LAY, Manager.

TOO MANY AIRS.

If He Hadn't Asked Too Many Questions

He Might Have Staid. A traveler that had stopped at a tumble down log house in a wild part of Kentucky was much disgusted with the corn bread and rancid bacon that was placed upon the

"I don't see how you can stand such fare all the time," said the traveler, speaking to the "landlord."

"Wall, mebby yo' eyesight ain't as good as mine. Ef it was I reckon yo' could see it." "I see a number of chickens in the yard.

Why don't you kill some of them?" They ain't never done me no harm, said the Kentuckian.

"But why don't you eat some of them!"
"Wall, they don't belong to me. They air mam's.

"Why don't you kill one of those young pigs out there?"
"Jest as soon kill one out there as anywhar, but I ain't got nothin' agin any one

"I mean, why don't you eat one of

"Oh, wall, they don't belong to me. They are Nan's. "I see you have turkeys. Why don't

you eat some of them?" "They don't belong to me. They air

"Is there anything on the place that be-

longs to you?"
"Yas, I've got a pint cup."
"Is that all?" "All!" indignantly exclaimed the Ken-tuckian. "Why, confound yo' hide, what's

better to drink licker outen than a pint cup? Look here, do you think I'm stuck up an' don't want to 'sociate with my neighbors? Stranger, I'm afeerd that if you stay round here long you will learn our people how to put on airs. I reckon you'd better mosey."

"But I don't want to leave during such

weather as this,"

"Mister, when the morals of a neighborhood are at stake the weather don't amount to nothin'; yo' hoss is out thar in the sta-

ble, an' yander is the road. Mosey! Mam, step out thar an' turn that buildog loose!" That evening about 6 o'clock a weary and drenched man was seen jogging along a muddy road.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Testing a Trunk.

A slim faced man with a graveyard cough was inspecting some trunks in front of a Grand street store yesterday, when the proprietor of the store appeared and "Looking for a trunk, sir?"

"Here's the best four dollar trunk ever made, and I'm the only one that sells 'em at less than five dollars." "No good," replied the pale faced man, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "One

of these trunks wouldn't stand the jour-ney from here to Poughkeepsie." "What! I'll warrant 'em to go around the world! Take hold of one and bang it about and convince yourself."

"Do you give me leave to wrassle with

"Of course I do! Take right hold." The man with the graveyard cough drew in a full breath, called out: "Sche-neck-ta-day," as if warning a carload of passengers, and then reached for the trunk. "Rip!" went one of the handles; "r-i-p!" went the other, and as he stood it on end and upset it and flopped it back again one hinge busted loose and the cover split in two. With a twist of the wrist he gave it a slam bang which completed the wreck, and with a bow to the trunkman he joined the crowd and disappeared. "Upon my soul!" gasped the proprietor

as he viewed the ruins, "but I made a big mistake in him! He's a baggage master instead of a dying traveler."—New York

An Harmonious Trio.

farther on the Saxon observed:

"I noticed a fine silver watch hanging on a nail over the counter." "Let us go back and fetch it," said the

'Useless trouble," added the Prussian, "I have it in my pocket."-Bayard.

No Tickets Taken at the Door.

One of our very swellest young men made a call on a young lady at her home in a suburban town recently. The girl who opened the door was green-very. Our exquisite proffered his card.

"I wish to see Miss L—," he said. The girl caught him by the coat sleeve and dragged him in with a jerk.
"Go right in!" she exclaimed. "We don't

need no tickets. Go right in!"-Boston

A Terrible Nightmare.

"I tell you what it is, ovitch czarina,"

"Becauseovitch that little bitoffi I ate last nightski made me dream that we had

The Eternal Fitness.

"But there is no bathroom in your house," he protested to a Jersey City landlord.

"But don't you see, my dear man, that I own the barber shop on the corner, and have reduced the price of baths to twenty cents."-New York World.

Overreached Himself.

Miss Swansdown (at the ball)-W hat did you do with my shawl, Mr. Peterkin? I gave it to you to keep half an hour ago. Peterkin (producing a slip of paper)-Great heavens, what have I done! In a fit of absent mindedness I took it out and pawned it.—Cloak Review.

A Brute of a Husband.

Young Wife-We are told to "cast our bread upon the waters." The Brute-But don't you do it. A vessel might run against it and get wrecked. -New York Herald.

Family Relations.



She-He is connected with you in some way by marriage, but het

The Cause of the Digresslor The speaker drew himself up majestic-ally, his eyes flashed fire and his voice rang out over the assembly in these stirring

"The flag? The banner of our country Imperishable emblem of liberty! Forever float our glerious standard in the pure air of heaven, and within the protecting sha-dow of its sun kissed folds may the count-less millions of happy human beings yet to come bless with united heart and voice the day that saw it unfurled at the birth of a new nation." [Immense and long contin-ued applause.]

"What was your idea in introducing that glowing period about the flag in a speech on 'The Lacrustine Origin of the Prairies?' "inquired a friend, after the au-dience had been dismissed.

"I was obliged to stop to take a drink of water," explained the lecturer, "and I didn't want to lose my grip on the audience."-Chicago Tribune.

An Oversight.

"What have you got in the bag, Mose?"
"Er-er-ham, sah-dat I bought down at de village, sah."

"A ham, eh? Why didn't you get 'em to pluck the tail feathers?"—Life. Tempting Providence.

"Whar you gwine at?" screamed a Crog-ban street colored woman to a ragged half grown boy as he started out the door.
"Gwine down to Miss Smif's." 'What you got in dat bag?"

"Dar's a pillarslip full ob feathers outen dat ol' tick what Miss Smif done tol' me to fetch back to her." "Does you spec you kin caily them to her in broad day light?"

"Cose I kin." "Cose you caint do no sich a thing, you ig'nant nigger. You doan' know dis yer town 't ail, honey. Jis lay dat pillarslip in dar on de baid tell hit gits dahk an' den

tote um erlong to Miss Smif."
"Whaffur?" "Doan' you be axin' whoppers. Ef son knowed yo' own haid fum a punkin, chile, you'd know dat ef dese yer ossifers ob de law was to ketch de angel Gab'el gwine erlong wid a bag ob feathers on his pusson, an' Gab'el was as brack as you is, dey'd 'rest him sho'n jedgment day. Das whaffur. Now you leave dem feathers whar dey is, an' doan' go roun' heah temptin' Providence. You heah me."—Detroit Free

Boiled Eggs and Music.

A certain head cook in Berlin has dis-tinguished himself by composing a polka which inaugurates an era of good fellowship between the culinary art and music. This new piece is entitled the "Boiled Egg Polka," and contains the following recipe on the first page: "To boil eggs, put them into scaiding water, play the Boiled Egg Polka' in allegro moderato time, and take them out at the end of the last bar. They will be found done to a nicety."—Famille.

A Lively Business.

A land and building concern, owning a Three Germans-a Saxon, a Bavarian and large plot of ground on the outskirts of a Prussian-were traveling together. They the town, received an offer from the corcalled at a wayside inn, had a glass of beer, paid and took their departure. A few steps etery. In discussing this proposal one of the shareholders expressed himself as fol-

> "Gentlemen, our land has been lying dead long enough. I vote that we turn it into a cemetery, by way of putting life into the concern."—Lustige Blatter.

A Sad Condition.

First Bank President-Did you see about the president of the Ninth National? No sooner was he dead than they discovered that he had defaulted to the amount of \$400,000.

Second Bank President-Yes, I saw it. It is getting so a bank president can't die with any safety. -Boston Courier.

Horse Sense.

A Nebraska farmer lately drowned himself in his wife's rain water barrel because his hired man hitched up the old blind horse on the near instead of the off side. We heartily commend that man's sense. Some men would have sworn at the man, jawed the dog and kicked the wife out of doors.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Too Great a Risk.

Passenger-Conductor, one of the buttons on the dress of that lady in front of me has failen off. Here it is, and I think you had better tell her about it.

Conductor (gruffly)-Why don't you tell her yourself? Passenger-Not much. I'm her husband Cloak Review.

Guest-How is this? My bill this time is four dollars a day, and last December I had the same room and it was only three dollars a day. Clerk-Yes, I know; but the days are

Hotel Logic.

much longer now.—Boston Courier.

A Test.

"Henry, if you truly love me, you must prove it in some way. "Nothing easier, my love. The river here is very deep and swift. Jump in and you shall see how quickly I will have you out again."-Fliegende Blatter.

Wrong.

Conductor-Step forward there, please, Irate Passenger-I'm forward as far as I can go There's no room forward. Wag-You are wrong, sir. There's about six miles of space just ahead of the horses. -Harper's Bazar.

Prepared for It.

Husband reoming wearily in and seating himself:-Well, you can buy that cloak you wanted so much I realized some thing on an investment today Wife-Lam so glad Here is the bill -Clouk Review

Sure Death.

Jack Wither-poon-Why do you sing all fine linner dim Westmall - To kill time.

Jack Witherstein-You have a good He Yes: he married my finness.-Life. weapon-Princeton Tiger

Dedicated to Col. FLOYD CLARKSON.

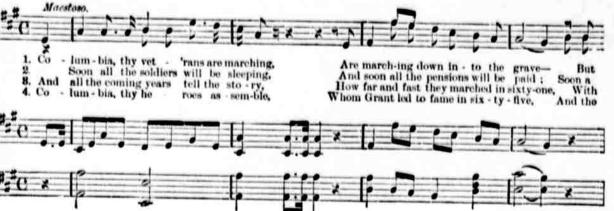
THE VETERANS.

A MEMORIAL DAY SELECTION.

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Music by DAVID T. SHAW. AIR-" Red, White and Blue,"

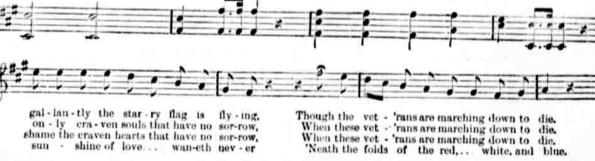


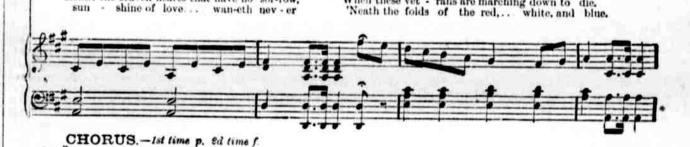
grandly the blue skies are arching, land will be weeping. flathing eyes and swords, to endless glory, pale lips of treason shall tremble

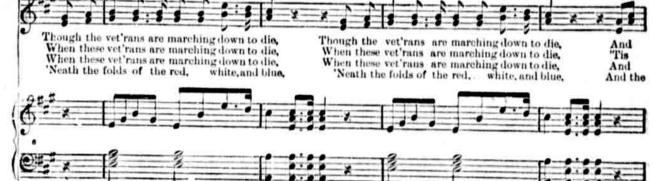
land which they offered life to save last old... vet 'ran is laid 'ran is laid; t'ries were won; iast old.. vet -all our no - ble vie love keeps their mem

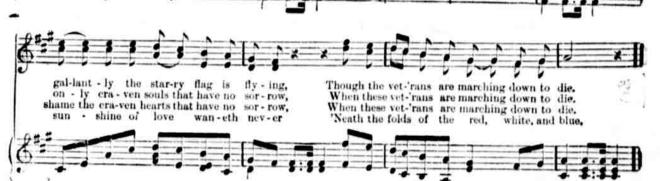


liver, though her brave sons are dy - ing, t .ts, men, to-day and not to-morrow, longer is Give a cheer to he roes passing by, for soldiers passing by, cheer, men, to-day and not to-mor - row, old flag shall float on for - ev - er. tear.....











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