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ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN. 1807 O St. Telephone 501

Purchase Your



Direct from the Manufacturers AND SAVE MONEY.

Having opened a branch store of our own in Lincoln you will now have an opportunity of doing so.

PAYMENTS to responsible parties. Sheet Music 10 cents ESTEY & CAMP

121 South Tenth St. 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 table.

Testing a Trunk. A slim faced man with a graveyard cough was inspecting some trunks in front of a Grand street store yesterday.

An Harmonious Trio. Three Germans—a Saxon, a Bavarian and a Prussian—were traveling together.

No Tickets Taken at the Door. One of our very swiftest young men made a call on a young lady at her home in a suburban town recently.

A Terrible Nightmare. "I tell you what it is, ovich ezarina," said the czar, "you've got to stopoviki making angel cakeovitches."

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

Overreached Himself. Miss Swansdown (at the ball)—What did you do with my shawl, Mr. Peterkin? I gave it to you to keep half an hour ago.

A Brute of a Husband. Young Wife—We are told to "cast our bread upon the waters."

Family Relations. Husband (coming wearily in and seating himself)—Well, you can buy that cloak you wanted so much.



She—He is connected with you in some way by marriage, isn't he? He—Yes, he married my fiancée.—Life.

The Cause of the Digression.

The speaker drew himself up majestically, his eyes flashed fire and his voice rang out over the assembly in these stirring words:

"The flag? The banner of our country! Imperishable emblem of liberty! Forever float our glorious standard in the pure air of heaven, and within the protecting shadow of its sun kissed folds may the countless 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."

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

An Oversight. A man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress were walking along a path.



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

Tempting Providence. "Whar you gwine at?" screamed a Croghan street colored woman to a ragged half grown boy as he started out the door.

Boiled Eggs and Music. A certain head cook in Berlin has distinguished himself by composing a polka which inaugurates an era of good fellowship between the culinary art and music.

A Lively Business. A land and building concern, owning a large plot of ground on the outskirts of the town, received an offer from the corporation to purchase a few acres for a cemetery.

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.

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.

Too Great a Risk. Passenger—Conductor, one of the buttons on the dress of that lady in front of me has fallen off. Here it is, and I think you had better tell her about it.

Hotel Logic. 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.

A Test. "Henry, if you truly love me, you must prove it in some way."

Wrong. Conductor—Step forward there, please. Irate Passenger—I'm forward as far as I can go. There's no room forward.

Prepared for It. Husband (coming wearily in and seating himself)—Well, you can buy that cloak you wanted so much.

Sure Death. Jack Witherspoon—Why do you sing all the time? Jim Westfall—To kill time.

Jack Witherspoon—You have a good weapon.—Frischman's Figger.

Dedicated to Col. FLOYD CLARKSON.

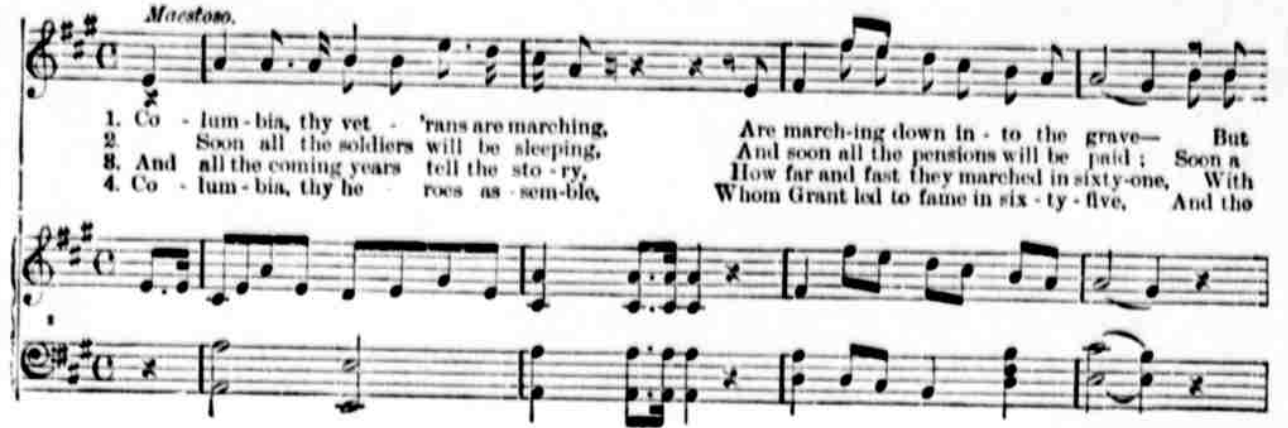
THE VETERANS.

A MEMORIAL DAY SELECTION.

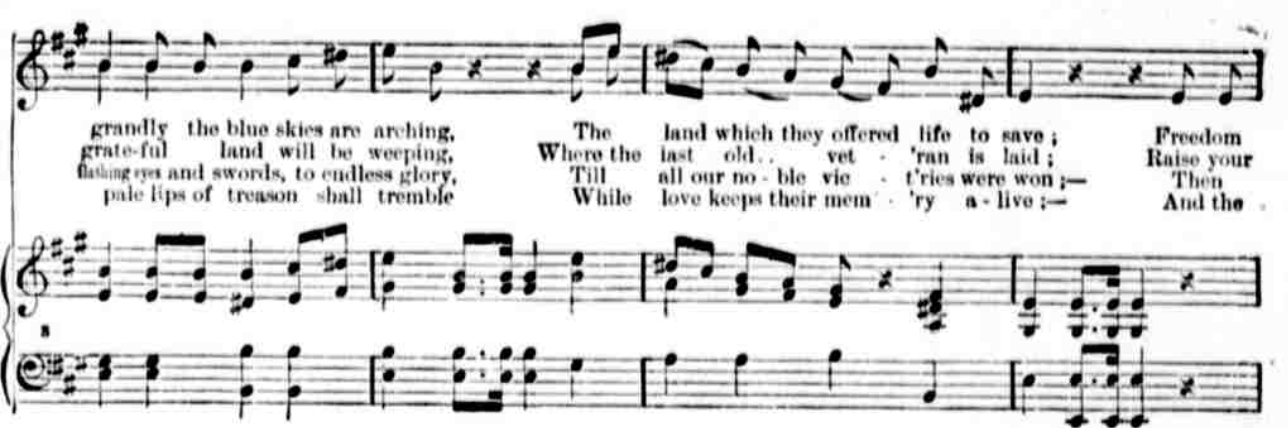
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Words by WILLIAM W. BADGER.

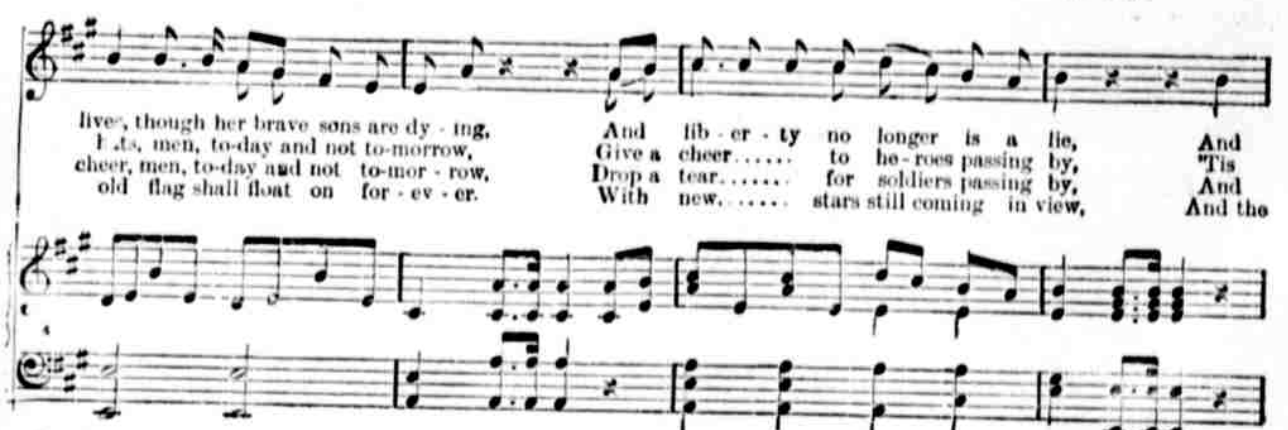
Music by DAVID T. SHAW. Air—"Red, White and Blue."



1. Co-lum-bia, thy vet-rans are marching, Are marching down in-to the grave— But And soon all the pensions will be paid; Soon a How far and fast they marched in sixty-one, With Whom Grant led to fame in six-ty-five, And the



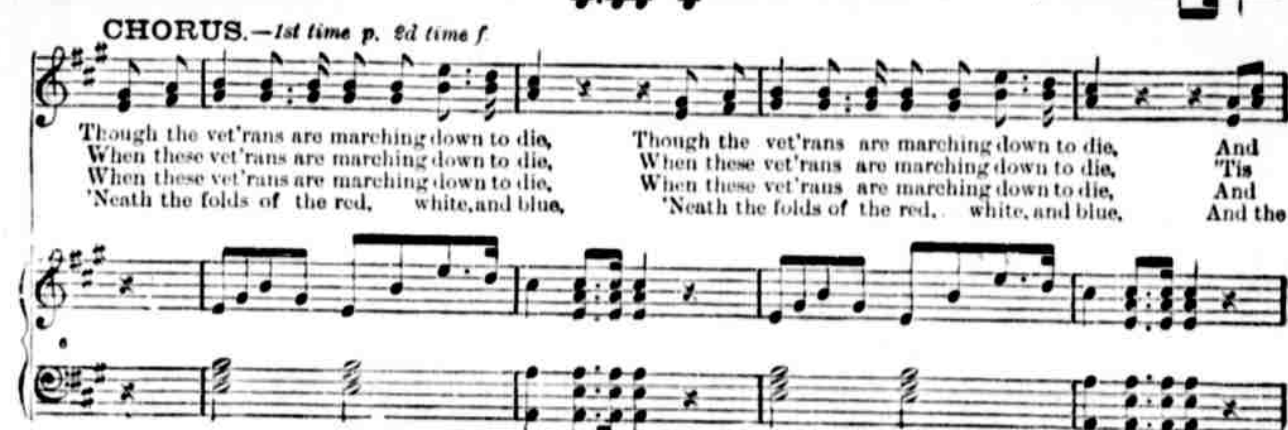
grandly the blue skies are arching, The land which they offered life to save; Freedom grate-ful land will be weeping, Where the last old vet-ran is laid; Raise your cheer, men, to-day and not to-mor-row, Till all our no-ble vic-t'ries were won by— Then pale lips of treason shall tremble While love keeps their mem-ry a-live— And the



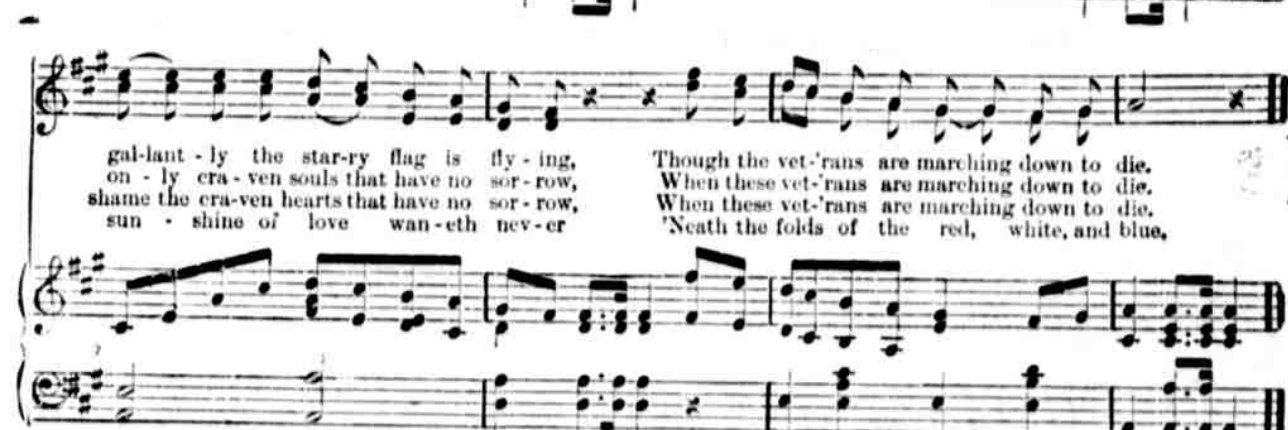
live, though her brave sons are dy-ing, And lib-er-ty no longer is a lie, And tis tis, men, to-day and not to-mor-row, Give a cheer.... to be-roses passing by, And Drop a tear.... for sol-diers passing by, And old flag shall float on for-ev-er. With new.... stars still coming in view, And the



gal-lan-ty the star-ry flag is fly-ing, Though the vet-rans are marching down to die, And on-ly era-ven souls that have no sor-row, When these vet-rans are marching down to die, And shame the craven hearts that have no sor-row, When these vet-rans are marching down to die, And sun-shine of love wan-eth nev-er 'Neath the folds of the red, white, and blue, And the



CHORUS.—1st time p. 2d time f. Though the vet-rans are marching down to die, And tis tis, men, to-day and not to-mor-row, Give a cheer.... to be-roses passing by, And Drop a tear.... for sol-diers passing by, And old flag shall float on for-ev-er. With new.... stars still coming in view, And the



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