

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 6 No 32

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOWN TALK

There ought to be a law prohibiting the occupants of a Pullman sleeper from getting up before six o'clock in the morning. It happened to be my luck the other day to strike a car with a party of men going for an outing. They got up at four o'clock the next morning. They made remarks to each other and took the whole car into confidence. Some of the remarks were supposed to be funny and of course the speaker's smartness had to be recognized with a round of approving laughter. Politeness demanded at least that much from the other members of the party, and it did not matter that twenty other persons were disturbed and annoyed. They were not in sight and there is no law of courtesy that requires one to be polite to a person not visible. This outing party was composed of middle-aged business men and their conduct was a poor commentary on the restraining influence of society. Now that we are in the fine swing of reform, it is to be hoped that the next legislature will regulate this little matter. Every man is entitled to have the world reformed to suit himself and I maintain my right to as many rights as other people.

The national editorial convention met at St. Paul this week. It was a remarkable gathering and not the least remarkable thing about it was the attention showered upon the quill pushers. Chicago was a meeting point for the editors of the east and the Chicago and Northwestern railway took them to St. Paul in a special train of ten magnificent Pullman coaches. A southern group gathered at St. Louis and the great Burlington route accorded its friends of the press similar handsome treatment in the matter of special treatment. This is but a sample of numerous courtesies. The association has a membership of 10,000 editors, but the convention is composed of about 300 delegates. Among Nebraska's delegates were the editors of the Call and of the COURIER. This meeting is not a mere picnic. For three days the editors discuss questions of importance to the fraternity and the brightest men from all parts of the country contribute to the fund of information and experience. Many of the delegates will take excursions arranged for them to the Yellowstone park and to the Pacific slope.

The summer resort business is in a bad way so far this season. The manager of a big summer hotel told me the other day that he was from three to four thousand in the hole thus far this season. The weather had been so cold and damp that people would not leave home and there was almost no business until last Saturday. We hear of the big profits made by the managers of summer hotels—when they make them—but we seldom hear of the losses. The house referred to above had been running three weeks at an expense probably of two hundred dollars a day, and its guests had ranged from ten to forty only. That sort of thing is not a state of affairs to be happy over or to boast of, hence we do not hear of the misfortunes of the business as much as of the successes.

Speaking of summer hotels, I saw a summer cottage the other day that had a number of unique features. The most striking thing about it was the fact that straw mat was used for wall paper or for plaster, if you please. Instead of plaster and paper on the walls and ceilings the frame work was covered with matting in a pretty red and white checked design. It looked cool and lent color to the rooms and had the merit of novelty, and I presume, of cheapness. Through the center of this cottage was a big, wide, hall, as large as a young dancing hall, and as there were four society girls in the family you may be sure that it filled that purpose. The floor was thickly strewn with rugs, which of course could be removed without trifling trouble. At either end of the hall were doors, making a cooling draft blow through. The stairs to the second story rose from the rear of the hall, at one side, and the walk at the head of the stairs made a balcony overlooking the hall. It was not an elaborate house, but its owner, an able lawyer, had evidently planned it for comfort and to suit his family. Being a thinking man he put originality into it without great expense.

An article in an exchange gives an interview with a shoe dealer in which he exalts his trade after the manner of men and ends with the declaration that a person neatly shod will always appear well dressed, implying that the remainder of his wearing apparel is of little concern. This may all be true, but haven't you read a somewhat similar interview in which a hatter maintained that a stylish hat was about all a man needed to look well? Haven't you seen similar claims set up for collars, for shirts, for skirts, for trousers, for cuffs, for neckwear? Isn't it about time for these gentlemen to be a bit more modest in boasting their pretensions? Or is it the enterprising interviewer who crowns their several stories with the supreme excellence or arrogance? At any rate that sort of thing is getting to be very chestnutty and it ought to be called in.

Total abstinence is making progress. The proof of it comes in peculiar form. In some of the large cities the givers of dinners have become so sensitive to public sentiment on this matter that they are omitting wine from their tables, and it is seriously proposed to accompany invitations to wireless dinners with a small box of blue ribbon securely fastened to the card. When a total abstainer receives one of these he will know that he may accept of the invitation without danger of having his self respect damaged by the looks of ugly wine-bibbers. On the other hand gentlemen who are possessed of convivial temperaments and habits will have a tip and may trump a plausible excuse for sending

regrets. By all means let us have the blue ribbon and sort out the sheep and the goats.

The absorption of ten cent pieces by those aggravating dime saving banks goes on at an astonishing rate, and the thing has become a sort of fad with some people. I have heard of one lady who has laid by ten of them, all loaded to the nozzle, making about fifty dollars she has stored away in this manner. She really shows symptoms of a monomania on the subject, and it is quite possible the voracious little cylinders are cultivating miserly tendencies in a great many people. At any rate the demand on the circulating medium has been so great that the great government has felt it. Heretofore the Philadelphia mint was the only one that coined dimes, but the demand for the little shiners has become so great that the New Orleans mint has been ordered to turn out a lot of them. This affords a good example of how far reaching may be a matter of apparently trifling importance. Avarice becomes a passion rather than a passing fad, and it may be safe to predict another novelty ere many months, that will crowd it into second place in the public eye; but what a people we are for novelties, mere trinkets designed to entice the dimes and quarters from our pockets and how they do sweep the whole country in their march!

What is there about life in tents that makes people so sociable and tolerant? You may take a person who is severely dignified and distant in a civilized community, throw him among a lot of campers and in a few days he will become a pleasant, companionable animal of the genus homo. The fellow who can resist the genial influence of camp life is a sorry dog indeed, and he hasn't a very good license to the companionship of human beings. But what is this insidious power? Is it because life in the open, brings all parties down to a common level? It is human nature for us to crave respect, deference, envy and adulation. In town these depend greatly on a man's bank account, on his business or political affairs, on his exclusiveness, on his affectation of style and of superiority. In a tent among the woods every man is thrown on his merits as an individual. The evidences of wealth and arrogance have to be left at home. Freed of these trappings and the petty distinctions of society, a man returns to a state of nature and depends on personal qualities to win the good will of his fellows. The aristocratic mediocrity finds the penniless Bohemian is the bright, popular fellow of the crowd and the genial influence stirs his soul to emulation. At least that was about the conclusion a party of us reached as a result of discussing personal experiences.

But a most noticeable thing about this summer outing business is the way in which women thaw out at these resorts. They make acquaintances with Tom, Dick and Harry in the most unconventional of ways, and flirt and romp in a rather riotous manner. At home they affect such a pink of propriety that a most desirable acquaintance may wait months for an opportune inception according to ironical forms. It looks so inconsistent, and for my part I do not understand how lovely woman quiets her conscience.

Some time ago a Nebraska City lady decided to give a large reception and ordered inscribed upon her invitations the letters "R. S. V. P." still unfamiliar to many in the place. Her husband, an enterprising clothing merchant, picked up one of the dainty missives before they were ready for delivery, examined it critically, gave an exclamation of satisfaction and with a diabolical grin upon his visage left the house. But imagine that woman's feelings when, upon the very day before her grand affair, she opened the local paper to read this familiar advertisement:

J. B. BLANK & CO, Clothiers, At Home
To their customers every day from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Sundays excepted.
R. S. V. P.
Ready made Suits, Vests and Pants
But this explanation of the cabalistic letters was not the only one those luckless invitations encountered. One lady stepped into a neighbor's with an offended air and asked: Are you going to Mrs. Blank's reception to-morrow? "I expect to," replied her friend. "Well, I think this matter of taking presents is going far. It's bad enough for weddings and anniversaries, but if it's got to be introduced into parties I, for one, shall not spend over \$5 for this thing tomorrow—that's flat!" Her friend looked at her dazedly. "What do you mean?" she cried. "I've heard nothing about presents." "You haven't? Well, just look at your invitation—the most impudent thing. R. S. V. P.—return some valuable present. Now what do you think of that for cheek?" Another asked a friend if she was going early, adding: "You'd better." "Why?" "Didn't you notice those letters? That means, refreshments served very promptly, and I tell you I mean to be there on time."

A funny story is going the rounds of the press of an Omaha young lady who found a horse-shoe, and wishing for good luck placed it under her pillow with her false teeth. In the morning in the hurry of dressing she substituted the shoe for the teeth and wore it sometime before the mistake was discovered.

Abraham Lincoln's story, by future generations which read the musty of his life not yet altogether made, be regarded as one of the most unique characters in history, says the New York Herald. Even to those who by force of circumstances were most in his company he was ever developing a new side. Grim, revengeful Stanton, his war secretary, never quite knew how to take him. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once a man had refused to understand an or-

der, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a tone-cruncher that he read to the president. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I send to send it by?" mused the secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why don't send it at all. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

What It Does.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

Dr. C. F. Ladd, dentist, 1105 O street, Telephone 153. Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Flannel shirts cleaned without shrinking by the French dry cleaning process, only 15 cts. at Lincoln Steam Dye works, 1105 O street.

COLLECTIONS in and out of the city attended to, Rents collected, Houses leased and Estates managed. H. N. Wessel, Notary Public, room 30 Latte clock, 11th and N sts.

Bicycles of all kinds and all makes skillfully repaired on short notice. Wrenches, oil cans, tires and other supplies always for sale at Green & Fishette, 1443 O street.

Timely Advice.
Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a reliable remedy for bowel complaints. It is almost certain to be needed, and no family can afford to be without it. It costs but a trifle and may be the means of saving much suffering, if not life. There are many different remedies in use, but Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is undoubtedly the best. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Chas. C. Reed, Druggist.

Call on Henry Harpham, 142 north Eleventh street, opposite Capital Hotel for fly nets, summer lap robes and carriage whips.

Be sure and try eastern Wyoming Nut coal. Best in the market, price \$4.40 delivered by Geo. A. Raymer, Telephone 300, 1134 O street.

Our work speaks for itself. It needs no brag or bluster, simply your own opinion will testify to its merits. The Studio Le Grande is on the ground floor, centrally located and a beautiful place. Call and see us at 124 south Twelfth street.

Quick and Comfortable Trip.
Two new trains have been added to the already excellent connections east that the Great Rock Island Route has been offering to its patrons.

The Lake Shore & Mich. Southern has put on a new train, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 a. m., and the Port Wayne (Pennsylvania Lines), one at 10:45 a. m.

These are daily trains, scheduled on fast time, and arrive at New York City next afternoon at 2 o'clock, and via the first mentioned Boston passengers reach their destination but 2 hours later.

The Rock Island Route Sleeper leaves Omaha daily at 4:30 p. m., and arrives at Chicago at 8:05 a. m., in time to make this important through connection.

For rates and tickets apply to J. L. DE BEVOIS, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept., 10th & Farnam Sts., Omaha.
J. NO. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager.

See our beautiful individual ice cream moulds before ordering elsewhere. "The Finest" 1250 O street.

Are You Interested?
The following frank statement from J. E. Hare of Trenton, Texas, will be of interest to many of our citizens. "My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhoea. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea or colic medicine. For sale by Chas. C. Reed, Druggist."

Henry Harpham, sells good harness for good money, also poor harness for good money.

The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is always at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.

Eye and Ear Surgeon.
Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, 1203 O street, telephone 325, Lincoln, Neb.

Never order a photograph or picture of any kind until you have seen the work done at the new Studio Le Grande, 134 south Twelfth street.

Sea Bathing 1,000 Miles from the Sea, at Garfield Beach.
The famous health resort, Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, eighteen miles from Salt Lake City, is reached via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and is now open.

A SLIGHT ERROR.

If He Had Only Kept Quiet It Would Have Been All Right.

"Do you see that foreign looking fellow in the seat opposite us?" asked a comfortable looking man in the smoking car of a Michigan Central train the other day.

"Yes," replied his seat mate. "What about him?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you—all about him."

"Do you know him?"

"Never saw him before, but I've always made it a practice to notice people when I travel, and speculate as to who they are, what they are, where they've been, and all that. By George, I can size a man up in great shape." You notice that fellow's grizzled beard and rather refined features?"

"Yes—yes."

"You see that he is entirely occupied with the periodical he has in his hands—doesn't notice anything going on in the car?"

"Seems to be looking at the pictures."

"Exactly. You notice what the publication is. Can you read the title from there?"

"An art magazine, isn't it?"

"Yes. Now, you see that big flat parcel standing on the seat beside him?"

"I see; looks like a big atlas."

"It isn't. You notice the man's careless dress, his stained hands, his dilapidated slouch hat?"

"Yes."

"And you have no idea yet what he is?"

"Can't say I have. He doesn't appear to be an ordinary traveler exactly."

"He's an artist. A typical artist—poor but industrious. He lives up in the state somewhere, and he's been to the city to get a canvas for a new picture. That's it on the seat—that flat parcel. He's bought a copy of the magazine and he's engrossed in the study of it. Now, just for fun, I'm going to prove the correctness of my diagnosis."

He leaned over and touched the sleeve of the man opposite.

"Er—excuse me, sir," he said, "but your face seems very familiar. I've been trying to place you."

"The man looked at him wondering, as though he did not understand.

"If I'm not mistaken," continued the questioner, "you are an artist. Don't you live up in the interior of the state somewhere? I forgot exactly where I've seen you."

The man raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Live in Detroit," he said.

"Well, you are an artist—a painter?" He pointed to the flat parcel.

"The other man looked serious. He pulled the paper away from the edge of the parcel and disclosed a dozen lights of glass.

"Glass-a-put-in-man," he said, pointing to himself. Me-a-put-in a glass—go to Saginaw. See!"

Just then the train boy came along gathering up his literature, and as he took away the art publication which the Italian had been fingering the comfortable looking man with a baffled smile shifted himself back into his own seat, remarking as he did so:

"If I'd let the man alone it would have been all right."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Catch Him.
Melissouier, like many other celebrities, had a passion for gardening. His gardener, an accomplished botanist, knew to perfection the seeds of every plant, and Melissouier had often tried in vain to throw him off his guard.

"This time I've got him," the artist remarked to a party of friends at the dinner table, and he showed them a small packet containing the dried root of a herb. He then sent for the gardener.

"Do you know this seed?" Melissouier inquired.

The gardener carefully scrutinized the grains. "Why not?" he said, at last. "They are the seeds of the populus flaccidus, a very rare tropical plant."

"How long will they be in coming up?" Melissouier asked, with a chuckle of suppressed exultation.

"About a fortnight," was the reply.

Two weeks later the guests were again assembled at Melissouier's table, and after dinner the gardener was announced.

"M. Melissouier," the man said, "the seed has just come up."

"Ah! you surprise me!" the artist exclaimed as he rose and led the way into the garden to examine the botanical phenomenon.

The gardener lifted a glass shade and disclosed to view a small bed with three rows of pickled herrings' heads peeping out of the earth. Everybody laughed.

Melissouier dismissed the gardener on the spot, but took him on again the next day.

—Etolle Belge.

The Economical Man.
As oft as he can,
The married man,
Must be sure to go to the game;
But if his daughter
Should ask for a quarter,
He'll find her much to blame.

And his poor wife
Must look for strife,
If she hints at the matinee,
He'll stamp and swear,
And then declare,
He's no money to fool away.

But him you'll see,
At the hour of three,
Going out to see the game.
He has no cash
To waste on trash,
But he gets there just the same.

—Baltimore American.

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

Henry Harpham, harness, saddlery and turf goods, 142 north Eleventh street, opposite Capital Hotel.

Buy coal mined near your home. Newsen's Nut is conceded by all that have used it to be the best for kitchen use. Price \$4.40 delivered. Sold only by Geo. A. Raymer. Telephone 300, 1134 O street.

BASEBALL

The Lincoln club went to Omaha last week and to the surprise of everybody succeeded in winning Saturday's game. Then people began to think that we had struck a winning gait again and there were confident predictions. But we didn't. Everybody was surprised again. First, Roach who had just been reinstated after a couple of week's suspension tried his hand with the ball; but his arm had lost its cunning and we lost the first game by a score of 12 to 4. Eiteljorg was in the box for the Omaha club and from an Omaha standpoint he was perfectly satisfactory. Dave's pets showed unmistakable signs of a picturesque jamboree and some of them grabbed at balls as though they had 'em. Raymond was particularly leery and after a short trial he was put on the bench and Stafford substituted. There were two reasons why the Omaha club won. First: they played the best ball; second: our men had not sufficiently recovered from their liquid jollification. Eiteljorg fanned three men out, Roach one. In the second game O'Day relieved Roach and Dad Clarke succeeded Eiteljorg. This time the score was 4 to 1—in the other fellows' favor. It was a toss up as to who pitched the best ball; but in an unlucky moment Lincoln got rattled and Omaha did the rest. Monday Kansas City came to Lincoln, and the Cowboys have had an interesting visit. Eiteljorg pitched the first day and Darnbrough tried to show his former brethren that he could pitch. His endeavor, however, wasn't very successful. Eiteljorg's work justified all that has been said of him. If he didn't win the game all by himself he was largely responsible for Lincoln's victory. The score was 9 to 3. To sum up the game briefly—the Kansas City club played the kind of a game that Lincoln has been putting up lately—before Dave commenced fling the boys—and Lincoln—well we played ball for a change. Endeavored and his work was a welcome change. In the judgment of a great many people he is the best umpire in the Western association.

There was a second tussle Tuesday with a like result. O'Day had his pitching clothes on and our boys being sober and in good trim settled down and played to win and they won. If there had been any object in it we might have secured twenty-five runs; but we didn't need them, so we only took 14, and we generally let the other fellows have 4. Smith and Johnson took turns in pitching for the visitors.

Wednesday's game was very interesting, the score was Lincoln 2, Kansas City 1. Owing to the fact that the Omaha club disbanded this week, there was no game yesterday.

Equally safe for young or old, Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood from all impurities.

When Grant Said, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he probably referred to the "Burlington," as everybody knows it is the only "line" worth fighting for in this part of the country.

Cushman Park Special Trains.
Until further notice, B. & M. trains will run as follows between Lincoln and Cushman park:
Wednesday—Leave Lincoln 7:30 P. M. and return from Cushman at 11 P. M.
Saturdays—Leave Lincoln at 2:30 P. M. and return from Cushman at 8 P. M.
Sundays—Leave Lincoln at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M.; returning from Cushman at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., 5 P. M. and 8:30 P. M.
Regular train No. 71 leaving Lincoln at 4:30 P. M. daily except Sunday will also stop at Cushman, honoring tickets, round trip rate of 15 cents will apply to all.

Youthlens—European Face Preparation.
Ladies, if you want most elegant face preparation, try this one. It is pure as spring water; no lead, sediment or other injurious substances. It makes your skin soft, fresh, and clear; removes tan, blotches, discolorations, and imparts a pearly complexion. If your face is not what you desire it, try "Youthlens." I guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction. I have sought for a preparation that will make complexions fresh and young looking and now have found it. I retained at two dollars or three for five. I have secured the agency for this trusty article.
J. H. HARLEY, Druggist, Lincoln, Neb.

Brown's re-entrants, Windsor block, 216 north Eleventh street, and 1418 O street. Five dollar commutation tickets reduced to four dollars, good at both places.

Almost Caught.
Singleton—I asked Miss Passe, point blank, her age last night. She said she wouldn't tell me, but she would write it on a sheet of paper if I'd sign my name to it. Benedict—Well, what is her age? "I didn't find out. The paper she produced was a marriage license."—Boston News.

Proper Implements.
Dashaway—I want you to come over to my literary society, old man.
Cleverton—All right. Shall I wear a dress suit?
Dashaway—No. But bring along an extra pack of cards.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Lame Excuse.
Mother—What! You don't mean to say that the lieutenant has been here all the afternoon? Haven't I forbidden you to remain alone in the company of gentlemen?
Daughter—Why, ma, there was only one!—Humoristisches Blattler.

She Was Thankful.
Nut (to landlady)—Oh, ma'am, Mr. Spittire has left the table in a rage.
Landlady—I'm glad of that! It's the first thing I ever knew him to leave.—Detroit Free Press.

"CLUBS ARE TRUMPS."

Written for the COURIER.

Life never stands still, it is said, though it makes a mighty close matter of it in Squashville, where everything is of such marble-like rigidity and inflexible character that we get to thinking what it will be forever. But a new era has dawned and the smooth surface of the marble forms of dissipation, a few fishing parties, a festival or two, a Woman's Relief Corps, supper, etc. Anything in the shape of cutting strikes right home in Squashville, as the name indicates. Whether the corpse will effect the supper in any way, I have been unable to ascertain. I, with my accustomed meekness, mentioned it in the village and found I had committed one of my big blunders. Let it pass. Those are merely incidents not to be noticed in comparison with "Froth and Foam"; for in addition to the above startling events, an acquaintance said, "Let's have a club." We were not at the time playing a hand, and I, being naturally very thick headed, did not instantly understand, but as soon as I grasped it, (the idea, not the club) I groaned, "why not a switch, it would be lighter to carry," and the mercury absolutely stationary at 110 in the house; but I gave the subject my warmest consideration. I slept, and my last thought was a club; I woke and a club confronted my eyes; in the midst of household duties, something swung constantly over my head, suspended in mid air. Was it a sword of the Damoclean type? With affrighted start I clutched the monster. "Twas a club. Would it had fallen and been reduced to the lowest denomination of compound fractions. That will happen eventually, for the raising of a club but heralds its fall. But anything for peace if it takes all summer! We concluded a little harmless fun might be possible, even if we were inadequate for anything heavy, so we made the club of light, very light timber, something seasonable, and called it "Froth and Foam." We met—we parted—but not in tears. The first meeting was poorly represented, as I expected, and as we are too honorable to make assessment without representation, we barely paid expenses. Considering the time of year, some very brilliant remarks were made. One of our number was chosen to read Shakespeare's beautiful ode to Dr. Talmage, in which occurs the lines:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Two members had the temerity to undertake an argument on the will; notwithstanding the mercury had reached the top of the tube and was falling in rounded globules of silver to the floor beneath.

Betsy Johnson, a remarkably verbose female, claimed it an impossible condition of mind; that no one could be convinced of an opinion and at the same time hold an opposite one. Holmerson Linkin, equally verbose, insisted and stood prepared to prove that a person could be convinced against his will. A peace maker, having seen the proverbial durability of female's argument fully exemplified on former occasions and smelling danger, came to the rescue and saved the club temporarily by advising the belligerents to lay the subject on or under the table till the mercury returned to the bulb; and in the meantime, to compromise on Sammie Butler's much more sensible lines as follows:

"If his opinion against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

Motion approved, seconded and carried. So the dissemination of opinion by these aspirants for logical deductions, etc., was frustrated by 120 degrees of mercury in the shade and the will remains in statu quo ante bellum. However, the world will still go on just the same. There is to much information anyhow. The time to call a halt and reduce the volume. Inflation is getting too much for us. If, as I fear, our club, being both light and combustible, is consumed while passing through the orifice of fiery splendor to which we are at present subjected, I will apprise you of its demise and bid you to the obsequies. If it lives, we will try and ascertain whether one can be convinced against his will.

Not a Citizen.
of Lincoln can afford to miss the comfort and safety offered him by the North Western Line (F. E. & M. V. RR.) in his travels to and from Chicago and all eastern points. It is the direct line to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Olympia, Seattle, Tacoma, and all other Minnesota, Washington and Montana points. All passengers for these points go through without depot transfer. Patronize the North Western and avoid omnibus transfers. It is the only all rail line to that Sanatorium of the world, the Hot Springs of South Dakota and the direct line to Rapid City, Deadwood and Black Hills points. To all those contemplating a trip the coming season it offers a direct line and service, to all the resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Michigan. The finest fishing grounds in the world are reached by this line. For rates and information, call at 1133 O street.

W. M. SHIPMAN, Gen'l Agt., J. T. MASTIN, City Tkt. Agt.