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Our Special order department for catering to private residence and parties is the most popular in the city



A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Is like the headlines of this advertisement. It is attractive. One may have all the qualities of head and heart to make one lovable, but they may pass unnoticed and remain unknown

MRS. GRAHAM'S EUGENIE ENAMEL

Creates a lovely complexion instantly on any skin. It is delicate, harmless, and shows no trace of powder.

All the leading Lincoln druggists sell it. H. T. Clark Drug Co., Lincoln, WHOLESALE AGENTS.

OUR Lincoln Patrons

We beg to inform you that our Stock of Spring and Summer SUITING

is now ready for your inspection and comprises all the LATEST NOVELTIES

From the Finest French and English MANUFACTURERS.

Every Garment Strictly First-Class!

Guckert & McDonald, THE TAILORS,

317 S. 15th St. Correspondence Solicited OMAHA, NEB.

NOW IN NEW QUARTERS!

Lincoln Trunk Factory

ST 1133 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.

SHE FORGOT THE STORY.

Romance of a Diamond Lost in a Flood of Social Gossip.

The church is filling fast for the wedding of Reginald Spicer and Angelina Mayburn, and the young lady friends of the bride are fluttering in the pews in that state of delicious excitement into which the feminine soul is inevitably thrown by a marriage ceremony, no matter how remote is the personal interest involved therein.

Kate—Oh, and they do say that that diamond star which Mrs. West wears is only Rhinestones. Do you believe it? Aggie—How horrid people are! Do they really say that?

K.—Yes, they really do. A.—I don't believe it. She has had it too long, and besides that is the star they tell the queer story about.

K.—What story? A.—Haven't you ever heard it? K.—No, I never did. A.—Well I do think that is funny. K.—But do tell me what it is?

A.—Why, you see this young man—it was in New York, you know, and it was ever so many years ago—you know Mrs. West came from New York. K.—Yes, her mother was my cousin's aunt.

A.—Wasn't she your aunt then? K.—Of course not. How horrid of you to think I could have an aunt so old as her mother would be!

A.—Oh, I never thought of that. But how could she be so old as that? K.—Why, it was on the other side of the house, you see, and my cousin was nearly as old as my mother.

A.—Is Angelina Mayburn really any relation to that girl in Philadelphia that Reggy Spicer flirted so with last winter? K.—I'm sure I don't know. Agnes said she'd find out, but she didn't.

A.—Is Agnes going to Bar Harbor this summer? K.—She says she is, so I suppose she isn't. A.—Why, Kate Vaughn! What a horrid thing to say.

K.—Well, I don't care. It's just so every time. Do look at Fanny Packard. She has on that old green silk that she has had made over for three summers.

A.—And the Rhinestone comb? K.—Oh, what was the story you were going to tell me about Mrs. West's star? A.—Oh, yes, I forgot what we were talking about. Well, there was this handsome young man that all the girls were in love with, and at last he got engaged to one of them.

K.—Yes. A.—And she was an awfully proud girl. K.—Oh, I know the kind! A.—And— K.—Oh, there is Mrs. Throckmorton. Did you know that they say that she has been living at Newport just so that she can get a divorce?

A.—No, really? K.—That's what they say. A.—I don't believe it. K.—Why not? A.—Why, he has always been just devoted to her.

The Householder and the Rat.

A householder who had been greatly annoyed by rats in his cellar brought home a trap and set it where he thought it would do the most good.

"This is by no means fair and just. I entered this trap to prove my confidence in your integrity. No one could be more surprised than I was when I found myself a prisoner."

After due reflection the householder liberated the rat, but only to find, two or three days later, that the number had greatly increased, and that his stores were fast being carried away by wholesale.

"You depended on my integrity and I restored your liberty." "Exactly."

"I depended on your integrity, and you have wrought still further damage to my property."

"Oh, but you must understand, my dear sir, that a rat in a trap is a heap different from a rat at liberty."

"Moral—You'll see it whenever a judge suspends sentence on a bad man who has promised to reform.—New York World."

Two Great Futures Open. "Well, Mr. Pedagogue, does my boy show any special aptitude for work?" asked the proud father.

"I think so, Mr. Bronson," returned the schoolmaster. "I am uncertain as yet whether John will make a sculptor or a baseball player. He is unerring in his aim with paper wads, but the condition of his desk top convinces me that he can carve with considerable facility."—Harper's Bazar.

Between the Acts. Warden (of insane asylum)—This poor woman imagines she is shopping all the time. Sometimes she sits in silence for whole weeks.

Visitor—What is she doing? Warden—It is supposed that she imagines she is waiting for the change.—Clook Review.

In the Hands of His Friends. Citizen—I hear you are running for office? Candidate—Yes, a month ago I placed myself in the hands of my friends.

"How are you now?" "I would like to borrow fifteen cents to get a dairy lunch."—Baltimore American.

An Instance. "Humor is the most powerful force in the world," remarked Cusmo. "How do you make that out?" asked Fangle. "It overcomes the law of gravity."—Harper's Bazar.

DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

[Translated from the Vulgate of M. Goose, by A. Pope.] Behold the mansion reared by Dimed Jack. See the malt stored in many a pithoric sack in the proud citadel of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade The golden stores in John's pavilion laid. Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides, Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides: Grimalkin grin, that slew the fierce rodent Whose tooth insidious John's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep mouthed canine foe's assault, That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt, Stored in the precincts of that lofty hall— That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horns, Whereon the exasperating hound was torn, Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew The rat prodigious, whose keen fangs ran through

The textile fibers that involved the grain That lay in Hans' inviolate domain. Here walks the sad eyed damsel crowned with rue, Lactiferous sponges from vaccine dross who drew.

Of that cornucopia beast whose tortuous horn Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn, The braying hound, whose bragging bark and stir Arched the lithespine and reared the indignant fur.

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn, Who milked the cow with implicated horn, Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied That dared to vex the insidious muricide, Who let auroral effluence through the pet Of that rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last, Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast, Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament To him who, robed in garments indigent, Escorted to the damed lachrymose, The emulgator of the horned brute morose, That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed

The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built. —New Orleans Picayune.

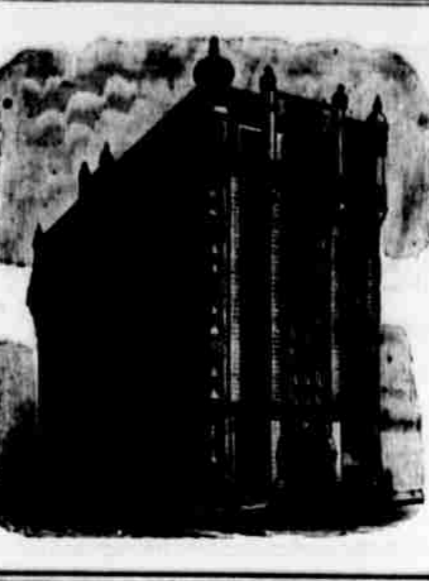
A Duel in the Cholera Times. During the period of the cholera visitation Dr. Bruggemann one day had a quarrel with a retired cavalry officer, who was known to be a professional bully.

"Neither," said Bruggemann. "The choice of weapons rests with me." At that moment his servant man brought a basket containing two dishes of cucumber salad and twelve unripe apples.

"I go in for cucumber salad," the doctor coolly and politely remarked. "The offending and offended party shall each consume six apples and this carefully weighed portion of excellent cucumber salad. The result we will leave to the cholera."

Not at a Loss. "Katie (aged five years, who doesn't like to say "please")—Papa, pass the bread. Papa—If what, my dear? Katie—If you can reach it.—Munsey's Weekly.

Asserting His Rights. "That's exactly what I came here for this evening, Miss Mildred." The young man laid aside his hat, cane and gloves.



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A Difficult Choice.



Mr. Appington—Marie, this has become past endurance. This morning when I was taking my bath, that monkey of yours jumped on my back. You've got to choose between him and me.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction.

Mr. Angler—It sometimes occurs that, in trout fishing particularly, all the known arts of the piscator will fail to lure the wary game, and in one instance I remember having to try a very unorthodox recourse.

Mr. Angler—Yes? What was that? Mr. Angler—I was fishing one day in the Sprain brook and discovered in a deep pool an old trout that must have weighed seven pounds. I tempted him first with all the artificial bait at my command, from gray hackle to flamingo flies, shook a button off my flannel shirt into his eye, offered him a strawberry on hook and a forelock of my red head, flung all the known brands of worms in front of his suggestive mouth, and wasted all my lunch on him in the way of decoy, and when I was just about to give up in despair a thought struck me.

Acting upon it I went to a neighboring farmhouse, borrowed a two quart syringe used for the demolition of insect pests, walked back and drew all the water out of the pool, and walking into the exhausted reservoir picked up my seven pound speckled bauble.—Boston Courier.