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

ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN. 1307 O St. Telephone 501



A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Is like the headlines in 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

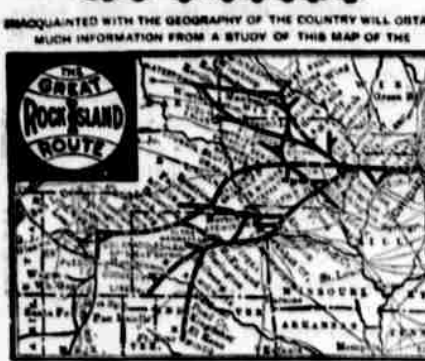
Creates a lovely complexion instantly on any skin. It is delicate, harmless, and shows no trace of powder. It remains on all day, or until washed off, and dust or perspiration may be wiped from the face without marring its delicate beauty.

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

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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.

A MAN



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry

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of Through Coaches, Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars daily between CHICAGO, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka.

Via The Albert Lea Route.

Fast Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake and Sioux Falls via Rock Island.

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SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T.

She could sing and she could play. She could dance from night till day. She could while the hours away.

She could walk eight miles a day And play tennis charmingly. Flirting in a saucy way.

She could swim and she could row. She could always have a beau. And I'm sure that we all know

She could etch and write a book. She could vanquish with a look; She could win by hook or crook,

She could talk of church affairs, But knew naught of household cares; Still I'm sure that none compares

With sweet Nan. Even if she couldn't bake Bread and pies and angel cake, She enraptured and she captured

A rich man. -News Letter.

Billy's Party. Billy's mother, wishing to make him happy on his sixth birthday, invited a number of the children of her friends to celebrate the event.

Billy begged that the invitations should embrace two or three "Tom Cauty" sort of friends, whose sidewalk acquaintance had a peculiar fascination; also a little Topsy, the child of an occasional colored under-study in the laundry.

At the appointed hour the guests arrived with their conventional gifts. The unconventional sidewalk boys, manifestly ill at ease in a pent up drawing room, stood awkwardly about in corners and watched the proceedings with stolid countenances.

When the little company was marshaled for supper Topsy was missing, but soon appeared, bursting into the room with the announcement:

"Say, Miss Johnson, my mother says she'll buy Billy a present when Miss Wheaton pays her for the washing."

The Wheatons being among Billy's more aristocratic guests, his mother's dismay may be imagined. -Brooklyn Arlington.

Force of Habit. Mr. Methodus—There should be system in everything, my dear. If you were as particular in filing your tradesmen's bills as I am in filing my letters, drafts, exchanges, etc., you would never have any trouble to find them. I adopt this system in everything. In fact, it has grown to be such a habit with me that there is no important incident of my waking hours that I do not make a note of and file away.

Mrs. M.—Yes, my dear, but there is such a thing as carrying a habit too far. From the rasping nasal sounds I hear at night I should judge you were given to filing your dreams as well. -Boston Courier.

A Subterfuge. "Turn to oo mamma, Willis; mamma has candy for her little boy."

"Now run out and play like a good little boy." -America.

Would Keep His Promise. "We'll fix the furnace in the fall," said the landlord.

"But you said last fall that you'd fix it in the spring."

"Did I?"

"You did."

"Then I'll do it—but really I don't see how you can go through the next winter with it as it is." -Truth.

What He Meant. Young Reporter—The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.

Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?

Young Reporter—I er—er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory. -Tit-Bits.

A Heavy Risk. Mrs. Kidder—And shall we name the baby Grace?

Mrs. Kidder—H'm! That's a fearful responsibility. Suppose she should grow up freckled and red haired and big boned? -Texas Siftings.

A Big Thought Spoiled. "That's a fine way to ruin a thought," said the sentimentalist. "I wrote 'I never see a tree fall without a pang,' and your fool of a compositor has made me say, 'I never see a tree fall without a bang.'" -Truth.

A Secret. She—How softly the breeze whispers over this field. He—Yes, dear—but the corn is all ears, you know! -Life.

Good to Practice On.

While stationed in Richmond barracks in Dublin along with a detachment of the Dublin fusiliers one of the sentries belonging to that corps got strict orders to present arms to all field officers, and especially to the commanding officer. A young subaltern was passing his post, and the sentry presented arms to him. The officer, however, went tip to the sentry and told him that he was not entitled to that compliment, when the sentry replied, "Ach, sure, you are good enough to practise on." -Tit-Bits.

The Tailor Can Indorse It.



"Charlie," said Mande, "papa doesn't like you, because he says you're extravagant in your dress."

"Well, just tell your father I haven't paid a tailor's bill in two years," retorted Chappie. -Truth.

Advice to a Young Man. Young man, in your youth either split rails or work on a cannibal-boat. Then when you grow older the presidential chair may be yours. Do not dream of organizing a youthful band of faithful followers to go west and slaughter Indians, for the red men, with the assistance of bad whiskey and government ammunition, are killing themselves as fast as possible.

Always speak kindly to your sick uncle. He may make a will some day, and perchance he might leave you one of the family spoons; or, even better, you might become the envied possessor of his antique oak bookcase.

When your parents disagree on some slight subject preserve a discreet silence, and, if possible, leave the room, for when your father comes out second best, as he invariably will, he may take his revenge on your youthful hide.

Do not cry when you have to stay indoors and play with the little girls. As you grow older you will find that a little girl is a great comfort, even though she consents to be only a sister to you.

In sharing candy with your younger brother always bear in mind that too much would make the little fellow sick. Remembering this, you will always be justified in taking the largest share for yourself. -Munsey's Weekly.

He Told Him All About It. One of those good natured persons who are always bent on imparting information was humiliated not long since. A man, apparently a yokel, was seated on a fence intently looking at the telegraph wires. A gentleman passing said:

"Watching the wires, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Waiting to see a message go by, eh?"

The man smiled and said, "Yes, sir." The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible and explained the work of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said, "Now you know something about it."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you work at?"

"Me and my mate over yonder are telegraph workers, and we're just putting up a new wire." -Tit-Bits.

General Recipe for Rural Drama. Poor old father, pretty girl, man with mortgage (homely churl); handsome lover (not a cent) wants to pay the poor girl's rent. Landlord will not be denied; pretty girl must be his bride. Young man takes the farm horse out; says he'll trot beyond a doubt, has him put into a race. Wins on him for straight and place. Cows and horses (live stock draws); country reel with great applause. Husking bee; big red ear; girl gets kissed in spite of fear. Handsome lover comes with cash all the landlord's hopes to smash; joy succeeds the great suspense—family circle, fifty cents. -Washington Star.

An Amateur Detective. A rather shabby looking man applied to the chief of the New York police for a position.

"Have you ever had any experience as a detective?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I once arrested a man who did some killing."

"So you arrested a man who committed a homicide?"

"Yes, he was a sort of murderer. He was not a homicide exactly; he was a suicide. He killed himself, you know." -Texas Siftings.

Genus Irritable. First Bard—Seen my sonnets in The Pacific Weekly? Second Bard—Yes. First Bard—Like them? Second Bard—Well—a—candidly—I—

First Bard—Oh, if it comes to that, candidly I always hated your beastly ballads and rondels and rot in The Erechtheum, but I had the decency not to tell you so! -Punch.

All the Best Are Covered. "Why is it," asked a stranger, "that you Americans are so anxious to discover the north pole?"

"Oh," replied an experienced globe traveler, "we Americans are great traverlers, you know, and we want some new place to write our names on." -Somerville Journal.

Kill Him Deader. Little Bennie—Boohoo! The bee stung me. His Big Brother—Never mind. I killed the bee. Little Bennie—Did you? Boohoo! Well, kill him deader. -Brooklyn Eagle.

To Drown Their Boar. Jasper—Why in the world do they have bands playing so constantly at these seaside resorts? Jump-pape—So that visitors cannot hear the mosquitoes. -Harper's Bazar.

They Both Helped. M and Mme. de Mieux are both geniuses. He composes his own songs. "Yes, and she composes his audiences, mostly." -Truth.

Distances Lend, Etc. "Don't you like to hear some one singing on the water far away?" she asked. "Yes," he murmured, "far away." -Life.

RETRIBUTION.

There is in this a warning to the Man Who Gives Advice. "That is a very bad cold you have, Codling," said Bloombumper. "Awful code," replied Codling. "Now the last time I had such a cold as that," went on Bloombumper, drawing a memorandum book from his vest pocket and consulting it, "you advised me to take a Turkish bath for it. Have you tried that remedy yourself? I think you said it was an infallible cure."

"No, but I—" "Of course you haven't," proceeded Bloombumper, as he searched for another entry in his memorandum book. "The cold I had before that you recommended me to cure by the application of mustard plasters plentifully to my chest and the small of my back. Of course you haven't tried that yourself?"

"Why, you see—" "Oh, yes, I see," Bloombumper interrupted. "But when I had a cold a few weeks before that last one I mentioned, you said a gallon or so of good hot herb tea would fix me up if I would take it on going to bed, and so get into a perspiration. Have you done that with yourself?"

"The fact is, Blo—" "Oh, no doubt! But here is another entry of a cure for a cold you told me about six months ago. Take a teaspoonful of ground Cayenne pepper every hour until well. Have you tried that?"

"Bloombumper, you—" "Certainly, I know. Well, on the 5th of last January you told me that six grains of quinine taken just before retiring would break up the worst cold that ever got into a man's system. Why don't you try the quinine pills?"

"Perhaps not. But in December you suggested a few electrical shocks from a powerful battery. I'm curious to know why that hasn't cured your cold."

"Well, I've been—" "Doubtless that was it. But when I had my severe cold in November I jotted down another remedy you told me of, and for which I was very much obliged, although I neglected to take it. You told me to snuff half a teaspoonful of paregoric up my nostrils, and the cold would be gone in ten hours. Suppose you try that now?"

"But I'm under the doctor's care, you—" "Oh, that doesn't make the slightest difference. You told me so yourself, in the early part of October, when I was under a physician's care myself. You said that doctors didn't know anything about colds, but if I would just wrap myself in a wet sheet, and pile blankets on top, before morning the sweating would drive every particle of cold from my system. Do you remember that advice? I think you might give it a fair trial now."

"I must go, Bloombumper. So long."

"Good by. Try some of those specifics, will you? [To himself.] He didn't seem very grateful for that assorted lot of cures for colds; but, after all, it is one thing to give advice and another to take it. I didn't take any of those remedies either when he suggested them to me." -William Henry Siver in Harper's Bazar.

Love's Idyl. Both sat on a garden seat, and the expression on his face plainly said, "I am done for!" He first broke the silence by saying:

"Will you be mine?" and tried to draw her a little closer.

She stiffened and refused to budge. "I mean to reform, and give up all my bad habits!" he urged.

The object of his adoration was inexorable. "And abandon smoking?"

No response. "And leave off card playing?"

Frigid silence as before. "I'll never go out of doors without you!" She only shook her head.

"And present you with a diamond ring tomorrow!"

The sweet innocent lifted her down-cast eyes up to meet his gaze, and resting her little head on his shoulder she falteringly whispered in his ear:

"Oh, Emile, how kind you are!"

"And there they sat—dreaming, pondering, thinking, she about the diamond ring, and he wondering where on earth he should stump up the money to buy one. -Kleeblatt.

The Question. At a religious meeting in America a number of females stood upon the benches, notwithstanding they were desired not to do so. A venerable pastor then arose and said, "I think if these ladies knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down!" Upon which there was a great fidgeting among the ladies and an immediate sinking into their seats.

A young minister who stood behind the venerable gentleman, blushing up to the temples, said: "Oh, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that?" replied the old man. "Why, it must be a fact, if they had no holes in their stockings, I should like to know how—" could get them on." -Tit-Bits.

Art Not Equal to All Tasks. Mr. Blank (examining his portrait just painted by Professor Fullemort from Paris)—Professor, I do not know how it is, but neither you nor any artist whom I have ever met has been able to catch the expression of my face.

Professor—Ah, Meester Blank, zat is vary true, but (shrugging his shoulders) eef ze expression ess not zure, how can you catch him? -Brooklyn Eagle.

Unprecedented. "Here's something in the paper about a family in New England that has lived in the same house for a century."

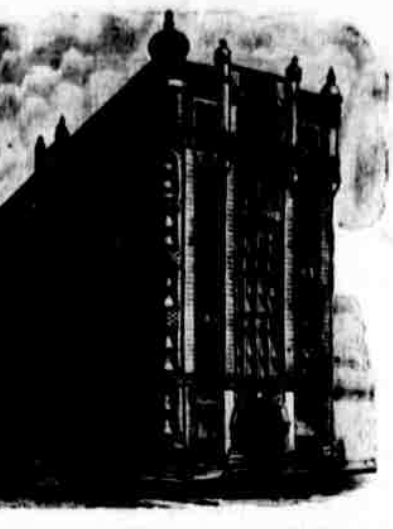
"I heard of something stranger than that the other day—a family in New York that has lived in the same flat for eight months." -Munsey's Weekly.

The Outlook. Kill Him Deader. Little Bennie—Boohoo! The bee stung me. His Big Brother—Never mind. I killed the bee. Little Bennie—Did you? Boohoo! Well, kill him deader. -Brooklyn Eagle.

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