Chicago and Erie R. R.

Late Chicago & Atlantic R'y. -In Connection with the ---

FORMS THE ONLY LINE ==

-BETWEEN-

Chicago and New York

Under One Management.

SOLID TRAINS.

The Through Trains of this Lane between Chi-cago and New York are run solid, thus avoiding annoyance and confusion of changing cars or missing connections.

Vestibule Limited Service

Vestibuled Limited Trains, consisting of Bag-gage, Smoking and Day Coaches, with Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars (heated by steam, lighted by gas), over this Line

Every Day in the Year.

Pullman Service to Boston.

A Pullman Buffet Sieeping Car to and from Boston dully via this route.

This is the ONLY LINE Running Pullman Cars between Chicago and Boston.

3 3 3 6 5 7 5 3 3 5 5 1

To Columbus, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky. Paliman Sleeping Car between Chicago and above Points daily. Trains Arrive and Leave Dearborn Station, CHICAGO.

For further information, call on the nearest Railroad Ticket Agent, or address W C Rinearson, A M Tucker, D I Roberts, Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Mgr. A.G.P. Agt. New York, Cleveland. Chicago

Santa Fe Route!

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R

The Popular Route to the Pacific Coast.

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers

Between Kansas City and SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN FRAN-CISCG. Short Line Rates to PORTLAND, Oregon.

Double Daily Train Service Between Kansas City and PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS, and DENVER. Short Line to SALT LAKE CITY.

Solid Trains Between Kansas City and Galveston. The Short Line Between Kansas City and Gainesville, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Austin, Temple, San Antonio, Houston, and all Principal Points

in Texas. The Only Line Running Through the OKLAHOMA COUNTRY. The Only Direct Line to the Texas Pan Handle. For Maps and Time Tables and Information Regarding Rates and Routes Call on

E. L. PALMER, Passenger Agent, 411 N. Y. Life Building.

or Address

O'MAHA, NEB.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting and Shampooing throat he replies:
"Throat—humph. Mrs. Bowser, for about five hours yesterday I was hovering between life and death. Had it been you between life and death. Had it been you

SAM. WESTERFIELD'S

--AT--

BURR -: BLOCK.

Ladies Use Dr. Le Duc's Periodical
Pills from Paris, France. That positively re
lieve suppressions, monthly derangements
and irregularities caused by cold, weakness,
shock, anemia, or general nervous debility.
The large proportion of ills to which ladies
and misses are liable is the direct result of a
disordered or irregular menstruation. Suppressions continued result in blood polsoning
and quick cans cuption. \$2 package or 3 for
\$5. Sent direct on receipt of price. Sold
in Lincoln by H. W. Brown, druggist.



MR AND MRS BOWSER

It Makes Quite a Difference Which One

of the Two Is Sick. When Mr. Howser comes home and finds his wife lying down with her head tied up. he is real sorry for her, of course-just as serry as any husband could be. And, like any other husband, he stands and surveys her for a moment and then bluntly says: expected it! Finally got flat down.

'it's nothing," she faintly replies.
'Oh! it isn't! Nothing for a wife to flop
down and upset the whole house, I suprie that you or any other woman in New York is out of her coffin!"

'It's only—only a headache, dear."
'Yes, only a headache: but what do headaches lead to? If you are not a dead worman before Saturday night you may consider yourself incky Didn't I warn you not to sit in a draft, not to wear thin shoes, not to eat too much in warm weather? Little good it does to talk to a woman?

"You can't help ailing occasionally," she replied, as she got up to wet the bandage around her head

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!" he said, as he struck an attitude and held one hand aloft. "When am I ever ailing? When do you hear me complain? Never! And why is it? Because, Mrs. Bowser-because I don't cram my stomach with watermelon, buttermilk, gumdrops, custard pie, sweet cake, ginger ale, and all that! Because I don't go around with my feet sopping wet! Because I know enough to come in when it rains! Because I exercise a little common sense in taking care of myself!"

Your dinner is ready."
And I'm ready for dinner. A healthy, happy person is always ready for his meals. You won't try to get up, I suppose?" 'Not now.

'Well, you have only yourself to blame. You may learn in time, but I doubt it. I'd like to find one woman with about two ounces of horse sense in her head before 1 die, but I don't expect to do it. Well, it can't be helped, I suppose. The Lord made you that way, and it's no use to ar-

Mr. Bowser eats his dinner, smokes his cigar and sings and whistles as if the slightest noise didn't go through her ach-ing head like a bullet. It never occurs to him to fan her, wet the bandage or ask if she can't sip a cup of tea. It does occur to him, however, to say, about bedtime:

"I'm sorry, of course, but then you must have more sense. I'll go up to bed and you can come when you get ready. If you are going to kick around much, you'd bet ter sleep in the spare room. Now and then the tables are turned

Mr Bowser comes home to lunch, drag-ging his legs after him and looking pale and scared. 'What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bow-

ser, as soon as he steps into the house.
"Got a sore throat and I feel feverish. I-I think I'm going to be sick!" She doesn't call out that it's just as she expected and declare that no husband in

New York has sense enough to look out for his health. She knows he was out in a draft in his shirt sleeves, but she doesn't even mention it. On the contrary, she re marks "Try and eat a little something and then

tie down. You'd better gargle your throat and then tie it up." "Do you-you think its anything seri-

ous!" he whispers, as he grows paler.
"I hope not, but it's best to be on the safe side. You are subject to quinsy, you know, and spinal meningitis begins just

this way."
"I believe I'm going to die," gasps Mr. Bowser, and he grows so weak that she has to take off his coat and vest and get The Direct Texas Route him on the lounge. Everything about the house is ordered to go on tiptoe, and even the cat is put out and the clock stopped. After his throat has been tied up, his shoes taken off and a quilt thrown over him Mr Bowser plaintively inquires

'Don't you think you'd better send for a

"Not just yet, dear. I don't think it's

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe I'm already struck with death!" "Nonsense! You've just got a little in flammation of the tonsils."

"I've felt for some days as if a great ca-iamity hung over this household. Hadn't we better have two doctors?" "Just try and get to sleep, Mr. Bows

and I'll warrant you'll feel better night. "Ah! how I suffer," he groans. "Y

may be a widow before the week is out. hope you will always be kind to our chi I have tried to be a good husband, and Mrs. Bowser lays her hand on his fore

head tenderly, and the tears come to his eyes and he suddenly becomes a great big booby. She has to hold his hand to get him to sleep, and when he wakes up he wants tea and toast and jelly and he is as petulant as a sick baby until finally put to bed. He is a new man when he awakes in

you would have died ten times over, but grit pulled me through.'

"Grit!" "Yes. Grit-sand-pluck-Spartan courage and fortitude. I let none of you know how bad I actually was, but just shut my teeth and deermined to live and here is the result of it. Ah: Mrs. Bowser, if you only had a hundredth part of my courage and will pow- you'd be a far different woman from what you are now-a far different woman"-M. Quad in New York World.

Quite Delicate.



Mrs. Gabb (lostess)-Your little son does ot appear to .ave much appetite. Mrs. Gade-No; he's quite delicate

Mrs. Gabb-Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man? Little Mat -No, 'm. You see, mom made me eat a hull lot before we started. so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.-Good Parental Hopes Shattered.

The noise that came from the nursery was terrific. High above the stamping of feet, the clapping of hands, the yells and catcalls of all the neighborhood boys in general convention assembled, and the agonized howling of a terrified dog that wanted to get out and couldn't, the father could hear the voice of his firstborn son, William, the pride of his household and the joy of his heart:

"Nay, more than this, my friends! The time is coming [loud applause] when this country of ours, the land of the free [frantic how! from the dog], the home of the brave [tremendous cheering], shall rise in pose: Well. I've been looking for it the last three months, and so I'm not much surprised. Mrs. Bowser, it's a wonder to general pandemonium], we shall"-

"Heaven belp me!" groaned the stricken father, alone in his library, "that boy of



"Carry, I want you to be one of my bridesmaids.

"You are my dearest friend, Sally, but you are asking too much. "Too much! Why?"

"I've just become engaged to your flance."—Life.

Baby Got It.

It was with what they call a languid grace that she took a seat in a Twenty-third street car yesterday, and there was some more languid grace about the way she took up room enough for two and be gan eating chocolates out of a half pound paper box. She had hair of gold, and two men who sat opposite seemed to give it much attention

"Natural," whispered one.
"Bleached," replied the other. "I know it's natural."

"I know it's bleached."

The nearest person on her right was a working woman with a baby nine or ten months old. The woman kept rocking the child on her shoulder and the child kept reaching out a chubby hand to grasp the bright flowers on the languid girl's hat The odds were even, but baby won.

A rock with a little extra vigor to it enabled him to grasp a flower, and as he was carried back the hat went with him. Not sight, he was visited one evening by a lady only that, but a mass of golden hair as well, showing a close cropped head of dark | could not, for the life of him, recall. Wishhair which had been artfully concealed.

"A wig, by thunder!" exclaimed both his ignorance, he said: men in chorus as they rose up and rushed out, but it was doubtful if the languid girl name?" heard them. She grabbed ner dat in the band and her hair in the other and fled out dignity:

"S m-i-t-h." beard them. She grabbed her hat in one the conductor explained to a man on the

"By George! but it does seem to me that by rejoining: things on this route was getting more lively all the time."—New York World.

Her Mother Knew. Mother-And so you engaged yourself to

that young mar at Idlewild Springs, did Daughter (sheepishly)-Y-e-s, ma, I prom ised to become his wife "It was on a beautiful moonlight even

ing in June."
"Why, yes, ma, how did you know?" And the hotel band was playing

lightful waltz by Strauss." "Why, yes. Who told you?" "And you two were in the arbor on the

"And the fountain sparkled in the moon light, and made music which seemed like a fairy echo to the sweet melody which float-

ed out from the distant orchestra." "Yes. How"—
"And the lake with its fleet of pretty boats gliding about the softly illuminated waters seemed like a bit of lovely Venice

dreaming at your feet." Yes, yes. But how did you know all

this?" "I knew it must have been under some such combination of circumstances that he proposed, or you would never have said 'yes' to such a addle pated nincompoop as that."—New York Weekly.

Only One Thing to Do.

A young lawyer, who had recently been admitted to the bar of New York, came to Judge Cowing for advice. "I want to ask your advice, judge, about

a very important matter." Well, what is it?" "Lawyer Hall has been telling everybody that I am a donkey. Don't you think

I ought to fight him or sue him for dam-You say he called you a donkey?"

"Then fight him by all means. If you sue him he will prove it on you."-Texas Siftings.

Strange but True.

No man likes to undertake the task of putting up a stovepipe, and yet all who enter upon it agree that they never en-gaged in an occupation that more thoroughly scoted them .- New York Press.

Did What He Could. Mother (sternly)-Why are you eating those peaches: didn't I tell you to put them

doing.-Boston Courier.

The Unexpected. Come listen, little boys and girls,

While I a tale relate About a little boy named Tom, Whose age was almost eight. Tom was a headstrong kind of boy.

Who thought it jolly fun To scare his mother half to death By blowing in a gun. One day a stranger came that way,

As strangers oft had done: But this one left behind the door, A double barreled gun. "Ha, ha," quoth Tom, the naughty boy, 'I never saw one such: If single barrels make such sport,

This should make twice as much." So Tommie took the double gun Straight to his mother fast. It isn't loaded, maw," he yelled.

And blew a mighty blast. And Tommie? Where is Tommie now? A halo 'round his head?

Not much. It wasn't loaded: just
As little Tommie said. -W. J. Lampton in Detroit Free Press.

AN IDYL OF THE ST. CLAIR FLAT

They were seated together at twilight As the gloansing began to gloam: He told of his castle in England,

Twas a night of quiet beauty, And of peeping stars above; The waves of the flowing river Spoke words of unutterable love.

For hours they sat and whispered The story that never grows old, He murmured, "Marry me, darling," And she—well, she wasn't cold.

Blue eyes were big and tender, Long arms soon gathered her in. He swore by his wealth of affection She was all the world to him. There's a sigh of sweet contentment,

Two lips are upturned moonward, A long kiss ere they part. She gently draws herself from him With a "Dearest, I love you so," While the moonlight frescoes his necktle Like a billboard of Barnum's show.

There's a lily white hand on his heart,

His heart was fluttering wildly As he produced the conventional ring. But she gazed on that necktic enraptured Quite "stuck" on the lovely thing

"Oh, Walter," at last she sobbed, "Give me that lovely tie-A souvenir of you, my hero, Something to remember you by."

With a look of far awayness, He said, "Yes, it's a lovely thing; It's going to be popular this summer, Here, ca-ash; did you hear me ring? Then the night grew dark and awful; On his brow the dew fell fast, He gasped at the fatal forgetfulness— "She's discovered all at last."

The tender eyes grew blacker. And sent out a flery flash; She spake: "I'm onto you, mister; I'm onto the accent on cash.

"You giddy, cruel deceiver, I would scorn to be your mate; You're getting it dead straight, young feller; I'm a gurl, but I'm up to date.

"So you take that castle in England, With your title of English earl, And you chase yourself way down the board walk"— And the winds through his whiskers

In his eye was a pensive sadness, On the necktie the dampness grew "Skip, ere I break that picturesque face!" And he skipped through the foggy dew —Detroit Free Press.

Didn't "Queer" the Preacher.

A clergyman well known to Buffalo peo ple says that when the Lord made him be forgot to put any pegs in his mind on which to hang the names of acquaintances. He can remember faces, but not names He became pastor of a large church a few months ago, and after discharging his duties long enough to know his sheep by whom he knew well, but whose name he ing to be reminded of it without exposing

"Let me see, ah-how do you spell your To which she replied, with reproachful

For a moment the clergyman was floored, but he rallied quickly and escaped rebuke

"Oh; then you don't spell it with a y?"-Buffalo Courier.



Graveler-And you say you have a hun dred souvenir spoons! Didn't they cost you lots of money? Traveler-Not at all. The waiter turns

his back, and I do the rest.-Toledo Blade. Follows Naturally.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?"

"It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen, who was showing him about the village, majestically. "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Exactly So. "Could I get a night's lodging here, mum?" asked the tramp. "I don't like to turn anybody away, my

good man, but you are an entire stran "Not an entire one, mum. I've lost two Johnny-Yes, ma, that's just what I'm fingers and three toes." - Detroit Free

Rubbing It In.

The horse runs off and pitches the rider into a neighboring lot. Proprietor of the property comes up in dignantly.

to fall in without your having to drop in my wheat field?"-Fliegende Blatter. A Misunderstood Metaphor. Jolly Pegs-1 saw Dibble the other even ing and he's looking first rate.

Rolly Digs-Still hugging the same de

And was not the road, sir, wide enough

Jolly Pegs-He was hugging a 200 pound sweetheart, but she didn't look much like a delusion. - Detroit Free Press.

insion!

Chicago Tribune.

Sweets to the Sweet.

"Yes," answered the gloomy youth. "I didn't stand any chance at all. He seemed to have more of a-er-pull, you know."-

Removal Sale

As we fittend to remove to our New Furniture Block on 13th street, between O and P, about September 1st, we have concluded to offer our large stock of

FURNITURE

at nearly cost price until that time. As we intend to make genuine heavy cuts, these sales at reduced prices will be strictly cash. Call and investigate.

AUG. TH. GRUETTER & CO.

1116 and 1118 N Street.

YOU GET FITS

And the right kind as well, as excellent wear and latest style in Shoes when patronizing

Parker & Sanderson.

See their fine line of shoes for

SUMMER WEAR 1009 O ST.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS

- WITH US FOR --

ICE CREAM

FOR SUNDAY DINNER,

AND THEY WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Sutton Hollowbush Makers of Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Also Delicious Ice Cream and Soda Water.

S. E. MOORE, W

Fine + Wall + Papers AND DECORATIONS.

Call and examine the largest line in the City. None but the best workmen employed.

Prices that can't be beat-step in. 1134 O STREET.

H. W. BROWN DRUGGSIT AND BOOKSELLER

The Choicest line of Perfumes. D. M. Ferry's Finest Flower and Garden Seeds.

127 South Eleventh Street.

LINCOLN'S NEWEST AND FINEST STABLES W. J. PRATT, Proprietor.



First Class Livery Rigs

Family Carriages, Gentlemen's Driving Rigs, Etc.

BOARDING DEPARTMENT

We are especially well prepared to board a limited number of horses and having "You don't mean to say she threw you over and took up with a candy maker, do you?" inquired his bosom friend.
"Yes," answered the gloomy youth "I stylish appearance

CALL AND SEE US .- GIVE US A TRIAL

Telephone 518.

Stables 1639-1641 O St.