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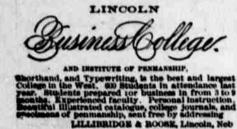
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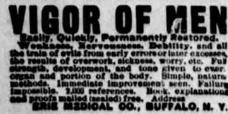
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A STORY OF A. WARD. How the Passed One Thanksgiving in

OE HAD been but a few days in London and were liv-ing at Mayfair, Our cousin, Artemus Ward, occu-

pied apartments in Piccadilly, and though in the height of his suc cess he was in low spirits, ill, and breaking down

painfully fast. We had dined with him that day, and as we bade him good night he said, with something of a sigh, "Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day at home."
"Yes," I replied: "come dine with us and celebrate the day." With a hungry twinkle in his eyes he asked, "Is it to be pork and beans?

And so it came about, I had ordered from the housekeeper of our lodgings an American dinner. I was not permitted to superintend the cooking personally, and, denied the mysteries of the spits and pans of an English kitchen, I trusted to the luck of my instructions and the compre-hension of the cook and awaited developments.

At the appointed time Arty came, pale and anxious looking, and wearily threw himself on the sofa with the restful con-tent of anticipation. It had occurred to me, as we were to make a day of it, to provide a little luncheon, and as I was passing a pastry shop sign, "Makers of tops and bottoms to her majesty the queen, her royal highness Princess of Wales," etc., I noticed on a card in the window, "Sandwiches made to order." Nice for a Yankee lunch, I thought, and so I ordered a "plate" sent to our apartments. H. T. Clarke Drug Co., Lincoln. after Arty came, in order to refresh him I wiches," also a bottle of sherry and bitters. The sherry in London is good, but the sandwiches!—paste cakes interlarded with a sticky jelly of a sick-sweetish oriental flavor. I had thought sandwiches, ham or otherwise, were the same everywhere. So much for my beginning in London. With a look "more of sorrow than anger," as he politely nibbled sideways at the "sandwich," Arty remarked, "It's nawsty, you know," yet he solaced himself with the sherry, and we talked of our home beyond the great sea.

I was so happy by the surprise I had prepared for him that I rested content until dinner was announced. When we were sented at the table Arty, as the privileged



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For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office, or address tion, apply at any Coupon Ticke good. Then appeared the mysterious cov-ered dish, at which Arty glanced askance. I proceeded to uncover it. "Hold on a moment, Harriet," he said, "it's beans— this is solemn and to be drunk standing— hereby I toast our 'American Republic,' long may she wave!" As a response to the toast, with a flourish I removed the cover of the aforesaid dish and—what? pork and beans! Yes, but the pork was floating round and round in the dish, com placent in about a quart of hot grease as a few lonely beans manfully struggled to hide under it! Forlorn hopes of my antic lpations boiled down in fat! I dared not look at Arty It was a serious moment: words were nadequate, and as silence pre-vailed poor Arty hugged the decanter which stood beside his plate. Yet I did

not utterly despair The national dish was summarily removed and I uncovered the tomatoes (Arty's favorite). Lo and behold: to my discomfiture the red beauties, instead of being stewed and thickened with bread the being stewed and thickened with skins on crumbs, had been boiled with skins on whole, like potatoes, and there they were. slumped down in quivering heaps, half drowned in water. I was homesick. There were no remarks, yet a threatening hust ensued—I was thinking of the pumpkin ple and the possibilities of its failure. Soon it appeared, flanked by the regulation crackers and cheese. To my dismay I noticed it had an upper crust, and, think ing the maid had stupidly made a mistake, I said to her, "Bring the American-pie." "There it is, marm," she answered with a look of offended dignity. I had not the courage to look at Arty as in my desperation I stabled the crust and a week therein. tion I stabbed the crust and sawed through the pie. In curiosity I lifted a bit of the crust, and to be sure there was the pump kin, cut in slices, sugared and cinnamone blanketed and steam smothered between two crusts! What an ending of my Thanksgiving dinner! Chagrined and dis consolate, I turned my face to the window and mused on the ugly London fog. Arty walked up and down the room waving the American flag as he screamed: "Hurrah for the great American doodle! I wish my dear old Yankee mother could have seen this Thanksgiving dinner;" then, seriously to me, "Harriet, you might have been born

smart, but you've lost it." To this my husband answered not a word. We were compelled to go "outside" and take an English dinner that day. As we were leaving the room poor Arty reversel my flag, union down, and hung it above the dish of beans still standing on the "wall" table. With this sign of distress

ended our American dinner that day.
"We will go to the Princess theater to night," said Arty; "a black and tan darky barber from Philadelphia will play Othello. it will be funny and I'll write it up for Punch." On our way to the theater, as we drove through the Haymarket, Arty, in a spirit of fun, would occasionally take off his hat bowing to the people, a la the "con-quering hero." It is well enough to add that it was night and we were unobserved As we left the carriage, near the door of the theater, an "imported organ grinder"
—as Arty expressed it—with a vicious look ing monkey, was grinding out "Home, Sweet Home." At the sound of this plain-tive tune, that is the same everywhere, there were signs of tears in Artv's eyes, and

I noticed the gleam of a gold piece as he put his hand in the organ grinder's hat. Alas! it was our farewell Thanksgiving! Our beloved consin, the genial, kind hearted "Arty," died a few months after

HARRIET MAXWELL-CONVERSE.



Ringway-Why, I thought you were going home to pass Thanksgiving with your mother.

Featherstone-I was, but I heard her say that she was going to make some of those good old pumpkin pies I used to have.

A Leading Question.



He-I have always said that I never would marry a girl who didn't know how She-Do you think in your case it would

SEASONABLE PARAGRAPHS.

be necessary?

As a people we are not given to somber repent. As time rolls on it is more and more noticeable that we are really a nation of jokers, of funmakers, of wits, bumorists, of revelers, and dancers and amusement seekers. We do not wish to weep, we love to laugh. We permit no skeletons to be hung up in our banquet ing halls. We have no national fast days. We celebrate even our greatest national grief by an annual decoration of our dead heroes' graves with the flowers of spring. We do not wear sackcloth nor spread ashes on our heads even in our darkest griefs. In fact, we have small cause for general lamentation, but great reason for spontaneous outpouring of thanks for benefits and mercies that have been fav ished upon us with a most generous hand.

The whirling of time brings around its own revenges, and the period of Thanks giving is not an exception. Up to that day the turkey struts and gobbles; but on our national festival we turn about and gobble up the gobbler. We will perhaps make amends ere long by imprinting his counter feit presentment upon our national coin. for if the Thanksgiving turkey is not the national bird, we must fall back upon the eagle which, as he appears upon some of than the bird of freedom.

No wonder that a people who held it a sin to eat goose and who had no turkey to eat until after Columbus discovered Ameri of their "lost cause." ca, and who in lieu of mince and pumpkin pies ate Yorkshire and plum puddings, produced, in course of time, that poet apostle of agnosticism, Charles Algernon Swinburne, whose frozen Thanksgiving verse falls like a beautiful but piercing icicle on our hearts

From too much love of living, from hope and fear set free,

thank with deep thanksgiving, whatever gods by his grandmother. may be, That no life lasts forever, that dead men rise up never. That e'en the weariest rives winds somewhere

But then those same early English were the ancestors and forbears of the New England fathers, and the New England poets, as well as of Swinburne.

> She is painting, she is painting, And her friends grow pale and thin For fear she'll send them Hollyhocks,
> Or mullein stalks,
> Or jabberwocks
> On painted plaques
> When Christmas time comes in. -Buffalo Enquirer.

Lyman Gallup, of Clarksburg, sixteen years old, went to Stamford pond last week with a party of companions for a few days e: camping He was not long in getting all he wanted of camp life, and Thursday he bade adies to the party and started for home. Star ford pond is a very wild re gion, far from the nearest settlement, and one of the party more familiar with the wilds than young Gallup accompanied him

A Hear Story from Massachusetts.

through the forest to a point from which, it was thought, he would have no difficulty in finding his way home. Shortly after separating Gallup lost his way and wan-dered for a 'ong distance through the mountain solitude, so deep it seemed as if it might never before have been visited by He had with him a shotgun, also a bas-

camp. As he hurried on through the unshould overtake him before he should find his way to the settlement, his attention was attracted by a black, shaggy animal, closely resembling a Newfoundland pup. He knew at ouce that it was a cub, and, leveling his gun, he brought him down. The cub was placed in the basket and the bomeward tramp was resumed, young Gallup rejoicing over the proud trophy he was bringing from the wood.

Suddenly there was a great commotion in his rear. The thrashing of brush and anapping of twigs convinced him that the mother bear was on his track. The situa-tion was decidedly uncomfortable. Gallup broke into a run, and tore down the mountain at a prize winning tune but the tor-nado in the rear draw nearer. The boy soon came to the conclusion that the weight of the cub was too much of a handicap in this race, and the game was thrown into the bushes. Very soon after the commotion ceased, the old bear stop-ping as soon as she reached her cub.—North Adams Transcript

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

the Passes Much of Her Time in the City of New York. [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.-The widow of the late Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the short lived Confederate States, is the mistress of a beautiful plantation home, Beauvoir, in Mississippi. She spends most of her time of late years in this city at the New York hotel, where I am for a few hours the guest of a dear old friend. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Miss Winnie, as I came up the staircase. Miss Winnie and her mother are almost inseparable. They are the quietly and politely observed of all the well bred sout erners and others who make this hotel their headquarters or their homes. That observation pronounces the moth-

er and daughter equally charming in their different ways, the older woman possessing in the mellowed beauty of mature life the same fascination of expression and manners which makes Miss Winnie so wondrously popular. Mrs. Davis has grown stout. Miss Winnie is still slender. There is a suppressed murmur of admiration-suppressed by respect, sympathy and good breedingwhenever they enter any of the parlors or public rooms. Both are always dressed in the best taste, so quiet and subdued as to be only observable by not attracting any particular attention. Mrs. Davis' magnificent dark eyes make diamonds unnecessary to light up her toilets. She is a brunette of the true, typical Louisiana stamp, although she was not born in that state or its iso-

Mrs. Davis has been so much occupied with her book and other literary and business pursuits during the time she has made her home in the New York sotel that she is not so accessible to her friends as Miss Winnie, who frequently represents her mother in society and at the numerous social functions which are given "in honor of Mrs. Jefferson

The quality of the literary pursuits which occupy the attention of Mrs. Dathoughts. We don't live to mourn I vis and keep her in the seclusion of her fear we do not know, as yet, what it is to rooms while her lovely daughter represents her in society may be gathered not only from her own "Life" of her distinguished husband, but from such artieles as one which lately appeared in a leading New York daily in the column headed "The World of Books." Over the signature V. Jefferson Davis was printed a two column review of that wonderfully entertaining and instructive book, "At Susa." The article would have lone credit to the pen of an old, trained reviewer of books. The discriminating critic, the lover of archæological research, the habits of thought of the woman of letters, of clear judgment and fine taste are displayed in every line. Mrs. Davis would make a capital book reviewer for a Sunday newspaper if she nad nothing more compensating to ab sorb her time and powers.

The four sons of Mrs. Davis-Samuel, Jefferson, William and Joseph-have all passed into the silent land. Her two laughters are Margaret (Mrs. Hayes), of Memphis and Colorado Springs, and Varina, shortened to Winnie, once our baser pieces, looks more like a goose called "The Daughter of the Confedsracy" by the enthusiastic southerners

But there is a little Jefferson Davis, or rather Jefferson Hayes Davis, the son of Mrs. Hayes, a lovely, bright and "good little boy," whose name has been changed by special act of the legislature of Louisiana from Jefferson Addison Hayes to Jefferson Hayes Davis. It is needless to say what a worshiped little boy this is

BELLE BELAIR.

THEY WON'T LECTURE.

The Harrowing Cause of One Manager's [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. - One of the best known lecture managers has just returned from one of the frequent visits to Europe which he makes for the purpose of securing prominent people to lecture in this country. His stories of some of his experiences are amusing, for, holding his business in high esteem as he does, it seems to him entirely in accordance with the nature of things that anybody, no matter how exalted his station, should consider his proposals favorably

at least. He has some warrant for thinking so, for a dozen years ago he came near capturing Gladstone. The Grand Old Man, however, finally wrote that his re-election, and consequent re-entry into public life precluded the possibility of accepting the manager's "dazzling proposition." "Why don't you hire a king or a prince of the royal blood?" I asked him, and he

answered in all seriousness: "I did try to get Prince George of Greece," he said. "I got a chance to talk to him one day, and I gave him my circular and told him what a tremendous lot of money he could make if he would come back here and lecture, but ket, in which he had carried provisions to he wouldn't do it. He listened well enough, and I think he would have liked broken forest, filled with alarm lest night to do it, but he didn't seem to think it would be dignified. That's the trouble with kings and emperors and such. They seem to think it would lower their dignity to exhibit themselves for money. Why. I never even got a chance to ask the Prince of Wales.

"It's just the same way," he continued. with a lot of people that I'd be glad to pay almost any money for. I couldn't even get Bismarck or Lord Tennyson, though I did get Sir Edwin Arnold, who is as exalted a man as Tennyson in my estimation. I'd like to get Labouchere, but he has money enough and too much

"One prince of royal blood I expect to have next year," he said. "That is Prince Krapotkine. I was to have had him this year, but he has put off coming. He will be a great card, but I don't know of any other royal people that I am likely

And the manager sighed. D A. C.



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