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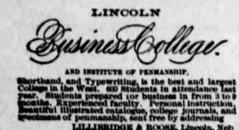
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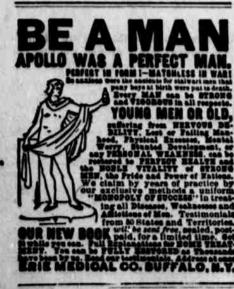
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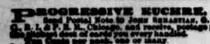
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MEDIÆVAL FERRARA.

SEEING THE OLD ESTEAN CAPITAL WITH THE MIND'S EYE.

The Emilian City of the Pas. and Present-A Line of Princes Outwardly Refined and Inwardly Savage-A Story of Love, Intrigue and Vengeance.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Nov. 25 .- Ferrara has always had a strange, sad sort of fascina-tion for me, beyond that of almost any of the medieval capitals of Italy. I have been there several times, and I hope to go there again. Each time it impresses me anew, as if on previous visits I had not fully caught its atmosphere, had not sufficiently sympathized with its historic and poetic associations. The very name has its sonorous charm. It sounds like a condensation of the romance and beauty, the brilliance and seduction, the tragedy and pathos of the Italian Mid-

When I was a small boy the name appealed to me, touched my heart, stirred my imagination. Shall I ever, I thought, set foot in Ferrara? My vagrant mind was continually journeying thither, continually seeing, not the town of the present, but the flourishing city of the Sixteenth century. I had reached man's estate before my body had followed my eager mind. I remember vividly, as we were whirling over the rails from Bologna on a delightful April morning, that the guard called out "Ferrara." The three liquid syllables made my heart leap and my eyes moisten. How could be take it so calmly! His voice was as even as the conductor's at home when he announces Fordham or Mamaroneck. Was I actually in Fer-

rara at last? The weary years of waiting had finally borne fruit. As I stepped out of the car at the station, I am not sure, in my exalted mood, that I did not expect to be greeted by Boiardo, Tasso and Ariosto, and to see Lucrezia Borgia, beautiful and bewitching, anxiously looking for the arrival of one of her many lovers. But the mood passed, and I was prepared to view things as they really were. I jumped into a vettura, drove to the Stella d'Oro, deposited my luggage and set out for a stroll, using my own eyes and creating my own emotions.

Ferrara was not unlike my anticipations. I had studied guide books sufficiently not to be disappointed at the shrunken, decayed town, containing less than 35,000 souls. Its outgiving was that of faded grandeur, conspicuous in its broad, regular, deserted streets, in which the grass was growing. The churches and palaces were moldy and impaired; the walls of the ancient city crumbling; the gnawing tooth of Time visible on every hand. All this comported with my idea of fitness. Every Italian capital with a history should look so. It was exceedingly picturesque, profoundly interesting.

My wish was to reconstruct it through my imagination; to revivify the dead; to restore the bygone. And with this purpose I wandered at my own sweet will, mentally intent on the ages fled and the events to which they had given birth. I went through the broad Via della Giovecca, the Corso di Po and Vittorio Emmanuele and the other principal churches of San Andrea, San Benedetto, the Campo Santo and others. I loitered in the Piazze Oca, Mercato, Ariostea, and sat on the old walls gazing off to the Po and across the broad level toward

the horizon. It is natural that the place should be they themselves often have chills and fever, as their appearance indicates. It council there, the Greek emperor, John Hair Cutting and Shampooing Paleolologus, being present, the council was driven elsewhere by the tribude was driven elsewhere by the tainted atmosphere. Nearly all Italy is thus infected. Its attractiveness is usually associated with a consciousness of danger to health and life, so that it may be said to exercise a kind of fatal charm. At Ferrara I particularly feel this, though my hygienic invulnerableness has hitherto stood me in good stead.

While I observed on all sides decline and desertion-defaced statues, perishing monuments, vacant streets, forsaken edifices-I looked at the city through my mind's eye, and through the dead ages. I was there not in the last half of the Nineteenth century, but in the mediaval time, during the dominance of the Estes, when the town boasted of 100,000 people, and the court was one of the most polished and sumptuous in Europe.

I seemed to see Giotto painting frescoes in the Church of St. Agostino, Dosso Dossi decorating canvases for Alfonso d'Este, Bastianino sketching his bold figures in the Cathedral. The stern face of Calvin fleeing from persecution ap-peared in the ducal palace and relaxed its sternness somewhat at the kind words of the Duchess Renée, daughter of Louis XII and wife of Ercole II. Clement Marot, the French poet, also a fugitive, was born again and acted as private secretary of the duchess. In the house of Ariostc, in the Via di Mirasole, the poet was disclosed, as in a vision, writing the "Orlando Furioso" and finally dying at fifty-eight over his studies—a true type of the devoted scholar. Tasso showed in the hospital of St. Anna as a prisoner, having been confined there by Alfonso d'Este from some unknown motive. The motive became clear to me there—it was his love frowning and furious with baffled rage. for the duke's sister, Eleonora, which I laughed in mockery and triumph, and ancient renown as I entered its walls, resumed its early importance, gathered students from every part of Europe.

window.

The dream, in a double sense, was over. I looked out, and Ferrara was for the moment its modern self, shrunken and prosaic.

JUNIOS H. the duke pretended to treat as a mental

Really it was dingy and diminished, al most unknown; but I invested it with its glorio s past, and the investment

cheated the reality.

The princely line of the Estes passed before me, revealing their meanness, despotism, baseness, cruelty, along with their patronage of learning and art, their refinement of manner, their parade and pageantry. I perceived how Obizzo obtained, at the close of the Twelfth century, his lordship over Ferrara, carrying off Marchesella, only descendant of the Adelardis (the Adelardis had been the popular leaders of the Guelphs there), betrothed to a Ghibelline family. and forcing her to marry his son Azzo.

Princes those mediaval rascals may have been, but princes solely in name. It mattered not whether they were Guelphs or Ghibellines (the former generally esponsed the cause of the pope and national independence, the latter the cause of the German emperor and feudalism), they were equally unjust, rapacious, faithless, barbarous, and ravaged Italy for 400 years, their frenzied conflicts terminating at last through mutual exhaustion. No wonder the Italians had no patriotism until within this generation. They never had any understanding of country; their city province or duchy alone appealed to

Nothing inspires more hatred of the one of the most tyrannical of his race. He and his predecessors occupied the Castle, as it is now called, standing in the center of the town, and one of its largest and most conspicuous buildings. Formerly the ducal palace, it bears little trace of the Este family, but is as melancholy as any edifice in Ferrara.

The vast square pile looks mediæval, with its moats, still containing water, and its large towers at each corner. The deepest tragedy in its history is that of Hugo and Parisina, whose scenes of suffering are pointed out. These were so very vivid to me on my first visit that they long haunted me and made an in-delible impression on my mind. Byron's famous poem has ever since had a new about it! Wall, it don't make no differthey long haunted me and made an inand lurid charm for me.

I went all over the Castle. The saloon of Aurora, which poor Parisina occupied (the frescoes of Dosso Dossi are still visible on the ceiling), and the dungeons at the foot of the Lion's Tower, directly under the saloon, where the lovers were confined, had a painful allurement.

Nicholas was, according to all accounts, a most licentious and depraved prince, allowing nothing to stand in the way of his desires or ambition. He, like his predecessors, patronized art and letters, and was zealous in the cause of the church, insisting on its dogmas and breaking all the commandments, as was the custom of the rulers of that out- eral country weeklies: wardly refined and inwardly barbarous age. He had nothing to commend him. even in person, his features being coarse and their expression harsh and forbidding. He conceived a passion (such a nature could not love) for Parisina, the daughter of a powerful lord of Ferrara, which was answered by aversion. But her father favored the suit of the duke on account of his exalted position, and compelled the girl, who was barely sixteen, while the duke was past forty. to accept him as her husband.

Tears, entreaties, prayers were of no avail. She was forced to the loathsome streets, steppingin to the Cathedral, the | nuptials, though it was known that she ural son, not far from her own agehandsome, chivalrous, fearless, who was regarded as the flower of the court, and who had already won fame as a soldier and a scholar. The two had exchanged vows and had hoped to be married. But Nicholas was necessarily opposed. He ing region, and its consequent marshy character. The citizens tell strangers that it is not malarious new that new th seems to have hated his son, for he was dead than alive, and who needed to be supported by her attendants that she has always been malarious, and always will be, until the whole neighborhood is properly drained. As long ago as the first part of the Fifteenth century, when Pope Eugenius IV held an ecumenical wont, and appeared solicitous to throw the control of the many large and the sought vulgar intrigues, as was his wont, and appeared solicitous to throw always in the many large and the sought vulgar intrigues, as was his wont, and appeared solicitous to throw the solicitous to the way of Hugo. They found themselves much together; they were unhappy in their destiny, yet happy in each other. They were very young, very ardent, and Nature, combining with opportunity, drove them on their fate.

They were watched by Zoese, a creature and servant of the tyrant husband, and exposed. There was no doubt of their guilt; they confessed it, and braved the worst. Some associates of Nicholas thought that he might spare them, remembering all the extenuating circumstances. They knew him not. What had happened he should have anticipated, but he was mad for revenge. They were sentenced to the block, and had not the wretched comfort of dying together. They were confined in separate dungeons, and refused the single interview for which they implored. She was informed that she should die on a certain day, but not by what method. She fancied that she would be thrown into a pit and covered with earth. When she was led forth she asked when she would come to the fatal spot. She was told that she would be beheaded in the courtyard. Inquiring after Hugo, she learned that he was dead, and bursting into tears begged to be dispatched at once. Arriving at the block, she bared her lovely neck with her own hands, wrapped her mantle about her head. and murmuring "Hugo," submitted without a tremor to the fatal stroke.

When night came I walked around the Castle—it is opposite the hotel—and fancied I could hear the sighs and moans of the separated lovers; that I could catch glimpees of their pale faces through the dark. I went to bed late and dreamed of them; dreamed that I had liberated them from their dungeon and sent them rejoicing to Florence, where they would be safe. Then I met the hideous prince, awoke to see the sun pouring in at my window.

HIS IDEA OF OVERCOATS.

But the Other Man Didn't Understand His Drift.

He was smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper in the gentlemen's cabin of a Hoboken ferryboat, when a man who had been watching him for three or four min-utes from the other side crossed over and

"Much news in the paper to-day?"
"Not much," replied the other, without

looking up.
"Anything in there about overcoats—any half price sales, or anything?"

"Haven't seen anything."
"Wish you'd kinder look. I've come
down to buy one. What price had a feller orter pay for a purty good overcoat down here this time o' year?"

"I'm not posted on overcoats, sir," was the curt reply. "Hain't, ch? Run more to trowsers, per

haps? I orter git a purty fair one fur nine dollars, hadn't I? I don't care so much fur scollops as I do fur warmth and fast color Might I ask the cost of the one you've got

The man with the newspaper gave him a cold, cruel glare and did not answer. "Looks sunthin like one my son George bought in Albany for twelve dollars," continued the man, "but there's a beap of dif-ference in overcoats. I paid ten dollars for one about three years ago, and the color run on me the fust time it got wet.

Has that overcoat ever crocked on you

"Look here, sir," replied the man with the paper, "didn't I tell you I was not in Estes than the conduct of Nicholas III, the overcoat business? If you don't know enough to buy an overcoat you'd better go

without one. "Um! No use in gittin mad about it! Seems to me a feller kin answer a civil question, even in New York. S'posin you'd ask me how 'taters was turnin out this year, and I told you to go to Halifax? How could I tell whether you was in the overcoat bizness or not? If you should come up to our place and want to buy sunthin, and asked me where you could git it at a tremendous sacrifice, I'd feel purty

The man with the paper got up and went to the other end of the cabin and sat down, and the old man looked after him for a minute and then said to the nearest pas

ence to me. If a feller wants to be civil he'll find me ready to do my full share, but if he wants to be mean I kin be meaner than pizen. I didn't much like his looks to start with, but I didn't know but he might be half way civil. He's jist the same as told me to shet up, and if I should meet him a million times after this I'd never speak to him—never!"—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

It Was a Sure Way to Make Money. His history is briefly told.

After several days of thought he discovered a sure way to make money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try it. He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in sev-

Sure way to kill potato bugs; send twenty two cent postage stamps to X. Y. Z., —, for a receipt that cannot fail.

Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the postoffice and had 10,000 of his COUNTERS AND WALL CASES. receipts printed. Inside of two weeks some thing like 6,000 or 7,000 farmers had contributed twenty two cent stamps each for the printed recipes.

Then several hundred of them bought clubs and railroad tickets and started out to interview the advertiser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend to some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3,000 or 4,000 slips of paper, on which were printed the following: "Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit was enamored of Hugo, Nicholas' nat- it with another shingle."-Chicago Trib-

The Remainder.



Mother-Nellie, if I should give Effic half of that pudding, and give the other half to Eddie, what would be left? Nellie-I'd be left .- Truth.

Beloh Should Get Sots.

There is said to be a girl ten years old living near Pittsburg who speaks only a language of her own invention, although she reads and writes English. Here is a portion of her vocabulary: Sota, angry; phatota, fun; tooky, a strong rope; beloh, papa. Now, if beloh should get sota and take a tooky and have some phatota warming the reporter who spun the yarn, such fictions as this would be fewer.—Detroit Free Press.

One Umbrella Less.

Mr. Spinks-Why under heavens did you give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never bring it back. Mrs. Spinks—The only other one in the rack was silk.

"You should have given him that." "Humph! If he wouldn't return the cotton one, why should he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks." "The cotton one was his."-New York

A Quick Cure. Wagg-It's too bad about that girl that jumped off the Washington monument,

Wagg-Why, you see she was very thin. Wooden-What had that to do with it? Wagg-Why, she thought she'd come down plump.—Boston Courier.

Wooden-Why, what did she jump off

Business Is Business.

Highwayman-Your money or your life Lawyer-Here's all I have. Highwayman-All right-Now get out. Lawyer (taking him by the buttonhole)
-Wait a minute, friend. Don't you want

to engage counsel to defend you in case you should be arrested for this affair?— Buffalo Express. A Good Neighborhood Foley—Have you nice neighbors? Patterson—Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the

spring and summer in Newport.-Epoch.

Concealment Cheaper. Gus—Going to get a new suit of clothes this winter? Those look pretty shabby. Harry-No; going to get a new ulster in stead. -Lowell Citizen.



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The nervous old lady who lived in her Shoe could not have found a home for her family in anything we keep. We keep all sizes but nothing equivalent to a tenement house. In all grades of Shoes our stock is complete, embracing Congress, Button, Lace, and the Comn on Ties, in Kid, Calf, and Kangaroo. Also a full line of Slippers, etc., etc., Rubbers, etc., etc., etc.

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the largest and finest equipped stable in the city, can take best of care of all horses entrusted to us. Our stable is light and roomy with unsurpassed ventilation. All vehicles and harness receive daily cleaning and always leave the stable in neat, clean CALL AND SEE US .- GIVE US A TRIAL.

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