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MONCURE D. CONWAY INTERVIEWED.

He is Living in the City of New York and is by No Means Idle. [Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—As the representative of your paper I called on Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway a few days ago.

On the walls of that study hang the portraits of many of the distinguished men of literature, progressive thought and enlarged personal influence with whom Mr. Conway has been acquainted and more or less intimately associated in one way or another in the past.

All these treasures, the collections of a busy, thoughtful life, Mr. Conway showed me and talked to me about with the kindness and grave courtesy of a Virginia gentleman of the old school—I mean the social school of the Washingtons, Fairfaxes and Custises.

Mr. Conway visited the birthplace of Paine—Thetford, England—and followed his footsteps through that country and France. The book will contain much that is thrilling, for Paine was an actor in the French as well as in the American Revolution.

In addition to this biography, on which Mr. Conway has been at work since his return last year from a twelve months sojourn in Europe, a novel by him has appeared—"Prisoners of Air."

I will here mention what the modesty of Mr. Conway forbids him to tell, that he is a descendant of the Washington family on the paternal side, while his great-grandfather on the mother's side was Thomas Stone, of Maryland, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

His family consists of his wife, a son, who is a practicing lawyer in New York, and his daughter, Miss Mildred Conway, who although quite young, just past her teens, shows her heredity and the influence of her father's example and cult, having already identified herself with the charity of New York and assisted in the foundation and development and the movements of its "neighborhood guilds."



How to Inculcate Gossiping.

If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children be sure when they come home from church, a visit or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked and what everybody said and did, and if you find anything in this to censure always do it in their hearing.

How to Polish Wood Carvings, Scroll Work, Etc.

Take a piece of soft and pliable wadding and drop on it white or transparent or French polish, according to the color of the wood. Then wrap this wadding in one thickness of linen, holding it by the surplus linen, so as to form a pad.

How to Make Mother Eve's Pudding.

If you would have a good pudding, observe what you're taught: Take two pennyworth of eggs, when twelve for the great; And of the same fruit that Eve had once chosen, Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen; Six ounces of bread (let your maid eat the crust); The crumbs must be grated and small as the dust; Six ounces of currants from the stones you must sort; Lest they break out your teeth and spoil all your sport; Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet; Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete; Three hours let it boil, without hurry or flutter, And then serve it up without sugar or butter.

How to Rescue a Drowning Person.

A person in danger of drowning usually becomes panic stricken, and in such condition is very dangerous to handle, however strong may be the swimmer who has gone to the rescue. A rescuer who tackles a drowning person who has lost presence of mind should not hesitate to knock the man or woman into insensibility. Then the rescuer will have a chance to take the burden to shore.

How to Extinguish a Burning Chimney.

Shut all the doors and windows so as to prevent any current of air, and then throw a few handfuls of fine salt upon the fire whether in grate or stove. The philosophy of this is that in burning salt muriatic gas is evolved, which is a prompt extinguisher of confined fire.

How Mrs. Fry Ruled Her Conduct.

That excellent Englishwoman Mrs. Fry, who combined in her character and conduct all that is truly excellent in woman, formulated these rules: "1. I never lose any time; I do not think time lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some part of each day, but always be in the habit of being employed."

How and When to Wear a Necktie.

Neckties, that is, narrow bands of muslin, silk or satin, have gone out of use except for clergymen and other gentlemen when in evening dress. A clergyman appears to be privileged to wear either a white or black necktie upon any occasion. But other persons who wish to be in the fashion should never wear them except when in evening dress, that is, when the swallow tailed coat is worn.

VARIOUS VERSES.

Memories. [With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, Carl Smith and other western dialecticians.] Say, Pete, do you remember, in them happy days of yore, When me and you was workin in ole Stubbs' grocery store, A-chewin Stubbs' apples, nuts 'n raisins all the day, An kep postin bill a-wonderin why the biznis didn't pay? 'N how our dads they lectered us for perpetrating crime, A-playin penny ante in th' church at sermon time? 'N how we loved Sal Peterby, as lived ter Hickoryville, 'N how we punched each other's heads, 'n Et as tho' ter kill, Beuz Sal bowed to me one day, 'n wouldn't bow ter you, 'N nex' day smiled so sweet on you, 'n cut me dead in two? 'N how she jilted both on us 'n married Silas Prime, Beuz we penny-anted in the church at sermon time? Haw, haw! Ye do? Yer got it all stored deep down in yer heart, 'N from no single mem'ry of them days gone by ye'd part? Waaah, Pete, I'm glad ter hear ye say those words what you has spoke, 'N jest ter prove yer mem'ry's good, 'n y' ain't a-tryin ter joke. Jest shelt out that there dollar, Pete, 'n likewise that there dime, Ye've owed me sence we played that last mall game at sermon time! —John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

Daphne in the Minnet.

Through the mazes of the dancing, Daphne's form is softly glancing; I forgot all other pleasure Watching as she glides along, Tripping to the dance's measure, Fairest maid amid the throng. 'Tis a sight I'll ne'er forget, Daphne in the minnet.

My poor heart with love is burning, When I take her hand in turning, Daphne smiles at me above her, I adore her! Does she know? Maybe, when the dance is over, She will let me tell her so. Cupid's caught me in his net Dancing in the minnet. —Randall Scott in Boston Transcript.

A Mystery Still.

I am learned in laws of hydrostatic, In the theories of heat and of light; With a brain that is quite mathematic I work out the problem of sight. I can dilate on wrong and on right, I can lecture on Jack and on Jill; No problem is too recondite, But—your heart is a mystery still. I can solve an inverted quadratic, My acquaintance with Greek is not slight; For the dialects, Doric or Attic, I with equal facility write. I can measure a meteor's flight, I have studied both Plato and Mill; I am deep, I am thorough, I'm bright, But—your heart is a mystery still. I excel in a fine acrobatic, And can walk a wire shaky or tight; I lay a stress very emphatic On the fact that my health's at its height. But my learning seems useless and trite, And wasted is all of my skill, For now, in perfection's despite, Your heart is a mystery still.

ENVOY.

I have wooed thee by day and by night, Yet you will not consent—what? "You might!" Ah, you rogue! Come, a kiss—yes, you will— But your heart is a mystery still. —Princeton Tiger.

A Successful Play.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, Known to the world as a Play to Succeed, Take precepts at once from lessons of history And throw in sensation in word and in deed. Take wives who are scandalous, wild and unvirtuous; Sluggers, whose knowledge lies all in the lists; Tanks that are turbulent, boiling, impetuous; Sweet looking children whom none can resist; The walling from Wall street, heartfelt and cumbersome; Models half naked and posing for show; Horses in running and cows that are troublesome; Engines and buzz saws that only half go; The dancing of Spaniards, wild eyed and sinister; The sowing of maxims; a large hearted minister; The Star Spangled Banner; society's chatter; Dirtiness dressed in a garb that would flatter; Whispers of mortgages; sectional fights; Sensuous music and calcium lights— Take of these elements all that is fusible, Melt 'em all down in a plippin or crucible, Set 'em to simmer and keep on the scum, And a Play to Succeed is the residuum. —Philadelphia Music and Drama.

Married a Cook.

If he hadn't been fond of good living, they say, He might have in singleness tarried; But he wanted a well prepared dinner each day, And a cook he made love to and married. But he made a mistake when the maiden he took, If for a good cook he was looking; She declares that she didn't get married to cook, But to have some one else do her cooking. —London Answers.

Why the Conductor Loves Her.

She's neither rich nor pretty, And in speech she isn't witty, She isn't cultured in the things that beautify a life; But I have learned to love her 'Till there's naught a prize above her, And she has promised by and by to be my charming wife. I see her going gayly To and from her duties daily, And while I know she's all other women are not, I'll marry her because I think we can make a home made up from the things that she has left behind.



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