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SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

How Marie Ziegenfuss Convinced Henry Bolts of Her Love, and How He was Startled When He Was Enlightened as to Her Delicate Appetite.

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The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers are famed for their thrift, their good tables, their piety and their buxom daughters. John Ziegenfuss was a man of this class, and his only daughter, Marie, would have been the toast of all the young men in that part of Berks county if he had been addicted to anything so wicked and expensive as drinking toasts.

Despite her many attractions, prospective and actual, Marie Ziegenfuss was not a coquette; she did not know the meaning of the word, and it is doubtful if she had ever heard it. From among her host of admirers she selected Henry Bolts, the son of another well-to-do farmer who lived up near the Lebanon line, about six miles away.

As soon as it became known that Mr. Bolts was the accepted suitor the others stood aloof, perhaps because there was nothing else to do. Every Sunday Henry Bolts drove to the meeting house where Marie and her parents attended, and after the services were over he placed his sweetheart in the buggy, triumphantly drove her home and invariably remained to dinner.



Under these delightful circumstances Henry Bolts ought to have been entirely happy; but, alas for the vanity of human wishes, he was not, and this is the reason. Apart from more worldly considerations the mildly ardent young man loved Marie Ziegenfuss because she was large, stout, healthful, rosy and entirely huggable—if one may be permitted to coin an essentially descriptive word. And then the fact that Marie loved him with all the love of which she was capable, gave an added impulse to his passion.

But here was the trap; this is what so sorely perplexed him: Marie, who he had heard, but his own experience did not warrant the belief, that people who are in love either do not or cannot eat as much as those who are entirely free from the tender passion. Every Sunday he sat beside Marie at dinner, and this afforded him an excellent opportunity to judge of her appetite. To his inexpressible amazement she had not the appetite of a moulting canary.

She ate as near next to nothing as one well could that pretended to eat at all. Why, she would even cut a green pea in two, when those delicious legumes were in season, and with touching delicacy would convey, on the point of her knife, one half at a time to her lips.

After dinner the young folks would go into the parlor, the walls of which were decorated with framed "samples," done in Berlin wool by the fair Marie, and they would sit, one at either end of the high-backed, hair covered sofa, and look yearningly at each other, while Henry, with his own hearty meal still fresh in his mind, would sigh:

"Ah, Marie, don't you think you've already in love? You eat so pooty mooch noddings like a leedle budderly."

Henry remained usually with his dulcinea till near supper time, when he would hitch up and go home. One Sunday afternoon there came on a fierce storm, and as the rain kept persistently up till long after dark, Mr. Ziegenfuss and his wife, backed by the pleadings of the gentle Marie, prevailed on the young man to remain for the night.

The houses of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, though usually comfortable, are rarely so costly as their barns. This night the clergyman and his wife were also guests, and Henry Bolts was given a bed in a sort of loft directly over the kitchen.

This was a night of unusual dissipation for the young people. They actually staid up courting, or rather looking at each other from opposite ends of the sofa, till the high clock, standing like a coffin in the dimmest corner of the room, struck ten.

Henry looked as if he was going to kiss Marie, but he compromised by chucking her under the chin, then, startled at his own audacity, he hurried up to the loft and lay down to pleasant dreams. How long he had been asleep he never could tell, for after the thrilling experiences of that night he was never in a condition to follow out a consecutive line of thought that placed any tax on his memory, but it certainly must have been several hours.

He was awakened, not by the swish of the willow branches against the dormer window or the steady beating of the rain on the roof, but by a delicious odor and the occasional rattle of dishes beneath. He rubbed his eyes and the golden lines of light between the boards assured him that there was some one at work in the kitchen. He got not cleanly up and looked down through a crack, and he gasped, "Lieber Herr, dot vo- mein Mares!"

Henry Bolts was right. It was Marie in working dress, with a big blue apron on, and her ample arms bared to the shoulder. She had just fried a huge plate of ham and was in the act of breaking a dozen eggs into the sizzling gravy when her lover beheld her.

He believed that a lot of starved giants had been driven for refuge from the storm to farmer Ziegenfuss', and that Marie, noble girl that she was, was robbing herself of sleep in order to appease their hunger.

few jokes were of a practical kind. The instant Marie disappeared he skipped down stairs in light marching order, broke another dozen eggs into the pan, then skipped back again, and gluing his eyes to a crack he chuckled:

"As den eggs vos not mine dot vos a pooty goot shoke on Marie!" Marie soon reappeared, but to Henry Bolts's horror, instead of setting the table for six at least, she set it for one. She piled the eggs on one dish without noticing the increase, then she poured out a mug of cider, placed a large dish of bread within easy reach, and began to eat in a way that dazzled the watcher till his head began to swim.

At first he had a dim notion that she doubted his love and had hit upon this plan of committing suicide, but her sighs of delight as she ate, bread, eggs and ham disappeared soon convinced him that his suspicions were on the wrong track.

"Gott in Himmel!" he groaned, as Marie finished the first dozen eggs and began energetically on the second, "is dot der girl dot don't can swallow a pea bud ven it vos shopped in two?"

At length Marie pushed back her chair. The ham, bread and cider were gone, and only one egg remained. Then pressing her red hands midway of her apron, the gentle Marie sighed:

"Ach, listen Heinrich, dot vos doo drue. I pean in lofe, oh, so mooch. Vonce I could eat twelf eggs, bud now I can only eleven get away mit. Oh, lofe! Oh, lofe!" And Heinrich groaned, "Mien Gott!"

A Shrewd Sentinel. This story of Frederick the Great was told me by a young soldier in Berlin, who vouched for its accuracy, and I can find no good reason for doubting his word, now that I am in America—I know it would have been positively dangerous to have done so in his presence.

The kingdome was at length at peace, and Frederick selected to guard the palace at Potsdam a lot of his oldest and most faithful veterans. These men soon learned that the same vigilance was not needed about the palace that was required in the presence of the enemy, so they gradually fell into the comfortable habit of snoozing in their sentry boxes.

The delinquency was reported to the king, but instead of showing anger he determined to play a practical joke on the sleeping veterans and at the same time find an opportunity to read them a lecture.

It had been his custom to present to each of the veterans at Christmas a purse containing twenty pieces of gold, so he set Christmas eve for the night when he should visit the posts about the palace, where there were always twelve men on guard.

He made the rounds at midnight and found every man asleep in his box, then he returned to the palace and came back with the twelve purses. Carefully he tied one to each soldier's musket and then went to bed to await developments.

Now, it so chanced that one of the soldiers, who had been asleep when Frederick made his first tour of inspection, woke up in the meantime, and recognizing the king by the light of a lamp, and seeing him fastening something to the arms of the somnolent guards, he determined to remain quiet.

Without a word the king treated him as he had the others, and as soon as he was gone the veteran felt the purse and counted the money. Then he reasoned after this fashion: My comrades are all asleep, and as they can know nothing about the king's gift, why, it stands to reason that they will never miss it."

Acting on this hint the old soldier visited all his comrades, relieved them of their purses, then went back to his box and slept in earnest till he was relieved.

The next morning the king summoned the twelve sleepers before him, told them the night before and asked them to tell their dreams.

With confusion eleven of them confessed that they had been asleep, but had dreamed nothing. The twelfth man then approached, and with a profound bow to the king, said:

"Sire, I dreamed that a person, who very much resembled your majesty, visited us last night, and, finding us all asleep, withdrew, but soon came back with a lot of purses which he thoughtfully fastened to the musket of each. Then I dreamed that I was in dread lest some one not so honest as myself might chance along and rob my comrades, whereon, still dreaming, I went out and gathered in all the money, nor felt overweighed with the burden."

From this Frederick inferred that the old fellow had not been asleep at all. So, after the manner of kings, who have lots of money waiting work, he told the veteran to keep all the purses, and he deferred his usual presents to the others till the next year.

It was evidently the purpose of the honest sentinel to keep all the purses if Frederick had not asked for an explanation; all of which goes to prove that dishonesty is sometimes the most paying policy.

At Stone River. In the battle of Stone River, while our men were waiting dismounted in a jungle of scrub oaks and dwarf cedars, from which we expected the enemy every moment, a brace of wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran down between the contending lines, but much as they were desired not a shot was fired at the poor creatures.



How to Remove Egg Stains. Egg stains may be removed from silver by rubbing the metal vigorously with common table salt.

How to Saddle a Horse. This would seem to be a very simple matter, and yet it is so rare that a groom knows how to do it properly that every careful horseman should know how it should be done, and he should never mount his horse without making a thorough examination of saddle, blanket, girths and stirrup leathers.

The saddle-blanket with round corners in front and points behind should be placed on the horse's back and care taken that there are no wrinkles in it; the saddle should then be placed on the back of the horse just behind the withers and so that the weight of the rider shall not bear on the withers and make the back of the horse sore; the girths—there should with an English saddle always be two—should be fastened so that they bear directly from the center of the saddle and one girth should lap well over the other.

There is no use in drawing girths uncomfortably tight, but they should never be loose, as in that case the movement of the saddle and fro will certainly make the horse's back sore. The object is merely to secure the saddle so that it will stay firmly in its place. The conformation of the back of each horse must determine in each instance the exact place of the saddle, but it should be, as a rule, a few inches behind the withers.

How to Gild on Glass. Dissolve in boiled linseed oil an equal weight of either copal or amber, and add enough oil of turpentine to thin sufficiently to apply to glass. Make the glass quite hot. Apply the size, put on the gold leaf, sweeping off superfluous portions. When quite cold lay a piece of Indian paper over the work and polish with a burnisher.

How to Make an Apology. For a stiff-necked man, who in his vanity and self conceit is fond of believing that he is always in the right, nothing is more difficult than for him even when he is sure he is in the wrong to apologize with frankness and humility. When self interest does bring such a man to own that he is wrong and to sue for pardon he usually makes the amende honorable so clumsily that he increases rather than wipes out his original offense. It is often hard to acknowledge that one has been in the wrong, and especially so when in dispute hot and angry words have been spoken. This is made even harder when there is a difference of position between the persons who have had a controversy. It is hard for an employer to apologize to his employee, and the opposite is also hard. But there is but one way for all. If you are wrong go to the person aggrieved by your injustice as soon as you clearly see that you have been wrong and say so with entire frankness and candor and say that you are sorry. Don't whine, and don't attempt to justify yourself, but be simple and manly, and if the good opinion of the person to whom you thus go be worth having you will regain it. When a fault has been acknowledged, apologized for and forgiven, never under any circumstances refer to it again. It is then as though it had never been, and there is nothing left to talk about. Some persons, having been a party to a quarrel, never tire of referring to it. This kind of nagging will break up any friendship and array on hostile sides the persons around a domestic hearth who should sit there in peace and harmony.

How to Pronounce Certain Words. Soldier—sole-jeer. Soot—as spelled, not out. Specious—spee-eh-us, not spee-shus. Stone—as spelled, not ston. Synod—syn-ud, not sy-nod. Tenure—ten-ure, not te-ure. Tenet—ten-et, not te-net. Than—as spelled, not thun. Tremor—trem-ur, not fre-mor. Tune—as spelled, not toon. Twelfth—should have the th sounded. Was—wos, not wuz. Weary—wee-ry, not we-ry. Were—wer, not ware. Wont—wunt, not as spelled. Yacht—yot, not yat. Yeast—as spelled, not yet. Zenith—ze-nith, not zen-ith.

How to Teach a Girl to Ride. See that her shoulders are squarely to the front; that her left knee is close to the horn, so that she may press hard against it if necessary, and close to the saddle flap as well. This will prevent "rocking." See that her hands remain steady, and that in rising her stomach and back do not fall into the ungraceful seasaw movement. The corsets should be particularly loosely laced.

How to Care for Birds. Always use a large cage. Keep plenty of gravel in the gravel pan in the bottom of the cage. Hang a small red pepper in the cage and sprinkle a very small quantity of Hungarian or bird pepper in the cups. Lettuce leaves and plantain seed in moderation are good. Feed a little hard boiled egg and Irish potato once a week, and a little finely chopped beef once a month. Never feed salt.

How to Detect Smallpox. Smallpox is more to be dreaded than any other eruptive disease. Intense headache, backache and high fever first, with thirst and frequently delirium, and then the eruption. Smallpox pustules are always square, and they are generally in clusters of three to five close together, but in very bad cases they cover the whole surface. They are at first a sort of salmon pink on a red background, changing to yellow and later to brown scabs.

All eruptions show first near the small of the back and on the stomach. In case of any of the symptoms named above a physician should be sent for at once, and the child isolated and kept in bed until the doctor sees it at least.

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