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SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Daring Escape of a Union Officer Captured in the Chattanooga Campaign in November, 1863—A Story of the Civil War.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)

A Union officer captured in the Chattanooga campaign in November, 1863, recalls the following as among his most thrilling prison experiences: It was dark, cold and raining when we reached the stockade or prison pen at Atlanta. The inclosure comprised about half an acre, but there was neither tent nor other shelter, the prisoners being kept here but a few days before being sent on to Richmond.



While dueling in dying out in the south, there are still many excellent men there who believe the code affords the only proper means of redress for a gentleman who has been, or who imagines he has been, offended. Captain Wells, who some years since lived on the Sabine near Orange, Tex., was a man of this character.

"At the risk of being set down in this community as a fool or a poltroon, I beg the honor to permit me to withdraw my challenge and to confess that I have been greatly to blame in sending it."

"I am at a loss, sir, to understand your conduct. Why did you withdraw the challenge?" "Because, Mr. Phillips," was the reply, "you and I cannot meet on the field as equals."

"But I ain't a drinkin' man," said Harden. "Oh, I know that," said the wily doctor, "but a very little affects some men more than a great deal will affect others, so you'll have to let up."

"That's what yer help'll come in," he said. "They're only home guards, and if you can get a lot of the boys just at 12 tonight to creep near the dead line and heave bricks at the guards—up at the north end, they'll all run down thar and leave the south end clear for me."

"At 12 o'clock," I whispered, as I gave him my hand. He caught me to his breast, kissed me and replied: "At 12 o'clock. Within a half hour I will be a free man or a dead one."

On the instant forty men rose, a volley of bricks rattled against the stockade, and so well directed was the aim that the guards were either thrown off or they jumped off.

of bricks rattled against the stockade, and so well directed was the aim that the guards were either thrown off or they jumped off.

Firing into the inclosure as they ran, the other guards hurried to the point of attack and the south end was clear. I saw Walker running with the stretch-er in his hands. He placed it against the stockade, sprang to the top, swung the top of the wall, and then with the swing of a gymnast on a trapeze and a yell that told of victory, he was over!

Within a few minutes we heard a cheer in the far distance, the signal that told he had cleared the camp and was free. Soon after a company was marched into the stockade. They found ranks of sleeping men and a ball and chain, but no one who had "heaved a brick" or who knew of Walker's escape. And it was an escape, for within four days he was back in our lines.

The captain one day was subjected to a severe and perhaps needlessly harsh cross examination by a lawyer whose home was on the Louisiana side of the river. The next day, Saturday, Captain Wells secured a second and dispatched him over the Sabine with a peremptory challenge for Lawyer Phillips. Mr. Phillips, although a church deacon, had not the moral courage to refuse a meeting, so he accepted; and the fight, with repeating rifles, was set down for Monday morning.

Mr. Phillips, his mind troubled by other matters, went to church the next day with his wife and six children, from whom he had kept all knowledge of the duel.

As he was leaving the church with his wife and family, the lawyer was not a little surprised at seeing the captain outside, and still more surprised at seeing that hot-spirited fellow in a well fitting traveling tunic; but what particularly attracted my attention was the fact that there was a heavy iron ring about his right ankle. To this ring a chain was attached, and at the other end of the chain there was a 100 pound ball, which the man carried on his shoulder.

"I am at a loss, sir, to understand your conduct. Why did you withdraw the challenge?" "Because, Mr. Phillips," was the reply, "you and I cannot meet on the field as equals."

"Am I not your equal?" asked the lawyer hotly. "I will concede that you are. But you know that I am a single man, with no dependents."

"Yes, I understand that, captain." "You have a wife and six children, Mr. Phillips. I saw them at church yesterday and I saw then that I had taken an undue advantage of you. When I get a wife and six children we will be on an equality, and then we can fight it out if we choose."

Struck with the impetuous captain's manliness the lawyer gave him both hands, and from that hour on they became devoted friends.

Crab Orchard, Ky., is so famed for the medicinal power of its springs as the state at large is for the excellent quality of its Bourbon whisky.

Squire Harden—the "squire" was entirely honorary, for the old man knew nothing about law and cared less—lived not far from the village, and he was a frequent visitor there, not because of the healing waters, but on account of the whisky. He never went home without carrying with him a supply in a jug, while he looked more than a trifle queer for his balis inside.

One day Squire Harden went to bed very sick, and his more abstemious neighbors wondered why he had not been taken down before. A doctor was sent for, and after feeling the pulse, looking at the tongue and asking as many questions as if he did not know all about the case from the first he said:

"It's the whisky, squire." "But I ain't a drinkin' man," said Harden. "Oh, I know that," said the wily doctor, "but a very little affects some men more than a great deal will affect others, so you'll have to let up."

"Great General Jackson!" cried the squire, "I'm gittin' to be an old man, and it's agin' nature to choke me plum off, all of a sudden like. I must have a little, just for medicine."

"Nary a drop, doc, or I'd a gin you some afore this," said the doctor. "Very well; take four ounces of whisky a day, and no more, mind. I'll leave you some medicine. Meanwhile, when I'm passing I'll drop in to see how you're getting on."

The doctor left, and about ten days afterward he was sent for again, the messenger, one of the squire's younger sons—he had ten of them—declaring that the prescription promised to kill his father. "For," he said, "dad's bound to take every doggone drop of them four ounces every day. The consequence is he's high 'bout done, fo' shuah."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the perplexed doctor. "I mean the whisky," said the boy.

"Well, what of that?" "What of that? Why, doc, there's some powerful heavy drinkers o'ah Cumberland way, but mam allows thar ain't no day of 'em could drink four ounces of whisky a day for a week and not bring on the everlastin' jimjams."

ORIGIN OF A FINANCIER.

Why Fred P. Olcott Preferred Business to Politics.

NEW YORK, April 7.—The men of New York state who have gained repute by reason of their achievements usually devote themselves either to politics or to literary pursuits. Yet it is probably true, as was once said by Commodore Vanderbilt, that the men who shape the business of the nation, at least so far as finance is concerned, are more influential and yet less heard of outside the circle of financiers than are the politicians or the literary men.

Mr. Olcott has recently attracted to himself the attention of financiers, not only in this country, but in Europe, because he seems to have been able to arrange for the reorganization of railroad properties which practically gridiron the entire south. The securities of the various companies involved in this reorganization amount to more than \$400,000,000, a much larger sum than at the beginning of the civil war it was thought that the national government would have to provide in order to pay the expenses of that contest.

Young Olcott, impressed with this idea, came to New York just after the close of the war. He had many friends

who were of great influence in the banking and financial world. Roscoe Conkling, who at that time was just beginning his career as United States senator, was a warm friend of the young man's, and used frequently to say to him that there was no more important relation between politics and business than that which the bankers of Wall street controlled.



When Mr. Olcott became comptroller he realized the very great political advantage which he held in that position, and when the politicians of his party said to him: "We will now nominate you for governor," the temptation was very great to listen to such proposition. But Mr. Olcott had already received proposals from men who controlled vast amounts of money to return to Wall street as the head of a banking institution, and after a good deal of deliberation he decided that the rewards of a financial career were far more tempting than those of politics.

He therefore went to Wall street about ten years ago, and he became known as the man who did not desire to destroy properties, but to preserve them. In that capacity he took rank with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is generally regarded as the greatest financial and constructive genius that Wall street has known in the present generation.

Olcott is esteemed a more audacious and risky man than Morgan, and some of those who have found fault with his methods have insisted that some day he might go too far and entail ruin upon himself and the properties which he undertakes to preserve.

Like most of the men on Wall street who accomplish great things, Mr. Olcott is a good liver. He likes the good things of life. He is fond of a fast horse, he enjoys the theater, and he thinks that perhaps the highest art is that of perfect cooking. He looks like a man who lives well.

Within the past year Mr. Olcott has financed properties amounting to nearly half a billion of dollars, or an amount more than the national debt, and of course the man who is able to do what he has done in the money world is recognized by the men who control millions as a person of great financial genius.

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