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POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 65,000.

"CHICAGO'S" CHARMING LETTER.

Our Fair Correspondent Writes Interestingly About Indoor Base Ball, Etc.

CHICAGO, April 14.

To THE COURIER:—Chicago has one advantage over our city. Now this is not saying that it hasn't more than one, but I am willing to vouch for this one, personally.

It is the great and glorious game of indoor base ball. I attended my first two games last week, and mourned because I had not the opportunity to see the third. Imagine yourself in a room about the size of Temple hall, on the floor of which is a painted diamond, so constructed that the field is non-slip. You observe that there is no centre fielder, but that the second baseman plays quite far back. The left and right fielders play close up to the line, while the short stop and the ninth man, whom one expected to see in centre, are called the right and left short-stops and maintain their positions on either side, inside the side lines, about half way between the box and the plate. One's first impression is that no batter could ever get a ball past all those persons crowded together. This game started in a peculiar way, the idea being originated by a man who batted a boxing glove with a broom-stick. The ball used is about six times as large as an average base ball—also about six times as soft. It is not a perfect sphere, and is very hard to hold. The willow is but little larger than a broom handle. Never was I so excited at a ball game as I was last Friday evening, when the far-famed "Catin" nine played for the championship against the La Grange team, in the pretty little La Grange club house. Everything seemed so hazardous. I sat in the gallery and held my breath for fear the first baseman, the one I was most particularly interested in, would fan out, or, if he hit the ball, that it would sail up in my direction. When a Catin boy would come to bat I almost prayed that he might get to first; once there, he was as good as across the plate, for he slides—slides, did I say! It is too mild a word. A toboggan is not to be compared with him. At the first pitched ball he starts on a dead run; when he gets about two jumps away from first he wildly casts himself on the floor and shoots on to second where, clutching second, the two continue their mad career together until stopped by a wall or some other little obstruction. In the same way he reaches third and home. Between pitches the whole nine remains in the immediate vicinity of their respective places, where wet rags lie upon the slippery floor. They jump on these with both feet and fondly imagine that it helps them to maintain their equilibrium. Perhaps it does; at any rate it is invaluable to a poor batter. He steps up to the plate and wildly sees the air. The crowd cheers and he, instead of standing there all embarrassed, calmly leaves the plate, rubs his feet over the wet rag, walks back and tries again. The Catin pitcher struck out eight men of the nine who came to bat in the first three innings, and the Catin catcher, of whom I was the only feminine member, fairly raised the roof. The famous seven-inning game with Minneapolis was not more interesting, and the score—11 to 1—was vastly more satisfactory. The La Grange women would have taken pleasure in throwing me out of the window that evening. One was constrained to pity them for they had nothing to applaud. The Grange, I believe, has decided not to play any more ball this season. The catcher for the Catin is a little boy about twelve years old, but he can hold the ball. It was worth the price of an admission to watch the left short-stop. As soon as the ball would leave the pitcher's hand he would start at the batter, taking little short steps and pounding his feet hard. It was no wonder that his opponents lowered their batting average, he just simply scared them so they couldn't bat. The La Grange team has a professional pitcher, and many were the cries of "How's that for a raised ball, Mr. Umpire!" the rule being that the ball must be delivered underneath some curve. But I imagine you are weary of this dissertation, so will change the subject.

I visited a day at Evanston last week, and enjoyed it more than any day I have spent since I left Lincoln. It is a beautiful little town, and the college is an interesting place. The one thing that impressed a Nebraska Alumnus is the exclusion of the "Preps." I said to the fraternity girls who were showing me the college: "Is this small chapel large enough to hold all the students?" and was answered by "Oh, no; but only the students in the collegiate department are allowed in here. The preparatory students meet by themselves." I remembered my own happy days of "prep-dom" and sighed, and thought the U. of N. is good enough for me, but oh! if someone would only move the lake up on R street, what a continual source of pleasure it would be. A senior meeting was held to decide what the class of '99 should wear on commencement day. But few were in favor of uniforms, the majority of the girls wanting to wear evening dress. As the exercises are to be held in the evening in the Auditorium, they desire to make it a social event. Some one made a motion, that the male sex of their class wear the conventional dress suit. About a third of the men voted for it—the others voted not at all. Their silence was sufficient. One girl said she thought it was too bad to compel them to buy dress suits, as so many could not afford it, but another one replied: "Well, they can rent real nice ones for very little."

Truly, it will be a society event for four weeks' enjoyment at the Columbia. It has been a series of triumphs, and every evening her most enthusiastic admirer has been her father, Mr. Leonard. He didn't miss a performance and Lillian never failed to send a smile in his direction when she appeared each time on the stage. What a remarkable history the Leonard family has. The five daughters have, every one, been married, and every one of them, also, divorced. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, the parents of the quints of beauty, while never legally divorced, were also separated years ago, and the fair Miss Russell herself has two decrees tied with light blue ribbon put away in her "forever box." Typical Chicago family, do you say! Well, perhaps.

Yours truly,

CHICAGO.

A Great Insurance Scheme.

"I wish, sir," said the young man, as he entered Gazzam's private office, "to call your attention to a new insurance company."

"Property is insured as high as the companies will carry it," replied Gazzam briskly.

"But this, sir"—the young man began again, not dismayed by Gazzam's discouraging manner.

The latter replied, not waiting for him to finish his sentence: "My life is insured to its full value. Don't want any more, sir."

"But this is not!"

"Oh, yes. Yours is a company which insures one's rent in case his houses burn down or his tenants skip. Mine are all provided for."

"You misapprehend me, sir. The company I represent insures"—

"I see. It insures a business man against loss from defaulting bookkeepers and unfaithful employees. Well, mine are all looked after and secured."

"No, sir. This is different."

"Oh, well, I've got all sorts of insurance. Accident policies, plate glass window protected, cyclone insurance on my house in the country—every sort of insurance one can possibly think of."

"Still, sir, I offer you security which is not among all the different and very praiseworthy objects of insurance you have mentioned."

"Indeed! Well, I'd like to know what it is."

"Well, sir, I can write you a policy which shall insure all your other insurance, guaranteeing you against losses through the failure, from any cause whatsoever, of any other insurance company, to pay you the indemnity to which you may become entitled under its policy. What do you say to doing business with me?"

Gazzam told the young man to call again next year, and in the meantime he would think it over.—Harper's Bazar.

Helping the Bishop.

A Harvard man, who has been living in the west since his graduation, writes home an incident in which he helped Bishop Talbot. The bishop arrived one day in a small mining town in his diocese—Wyoming—where he had promised to hold a service.

Walking up the street, he noticed some green handbills flying about, and he picked one up. It read as follows:

"Bishop Talbot preaches tonight. Let him have a big crowd."

"P. S.—Leave your guns with the usher."

The bishop was not easily scared, but he thought the postscript odd, to say the least. On inquiry he learned that young Mr. H.—wanted to raise a good crowd to greet the bishop, and he had issued the handbills, knowing that many who would not come to hear the bishop preach would come at the hint of a disturbance.

The bishop's stay was "a great go."—Boston Herald.

A Long Farewell.

"Farewell, Em'ly, farewell! Your father has taken me by the ear and kicked me to the extent that my many heart is bristling with shame and sorrow. Nothing is left for me now but to hunt Injuns for the remainder of my wretched life. Me an my pal leaves for the wild west this mornin'. This letter contains my will what'll make you my heiress; also a nickel to buy a memento of one who will be heard of in border annals as Curdie Lung, the Dust Toss'er. Farewell, goodby, adoo!" [Exit hastily with pal.]—Life.

A Dreadful Threat.

An Austin colored man, with protruding eyes, rushed into Justice Tegener's office and exclaimed:

"I wants Colonel Jones, who libs nex' door to me, put under a million dollar bonds ter keep de peace."

"Has he threatened your life?"

"He has done dat berry thing. He said he war gwine ter fill de nex' night he found after dark in his hon-house plum full ob buckshot."—Texas Siftings.

Old Enough to Pray for Himself.

A little Augusta girl has a small brother whom her mother is just teaching to say his prayers. One evening in the presence of this little sister he was saying his prayers, and was reminded by the mother that he had not prayed for his grandfather.

"I don't think, mamma, he was old enough to pray for himself," remarked the girl.—Bangor Commercial.

Who Knows?

—What do you think of that story that a pug nose can be straightened out by lying on one's face when in bed?

Banks—I think it's a lie on the face of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistaken Identity.

THE NATURAL SURPRISE OF FARMER JOHN. Things happens mighty queerly these here days.

"I'm knocked clean off my pins by nater's ways. She seems to me to kind o' work in freaks. Toward them folks as her great prizes seeks; 'N' casonly she seems to seem to me As daft as any maniac could be."

You boys remember that there cur'us lad some six or seven years ago I had. To clean the horses and to tend the sheep—The kid that spent most of his time asleep? The feller that I had to larrup well To keep him workin for a little spell?

You knowed him sartin. Pete—he gave your son His dang'rous notions how to load the gun That went off bang! just like a blazin bomb. 'N' left him hardy any sort of thumb. Why, he the kid that you said nater work Almighty peart when he'd no chance to shirk.

He disappeared, ye know. We thought him drowned. 'N' dragged the mill ponds all the country round. The fella's wife she came to search her box. 'N' found somebody's boots, 'n' the locks. 'N' taken four dollars in good tin. A Waterbury watch 'n' di'mon pin.

Want, that there boy has made immortal fame By writin poems o'er his sinful name. I seen allusions to him in The Times— It tells about his poems, not his crimes. I never thought when he done work for me John Milton'd ever take up poetry.

—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Bazar.

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Archer, dentist. Fine gold and bridge work a specialty. Brass block.

See the special cut prices on Baby Carriages made by Rudge & Morris Co.

The elite resort for ladies and gentlemen is Browns cafe removed to 1233 O street.

Nothing like New England graham for breads or graham gems. Dealers sell it.

"Shogo" has been at the head of all west r flour for eight years. It must be good.

We carry a complete line of flower and garden seeds. Griawolds Seed store 130 So. 11th.

One hundred finest engraved calling cards and plate only \$2.50 at Wessel Printing Co., 1136 N street.

Bread is the staff of life and if you want the very best you should go to the New York Bakery.

For scavenger work, day and night, drop J. C. Field a postal and he will promptly call and see what you want.

Newest millinery—novelties of art and style—Miss Madden, manager. Prices correct. Herppolshemer & Co.

New England Crystal meal, the latest and finest production for mush or baking purposes. Ask for it at grocers.

The readers of the COURIER, will find the finest line of baked goods in the city at the New York Bakery, 136 south Twelfth street.

We will take your subscription for any publication at publishers best prices, at the COURIER News Depot, 1134 N street.

The new Lincoln frame and art company make a specialty of frames for fine crayon work, with Elite Studio 236 south Eleventh street.

Latest studies and a full line of artists materials at popular prices at the new Lincoln frame and art company, with Elite studio, 236 south Eleventh street.

Mrs. Gaspers millinery store is now headquarters for all the latest in spring headwear for the fair sex. No lady should buy a spring hat until she has seen Mrs. Gaspers attraction line.

Wedding invitations, either printed or engraved in the finest style of the art at THE COURIER office. Correct forms and best quality of stock guaranteed. Samples cheerfully shown.

In you want anything for the baby, for the sick room, for wearing apparel, for foot-wear, sportsmen's goods, and anything in the line of rubber goods, call at the Lincoln Rubber Company and take advantage of the goods that are offered at sacrifice to close the business.

Odell is doing a fine business in his new stand (Masonic Temple corner) near the location of his former successes. The place is as neat as a pin, the service par excellence and the fare identically the same as in past years, notwithstanding the fact that his price now is but 30 cents. No tickets, no trust, and no bust, but a fine meal for cash and cash only.

Crancer & Co. for picture cards.

MISSISSIPPI SAMPSON & PYOTT MODISTES

Seven years experience in the most fashionable dress attire for ladies. Satisfaction guaranteed.

1121 N street, over Dorsey's store

SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the District court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Catharine S. Bowman is plaintiff, and Hezekiah Hewitt, Celestia L. Hewitt, John D. McFarland, Gusto Elmood, Edwood, first name unknown, defendants, I will, at 10 o'clock p. m., on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1902, at the east door of the court house in city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: Lot number six (6) in block number six (6) in Vino street addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 6th day of April, A. D. 1902. SAM McCLAY, Sheriff.

SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued by the Clerk of the District court of the second judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein John P. Dorr and Seneca G. Dorr and Z. S. Brantzen are plaintiffs, and for Iest get Dougherty and Martin Dougherty defendants, I will, at 3 o'clock p. m., on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1902, at the east door of the Court House in City of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit the south half of the southwest quarter of Section sixteen (16) and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section sixteen (16) Town Eight (8), Range Seven (7), east of the 6th P. M. in Lancaster County, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 17th day of March, A. D. 1902. SAM McCLAY, Sheriff.

NOTICE.

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

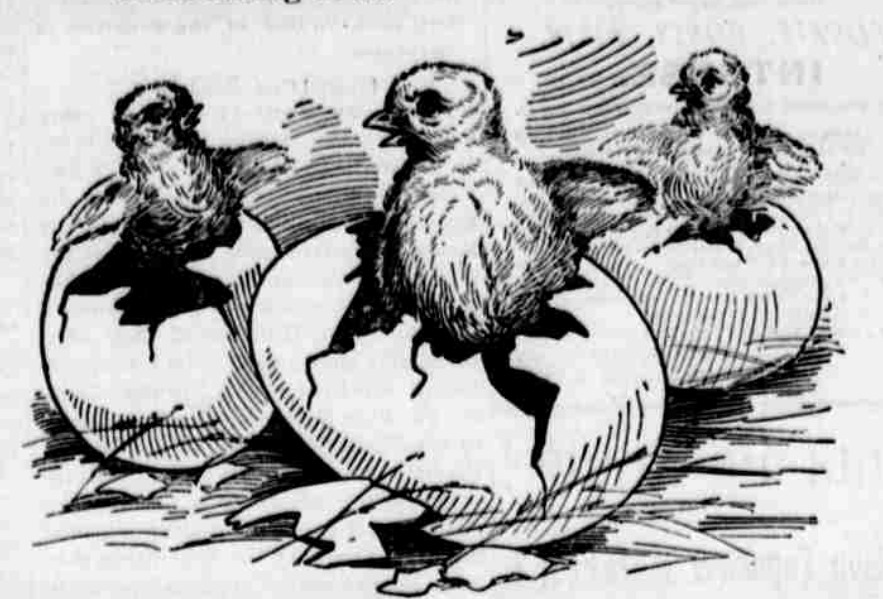
In the matter of estate of Olive Wilson, an insane person.

Notice is hereby given that on the 25th of March, 1902, Hon. C. L. Hall, one of the judges of the district court in and for Lancaster county, made an order in the above matter, that all persons interested therein, should be and appear before him at the court house in said county on the 18th day of April, 1902, at 9 a. m. to show cause why authority should not be granted to William Wilson, guardian of said Olive Wilson, an insane person, to execute to John H. McFarland and Edward Mixer, a deed to the following described premises situate in the County of Lancaster, State of Nebraska, to-wit: The north half of the north west quarter of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 32, town 10, north, range 7, east 6 P. M. Also the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 32, township and range aforesaid, containing in all seven a one-half acre more or less. All persons interested in said matter are hereby notified to appear before said judge on said date to show cause why said authority should not be granted according to the prayer of the petition filed in said matter on the 24th day of February, 1902.

Dated March 25th, 1902. WILLIAM WILSON, Guardian of Olive Wilson, an insane person. S. B. H. ATKINSON & DOTT, Attorneys.

JOYOUS EASTER TIDE.

On this happy occasion we take pleasure in extending to all



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

It is the time when all mankind rejoice; it is spring, and in the spring time our hearts turn to the brighter side of life. The birds begin to chirp and soon the beautiful flowers will show their radiant hues and all will be well.

Easter and Spring Cleaning

arrives about the same time this year. Easter will be past next week. Then comes house cleaning, new carpets, new furniture and new fixings generally.

The Lincoln Furniture Co., 1517 O STREET,

has taken steps in advance, and have laid in a most elegant stock of house furnishing goods, and it will be to their interest to offer you such goods and excellent values that you cannot fail to appreciate them. This line of goods embraces an extensive assortment of

Folding Beds, Draperies, Lace Curtains, 75 styles of Baby Carriages,

and nearly everything that is required for housekeeping. If you are hard up and have not all the money to pay for goods we'll trust you. Come and see us.



We keep in sight of all the people, swinging high o'er hill and steepie, Telling to each world and star, what our splendid bargains are. S. B. Nisbet fits the feet from a stock that is complete. Telling other worlds the news, where to purchase ladies' shoes. For the open the ball room or street wear, we show attractive

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