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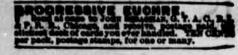
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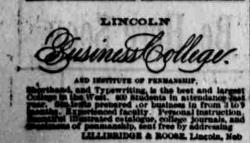
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SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

The Moving Story of a Mysterious Lot of Robberies in a Mining Camp, the Discovery of the Robber and the Pluck of

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Boggs was and, if he is living todayand I hope he is, for he was a modest, truthful man and an excellent guide-is a great-grandson of Daniel Boone.

Like his famous ancestor, and all the other male members of his father's and possibly his mother's family, Mr. Boggs was born on the frontier, and he firmly be lieved that the true object of life was to live in the wilderness, hunt deer for food when hungry and grizzlies and Indians when the nerves needed toning up.

But I mention Boggs for the purpose of introducing a little story which he told me one night, many years ago, out in the shadow of the San Francisco mountains, in northern Arizona.

shadow of the San Francisco mountains, in northern Arizona.

"No, sir," he said in answer to my question as to why he objected to living in settlements. "I can't stand 'em. Evertry it? Oh, yes, often, and each time I swar that I'll never try it again. The last time was over near Owen's lake, just on the edge of the Great Desert, east of the Sierges Makhe you'll go up that on yes, and ras. Mebbe you'll go up thar on yer surveys, and if you do you'll see whar Dead Squaw's Gulch—that's the place I'm a-tell-

in you of-uster be.



"I had a mighty good pard in them days, named Minty; but I reckon he's dead, for he was keerless about talk and firearms whenever he got on a spree, which was most every chance. Me and Minty was down at San Bernardino, when word comes that pay dirt was struck mighty rich up at Dead Squaw's Gulch, near Owen's lake. "We struck out to wunce, and when we got up that we found the diggins in full blast and every one chuck full of hope and a-talkin nights of callin the place 'Mountain City' instead of Dead Squaw's Gulch, which I'll allow hasn't a pleasant sound. We found tents and shacks built, and of course there was the usual gang of speakin gamblers—cuss 'em, how I do of speakin gamblers—cuss 'em, how I do
hate 'em—and thar was a grand Sierrs
saloon, whar keards were played and hard
whisky drunk at all hours, and a lot of

pore painted things in short skeerts danced at night.

"A mail route was opened to Los Angeles, but beyond that thar was no sign of law, and as a consekence we hed to open a graveyard up the hill, and most every mornin we planted some one which every mornin we planted some one who'd been killed down at the saloon the night before. If the killin had stopped then it out that honest, sober men, az had families at home, were being murdered in their cabins jest to rob them of the dust they'd

"'Bout this time Cap'n Bolton, who was a minin sharp and gin'ral specklater, kem to Dead Squaw's Gulch with his wife. The cap'n was a fine lookin man of forty, but, oh, my! what a reg'lar little beauty that oh, my! what a reg'lar little beauty that wife was, to be sure—and so innercent. The Boltons lived in a little cabin 'way off from ev'ry one else, but the cap'n was allus along to help on law and order, so when the honest miners began to be robbed and kilt we formed a vigilance committee, and as Cap'n Bolton—no one axed where he got his title—was a cap'n already, we 'lected him cap'n for keeps.

"All went mighty lovely for a little while. Then the killin and robbin began again, and Cap'n Bolton and the vigilantes.

gain, and Cap'n Bolton and the vigilantes was forever on a blind trail, and we was almost discouraged. We uster to send in our dust to Los Angeles with Mike Mullen, who carried the mail once a week on a buckboard. Mike had been a sojer, and he was brave as a grizzly and honest as a hull skyful of suns.

"Mike started off bright and early one "Mike started off bright and early one mornin to go to Los Angeles, a three days' trip, but he hadn't been gone more'n three hours when the horse with the buckboard kem a-tearin back to camp, with the mail bag and the gold dust gone, and Mike Mullen him a-dyin on the seat. 'Twas me and my pard that lifted the driver off, for he was nowerful bad shot and any man he was powerful bad shot, and any man but him would 'a' been dead. After we got a little whisky into him he opened his es and said:

eyes and said:

"Boys, 'twas Cap'n Bolton that laid for me and sprung on me unbeknownst down at the Divide. Say you'll do for him as he's did for me, and I'll die happy.'

"You can just gamble that we was all 'stonished, but we promised Mike, and then he said, 'I'm a-goin, boys!' and he went.

"Wa-al, we started down to Bolton's, but as we neared thar Mrs. Bolton came out with a rifle in her hand and axed what we wanted, and we said we wanted the cap'n most powerful bad. She said he was right down sick all night, and she'd thank us if we'd come some other time, so's not to 'sturb him. Then I up and told that we must have him, and she ran into the house, closed the door, and next thing we knowed two rifles was a-pointin at us through the

chinks, so we lit out. "All day we kept a watch on the cabin to see that the cap'n didn't escape, and as we had time on hand we made up bundles of dry sagetrush and wood, and when it kem dark we rolled 'em down, determined to smoke the cap'n out or to roast him in-

side. if so be he perfar'd that.

"All this time the two kept up a fire and three of our men were wounded, so when it kem night we was all just wild for revenge, but we didn't want to hurt the woman, though I'll allow she wasn't jest what we believed her when we worshiped the tracks of her little shoes in the sand. We wanted the can'n to come out and be We wanted the cap'n to come out and be decently hanged, but he said he'd see us all further first. Then we called to the wom-an; wild she 'lowed she'd stand by her hus-

"Wa-al, to make a long story short, my pard struck a light with his flint and seel, and as the pile was dry as powder,

ap she flared and Jashed, and we crept back to watch what followed. Soon we seed the woman a-runnin toward us a-shriekin, but when she came up she didn't faint, but sat down on a rock and watched the fire.

"The next morning thar was only an ash heap whar that cabin had been, and thar was no sign of a human thar; the cap'n had gone back to dust. But what do you sup-pose that 'ar woman did next?" and Boggs paused and began to fill his pipe.

"I suppose," I said at a venture, "that she secured the blackest dress the camp afforded, and then turned her back on Dead Squaw's Gulch."

"No, sir, she didn't do nothin of the kind.

She knowed that the cap'n had a great lot of gold dust about his clothes when he blazed out, so she waited till the ashes got good and cool; then she borrowed a tin dish

from me—what for, do you think?"
"Really, Boggs, I can't imagine,"
"Why, to gather up the captain's

"For burial?" "No, sir: for keeps. Why, she carried her husband's ashes down to the crik, and she panned 'em out as cool as you please. And the man that married her the follerin week said she made right smart by the

That Old Frontiersman.

There were a half dozen men, all rich and jolly, sitting in the Hoffman House cafe the other night discussing the Chicago fair, when a tall man with long gray hair and beard, buckskin pants, a broad, but rather dilapidated slouch hat and other signs of time and adversity stood before

"By Jove!" whispered one as the appari-tion halted, "it looks as if the ghost of Cooper's Leatherstocking had come back

"Pardon me, gents, fo' interruptin of you," said the old man with a self depreca tory manner and an intonation that sug gested the frontier of the dead past, "but if so be my ears didn't deceive me. I beerd

you a-talkin 'bout Shecago?"
"Yes, my friend," responded Colone!
Ochiltree, "that is the subject we had
under discussion. Can you throw any light on it?"

"Throw any light on it?" repeated the old man, with a laugh so bollow as to sug gest his being empty to the tips of his toes.
"Why, 'way back in 1831, when Shecago
was the name of a krik, and not much of a
krik nuther, and the settlement was called Fort Dearbord, I was out that as a hunter and interpreter."
"Great Scott!" cried one, "that is sixty

years ago! "Prezactly sixty year ago," said the

"And you were there then?"
"I was, stranger," and the old man drew
himself proudly up.
"Why, how old are you?"

"A-risin eighty-one

"You don't look it." "No, stranger; but they say a man is as old as he feels, and I feel sometimes, more particklar duce I've come on har to see the east, from which my uncle tuk me as a orphan boy of six, as if I could give old Methusala pints on age. Any of you gents ever hear of old Beaubien?"

He looked over the rosy and now interested faces about the table without getting

a response, and then proceeded:
"Old Beaubien was a Frenchman, and he had a trading store in my early days right near the mouth of Chicago krik, and any one might have had all the land in sight for fencin it in, but there wasn't any fencin stuff in sight. Then there was old Colonel Owen-ever hear of him?" "Not of your Colonel Owen," said the

Phoebus baired Texan. "Wa'al, he was the fust Injun agent out thar, and you ken jist bet he made it pay. Why, I can rekmember the fust tavern, shanty, and the guests slept outdoors from choice. Then there was old General Brady. ever hear of him?"

"No."
"Nor of Jedge Bell?"

"Nor the hanging of Si Lunt?"

"Then, strangers, you don't none of you know Shecago like me. And let me say, gents, that whin that big fair comes off that ar city will be the biggest and most wonderful part of the great show. Pardor the intrusion of a poor old frontiersman. for that's all I've got to say.'

The old man was about to hurry away when Tom Ochiltree laid a restraining hand on his arm, while another pass around the hat, into which at least twenty dollars was dropped.

A few nights after this I chanced into down town place where the same old man was telling an interested crowd of his experience in southern prisons during the war. He declared that he was only fifty-two years of age, but privation had made him old before his time.

"The Top Rail."

"Yes," said the captain, who was a veteran trooper, "I, almost blush when I recall how little mercy our boys showed during the war for chicken coops and fence rails, and let me say the Confederates resembled the men in blue in that respect.

"But, after all, I don't think we should blame men who, tired out with a long march, preferred dry and convenient fence rails to green and uncut timber.

"Of course, our superior officers tried to stop the destruction of the fences. Daniel O'Connell, to illustrate the effect of wealth on courts of law, said he could drive a coach and four through any act of parliament,' and ! often think of that when I recalled how our boys got over the orders against burning fence rails.

Seeing the men would have rails, General Buell issued an order commanding that henceforth only such rails should be burned as 'were found broken!' Well, the boys were tickled. One gang went ahead and religiously broke the rails, and another crowd followed and gathered in the pieces—all in accordance with orders. "Seeing that the 'broken rail' rule de-

feated itself, the general put on his think-ing cap, and by way of a compromise between the soldier and fence owner, he saued an order that 'hereafter only the top rails of a fence shall be taken for fuel.' Then the boys fairly roared with delight: for, don't you see, there must always be 'a top rail' so long as there are two? After that there were no more rail orders, and there were not so many rails burned." ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Love of the Dog. Ouida, the novelist, writes: "The sym-pathy of your dog is unfailing, unobtru-sive. If you are sad, so is he: and if you are merry, none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor. The attachment of the dog to man outweighs and almost obliter ates attachment in him to his own race. There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the callousness with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog; he will follow his master to the grave and sometimes lie on it."

HIS SUNDAY CLOTHES.

Something cur'ous in his air,
Sheepy look about his eyes;
Gone an pompadoured his hair,
Got on one e' dad's best ties.
Wonder if he's guin to town?
Prinked enough, the goodness knows!
Somethin's brewin, I'll be boun—
John's got on his Sunday clo'es.

Washed his hands with extry care, Shaved himself from ears to throat, Curled his mus-tache, I declarel Pinned a rosebud on his coat. Face shines like the harvest moon, Puttin powder on his nose. Somethin's boun to happen soon— John's got on his Sunday clo'es.



Usual clo'es a suit of Jean,
Hat a broad brimmed wideawake,
Biggest boots was ever seen,
Hands worn hard by hoe and raket
Now his shoes are shinin black, Small and narrow at the toes An on Wednesday, cur'ous fac'l John's got on his Sunday clo'es.

Pretty girl at Turtle Brook. With a mild, angelic look Fit to enter heaven with. Yellow hair and hazel eye,

Cheeks as red as any rose Guess she knows the reason why John's got on his Sunday clo'es. —New York Evening Sun.

Called the Bet, but Got Left. Some years ago an English engineer, now prominent in the official management of one of our great railroads, was superintending the construction of a new road in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening he strolled into the "settin room" of the country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and

A regular down east Yankee was ex-pounding the remarkable strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by pawing a

half bushel measure.

"You ain't no idee," said he, "how strong the arch is, if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now there's the egg; nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and if you set i right it's mighty strong. Why I kin set an egg on this floor in such shape that ye can't break it with this half bushel

A general murmur of sneering disbeliet ran around the room, but the Yankee was

"I said I kin, and I kin, and I'll bet the drinks for the crowd on it."

The engineer hated a Yankee, and though a reserved man, he could not permit a Yan-kee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said:
"I will 'ake that bet,"

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it and stood it upon the floor in the corner of the room, where the measure reach.

The engineer did not even attempt to fil. a square corner with a round measure, but paid for the drinks and retired, sadder and wiser. - Cassier's Magazine.

He Was Wise.

There's at least one lawyer in Detroit who has his doubts about the immortality of buman affairs, and he is a serious man with a wife. It is his custom to put on his office door, when he is going out tem porarily, notices somewhat of this charac

"Gone to lunch; back in half an hour."
"Gone to court; back in three hours." "Gone out to see a man; back in ten min-

And so on, as the circumstances may require, and as he is a prompt man, callers are generally successful in waiting for him. One day last week a caller found this on his door,

"Gone shopping with my wife; back the Lord only knows when." The caller being a married man himself didn't wait; neither did four ladies who called in a body, for they were going shop ping themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Investment. "It has cost you a good deal to put your son through college?" "Yes."

"Do you think it is likely to pay you?" "Well, I expect so. He has already received one offer from a professional base ball club."—New York Press.

"Harry," remarked a Cass avenue wife to her husband, "what is your financial

state this morning?" "It isn't a state at all, my dear," he said turning his pockets inside out, "it isn't anything more than a territory."—Detroit

In the Shadow of His Uncle.

Mr. Hogarty-I see they have invented s watch in which you can't see the works. Mr. Dougherty-That's nothing. My watch and chain have been invisible ever since last year's races.—Jewelers' Weekly An Embarrassing Question.

First Actress-Why, haven't you heard, dear? I'm engaged for one of the princicipal parts in "Beauty and the Beast."
Second Actress—How nice! And who plays Beauty?—London Tit-Bits.

The Long and Short of It.

"Isn't that bathing suit a regular work of art?" exclaimed Clara admiringly, as she held up the article in question.
"Oh, no." responded Jack: "art is long."
—Kate Field's Washington. Points of Resemblance. Rivers—You flater me, Banks. I remind you of Dr. Jekyll, do 1?

Hyde.-Chicago Tribune. A Warm Reception. She--With what were you particularly truck when you first went on the stage? He-Two bricks and a cabbage.-Har-

vard Lampoon.

Banks-Yes. You are so much like

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