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Illustration of a man in a suit, likely Dr. T. O'Connor.

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CONVICTED THE COURT.

A California Jury Finds the Judge Guilty of Contempt of Court. (Special Correspondence.) AUBURN, Cal., April 23.—The California jury and the California judge have not stopped their good work of doing ludicrous things for the rest of the world to laugh at. The finding of an Auburn jury is one of their latest feats of absurdity.

The Southern Pacific company, being much pestered by brake boys, tourists, got a law passed by the legislature making it a criminal offense to steal transportation on a railroad car. The first arrest was made in this town when a brakeman discovered a hungry and dirty tramp coiled up on the brake beam, where he had ridden across the mountains. The tramp was tried before a jury on the charge of having stolen a ride on a railroad car, and the jury after due deliberation returned a verdict of not guilty because the stolen article was not found in his possession.

There is one judge in this country who has the reputation of making the jurists under him work very hard. He is extremely severe upon them, and no man will serve a second time on a jury under Judge — if he can possibly help it. He was holding court in a country school house and the jury, who were all farmers, began to be very restive. But there was not much prospect of their being allowed to go home for some time unless they took matters into their own hands. The judge's instructions upon the case then under consideration had been plainly for a verdict of guilty. But without deliberation they abruptly returned a verdict of not guilty, and added that they had found the judge guilty of contempt of court and sentenced him to be confined in the school house for three weeks. And then they made a rush for the door, locked it and fled, leaving the court to climb out at the window as best it could.

In another mountain town not far from here there is a lawyer who is very unpopular with both bench and bar on account of his domineering and quarrelsome disposition. He is locally famous for his unusual faculty of browbeating witnesses into saying things they don't intend to say and badgering them into tempers and inconsistencies. One day he had in hand a big and muscular witness, upon whom he was practicing his usual methods.

Suddenly the witness stopped, deliberately took off his coat, squared off and began giving the browbeating lawyer a tremendous licking. The sheriff interfered, and after a few minutes order was restored.

The judge, a white haired and usually mild mannered old gentleman, was purple with anger. Shaking his fist at the sheriff, he shouted: "The next time, sir, that you interfere when anybody is licking that man I'll fine you for contempt of court!" F. F. K.

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

It Recalls Reminiscences of Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow. (Special Correspondence.) HARRISBURG, Tenn., April 28.—East Tennessee is rich in places of historical interest, and hundreds of tourists from northern states make pilgrimages to them. Elizabethton, in the Watanga valley, is one of the most interesting localities in the state. It is an old town, started in 1797. Near the village stands the modest home of Andrew Johnson and an old sycamore tree is pointed to visitors to the town, under which first court ever held in the state held. N. G. Taylor and Landon Haynes were born here.

There is an incident connected with Andrew Johnson's death that has never been printed. In front of his old house runs the Watanga river. The water is swift and the ford deep and dangerous. A man was taking a drove of cattle across and Mr. Johnson, who stood in his doorway watching them, noticed that some of the cattle were getting into very deep water and were in danger of drowning. He became somewhat excited by his efforts to attract the driver's attention, and his old neighbors say that the exertion and excitement brought on the stroke of apoplexy that caused his death.

Just above the village on Doe river are the ruins of an iron furnace once owned and operated by Parson Brownlow's father-in-law—O. Bryan. A large tree is now growing up through the old stack. Elizabethton used to be a tough town, but a new generation has arisen and there has been a marked improvement. Local option was adopted and works well.

Every reader of war history, and those who remember the stirring events of that period will recall the trials and dangers through which the loyal men of east Tennessee passed. Near the village of Elizabethton lives one of the bravest and truest of those patriots—Dan Ellis. He is said to have killed more Confederates with his own hand during the war than any other one man. For more than four years he scouted through the mountains, often in sight of his own home, and yet in all that time he dared not sleep under his own roof. He piloted over 5,000 loyalists to the Union lines during the war, and was such a disturbing element to the Confederates that they made a standing offer of \$5,000 for him, dead or alive. Dan is still hearty and vigorous, and talks about his thrilling adventures very interestingly. Just below the village is Sycamore shoals, where the gallant Sevier and his band of loyal men rendezvoused before they started to King's mountain.

Microscopic Minute. Some investigator, with the aid of a powerful microscope and lots of leisure, has learned a great many things about worms and insects, among others that the common caterpillar has 4,000 muscles in his body; that the drone bee's eyes each contain 1,300 mirrors and that the large prominent eyes of the brilliant dragon flies are each furnished with 38,000 polished lenses.

A Buzz at the Bumbles'.

Mr. Bumble—Ah! How lovely the air is this morning! Mrs. Bumble, there is no time like the merry, merry spring. It is all joy, all sweetness.

Mrs. Bumble—Yes, indeed it is, John. It is so beautiful out that I think I'll do a little shopping this morn'g. Mr. Bumble—Oh, there you go! I no sooner begin to be happy than you open the gates of Paradise and let the serpent of shopping enter.

Mrs. Bumble—He crawls over the walls, John. He is the serpent of necessity. I can't wear winter clothing through the warm seasons, and the children are simply in rags.

Mr. Bumble—The same old plea. Those children have three suits where I have one. Mrs. Bumble—But there are three children, John, so why shouldn't they?

Mr. Bumble—That's a regular woman's argument, and I suppose you think it is very smart. But I'll tell you, Mrs. Bumble, when I was a boy I had to wear my father's old clothes cut down.

Mrs. Bumble—Very well. If you desire me to, I will cut up your brown suit for you. Mr. Bumble—Why, what do you take me for? My brown suit and the one I have on are the whole extent of my wardrobe. You must be crazy!

Mrs. Bumble—It was your suggestion, John. You said your father's clothes were cut down for you, and I simply took the hint.

Mr. Bumble—Oh, yes, that's you all over. Blame it on me. Wouldn't you like to take my fur cap and cut it down to make a sock in season for you? Or my overcoat to make a piano cover? Or my old rubber boots to make a waterproof cloak for the housemaid? You women are always cutting down something to fit something else—except expenses. You'd never cut down expenses to fit an income. I'll warrant.

Mrs. Bumble—Well, I'm very sorry, John, but we all need clothes, and we must have them, now that the spring is here. Mr. Bumble—Oh, hush, spring! It's a beastly season anyhow. Here's tendoll—Mrs. Bumble—I don't want it, John. I've saved enough to supply our wants.

Mr. Bumble—Saved! Saved enough! Well, I declare! Here I've been scraping and scraping all this month to pay you your allowance, and here I find you a mill— But never mind—never mind. You irritate me beyond endurance, but I'll bring you an example of patient suffering. I won't say a word more—and—Mary, you might get me a red silk necktie while you are about it, and—I say—lend me twenty dollars, will you? I haven't a cigar or a bottle of wine left in the house.—Harper's Bazar.

Didn't Know Him.

"Excuse me, madam, but I think I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday." "No: I never go to the Zoo."—Judy.

Racy Retorts.

The gift of quick wit and ready resource of language, necessary to all who would bestow upon a worthy opponent the retort courteous or pungent, is a comparatively rare one.

There are, however, many instances on record which prove that some persons have possessed this gift in a high degree.

John Wesley was once accosted on a very narrow pathway by an extremely arrogant clerical opponent, who said, "I never make way for a fool." Wesley at once stepped aside with a courteous bow, and remarked as he passed on, "I always do."

A charming little story is also told concerning Fontenelle, who, when nearly ninety years old, was taking a walk and was about to pass, without perceiving her, a lady friend possessed of great beauty.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady: "that is your gallantry, then! To pass before me without even looking at me!" "If I had looked at you, madam," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all."

The following true incident serves to show how retorts of the most caustic kind may sometimes be uttered almost unconsciously. A good living but rather severe clergyman, whose worldly daughter had recently offended him by a fresh act of misconduct, saluted her one day with the greeting:

"Good morning, child of the evil one!" To which came the natural but crushing response:

"Good morning, father!"

A pompous parish priest felt his dignity greatly offended by a chubby faced youth who was passing without removing his hat.

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you should pass me in that unmanly way? You are better fed than taught, I think, sir."

"Maybe it is so, minister," replied he of the chubby face, "for you teaches me, but I feeds meself."—London Tit-Bits.

Male Vanity.

It was at a ball and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked. "That's utterly impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject was changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked: "The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a search expression of countenance at his vest.—Texas Siftings.

At the Circus.

Masher—I say, is it absolutely necessary that every clown should have such a silly face?

Clown—Decidedly! Now if, for instance, I had your face I would get my employer to double my wages instanter.—Kölnische Volkszeitung.

The Proof.

Auctioneer—This valuable antique article of furniture is a Queen Anne chair. Gentleman—It doesn't look like it. Auctioneer (angrily)—If you doubt my word I can produce the man who made it.—Tit-Bits.

Public Servants.

Inquiring Child—Why do the papers call office holders public servants? Mother—Because they are paid so much and do so little.—Good News.

Illustrating a Point.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you interested in this noble work," said the rector, addressing the Children's Foreign Mission society. "These poor heathens know nothing of our ways of life. They live in rude huts, dress in the skins of animals and never go to school or to church. They have never heard the blessed Gospel, and you can help to spread the good news among them."

"You can scarcely form an idea of what they are or how they live," he continued. "Why, children, these poor people are as black—as black—as—why, children, they're as black as the ace of spades!"

Two big boys on the front seat snickered and an audible smile ran through the elder portion of the congregation, while poor Dr. Tenthly got red and white by turns and gave out a hymn to relieve the general embarrassment.—Detroit Tribune.

A Man of Force.

Dentist—And I can give you gas for a dollar and save all pain. Old Man Dobbs—Pshaw! I ain't afraid. (To his wife.) Sit right down, Matilly, and have her yanked.—Binghamton Leader.

Advanced Mathematics.

Few things make a man more agreeably independent of other people's opinions than a lofty estimate of his own abilities. Caesar was a middle aged negro living in a small Massachusetts town, who possessed this soothing quality of self esteem to a remarkable degree. He was what is called "a good hand at odd jobs," but his principal occupation was that of a wood Sawyer.

One day he was sawing wood in the side yard of a favorite "customah," and the ten-year-old son of the house was watching him with much enjoyment, listening at the same time to the words of wisdom which Caesar was always letting fall.

"I tell yo' w'at, Mas'r Ned," remarked Caesar, "I've paid a high compulment to yo' ma, comin' hyar today, as I done—a high compulment. I've done gone lost more'n fifteen dollahs comin' hyar today, Mas'r Ned!"

"Why, how's that, Caesar?" inquired the boy, much impressed. "W'y, yo' see, dah was six oder people w'at wanted me. I reckon dat 'ud make fifteen dollahs, Mas'r Ned. An I dis'pointed ev'ry one of 'em jist for yo' ma!"

"But, Caesar," said Ned, "you never earn more than \$2.50 in a day, and you couldn't have worked for but one of them anyway, could you?" "How odd is you, Mas'r Ned?" inquired Caesar, pausing for a moment.

"Ten years old last November," said the boy. "An yo' expects to un'erstand all do de ins and outs ob arithmetic at yo' age, sonny! De ch'il'en ob de present age is simply 'sprisin'!"

And Caesar resumed his work with an air which discouraged further questions.—Youth's Companion.

Too Suggestive.

Artist (for daily newspaper)—Here is a proof of your portrait as it will appear in the paper tomorrow morning. Alderman from the "Seventh Ward"—What's all that behind the picture? Artist—That is merely the background. It is a kind of shading we call cross hatching.

Alderman—Young man, I don't want anything like that in my picture. Those lines look like an iron grating.—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriate.

An eminent divine on returning from B—, where he had officiated at a funeral, was horrified to find his son of three summers had drowned two blooded puppies in the bathtub, set at liberty several choice canaries, smothered four kittens in the ash barrel, hung a pet rabbit to a doorknob and beheaded a whole brood of little, fluffy, downy ducklings.

The reverend gentleman was filled with consternation, but when sufficiently recovered to trust himself to speak, called the little culprit to him, where lay the dead victims side by side. "Sammy," said he, "what is going to be done?" "Well," after a slight hesitation, "me sood sine a fu'nel sermon very 'prop'ate."—Harper's Bazar.

No Way Out of It.

Strawber—How does it happen that you haven't a dress suit, old man? I thought you had one. Singlerly—I did. But I was traveling in a Pullman car the other day and gave it to the porter. Strawber—What on earth did you do that for? Singlerly—What else could I do? He found out that I had it with me.—Life.

A Hint to Movers.

A colored man who was hunting a house to move into was asked if he paid his rent to his former landlord. "Yes, sah," he said rather hesitatingly. "Can't you get a recommendation?" "Oh, yes, sah, I can get Mr. Smith, my landlord, to give me a recommendation." "How do you know you can?" "Oh, I know I can, 'cause he wants me to get out."—Texas Siftings.

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AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Truly, it was an enchanting scene, so bright, so beautiful and novel withal, that I walked about with curious delight, forgetful of all the means which enabled me to intrude upon the fishes' domain, until I was brought to my senses by a sharp jerk on the life-line, this being an interrogation from Jack as to whether I was all right. I answered in a similar way and, as I did so, a familiar object caught my eye in the shape of the "Burlington Route" trade mark. It was exquisitely painted on a little ledge of rock and I could plainly read the flaming announcement of their new express trains and the remarkable time being made between Denver, Lincoln, Omaha and Chicago. "Ye gods!" I cried, "What enterprise! An advertisement even here! Is there no place on earth or under the waters where this wonderful Railroad is unknown?"

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