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INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

The Exciting Adventure of a Federal Captain and His Orderly Who Ventured Into the Mysterious Labyrinth of Mammoth Cave Without a Guide.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)

Captain Poe, of Cincinnati, with his troop was sent north from Bowling Green and ordered to remain "at or near Cave City till further orders."

As every one should know, the limestone region of southern Kentucky is honey-combed with caves, and during the late war these caves were frequently the hiding places of friend and foe.

Mammoth cave, one of the natural wonders of the modern world, is only an hour's drive from the railroad at Cave City, and Captain Poe, who had long been anxious to see this famous "hole in the ground," decided to avail himself of his proximity to it to pay it a visit.

"I will go over early in the morning," he said to First Lieutenant Pratt, who was to remain back to command of the troop, "and I'll be back before sundown."

"There are no guides at the cave now, so you must be careful," said Lieutenant Pratt. "Oh, I'll not go in very far. I know all the eccentricities of the place, and will go in but a short distance. Mike Finn, my orderly, is the only man I'll take along; he has been through Diamond cave and knows all about such places," said the captain confidently.

The next morning he and Orderly Finn rode off for the cave, carrying with them, in addition to lights and food, their arms, for John Morgan was at that time showing a most pernicious activity along the line of the Louisville and Nashville road.

On reaching the entrance to the cave Captain Poe and his man dismounted and concealed their horses in the woods some distance away. Then they cut poles on which to fasten the candles they had brought with them and started in, confident they were about to enjoy one day's peace.

A man who has climbed one great mountain is certainly better qualified to climb another great mountain than a man who has had no such experience, but in the matter of caves former experience counts for little. It is impossible to get a substitute for a good local guide, but evidently Captain Poe and Mike Finn were not of this opinion.

The provisions and lights were divided, candles were fastened to the poles, and then the two men left the warm sunlight and disappeared within the narrow and unpromising portal that gives access to halls vaster and grander than were ever carved by human hands.



"We can do a few miles of the cave by noon," said the captain as they went down; "then we'll get lunch and return in time to get back to camp before sunset."

"Faith, that'll be as easy as fallin' off a log," said Mike Finn. "Shure I was down in Diamond cave for more'n six hours, and only a nigger for a guide, and I knew it that well before I came out that I'd not be skart to go through from ind to ind blind-folded. Them caves is like iv'rythin else—it's all in bein used to their ways."

This confidence encouraged the captain greatly, for as the cold air beat into his face and he saw the light of his torch forcing a thin pathway through the awful blackness that rose before him like a wall, his curiosity was not so keen nor his confidence in himself so great as when he started out that morning.

They passed the anteroom, with its smoked walls and its floor littered with the debris of a thousand convivial parties who had preceded them in the good old days before the war.

Then they started down the grand avenue, but before doing so Captain Poe, who was noted in the army for his prudence and forethought, tied the end of a big ball of wrapping twine to a rock and paid it out as he went on.

"It was by just such a contrivance as that string," he replied to Mike Finn, "that the mysteries and intricate convolutions of the famous Labyrinth of Crete were discovered."

"You don't tell me so, son," cried Mike, with all the earnestness of a man just in receipt of a thrilling item of news.

Down the grand avenue the black shadows fled from their front to settle behind them in a blacker wall.

The fall of their feet woke up the sleeping echoes. Bats dropped from the roof and their cold, clammy wings brushed the bronzed faces of the troopers and made them pallid.

On to the Great Hall, whose ceiling was lifted too high to be reached by the light of their torches, save where here and there from the drooping ends of snowy stalactites the light flashed back as if refracted into prismatic lines by mighty diamonds.

On again to the Bridal Chamber, the ball of twine growing less in size, but the trail still well defined by fragments of exhausted torches and an occasional empty bottle.

Wonder banished anxiety from the hearts of captain and man, and they spoke in whispers, as if afraid to wake up the sleeping genius of this sunless palace.

They crept through Fat Man's Misery, of which the captain had often heard; then they rested their torches against a rock, and as it was high noon in the upper world they ate their lunch, ate everything—for as they were going back immediately it would be foolish to burden themselves with what was left.

At length they reached the Star Chamber, at least that was what the captain called it, and here they came literally to "the end of their rope."

The string was fastened to a rock in a place which they agreed they could find very easily and then they started in to explore this wonderful chamber. At length the captain looked at his watch. "Three o'clock, Finn!" he exclaimed.

"By Jove, we must be getting back or night will catch us!"

"Shure it's always and forever and a day night down here," said Mike. But now to find the string. They searched and they searched, and they searched without success, till there were only two candles left. Then filled with desperation and horror they started down an avenue that "looked as if it might lead in the right direction."

Up a mountain of sharp rocks they clambered, then down the other side, till they came to a sudden halt and drew back with their hair on end, for the awful black depths of the bottomless pit yawned before them.

At this juncture the last quarter inch of the last candle fell and was extinguished. "May all the saints protect us, captain dear!" groaned the Finn, "for it's my avenue that is in a devil of a box."

Our language was constructed in the world where there is a great deal of light, and so it has no terms at all adequate to describe the impenetrable blackness in which these two men found themselves.

They were away from the world, buried in a Stygian darkness far down in the bowels of the earth, and there was no guile within reach that their companions could send to their rescue.

The captain discharged his pistol and the echoes rolled down through far away caves, like the ceaseless discharges of receding artillery, till swallowed up in profound, far away depths.

The men were afraid to move, for a stone, loosened by their advance, had leaped into the bottomless pit, and as no sound came back they reasoned that it must be still falling, and they did not care to risk themselves near the awful edge.

No pen could give a fair picture of the long, black hours that followed. The captain's watch ran down. Hunger and thirst tortured them. Then came an irresistible yearning for sleep, and as they closed their heavy lids they shook hands like men who are never to wake again.

But fifty-eight hours after the last light went out they did wake up to find torches flashing in their faces and Lieutenant Pratt and a colored man who "knew the cave" leaning over them.

They were fed and led out to the light, and Mike Finn echoed the captain's sentiments when he said: "Be jabers, ye'll never find me in a hole in the ground agin—till I'm buried for good!"

The Origin of "Grog." "Yes," said the old captain, as he laid down his pipe and took a swig of the steaming punch set conveniently near his right hand, "the navy has given some very comforting words to the English language. Ever hear the phrase 'tapping the admiral'?"

We thought we had, but were not quite sure. "Well, to this day in the navy, when one sailor wants another to come off and have a drink of rum with him, he is apt to say 'Let's go tap the admiral.'"

"This is how it came about: When Admiral Nelson was killed at the sea fight of Trafalgar there was no means of embalming the body, for the rule was to bury all dead sailors at sea; but every one knew this wouldn't work in the case of Lord Nelson. Now, down between decks there was a hoghead of prime old rum that had been recently taken aboard, so after some debate the doctors decided to put the body into this.

"While living the admiral liked his grog as well as the next man, but as he was dead this could not account for the fact that when the ship that bore the body home reached London it was found that pretty much all the rum had vanished.

"After a long examination it was discovered that the sailors placed as a guard about the cask had regularly tapped it. This also accounted for the tipsy behavior of the men. From that day to this every old sailor knows what 'tapping the admiral' means.

"Then there is the word 'grog,' and a fine sound it has, just like liquor pouring from the neck of a bottle and splashing to get to the bottom. Look in all the dictionaries and you'll find it, proud as you please and large as life. That word originated in the navy, and it came about in this way:

"Ever hear of Admiral Vernon? No? Well, I think you will say 'Yes' when I tell you he was the early friend of George Washington, and Mount Vernon was afterward named in his honor; so you may be sure he was a very fine man. His sailors loved him, for it was he who insisted on giving them a double ration of rum in the winter, but he also insisted that it should be drunk mixed with water.

"Admiral Vernon used to wear a big grogskin coat in wet weather, and so the sailors, in pure love and affection, nick named him 'Old Grog,' and gradually the name was changed to designate his favorite beverage—rum and water.

"So you see, gentlemen, the navy has contributed its share to the comforting words of the English language, and if you give her time she'll add some more," and the captain finished his glass and resumed his pipe.

A Grammatical Point. Judge Wilson, of Kentucky, is a fine lawyer, a parist in the use of English, and withal very fond of a joke, particularly if it is not directed against himself.

Tom Roberts practices a good deal before Judge Wilson, and rather prides himself on being a self-made man, and as he has pushed his way to the front without a college education, he is apt to look upon scholars as entirely "too finicky and theoretical."

Recently, when pleading a case before his friend, Mr. Wilson said: "And now, may I please your honor, I'll conclude my argument tomorrow, unless you will kindly consent to set it aside for me on this evening."

Here was Judge Wilson's chance, and he could not let it slip without notice. "Hens set, sir, and judges sit."

"Very well," laughed Roberts, "I stand corrected, and I hope your honor will sit long enough to hear me out."

Not long after this the judge, while giving an opinion, remarked: "Under the circumstances, as stated, I do not think an action will lay."

"I beg your honor's pardon," said Roberts, quick as a flash, "up in the mountains whar I was riz we allow that hens lay and actions be."

"And in saying so," responded the blushing judge, "you have laid closer to the truth than at any time since you began this case." ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Stone of the Tortoise. The brain of the tortoise was supposed at one time to contain a wonderful stone, which was discarded in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tongue would produce prophetic inspiration.—Queries Magazine.

Jane Scrimshaw lived in London during the reign of eight sovereigns, from Elizabeth to Anne. Of her 127 years eighty of them were spent in an almshouse.

She Was Sympathetic. A couple of Detroit men were talking about their respective wives the other day at the club.

"You have a very sympathetic wife, I should say," remarked one. "I don't know about that," hesitated the other.

"Well, I only judge by what I saw from my house the other morning when you slipped and fell on the steps as you were coming out with her. Why, I saw her actually crying over it."

The other man didn't look pleased at all. "Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "She cried, but not over my injuries. I sat down flat on that confounded dog of hers."

"Indeed! I didn't hear him howl." "Well, I should say not. The dog weighs—or did weigh—two pounds, and I weigh 200."—Detroit Free Press.

No Comparison. In the background: "I hear you are going to marry Miss Bullion. I should think you would marry Goldie Stealing; she is just as rich and much younger."

"Yes, my dear boy; but Miss Bullion's papa is much older."—Life.

A Romance of the Period. "Mildred," passionately exclaimed the young man, throwing himself upon his knees, "hear me! For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have never been absent from my thoughts one moment. The contemplation of a future unshared with you would drive me to despair—to suicide! Listen! For more than a week I have been troubled with insomnia, the uncertainty, the horrible fear that I may fail to win your affections has oppressed me by day and banished sleep from my eyes at night. For more than a week I have not slept! With straining eyeballs I have tossed on my restless couch and—"

"Harold," interposed the gentle girl, with tears of compassion in her eyes, "I should consider myself the most heartless of women if I could look unmoored upon your sufferings when a word from me can banish them. If you are troubled with insomnia, Harold, you will find instant and certain relief by using Heavyside's Celebrated Nerve Squalcher, price fifty cents a bottle, for sale by all druggists, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, testimonials on application, delays are dangerous, life is precious and what is life without sleep, send for sample, if used according to directions will cure in twenty-four hours, mention this paper."—Chicago Tribune.

He Got the Right Girl. Briggs—"That was a narrow escape Bildegate had, wasn't it? You know he was just about to marry a girl when he found that she spent \$1,500 a year on her dresses. Griggs—"Yes, but he's married all the same."

Briggs—"True, but he didn't marry that one?" Griggs—"He didn't; who did he marry, then?" Briggs—"Her dressmaker."—Cloak Review.

A Remarkable Feat. Tottling—Young McWatty is as strong as any of these Herculeses who travel in the shows. Dimling—"Is that so?" Tottling—"Yes. He can break a railroad sandwich in two as easily as he can twist a horseshoe out of shape."—Detroit Free Press.

Unpromising Futures. First Tramp—"There ain't goin to be no good livin for our profession in the future, I'm afraid." Second Tramp—"Blow me! 'ow's that?" First Tramp—"It's this 'ere civilization. These cookin schools is teachin gals 'ow to use up the cold vittles."—Drake's Magazine.

Farraching. "I think Henrietta's voice should be cultivated abroad," said mamma. "All right," said the papa, "but she's certainly long enough to get to Europe without Henrietta's having to leave home."—Harper's Bazar.

The Death of Patti's Dog. "Sing to him, Nicolini, for I am weary now; I fear that he is dying, my precious, bald bow-wow!" I cannot sing the songs I used to warble in his ear. My voice is cracked with agony, my heart is filled with fear.

See! See! the sweat of death already stands upon his brow; Sing, Nic, as you do love me, to my hairless doggie now." Thus pleaded peerless Patti as she viewed her hairless pup. And saw that death was rapidly a doing of him up. Her famous million dollar voice was twisted and awry; Her lids fell; red with weeping and one fear stood in each eye. She wrung her hands in agony, she tore her beautiful hair, As she gazed upon her hairless pet, so naked bald and bare. Then Nicolini raised his voice and roared a mighty roar And sang unto that hairless dog as ne'er he'd sung before.

Of comrades and the picture that is turned toward the wall; He warbled "That is Love" and many another. At last he sang the song that goes ta-ra-boom-de-ay. A shiver shook the hairless dog, he heaved a long drawn sigh; Just once or twice he gasped, and then he closed each little eye. Then stiffened out each slender leg, likewise his slender tail; And Patti, noting all these things, wailed forth a wailful wail. But doggie heeded not her woe; he lay still on his bed— The hairless dog from Mexico was numbered with the dead.

And Nicolini smiled a smile, sinister, cruel, grim; Then blazed out through his thickest teeth. "There, I have done for him." —Arthur Lucas in Chicago Herald.

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