

1892

After Easter

Comes

House Cleaning.

A. M. Davis & Co

Sell Carpets

You Know the Place.



USE HOWARD'S CREAM OF ROSES. The most exquisite preparation for the skin. Cleans, Chapped Hands, Chafed or Itching Skin. Removes Tan and Freckles.

WOMAN

is the pivot upon which Trade Turns.

A number of years ago I suggested to one of my clients that he place an advertisement for goods used exclusively by women in a paper supposed to be read exclusively by women. The advertisement appeared; it continued in that paper several consecutive years. The actual cash sales, coming directly from that advertisement, were two or three times as great, reckoning proportionate cost, than came from the same advertisement in any of the hundred papers my client was advertising in. Since then I have made these experiments many times, until I believe I have a right to claim that the experiment has passed into fact.—Nathl. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Expert.

The COURIER is the favorite journal among the ladies of Lincoln and adjacent country. Plant your announcements in its columns and reap best results.

Remember that the best route to Chicago from Lincoln (through Omaha) is via the "Rock Island." The Dining Cars are all new and elegant; the service everybody knows is the best in the United States. Have newer and better Sleepers, handsome Day Coaches, best Boulling Chair Cars, and the train is new and the handsmen that runs from Lincoln to Chicago (via Omaha). If you want to be convinced of this fact, compare it with other so-called first-class lines. Tickets for sale by CHAS. RUTHERFORD, City Passenger Agent, in the Hotel "Lincoln."

BE A MAN

APOLD WAS A PERFECT MAN. BE A MAN. THE NEW BOOK. THE MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

SHE COULD RUN.

But Mr. Didnt Know It Until Afterward.

The Rev. H. W. Pierson, D. D., was for many years a traveling agent of the American Bible society in the southwest. For a part of that time he rode a horse of which he was justly proud, and of which he speaks again and again, always in terms of eulogy, in his volume of reminiscences, "In the Brush." One night he arrived at a celebrated watering place. A four horse stagecoach drove up at the same time, and Dr. Pierson noticed the eyes of the driver and the passengers fixed admiringly upon his Jenny. The colporteur entered the hotel, registered his name—without prefix—and went to the washroom. As he finished his ablutions and stood wiping his face, the stage driver burst into the room in great excitement.

"Mr. Pierson," he said, "will you allow your horse to run? The money is up, and we'll have a race if you'll only say the word."

As he spoke he shook in the agent's face a mass of bank bills drawn through his fingers after the manner of gamblers in those parts.

Mr. Pierson was started to hear his name pronounced in this way by a stranger, but bethought himself at once of the hotel register. Just then a servant appeared with his saddlebag, waiting to show him to his room, and with an abrupt, emphatic "No, sir!" he turned away.

It was time the supper bell rang, and Mr. Pierson stepped out of his room upon the piazza. There he encountered a gentleman who at once approached him pleasantly and said:

"I hope, sir, you will reconsider your decision, and allow your mare to run. I have made a bet that she can outrun anything here, and the money is up. Allow me to say that I am an old Virginian, and a judge of horses, and if you will let her run I am sure to win."

By this time the Bible society's agent had recovered his self possession. He bowed politely to his Virginia friend, and said:

"Do you think, sir, it will do for a Presbyterian clergyman to commence horse racing so soon after reaching the Springs?"

Now it was the other man's turn to be flustered. He did not say a word, and Dr. Pierson went in to supper. When he came out again the stranger made up to him in the most respectful manner.

"Allow me to speak to you again, sir. I wish to apologize. I beg your pardon, sir. I assure you, sir, that nothing would induce me knowingly to insult a clergyman."

Dr. Pierson made some good natured reply and thought nothing more about the matter.

The next winter, in passing through another part of the country, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop to get a shoe tightened.

"Wasn't you at the Springs last summer with this mare?" said the blacksmith.

The doctor answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said the blacksmith, patting the mare's neck and looking into vacancy with a pleased expression, as if he were living over again some pleasant scene, "they got her out, preacher, and run her anyway."

Then, as if to make the matter all right with the owner, he looked up into his face with a smile and an emphatic nod as he added, "And, preacher, she beat, she did. He won his money."—Youth's Companion.

Went Back to First Principles. The car driver was singing a hymn.

"I am glad," said the benevolent looking old gentleman standing on the front platform, with a smile, "to notice that there is one man at least who does not think it necessary to resort to abuse and hideous profanity in order to drive a team of mules."

The driver continued to sing: In this vile world a friend to grace, To help—

The off mule set its ears back and began to slacken its pace. The driver looked to see if his whip was in place. It was. He began again: In this vile world a friend to grace—get up! To help me on—get a move on you!

The mule jogged on at a slightly accelerated rate of speed, and the driver resumed his singing: In this vile world—a lang!—a friend to grace, To help me on to—

Whack! In this vile world—whack!—a friend to grace, To—whack!—help me on to—

"Gaul darn that dog blamed—whack—off mule to dog gone nation! Daddledy dig bang his everlasting picture to—Whack! Whack! Whack!—St. Louis and back! Blast his—whack!—blamed old hide!"

Meteorological Item.

It was in the smoking room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you vat it is. You better don't take no stock in dem vetter predictions. They can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person near by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton, "but I tell you vat it is, dat storm would haf come just de same if it had not been predicted."—Texas Siftings.

An Anniversary. She—Do you remember what day this is the anniversary of? He—Well, I should say I did. She—I thought you would. He—Humph! Who could forget the day his own house was burned? She—George! He—What? She—It's the day you proposed to me! (Tears and a scene).—Life.

Helping the Needy. He was hard up and wanted money so badly that he finally decided to deposit a handsome diamond ring in the hock shop.

"Can I borrow \$100 here on a diamond worth \$250?" he said to the proprietor.

"Lemme see the stone," demanded the money lender.

It was handed over and examined.

"Well?" inquired the applicant.

"I guess you can have it."

"Thanks. What are your rates?"

"Ten per cent, a month in advance. That is, I take out the interest and give you the balance."

"I don't care how you do it; all I want is the money."

"You say you want \$100?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Blamed if I know, but a long while, I should think."

"For a year?"

"No, not that long; say about ten months," and the applicant hummed "I want a situation" in a low key as the money lender was making his calculation on a sheet of wrapping paper.

"That's all right," finally said the money lender. "You can get the ring when you call with the money."

"But where's my hundred?" asked the astonished applicant.

"The interest has absorbed it," responded the money lender, with a placid smile.

"Ten months, you know, at 10 per cent. I advanced. Didn't you say you wanted a hundred for ten months? I think you did. There's your ticket. Thanks. Call again, please. We are always glad to assist the needy."

The applicant was dazed for almost seven minutes, then he walked out and hunted up a policeman.—Detroit Free Press.

OFF FOR MARS.

She Wanted a Passage Reserved for Her.

The Great Interplanetary Transportation company had begun its offices for business and the passengers had begun to arrive at the station. The people were taking these flights through the air to Mars and Venus for various reasons.

There were a few "drummers" among them from business houses more enterprising than their rivals, but the freight rates to the planets are so high that only the lightest class of goods can be sent with profit.

Those who made traveling a pleasure, and about their only occupation, were out in force, as usual. "Globe trotters" they used to be called, from their proclivities for going around the only planet with which they were familiar at that time.

They went around and around, apparently looking for a place to jump off. The Interplanetary Transportation company has furnished them with a means of doing so now, and they take periodic flights to Mars and Venus instead of rambling through the graveyards of Europe, as they did before the days of airships, which travel with lightninglike rapidity.

The Tribune reporter was sitting in the office of the ticket agent when a woman of no uncertain age came up. She seemed to be embarrassed, and looked around nervously to see if there was any one near when she approached the ticket window.

She inquired the prices of different classes of passage to Mars. After much beating about the bush she inquired in a shy way about the seasons on Mars.

"Their year is nearly twice as long as ours," said the agent among other things.

"Ah—er—you are sure about that?"

"About what?"

"That is, are you sure that the year in Mars is twice as long as it is here?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Ah—er—um—then—that is—I suppose a person who is fifty here—er—would be only twenty-five there?"

The color came and went in her face as she asked this question, and she looked as eagerly at the face of the agent as if he were a whole jury whose next words were to decide whether she were to live or die.

"Yes, you are right, miss," he said, holding his eyes upon the diagram before him.

"Then I'll take a passage on the very next ship," she replied, "and don't fail to reserve it for me," and she went out with a radiant smile on her face.—New York Tribune.

What Peter Was Hiding. "Aha!" said old Curmudgeon, "that little rascal Peter is hiding something. I'll question him. See how furtive his actions are!"

Old C.—What have you in your pocket there? Peter—Nothing, sir.

Old C.—You have, you rascal, and—

Another Kind. "I saw you up at old Jimson's last night," remarked Smithkins to his friend Dobson.

"Aw, yes; I was calling on Miss Jimson."

"You were hanging over the gate when I saw you."

"Which gate?" asked Dobson gloomily.

"Why, the front gate, man; you haven't forgotten, have you?"

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EXPERTS CLAIM THEY ARE THE BEST "THE RAMBLER" LEADS THEM ALL. WICHITA, Kan., Feb. 15, 1892.—During last fall and this winter I examined into the construction and principles of the different makes of wheels with the intention of buying one, and as I am somewhat large, weighing 250 pounds the mechanical structure, material and strength of a wheel has been a series of features which I have regarded carefully. The result of my investigation is simply this: I have found so many superior points in the mechanical construction of the Rambler (aside from its superior beauty, arrangement of wheels and the manner of making frame) that I am fully convinced that it is the very best wheel on the market, and the only make I desire to trust under my weight. I back this statement up by placing my order with you for a No. 1 Inflated Tire Rambler; desiring this tire in some respects, over the pneumatic; but think the pneumatic the best in the class made. I am, yours very truly, W. J. KURTZ.

E. R. GUTHRIE, Sole Agent in Lincoln. 1545 O Street. H. W. BROWN DRUGGIST AND BOOKSELLER Has the New Books soon as issued. A choice line of Perfumes and Fancy Goods. 127 South Eleventh Street.