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. Cures Chapped Hands, Chafed or Scalded Skin.

Removes Tan and Freckles.

Positive cure for Salt Rheum. Ladies pronounce it perfection. Excellent to use after shaving. Perfectly harmless. Price Twenty-five cents. Sold by all first-class druggists.

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND,

On The Crest Of The Alleghanies,

3,000 Feet Above Tide-Water.

SEASON OPENS JUNE 22D, 1892

This famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

Rates, $60, $75 and $90 a month, according to location. Communications should be addressed to GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md. 5-14-6t

LINCOLN

Business College.

AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP,

Shorthand, and Typewriting, is the best and largest College in the West. 600 Students in attendance last year. Students prepared for business in from 3 to 9 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Beautiful illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent free by addressing LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.

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 Reclining Chair Cars, and the train is new and the handsomest 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

APOLLO WAS A PERFECT MAN.

PERFECT IN FORM!—MATCHLESS IN WAR! So ambitious were the ancients for stalwart men that puny boys at birth were put to death. Every MAN can be STRONG and VIGOROUS in all respects. YOUNG MEN OR OLD, suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, Lost or Failing Manhood, Physical Excesses, Mental Worry, Stunted Development, or any PERSONAL WEAKNESS, can be restored to PERFECT HEALTH and the NOBLE VITALITY of STRONG MEN, the Pride and Power of Nations. We claim by years of practice by our exclusive methods a uniform "MONOPOLY OF SUCCESS" in treating all Diseases, Weaknesses and Afflictions of Men. Testimonials from 50 States and Territories. OUR NEW BOOK will be sent free, sealed, postpaid, for a limited time. Get it while you can. Full Explanations for HOME TREATMENT. You can be FULLY RESTORED as Thousands have been by us. Read our testimonials. Address at once ERIE MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE. Send Postal Note to John Sebastian, G. T. A. C. R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the slickest deck of cards you every handled. Ten Cents per pack, one or many.

STRAIGHT TO HER HERO.

How Edith's Missive Went to the Right Man.

I.

"E-e-e-dith! Where's that gal a moonin around now, I wonder?"

Startled by her aunt's shrill voice, Edith Everdene slipped hastily down from the stack of fragrant, new mown hay on which she had been lying, dreaming day dreams.

"What is it, aunt, dear?"

"Don't 'aunt dear' me, but git to work an git them eggs packed fer Josh to take to town. Here I've been feedin you for sixteen year, an you've got no more gratitude than to be layin around starin at the sky we'en I'm slavin myself to keep you out the poorhouse!"

Edith's blue eyes filled with unshed tears, but she made no reply.

Moved by some idle impulse she wrote on one egg, "Edith Everdene, Briggsville, Ark."

"Perhaps this may bring my hero to me," she mused. "I wonder will he be as handsome as I have pictured him in my fancy?"

II.

"Rats! Come off! Kill him!"

Roscius Barnes Tormer, the tragedian, was giving his unequaled rendition of "Hamlet."

With the calm eye of experience he viewed the rain of oranges, potatoes and desuetudinous bananas that fell around him.

"Pretty good natured crowd," he mused, while "to be or not to be" rolled from his lips almost unconsciously. "Not an egg yet."

Scarce had this thought crossed his mind when he felt the old familiar crash of an eggshell on his aquiline nose, and the curtain was rung down.

"First fresh one I ever had throwed at me," he remarked as he idly picked up a piece of the shell. A bit of writing in a delicate feminine hand attracted his eye as he gazed at the fragment. 'Twas the name and address of Edith Everdene.

III.

[From The Morning Scalpknife.]

Mr. Edgar Gumbleson, the manager of Miss Edie Everdene, the phenomenal southern soubrette, reports magnificent business for that charming little lady. It is no violation of confidence to say that in private life Miss Everdene is Mrs. Gumbleson. Mr. Gumbleson was at one time a noted tragedian, under the pseudonym of R. Barnes Tormer, but his entire attention is now devoted to the interests of his talented and vivacious wife.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some Pictorial Phrases.

"RAISING THE VERY OLD BOY."

A GOOD START.

ANOTHER "AFFAIRE DE CUR."
—Life.

Poverty and Wealth.

"When that man came to this town," said a resident to a visitor as an old fellow passed them, "he was so poor he wasn't able to wear a linen collar."

"He doesn't look to be any better off now," remarked the visitor, noting his appearance.

"Oh, but he is," quickly explained the resident; "he's so rich now he doesn't have to wear one."—Detroit Free Press.

Where the Neckties Go.

"Where is that white spotted blue necktie that I had a short time ago?" asked the husband.

"Pray, forgive me," said the wife, as she hung her head, contritely, "I used it to make a bathing suit."—New York Press.

Her Weak Point.

She was up in every science, and had placed at grim defiance all the intellectual giants that had ever been before.
She had gone through Vassar speeding, and no thoughts domestic heeding, she had learned so much by reading that she couldn't take in more.

She had studied art and fiction, and the subtle laws of friction, and had polished up her diction till it shone with light intense.
She had pondered on divinity, and lectured on the Trinity, her talks upon Infinity were said to be immense.

She had studied with devotion all the currents of the ocean. She could talk with great emotion on the pedigree of rocks.
And for hours her brain would wheedle on the history of Tweedle, but she used a crochet needle when she darned her husband's socks.

—Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.

IN CHICAGO.

The buildings are the tallest
In Chicago;
The ladies' feet are smallest
In Chicago.
The wits are always keenest,
The pavements are the cleanest,
The boulevards are greenest
In Chicago.

The newspapers are brightest
In Chicago;
Policemen are politest
In Chicago.
Annoyances are fewest,
And the jokes are always newest,
While the skies are ever bluest
In Chicago.

The ladies are the fairest
In Chicago;
And the homely girls are rarest
In Chicago.
The husbands are the neatest,
While their wives are always sweetest,
And the errand boys are fleetest
In Chicago.

The aldermen are greatest
In Chicago;
Their doings are the straightest
In Chicago.
The winters are the mildest,
And the summers reconciledest,
And—
. . . .
The liars lie the wildest
In Chicago.

—Chicago Times.

His Name Was All Right.

A young fellow six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds not long ago applied to a Detroit merchant for a position in his store.

"What's your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Little Dickey Robinson," replied the young man promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the merchant in astonishment as he surveyed his proportions.

"Little Dickey Robinson," was the reply, this time several tones louder.

It made the merchant half angry.

"What in thunder does a great big fellow like you mean by giving such a name as that?" he asked indignantly. "Haven't you cut loose from your mother's apron strings yet?"

The young fellow's temper was admirable, and he was after a job, besides.

"I give such a name as that, sir," he said, "because that is my name, and if you've got a man in this house that thinks he can lick me or dares to make fun of that name, trot him out."

The merchant began to smooth him down and asked for an explanation.

"It's this way," he said quite good naturedly; "my mother's maiden name was Little, my father's name was Robinson and his mother's maiden name was Dickey. They wanted me to have the family names, and so I'm Little Dickey Robinson."

The explanation was eminently satisfactory; so was the young man, and he's going to work soon.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Kind of Fire Escape.

Guest—I'm glad that there is a rope here in case of fire; but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?

Bellboy—Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make you' escape, sah.—Kansas City Star.

Too Much for Him.

A dear, old clergyman, now dead, who was, during his lifetime, beloved by all who knew him, made it a practice to address the children of his Sabbath school every Sunday afternoon. He had a little lisp that those who held him dearest considered rather added to than detracted from the charm of his delivery.

One day he rose and began, "Children, I don't think I have anything shpecial to thay to you today." A gamin rose in the back of the room. "Then thet up!" he shouted.

The good gentleman stopped short, cleared his throat, made one or two fresh starts, broke down again, and finally took his seat, completely downed by this piece of sauciness.—New York Recorder

His Advantage Over the Oldest Inhabitant.

Some persons can always "go you one better," no matter what the story is you are telling. One of these was accosted one day last week by E. S. Cleveland, who, removing his hat and mopping his head, solemnly said:

"It's an awful hot day! I never saw so hot a day as this."

"Oh, I have," said his friend. "I've seen one a good deal hotter."

"That so?" said Cleve. "Well, you're the only man that's ever been there and got back."—Hartford Times.

A Case of Cash.

They were organizing a land company when Jobson said to Hobson: "We've got everything ready. I've got an artist to paint a picture of the land as it is, and another as it will be."

"But where is the land? Have you bought it yet?"

"Bought it? Why, how can we buy it until we have sold our stock?" responded Jobson, who prided himself on being a financier. "It takes money to buy land."—Boston Transcript.

Knew What He Was About.

Singerly—I hear your firm offered you an increase in your salary or a month's vacation, and you are going to take the vacation. What are you going to do that for? I should think you would rather have the increase.

Strawber—Not much, old fellow. My vacation is the only time during the year that I can fall in love with a wealthy girl.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Out of His Way.

Husband—You say you've had that bonnet six months. Why, I've never seen it before.

Wife—I know it. I only wear it to church.—New York Herald.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Fate Against Him, or the Luck That Met Reuben Pullaway.

I.

Reuben Pullaway was the editor of the Echo City Blazer. For nearly two score years the latchstring of his office had always been out and he had molded opinion until he grew moldy. He had referred to every man in town as a perfect gentleman, and to every lady as a queen of society, and as he grew old he longed for a chance to roast somebody.

"Oh," he would exclaim, in the silent eventide, while the tears coarsed down his furrowed cheeks, "oh for an opportunity to turn loose and crucify somebody! I am filled with adjectives which would look magnificent in print, but I dare not! If I were to attack any one he would stop his paper, and perhaps take out his advertisement."

So Reuben Pullaway wrote flattering paragraphs about people, and grew sullen and taciturn.

And his cross seemed greater than he could bear.

II.

"Reuben," said the editor's wife one morning, as he looked sadly at an untasted breakfast and reached for his hat, "why not roast some imaginary individual? Turn loose the vials of your wrath upon Horatio Eldergroove, for instance. Nobody can possibly be offended, since there is no such a man, and you'll have just as much fun torturing him as though he lived."

The editor folded his wife to his bosom weeping; but, oh, gentle reader, his tears were tears of joy!

"Augusta Sophronia," he cried, "it is an inspiration! Oh, how I will paralyze Horatio Eldergroove!"

The beautiful glow of dawn was in the heart of Reuben Pullaway.

III.

The leading editorial in The Blazer that week was a corker. "This city," it said, "has been visited by an unprincipled scoundrel of the name of Horatio Eldergroove; he has green whiskers and only one eye, which is in the middle of his forehead; he has a trunk like an elephant and tusks a foot long. He is a reproach to mankind; a hyena who lives on the bones of dead men; a ghoul, a vampire, a serpent; he would play checkers on the coffin of his mother and rob a ghost of its shroud."

There was a column and a half of this sort of literature, and when it was written the editor felt refreshed and young once more. All the accumulated bile of years and years had flown into the article.

"The beauty of it is," said the editor to the foreman, "that since there is no such a man as Horatio Eldergroove, with his green whiskers and single eye, nobody can possibly be offended."

"True enough," responded the foreman, with a shoreless smile.

IV.

In the quiet, dreamy dusk of a summer evening a wayworn stranger journeyed into Echo City; he had green whiskers and but one eye, which was in the center of his forehead; he had a trunk like an elephant and tusks a foot long.

His first act was to purchase a copy of The Blazer, and his wrath may be better imagined than described when he read the leading editorial. He immediately went to The Blazer office and sat on Reuben Pullaway and made him (Reuben) eat a three pound can of green ink and a barrel of glue and a towel; and then he poured coal oil on Reuben's hair and set fire to it; and he fed Reuben into a stop cylinder press with a folder attached, so that when the unfortunate man emerged he was folded ready for mailing.

Then the stranger went down town and addressed a meeting of citizens.

V.

On the following day all the merchants of Echo City called at The Blazer office and ordered their "ads" out and canceled their orders for job work.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," said the mayor; "Mr. Horatio Eldergroove, whom you so violently abused in your scurrilous paper, is an eastern capitalist, who came here to establish seven packing houses, employing 800,000 men. He has now gone away in disgust."

"And so his name was really Horatio Eldergroove?" groaned the heartbroken editor; "and he had green whiskers and one eye and a trunk and tusks a foot long. Well, it was just my luck."

THE END.

—Fremont (Neb.) Tribune.

Sufficient Excuse.

Not long ago Miss Ella Potts told her pupils one "composition day" that they might each write a letter to her making an excuse for not inviting her to an imaginary birthday party.

The scholars were called upon in turn to read their letters aloud. One little girl made her excuse as follows:

"DEAR MISS POTTS—I want to apologize for not asking you to come to my birthday party yesterday. I fully intended to do so, but—as I always do in everything—I put it off until the last minute. When at last I started, and reached your gate, I saw the doctor's buggy standing there, and thinking some one was very ill I did not go in. What was my consternation the next day to learn that the doctor was courting your sister!"—Youth's Companion.

From Chicago.

Frenchman—That lady to whom you introduced me is charming. Is she well connected?

Chicagoan—Well, I should say so. She's the wife of several of our first citizens.—Harper's Bazar.

To Catch the Polygamous.

Salt Lake Jeweler—John, put a sample of that new lot of wedding rings in the window.

The New Clerk—Yes, sir.

Jeweler—And, John, mark them $7.50 each! special discounts for dozen lots.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Finest in the City

THE NEW LINCOLN STABLES.

HAVING just assumed personal control of my handsome new stables, it will be my aim to conduct a first-class establishment, giving best of care and attention to horses entrusted to our keeping.

STYLISH ❖ CARRIAGES.

Single or double, and a fine line of well-trained horses for livery use, promptly furnished, day or night.

DAVE FITZGERALD, Prop.

M. R. STANLEY, Foreman. Telephone 550

Stables 1639 and 1641 O Street.

RIDE OR WALK?

"WHICH MORE DESIRABLE?"
"WHICH MORE PLEASANT?"
"WHICH MORE HEALTHFUL?"
WHICH SUITS *YOU* BETTER?"

RIDERS OF

G & J PNEUMATIC RAMBLERS

"RIDE."

They Can be Repaired in Two Minutes

OWNERS OF
Some Kinds of Pneumatics

"WALK"

MUCH OF THE TIME.

Study the PNEUMATIC RAMBLER.

E. R. GUTHRIE,

1540 O Street.

Lincoln Coal Co.

Dealer in all kinds of

COAL AND WOOD.

Office 1045 O Street.
Yards 6th and M Sts.
Phone 440.

JOHN DOOLITTLE,
Manager.

NEW GOODS.

Formerly of HUFFMAN & RICHTER. 1039 O STREET

NEW LOCATION.

FRET WORK, SCREENS AND PANELS

CABINET WORK OF ALL KINDS TO ORDER.

Full Line Of **MANTELS** Always in Stock,

ARE SHOWN IN OUR NEW WAREROOMS.

NEBRASKA CABINET WORKS,

COUNTERS AND WALL CASES. 1224-28 M 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.