

Mrs. J. C. BELL

Has just received something entirely new and novel for ladies' head attire. It is the

Borden Bang

Having no net work about it whatever, the hair being fastened together by a newly patented idea which does not heat the head, as others do.

A FULL LINE OF COSMETICS

Hair ornaments, and hair goods. As usual, we lead in artistic hair-dressing and manicuring. Call and see us.

114 North Fourteenth St.

Ladies desiring stylish dresses at moderate prices call on

Miss Jennie Cippoy, FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER Room 12 Potvin Block, 13th and O.

SHOES THAT DO NOT HURT THE FEET

The Perfection and Taylor Adjustable Shoes expand with every motion of the foot. Don't burn or blister. A very narrow shoe can be worn. Most comfortable known—Try them and see for yourself.

LINCOLN Normal University

FREE Tuition! Fall term, in seven different courses. Only high grade independent Normal in the state. The Finest Buildings, Equipments, and Ablest Normal Faculty. No experiment, but an established management. 40 courses, 33 teachers and lecturers. A school for the masses. Write or catalogue to F. F. ROOSE, Manager, Lincoln, Neb.

MAX MEYER & BRO. CO.

Pianos & Organs

We carry the largest and best selected stock to be found in any house in the west, and sell at manufacturers' prices, for cash or on easy terms.

Steinway & Sons PIANOS Behr Bros. Sons Vose & Sons Wm. Knabe PIANOS Sterling & Co. Sons Sterling



Sterling Organs at bed rock prices and on easy terms. Second Hand Organs, \$10 up. Second Hand Pianos, \$25 up. Instruments rented and rent allowed if purchased. Cheap stencilled trash so often imposed upon buyers we do not handle nor recommend. A good standard make second-hand instrument is to be preferred to much of the new cheap trash sold. Call and see us or write for catalogues and prices. Your patronage solicited and highly appreciated.

Max Meyer & Bro. Co., 16th and Farnam, Omaha.



DR. T. O'CONNOR, (Successor to Dr. Charles Sunrise) Cures Cancers Tumors Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife Chloroform or Ether. Office 1708 O Street—Owen block. LINCOLN NEB.



A RURAL THANKSGIVING.

"The past rises before me like a dream," as Bob Ingersoll said. We are back in the good old times before the war, in the middle section of the Wash valley. The glorious, mellow, yellow, late autumnal days have come. Indian summer is past, it is true, but its aroma still lingers on the brown meadows and in the gloriously varicolored woods. At least one year in three we have "late springs and late falls," as the farmers say, and this is one of the years. The frost is on the pumpkin, but lightly as yet, and the fodder is in the shock, though the cattle still browse a little and are fattening in the stalk fields, from which the yellow corn has just been gathered.



THE UNSUSPECTING GOBBLER.

by weeks of lying in the cellar. And the small boy—how he does enjoy this season! These are the days when he "slips off at afternoon recess," gives the school house the "cold shake" and hurries to the south woods, there to gather the big green walnuts in piles; pounds the soft hulls off and picks out the nuts, pausing occasionally to crush one with a convenient stone for immediate consumption. His lips are stained; his hands are dyed and dull brown; he knows "it will never come off till it wears off," and that the chances are even that he will get whaled, but still he does it as he did it last year, and as he will do it again. We all did it.

It is the day before Thanksgiving—a glorious, golden, sunshiny and stimulating day—and the old farmyard is full of life. Red Pete, as we call last year's gobbler, is strutting about in the glory of freshly attained adult gobblerhood, as proud and important as if he were directing the proceedings. He is in a sense, though he little imagines the sense. "Our riot dooms him to bleed today," as Pope says, but not having our reason he can look on in the happiness of ignorance. The chopping block, staked fast for the convenience of cutting kindling, is before his eyes, and just beyond the ax is on the grindstone, but he little imagines that it all has any reference to him; that he is the central figure in the coming proceedings. He is lovely in life, and in death he will be divided, the preacher and the poor getting their share.

The wife and mother takes stock of ducks and chickens, but talks of the social features. Will the boys get home from Asbury university? They will, for the "spondulix," as college boys in those days called the remittance, was sent in time, and even now the younger brother has gone to the country depot to fetch them home in the old farm wagon. Thanksgiving morning—the light breakfast is soon dispatched, for that is a small affair on such a day. There is a general brushing up, and all are off to the country church. The preacher and his wife return with the family, and about 1 o'clock the great event of the day is on.

All are there—the two boys from college, the hired man and one or two cousins, the oldest girl of the family and the rosy cheeked farmer she married a year or so before. The baby is laid on the bed in the nearest room, and there is always at least one little girl so fond of children that she volunteers to watch him. The happy group is seated, the preacher has his devotional say and actual business begins. Red Pete shines, once more, in culinary beauty this time, but it is positively his last appearance on these shores. And then the long afternoon of social chat and innocent merriment, and the evening in which the young people take possession of the house! Such was Thanksgiving in the good old times, such for the most part it still is, and such may it long continue to be.

Before the Dinner.



Major Pikestaff (at the Thanksgiving reunion)—Well, my little man, do you know what you have to be thankful for? The Little Man—Yes, indeed, sir. I am thankful that there is some Jamaica ginger in the house.

A Pteiflar Family.

A Native of Gascony—I have an uncle who lived to be 112 years old. A Native of Marselles—That's nothing. I had a grandmother who was 150 years old when we buried her. A Parisian—What are you two fellows bragging about? Why, my family is so new that there is not a single member of it dead yet.—European Exchange.

Substitute for Ice.

Hydrophat—I don't think you have lumbago, my friend; the distress is due to muscular inflammation. A compress of packed ice on the back will relieve the trouble. Patient—Never mind the ice, doctor. My wife's feet will do.—Boston Courier.

Old Friends.

Rosalie—Why are the waiters so attentive to Count De Void? Caro—He used to be one of them, I guess.—New York Herald.

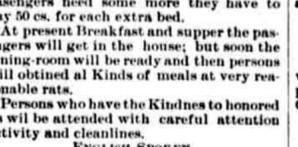
Some Queer Advertisements.

The publication in The Transcript about a month ago of the advertisement of a hotel in the Alps, printed in English as she is spoke by no one but the foreign compilers of phrase books, has brought from a reader in the city of Durango, Mexico, an equally charming example of dislocated English. It is again a hotel, which proclaims its advantages in terms that, after all, are as clearly understood as though the English were purest Addisonian: This Elegant Building has been constructed from its basis with the best material and solid rock. Therefore no danger from Alacranes (Escorpianis). The Roof of the rooms and corridors all being cillinged, to the most safety of persons. Rates of Rooms—From 75 cs. to 350 pr. night according to the number and commodity of the room; Persons who take localities by monthly agreement will be discounted one third part of the price. Each one of the rooms has a bed, but if the passenger or passengers need some more they have to pay 50 cs. for each extra bed. At present breakfast and supper the passengers will get in the house; but soon the dining-room will be ready and then persons will obtain all kinds of meals at very reasonable rates. Persons who have the Kindness to honored us will be attended with careful attention activity and cleanliness.

ENGLISH SPOKEN.

—Boston Transcript.

Hard Thinking.

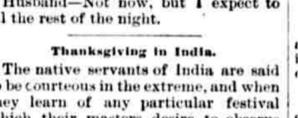


Wife—I don't think much of this mince pie, do you? Husband—Not now, but I expect to all the rest of the night.

Thanksgiving in India.

The native servants of India are said to be content in the extreme, and when they learn of any particular festival which their masters desire to observe they always make it a point to offer their congratulations, accompanied by presents of flowers, fruits and sweets tastefully arranged in fantastic baskets. They know all about Christmas and New Year, but it was the United States consul at Calcutta who first enlightened them regarding Thanksgiving. Thereafter the diplomat and his successors as well have been appropriately honored on the "Yankee holiday."

Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!



Griffin (telling his ladylove—the latest—a very interesting yarn about an illness he once had)—Yes, it was a hard time, I assure you. Do you know, at one period I thought I should lose my mind entirely! Ladylove (meekly)—And did you, Mr. Griffin? He didn't quite like her question, though she did ask it so prettily.—Exchange.

Time to Leave.

Husband (at the seashore)—Don't you think we had better stay a day or two longer? Wife—Oh, no. Why, we have been here twenty days already. Husband—What of that? Wife—I've only got twenty gowns.—Cloak Review.

Meeting the Argument.

Economical Father—Huh! want a bicycle, do you? It ain't a week since a boy dropped dead riding a bicycle. Boy—Well, it would save you an awful lot of money if I'd drop dead, but I haven't my bicycle to drop from.—Good News.

A Dilemma.



"Hi, sister! Quick! Confound it! Shut that window—the wind's blowing these pats of butter all over me."—Judy.

A Proper Definition.

Mrs. Jason—Jehiel, what is an agnostic? Mr. Jason—Why, it is a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health.—Indianapolis Journal.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

He Found Out It Did Not Mean So Much After All. It is by the seaside. "I love you and I do not love you. It is hard to forgive!" he says moodily. She rises and they saunter on together, yet apart. "If you cannot be faithful to me now, how can you then?" and the man's veiled eyes studied the sensitive face half hidden beneath its scarlet gauze hat and blazing poppies. "There need be no 'then,' if you like!" the scarlet parted lips made answer. "You would break our engagement?" "Perhaps. It was a small crime for you to make so great a fuss about. You leave me for a week. I meet a companionable man in the interval, we grow a trifle chummy!" "A trifle chummy?" he groans. "Well, very chummy, if you like. We walk, we drive together. He vows he loves me madly. I allow him to vow. We have a beautiful scene, worthy of Shakespeare. He begs a lock of hair. He wishes to enshrine my memory. I have not the slightest objection. Snip. It is his. He disappears numbing and kissing it. You return. I tell you all. You rage and spoil a beautiful morning."

"You have destroyed my confidence in you," he mutters. "I will not tell him next time," she whispers to herself. "I loved your subtle nature, I loved your very perverseness, I loved your very name," he resumes, "I shall probably continue to love you, but never again as before. A lock of your hair to that end! The very thought is madness. He possesses a part of you—the woman I am to call my wife!" "Why, no, he doesn't!" "You yourself said it!" "You mistook me. I said a lock of hair."

"Why play with words?" "But, love, look in my eyes. It was only a lock of my switch."

"Angel! So you are not false?" "Angel! So you are not false?" "And the great sea loses its color, the sky waxes dim, while it takes the whole expanse of shore to hold his rapture."—Boston Globe.

When He "Knew It All."

Some old people who have strong and decided views as to the intense egotism of youth are open to the charge of possessing a good share of that quality, which years do not always eliminate. One old gentleman who is well past the "threescore years and ten" allotted to mortal man was reasoning not long ago with a youthful friend who has yet to see his twenty-fifth year. "Why, my boy," remarked the sage in a tone of infinite condescension, "when I was your age I thought I knew everything—everything! But did I? Far from it. Why, it was not until five years ago, my young friend, that I got to where I then thought I was!"—Youth's Companion.

A Born Sport.

The reformed gambler had gone into legitimate business and had made a failure of it. "Great snakes, man!" said the expert who was going over the books, "how came you to get out so many worthless accounts? You must have known fully two-thirds of these people were the poorest kind of pay."

"Yes," admitted the "business man," "that's so. But just think of the excitement I had in wondering whether I would ever get anything out of them or not."—Indianapolis Journal.

Getting Off Cheap.

"Do you think you will be acquitted?" asked a New York gentleman of a prominent man who was indicted for a serious offense. "Yes, I think so."

"Has your lawyer given you good grounds to think so?" "No," responded the hopeful client, "but I have given him grounds to think so. I've deeded him all my real estate as his fee."—Texas Siftings.

How Niccelfo Got Even.

Irate Father—I found my best coat hanging on the fence, with the tail torn all to pieces. Daughter (quietly)—You shouldn't have left it in the hall. "Why shouldn't I?" "Most likely Mr. Niccelfo put it on over his other last night. It was a little cool, and—er—I presume you forgot to tie up the dog."—New York Weekly.

A Question.

Griffin (telling his ladylove—the latest—a very interesting yarn about an illness he once had)—Yes, it was a hard time, I assure you. Do you know, at one period I thought I should lose my mind entirely! Ladylove (meekly)—And did you, Mr. Griffin? He didn't quite like her question, though she did ask it so prettily.—Exchange.

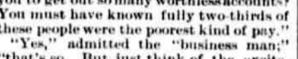
Time to Leave.

Husband (at the seashore)—Don't you think we had better stay a day or two longer? Wife—Oh, no. Why, we have been here twenty days already. Husband—What of that? Wife—I've only got twenty gowns.—Cloak Review.

Meeting the Argument.

Economical Father—Huh! want a bicycle, do you? It ain't a week since a boy dropped dead riding a bicycle. Boy—Well, it would save you an awful lot of money if I'd drop dead, but I haven't my bicycle to drop from.—Good News.

A Dilemma.



"Hi, sister! Quick! Confound it! Shut that window—the wind's blowing these pats of butter all over me."—Judy.

A Proper Definition.

Mrs. Jason—Jehiel, what is an agnostic? Mr. Jason—Why, it is a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health.—Indianapolis Journal.

\$50,000.00 TO LOAN

At six per cent. per annum and a cash commission or at eight per cent, no commission, for periods of three or five years on well located improved real estate in Lincoln or Lancaster county.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS DEPOSITORS HAVE ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

UNION SAVINGS BANK, 111 South Tenth Street.

Industrial Savings Bank

ELEVENTH AND N STREETS. Capital Stock, \$250,000. Liability of Stockholders \$500,000. INTEREST PAID N DEPOSITS.

WM. STULL, Pres. J. E. HILL, Vice-Pres. LOUIS STULL, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.—D E Thompson, E Montgomery, Geo H. Hastings, H H Shaberg, W H McCreery, J C Allen, T E Sanders, J E Hill, Wm Stull, Louis Stull, Geo A Mohrenstecher

MUSIC FOR CONCERTS RECEPTIONS DANCES, ETC.

IRVINE'S ORCHESTRA

D. C. Irvine, Director. After ten years of active work with the Musical Union Orchestra, of Omaha, as Director, during which time the above orchestra furnished music for all the prominent events, social, theatrical, etc. I come to Lincoln to engage personally in orchestra business, feeling confident that I can furnish its citizens with the best of music at any and all times. For terms and information, call at office of CAPITAL CITY COURIER, 113 N Street, or Telephone 253.

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, furnished, day or night.

DAVE FITZGERALD, Prop. FRANK RAMSEY, Foreman. Telephone 550

Stables 1639 and 1641 O Street.

Western Normal College

Lincoln, Neb

An Old School in a New Location

Ninth Year. 25 Departments. 30 Teachers

Beautiful, healthy location, magnificent buildings, fine equipments, superior accommodations, strong faculty, comprehensive curriculum, thorough work, high moral and Christian influences and low expenses make this

THE SCHOOL FOR THE MASSES

A practical education without needless waste of time or money is furnished by the Western Normal College

You can Enter any Time and Choose Your Studies

This great school is located in Hawthorne, three miles southwest of the post office and will be connected by electric street car line. YOUR CAR FARE PAID. In order that all may see our many advantages in the way of buildings, equipments, faculty, etc. we will pay your car fare from your home to Lincoln provided you are present on the opening day of the fall term, Sept. 1892. Write for particulars. Send name and address of 25 young people and we will send you choice of fine 15-inch ruler, thermometer or year's subscription to our illustrated educational monthly. CATALOGUES AND CIRCULARS, FREE. Address W. M. CROAN, Pres. or J. KINSLEY, Secretary and Treasurer

FAST MAIL ROUTE 1

2-DAILY TRAINS-2

Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all Points South, East and West.

The direct line to Ft. Scott, Parsons, Wichita, Hutchinson and all principal points in Kansas.

The only road to the Great Hot Springs of Arkansas. Pullman Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains.

J. E. R. MILLAR, R. P. R. MILLAR, City Ticket Agt. Gen'l Agent

