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Who It Was

Visitor-What is all that noise and rack

Office Boy-Oh, that's the silent partner

Well Caught.

invitin ter look at nor yet ter taste.

it,' sez he.

hev yet

sez she:

Jones' smile.

went up and made a tolerable fine call-

tiptoed round like a dancin master. Jist

before he come away he sez, mighty perlite:

nice cheese. I've jist b'en a-hankerin fer

lookin closet ender the stairs an come out

with a piece 'bout's big as a bowl, an she looked at Aaron kind o' cur'us an sez, smilin a little, 'You've b'en a-hankerin,

Here the old man threw his head for-

"It was pretty moldy an black lookin, and Aaron chuckled to hisself, a-thinkin

what a fine time he'd hev with that chees

when the old lady sez-a-givin him a knife,

"There, yer can cease a-hankerin, an act right down here an eat it, an don't yer carry it away an make fun of it, same's yer brother Amos did.' An she jist stud over

him while he minced the whole of it down.

Boys, don't be too brash with yer foolin.'

-Youth's Companion.

ward and attempted an imitation of Miss

"'Miss Jones, do give me a piece of yer

"Well, she went into a kind of dark

"There's lots of horses that git pretty

et in the private office?

going over the books.-Life.

MR. BILLUPS READS ALOUD.

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. Domestic Feat Attended by Some Difficulty. Mr. Billups was reading aloud to his wife.

"Are you listening?" he said to Mrs. Billups, "Why, certainly, dear," she replied. "Go

Pianos & Organs on, please; go on." "Excuse me for thinking so," said Mr.

Billups, "but I did think that you were

Billups, "but I did think that you were going to sleep with your eyes open." "Oh, do please go on!" Mrs. Billups ex-claimed. "You are so aggravating, John!" "All right," continued Mr. Billups. "Where was I at? Ah, I see! "The dark-ness that can be felt, impaled and stabbed through its whole thickness by one mighty

ssued from the next room, and, arresting the progress of that "mighty moonbeam," corroborated Mrs. Billups' impression that she had heard the baby. The baby was indeed awake. He apparently wanted "ma-ma" very much, and she arose from her chair and started to go to him.

"Confound It!" Mr. Billups ejaculated, "I've a notion to read the story to myself if you can't listen."

"Oh, please ddn't," said Mrs. Billups. "I'll bring him out and hold him in my arms, and he'll be good, I know he will." She hastened away and brought back the two-year-old, who blinked at the lamplight, and was so glad to be released from his crib that he became instantly quiet and happy. Mrs. Billups tucked the young Sterling Organs at bed Rock prices and es man's nightdress snugly about his toes, resumed her seat and told her husband to go on again.

Becond Hand Organs, \$'0 up. Becond Hand Organs, \$'0 up. Becond Hand Planes, \$25 up. Instruments rented and rent allowed if pur-chased. Chesp stencilied trash so often im-posed upon buyers we do not handle nor rec-ommend. A good standard make second-hand instrument is to be preferred to much of the new chesp trash sold. Call and see us or write for catalogues and prices. Your patron-age solicited and highly appreciated. He obeyed "'One mighty moonbeam,'" he read,

'clear and clean and cold, from the top to the bottom'"-

"Hello, papa!" chirped the baby, having rapidly reached the wide awake state, in which, particularly by lamplight, he was a very observant child.

"Hello, you rascal! Keep still!" seid papa, and then resumed, "'All around, in the circle of the outer black, lie the great PHOTOGRAPHER dead'"-

"Ma-ma!" cried the disturber again; 'ma-ma! Down! Dit down!"

Has at great ez-pense replaced his ol.D instrumenta with a new Dalle-the than ever to do fine work, from a tup to life size. Open from fina m. to 4 Studio, 1214 O St. est. "He wants to get down and run around," ma-ma explained to Mr. Billups, who was not an adept in baby talk, and she allowed the boy to slide from her lap and shift for himself.

"Lie the great dead in their tombs,"" Mr. Billups continued, with a sigh of resignation, "'whispering to each other of deeds'"____

"Wait just a minute, John," said Mrs. Billups, calmly breaking in upon the voices from the tombs. "He's got your

pipe off the table." "Well, let him have it," said Mr. Billups, "if it'll only keep him quiet. It isn't

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Billups. "It'll 505 BRACE BUILDING. make him sick anyhow, and besides he might break it." "Then take it away from him quick!"

And, this order having been executed and the baby pucified against the loss of the pipe, Mr. Billups pitched in once more, "whispering to each other of deeds that Conservatory of Music shook the world; whispering in a lan-

"Lang-didge," piped a little voice. "He's only imitating you," was the com-

ment made by Mrs. Billups. "Well, I wish he wouldn't," Mr. Billups groaned; "'whispering in a language all

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of the life to come-the language' "-"Lang-didge, lang-didge!" "Now, look here, young fellow," said

Mr. Billups; "who's doing this reading-

CHIMMIE GETS A JOB. Briggs-You don't mean to say that you

are smoking a cigarette, do you? Griggs-Certainly. Why not? Briggs-Why not! If you had any con-And Uses Strange Language to the Gentle man Who Hires Him. 'Say, I knowed ye'd te paralyzed w'er ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G sin't it? Dat's right. Say, remember me ception of the injury they are doing you would stop. Why not! Do you know that these harbingers of death are killing tellin ye 'bout de mug i t'umped fer de loidy on de Bow'ry-de loidy wot give mu de five and squared me wid der perlice' Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrorbrec' an dat goes. See? Dat evenin wot d'ye tink she done? She brought 'ls whisker more men than all the liquor in the land? Are you aware, sir, that this trump card of the devil is even now sapping away the vitality of the chosen youth of this great country? Look around you and see the hideous trail of this deadly serpent that is ter see me.

"Naw, I ain't stringin ye. 'Is whisker. is de loidy's fadder. Sure. "'E comes ter me room wid der loidy, 'l

whiskers does, an he says, says 'e, 'Is di Chimmie Fadden!' says 'e. "'Yer dead on,' says I. "'Wot does de young man say?' he says "Den de loidy, she kinder smiled-say yer otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outer sight. Dat's right. Well, she says, 'I tink

I understand Chimmle's langwuge,' sha says. ''E means 'e is de kid yuse lookin fer. 'E's de very mug.'

"Dat's wot she says; somet'in like dat only a felly can't just remember her lang wuge

"Den 'is whiskers gives me a song an dance 'bout me bein a brave young man fer t'umpin der mug wot insulted 'is daugh ter, an 'bout 'is h'art bein all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin missioner work in

der slums. "Den der loidy, she says, 'Chimmie,' says she, 'me fadder needs a footman,' she says, 'an 1 taut you'd be de very mug fer der job,' says she. See! "Say, I was all broke up, an couldn't say

nottin, fer 'is whiskers was so solemn. See "'Wot's yer lay now?' says 'is whiskers or somet'in like dat.

"Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein a hardworkin boy, but I knowed der loidy was dead on ter me.

like, an 'e turns to 'is daughter an 'e says

footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don't call me no tiger.

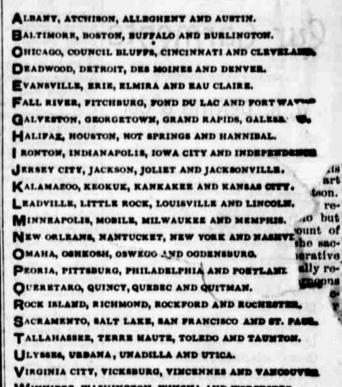
"Say, wouldn't my gang on der Bow'ry be paralyzed if dey seen me in dis harness Ain't it great? Sure! Wot am I doin! Well, I'm doin pretty well. I had ter t'ump a felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin me a heathen. Seef Say, dere's a kid in der house wot open-der front door w'en youse ring de bell, an i win all 'is boodle de second night i was dere, showin 'im how ter play crusoe. Say, it's a dead easy game, but der loidy, she azed me not to bunko de farmers-deys all farmers up in dat house—dead farmers—sc I leaves 'em alone. 'Scuse me now, dats me toldy comin outer de shop. I opens de door of de carriage an she says, 'Home.

Married Women and Girls' Secreta. "There is nothing so exasperating in the whole world as to tell a profound secret to some woman friend and discover a day or two later that her husband knows as much about the affair as you do," and a young girl to us the other day. "You see, one forgets that because a girl is married she must retail everything to the man whom she has favored with her hand, and if you have been chums for years it naturally fol-lows that you go on telling her little se-crets in the old time way, until a few



The Burlington's Gerritory

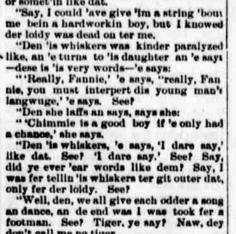
AIR:-WITCHES DANCE DES ALPHABETS.



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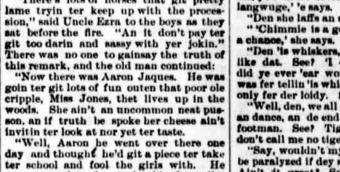
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James.' Den I jumps on de box an strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer too. l'il tel' you some more 'bout de game next time So long.''-New York Sun.



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"Take him up in your lap," Mrs. Bil-lups suggested. "Perhaps he'll be better

Mr. Billups, in desperation, did as he was told, and with his arms around the baby's shoulders and holding the book at arm's length continued, "'The language of a stillness so dread and deep that the very silence clashes against it, and "----"Pem-mie, pem-mie!" cried the child, seizing the lapel of his father's coat.

"Pencil, he means," Mrs. Billups re-marked. "Give him your pencil from your vest pocket, and then he'll be quiet." The boy got the pencil and straightway conveyed the sharpened end to his mouth, while Mr. Billups read on, "'And makes dull, muffled beatings in ears that strain to catch the dead men's talk; the shadow of immortality"".

"Down, down! Dit down!" came again from the restless young Billups, and his father let him down so suddenly that the child stumped his bare toes against a rung

of the chair, and began to cry. "I know what I'll do," said Mrs. Billups, ever hopeful. "I'll give him that box of liver pills to play with. He's so fond of hearing them rattle. Come here, darling" -to the baby-"and get your box." "B-b-bots?" sobbed the little fellow.

"Yes," his mamma replied. John found his place in the book again, while John, Jr., toddled away with that fascinating box of pills.

"'The shadow of immortality,'" Mr. Billups continued in a humdrum tone, his elocutionary talent squelched; "the shadow of immortality falling through the shadow of death and bursting back upon its heavenward course'

"Torse, torse!" shouted that parrot voice from a distant corner of the room.

"'Torse,'" Mrs. Billups replied. "No, it wasn't, either. It was 'course.'" "Well, I meant 'course.' You know I did. I was just thinking of the baby. He

said 'torse,' and I''-"Never mind what he says, Mary. I was reading, 'Bursting back upon its

heavenward course-course,' mind you-'from the depth of the abyss; climbing again upon its silver self"".

"Ma-a-a! Ma-a-a! Ma-mal" This meant trouble, sure.

Baby had got the pillboz open and tasted the contents

He didn't like the flavor. "Ma-a-al ma-a-al ma-a-al" he yelled, and mamma leaped to his side and uttered a suppressed shrick.

"Shall I go for the doctor?" queried Mr. Billups in a hard voice, throwing aside his book.

"No, it's not as bad as that, thank good pess!" responded Mrs. Billups. "I thought be had swallowed the pills, but he hasn't." "I guess not!" said Mr. Billups unfeel-ingly. "Catch him swallowing anything he doesn't like!"

"Oh, John, what do you mean? The dear little darling! Woh't you go on with your reading?"

"Well, I guess not that either," exclaimed the man of the house. "You can put that young villain to sleep again, and Fill go, out on the doorstep and take a smoke, if I catch my death of cold doing it."

And Mr. Billups, petulantly seizing his pipe and tobacco popeh, salied forth and executed his threat.—Boston Herald.

The following anecdote is told of a certain venerable and learned bishop who had an uncontrollable partiality for correcting and criticising the language of his parishioners.

How His Lordship "Got Left."

On one occasion he happened to enter a crowded horse car running on one of the main thoroughfares of the town of F-A business man of the city, who was also a member of his lordship's flock, chanced to be sitting near where he stood, and thinking it hardly right that he, a young man, should be seated while his bishop was compelled to stand, rose and said, "My lord, since you are the oldest, permit me to offer you my seat." Replied the bishop in a critically instructive tone of voice, "You should say, my dear friend, 'Since you are the older, permit me to offer you my seat." The gentleman gazed at him for a few moments, then tranquilly sat down again, and picking up his newspaper remarked politely, "My lord, since I am the younger will keep my seat."-Detroit Free Press.

How She Caught Them.

They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. Why," she added, with a glance around, "the necktie of the handomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." And then she smiled, for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!-Drake's Magazine.

More Light on It.

The conversation had drifted to the Where am I at?" episode.

"Naow, d'ye knaow," said the English-man, slightly perplexed, "that sounds quite old to us. We should say, 'Where is my 'at?"—Chicago Tribune.

For Once in His Life.

Second Ditto-On the contrary, my dear fellow, you have just spoken the truth .-Tit-Bits.

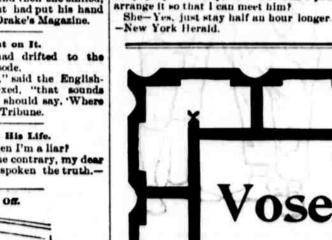


"And what did the doctor say was really

"Well, miss, his very words was. 'You're a-sufferin from a guitar in the stomach.

with a great want of tone." "-J idr.

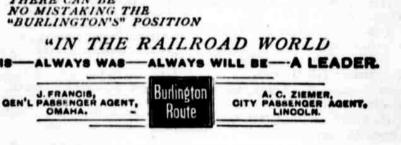
the matter with you?"



shocks teach you that things are very different from the good old days when there was no third party to be taken into our confidence. Really, I think it is very mean of them; don't you? Of course it isn't anything for a wife to tell her husband all the little happenings of her own life, but when it comes to revealing other women's secrets I think it positively dishonorable. "I know when I am married I will keep all the little confidences made by my girl friends locked fast in my own breast, for I am never going to mortify them as I have been by learning that a certain escapade or love episode that was too good to keep entirely to myself, yet not the thing to spread broadcast, had become common property because my friend had told her husband, who told some one at the club, etc. Sometimes I really think that the only way to actually keep a secret is not to tell it to any one, but there is no fun in that. The

-Detroit Tribune.

zest is all gone when no one else knows it, but of one thing I am certain, I will never trust a married woman with anything I care to keep absolutely between ourselves. Sure Pop. He (at 11:30 p. m.)- Your father is an aw-fully jolly dd chap, isn't he? Can't you





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First Disputant-Then I'm a liar?