

First National Bank
O AND TENTH STREETS.
Capital, \$400,000.00.
Surplus, \$100,000.00.

OFFICERS:
E. S. HARWOOD, President.
CHAS. A. HANNA, Vice President.
F. M. COOK, Cashier.
C. S. LIPPINCOTT, Assistant Cashier.
H. S. FREEMAN, Assistant Cashier.

Columbia National Bank
(LINCOLN, NEB.)
CAPITAL, \$250,000.

Officers and Directors.
JOHN B. WRIGHT, President.
T. E. RAYBURN, Vice President.
J. H. McCAY, Cashier.
F. E. JOHNSON, H. P. LAU, THOS. COCHRAN,
E. R. SIZER, T. W. LOWERY,
W. L. DAYTON.
General Banking Business Transacted.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

American Exchange National Bank
L. M. RAYMOND, President.
D. E. THOMPSON, Vice President.
S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier.
D. G. WIND, Asst. Cashier.
Richard's Block, Corner
Eleventh and O Sts.
LINCOLN, NEB.
Capital, \$250,000.

DIRECTORS: L. M. Raymond, Lewis Gregory, S. H. Burnham, T. W. Lowery, C. O. Dawes, C. H. Morrill, A. J. Sawyer, E. E. Brown, F. W. Little, S. W. Burnham, G. W. Lamberton, D. E. Thompson.

German National Bank
LINCOLN, NEB.
Capital, \$100,000.
Surplus, 20,000.

JOSEPH BOEHMER, President.
HERMAN H. SCHIABERG, V-Prest.
CHAS. E. WAITE, Cashier.
GEO. H. SCHWAKE, Asst. Cash.

5 per cent on Deposits Paid at the
Lincoln Savings Bank
AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY,
Cor. F and Eleventh Sts.
THE ONLY SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS IN LINCOLN

DIRECTORS:
N. S. Harwood, H. D. Hathaway,
N. C. Brock, J. Z. Briscoe,
Wm. McLaughlin, C. J. Ernst,
W. A. Seleck, H. W. Brown,
C. T. Rogers, R. O. Phillips,
A. W. Webster, E. R. Sizer,
Albert Watkins, Henry Veith,
Fred Williams, Henry E. Lewis,
Rachel Lloyd.

NEBRASKA Savings Bank.

CAPITAL, \$250,000.00.
Stockholders' Liabilities, \$500,000.

Pays interest on savings accounts and time deposits. Furnishes exchange free to customers.

John Taylor, President.
James Kilburn, Vice President.
E. R. Tingley, Cashier.

Real Estate Loans

On farms in Eastern Nebraska and improved property in Lincoln, for a term of years.

Lowest Current Rates.
R. E. & J. MOORE,
RICHARDS BLOCK,
Corner 11th and O Streets, Lincoln.

CAPITAL Steam Dyeing
AND CLEANING WORKS.
No. 113 N. Twelfth St.

T. C. KERN, D. D. S. Dentist.
Rooms 25 and 26, Burr Block,
LINCOLN, NEBR.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Loyden
Has at great expense replaced his old instruments with a new Dallmeyer, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a locket up to life size. Open room 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sundays.
STUDIO, 1214 O STREET.

TURKISH BATHS
AND
MASSAGE PARLORS
Corner 13th and N Streets.
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

PHONE 724.
WOOD ENGRAVING
ARTISTIC DESIGNING
S. 30. ST. LINCOLN.

Feeling the Baby.
New Girl—Please, sir, the missus is out, and I can't do a thing with the baby. He cries all the time.
Mr. Winks—Humph! Something must be done. Let me see. There's an idiot asylum only a few squares away. Send up for one of the female inmates to come down here at once. I'll pay all charges.
"But what do you want of such a creature as that?"
"I think maybe she will be able to talk baby talk to him until his mother returns."
—New York Weekly.



Drawing the Line.
He—Well, if you won't tell your age, I'll ask your father.
She—He won't give me away.
He—I only wanted your age.—Brooklyn Life.

Fixed.
She was seated before a long mirror in one of the largest millinery establishments in Chicago. Two dainty creations of lace, straw and flowers were balanced on her finger tips. She was gravely comparing their merits, while the saleswoman stood by, smiling. And so her dearest friend caught sight of her.

"Why, Dora, you here? Come, help me to decide. How much did you say this one was?"

"Only \$39.42; awfully cheap," cooed the saleswoman.

"I'll try it on."

The young lady turned to the glass. Her friend watched her with envious eyes. How did Flora ever get so much money?

"Lovely!" cried the saleswoman as she turned from the mirror.

"Which do you prefer, Dora?"

"They are both lovely," said Dora in a faint nothing-to-eat-since-morning-voice.

"And quite reasonable, too," went on Flora. "Now, if I decide to take this one, could I have that cluster of flowers moved just a trifle to the right?"

"Certainly, nothing easier."

"I'll try on the other before deciding."

Dora could bear no more. She fled to the elevator. How poor and cheap looked the hat she had put on so proudly an hour ago, and she had meant to crush Flora with it!

Two hours later they met on State street. Dora glanced at her friend's head.

"You had it sent home, I see," she said.

"Sent home nothing, gossie; didn't you see me wink at you? Why, I only had 49 cents in my pocketbook all the time, but my old hat just had to be trimmed over. I did it to gain time to fix the style in my head. I can do it beautifully now. Here's a sale of imported flowers for 17 cents a bunch; let's go in and look at them."

They went.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sermon Was Short.

"You must have had an awful long sermon. You are half an hour later than usual," said Mr. McFarlem to his wife, who had just returned from church.

"Why, I thought the sermon was very short," replied Mrs. McFarlem.

"Did you hear your new hat on for the first time?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ah, that explains it. No sermon is long to a woman under those circumstances."—Texas Siftings.

An Angel's Treasures.

Accepted Suitor—Why, my angel, what's the matter?

The Angel—Oh, the awfulest thing has happened. I have lost my engagement ring.

Little Brother—Why, sis, what a fuss you are making! You've got plenty more of them.—Good News.

Not of the Upper Ten.

Mrs. Nexdoor—I have found out one thing about that Mrs. Newcomer. Who ever she is she has never moved in good society.

Mr. Nexdoor—How do you know that?

Mrs. Nexdoor—She shakes hands as if she meant it.—New York Weekly.

Sold Again.

A.—What is Meyer doing now?

B.—I saw him a little while ago with his head in a noose, a knife at his throat and foaming at the mouth.

A.—Horrible! Where? Where?

B.—At the barber's!—Humoristisches Blatt.

Very Moving.

He read the letter twice and then said:

"This is one of the most moving pieces of literature I ever saw."

"Is it an appeal for aid?" asked his wife.

"No. It's a note from the landlord saying he has raised the rent."—Washington Star.

Sure Cure.

Higgs—Briggs' physician has prescribed cigarette smoking for him.

Miggs—What a horrible prescription. What is it for?

Higgs—To cure the tobacco habit, I believe.—Elmira Gazette.

Extravagant.

"I see, Bill," said Dusty Rhodes, "that they're moving on to take people from here to Chicago for \$1 during the fair season."

"Bah!" retorted Bill. "What's the use of wasting your money when you kin walk?"

—Harper's Bazar.

Partners in Crime.

"Who are those girls playing four-handed pieces on the piano?"

"One of them is the daughter of the hostess."

"And her accomplice?"—Fliegende Blätter.

The Troublesome Twins.

"Why do you call your twins 'Circumstances' and 'Jawkins'?"

"Because, my dear boy, they are something over which I have no control."—Vogue.

These Girls.

He—Miss Spotts is awfully clever. A regular wonder.

She—Yes, time works wonder.—Truth.

ALL ALONE.

The Frightful Peril That Confronted Two Sisters.

They were sisters, these two, at the moment in awful peril, and they were alone in the house in their extremity.

"Here," said the elder one, handing her sister a deadly looking dirk, "is a knife. Bethink you you can use it!"

"I bethink me I can," replied the younger girl, with chattering teeth, "but oh, Celeste, is there no way but this?"

She had read "Virgilius."

"None. Methinks I hear him move."

"So do I. He is struggling to escape."

"Open the cellar door cautiously. I have oiled the hinges. I will stand here and hold the light. Courage, brave girl! Hiss! I can hear him stir."

"Now may the fates defend us," whispered the girl with the knife, "and save me from a death ignoble. What vital part shall I strike, Celeste?"

"Give it to him in the neck, sister. But soft, is yonder light the jocund orb of day and has the night faded into morning?"

"Nay, that is the electric light on the corner which has just showed its hand. I go now to kill him. Yes, I have said it, to kill him!"

The brave, heroic, beautiful girl plunged down the stairs into the opaque semidarkness, and in a moment a terrific shriek—Celeste at once recognized the brand—told that all was over.

"Are you bringing him up?" asked the girl at the head of the cellar stairs in a voice alike on both sides.

"Yes—by hand," came the ghostly whisper.

The next moment he was dropped on the floor, and the sisters threw themselves into each other's arms, while shriek after shriek clove the purple distance of the night.

They had murdered a mouse.—Detroit Free Press.

The Typewriter's Name.

When Mr. Keedick reached home the other evening, he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall rack before she blurted out:

"You've got a new typewriter?"

"Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings on, I can tell you. You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't dear me! Your typewriter is only about 18 years old?"

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs. Keedick went on indignantly.

"Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no! Of course not! With a soft voice and charming manners?"

"Nearly right! I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"Never mind what for. I want your typewriter's name."

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Where's the Bed?"

There is a gentleman living in the south who, although he had been to New York and some of the other northern cities, yet, strange as it may appear, had never seen an elevator.

Being called on business to Charleston he went to one of the principal hotels, and registering asked the clerk for a nice room.

The clerk, calling a colored porter, said, "Take this gentleman to room No. 15."

"Yes, sah," said the porter, and with a pompous air he picked up the valise and led the way to the elevator. Going in he put the valise on the floor and said, "Walk in, sah."

The gentleman walked in, and looking around in amazement asked: "Is this the best room you can give me? Where's the bed?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Spring Opening.

—Truth.

Glittering Inducements.

"Walk right in, gentlemen!" cheerfully sang out the orator at the door of the dime museum. "You can see our entire show, smoke all you please, converse with the fat woman and feel peanuts to the monkeys, all for one fifth of what it costs you to see the World's fair, and there ain't no Columbian guards, and the pie at the eatin house round the corner is only 5 cents!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Correct Thing.

New Cook—I'm told the missus wants things in th' high toned, fashionable style. Sure, I'm afraid I won't suit, for it's only plain cookin' I've done.

Old Cook—It's aisy enough. Make every thing taste like something else.—Tit-Bits.

He Was No Bully.

"No," sadly said the stranger at the restaurant as he looked at the cup of coffee handed out to him, "you can't take it back. I haven't the heart to attack anything so weak as that." It was against my principles.—Texas Siftings.

A Mistake Somewhere.

Editor—You say these jokes are original? Mr. Chestnuts (a humorous writer)—Yes, sir.

"Then you must be a much older man than I take you for."—Life.

Not Scared.

We are both a-gittin ready for the big Chicago fair.

We are goin, me an 'Mandy, for the nights they're shown there.

There ain't a thing ter bother us 'bout elegance or style.

We're a-goin 'cos we're anxious to improve our minds awhile.

We can buy admission tickets, an we've got the railroad fare.

An the only question now is as to livin when we're there.

We kin sleep in modest quarters, an of lunch we're not afraid.

Cos we'll git along on peanuts an a glass of lemonade.

—Star.

A Bad Case.
Once I was assistant to an elderly doctor in Ontario, who also ran a drug store. He was as peppery as a cayenne pod, and from time to time customers and patients sprung jokes on him just for the fun of hearing him blow off. On one occasion a well dressed young fellow called at the shop and asked the doctor to prescribe for a breaking out and a rash on his left arm. The doctor examined the limb and pronounced it to be a bad case of psoriasis and eczema.
"I suppose, doctor, you can cure it?" said the patient.
"Why, certainly," replied the doctor.
"How long will it take to get well?"
"Oh, I guess about two months," said the doctor.
"Quite sure, sir—is it a bad case?"
"Positively the worst I've seen."
"Then I will leave it with you and call for it again when cured," solemnly said the patient, slowly unfastening his arm, which was an artificial one and painted for the occasion.—Chemist and Druggist.



Burns Knew Better.

It was the fate of a practical and patriotic Scotchman of Rochester to assist at a meeting of a certain Improvement society, the while a Shakespearean scholar dilated upon the virtues of his favorite writer. At the close of the meeting the stranger approached the lecturer, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"An ye think he was mair clever than Rabbi Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them."

"Maybe no, but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uncle's lies the head that wears the crown.' Now, Rabbi would never hae written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Aye, just nonsense. Rabbi would hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the crown on the r head. They hang it ower the back o' a chair!"—Exchange.

Habit.

"You have paid me nothing on account of my bill for six months," wrote a tailor to the editor of a suburban paper recently.

"My capital," he continued, "does not admit of my giving such long credits. Kindly remit at once."

Inclosed in the envelope was a duplicate copy of the bill long past due, which the editor, solely through the force of habit as he maintained, inscribed "respectfully declined," and then tossed it into the waste basket.—New York Herald.

Foreign Travel Improves.

Successful Farmer. San George got some sense durin that foreign tour anyhow.

Wife—I hain't seen it.

"I have. You know hespent a good while in Lunnun, as he calls it?"

"Yes, an I'd like to know what good it did."

"Use y'r eyes, Miranda. He learned to turn up his pants w'en it rains."—New York Weekly.

A Considerate Debtor.

Collector—When are you going to pay this bill? I can't be coming here every day in the week.

Debtor—Well, what day could you come on conveniently?

"I could call on Saturday."

"All right. From now on I shall expect you every Saturday."—Texas Siftings.

An Heirloom.

Droper—Do you believe Sprinkler's assertion that the stylish umbrella he carries was owned by his great grandfather?

Pourer—Oh, yes; he says his grandfather put a new stick in it, his father a new frame, and Sprinkler has had it covered.—Clothes and Haberdashery.

No Good.

First Colored Gamester—I've got three kings.

Second Ditto—Dey's no good.

"Watcher got?"

"A razor."—Binghamton Leader.

A Superior Scheme.

Mrs. Donkno—Mrs. Muscavado employs none but elderly servants.

Mrs. Knowitall—That is to give strangers the impression that they have been in the family for many years.—Truth.

The Ugly Heiress.

Fortune Teller—Your husband will be a poor man.

Inquirer—How can you tell that?

Fortune Teller—Well, rich men don't marry for money.—Life.

Why She Objected.

"Mrs. Binks is very bitter in her condemnation of poker, isn't she?" said the caller.

"Yes," replied the hostess. "You know Mr. Binks plays a wretched game."—Washington Star.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Gay—Mary, did I see you kissing my husband this morning?

Mary—At what time?—Boston Budget.

His Share.

Yes, this is her picture, drawn by the sun's restless flash.

Eyes of hazel like a fawn.

Hidden by the drooping lash.

Such a neck and shoulders too!

Al, I thought you'd like her arms.

Surely artist never drew

Any goddess with such charms!

Flatters her? Oh, no, not now!

Her complexion's like a peach.

And her smile, that soulful touch

Which the lens could never reach.

Lucky man? Well, maybe, sir.

But this picture and one curl

Are all I have left of her.