

THE BEST CLOTHES MONEY CAN BUY



That's the sort of clothes this store sells its customers. They are just as good in cloth, make, fit and wear as money and human hands are able to produce and what is more the clothes are sold for at least 25 to 50 per cent less than clothes that look like them can be secured for.

High Class Suits, Very Stylish Extra Well

Made at

\$5, 7.50, 8.75 & 10

**OUR FINEST SUITS at
\$12.50, 15, 18 & 20**

If You are unable to call at the Store, Write for Our Clothing Catalogue. Its Free.

Armstrong Clothing Company

1221 to 1227 O Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A Bad Liquor Bill

After much persuasion, Sir John Astley allowed himself to be put forward, some years ago, as a conservative candidate for parliament from Lincolnshire. He confessed he knew little about politics, but entered into the campaign as rare sport. One day he addressed a meeting of electors, at a village in the Isle of Axholme, and when he had finished, boldly challenged his hearers to fire questions at him. Presently there came the query:

"What do you think of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill?"

"For a moment Sir John was non-plussed, but only for a moment. Pulling himself together, he replied: "I can not answer for Sir Wilfrid Law-

son's liquor bill, but I do know that last year my own was a deuced sight too big!"

"Dead-Beat" and the Pass

Among after-dinner speakers Joseph Jefferson ranked as one who could tell a good story in a dry delightful way. His stories dealt principally with theatrical subjects.

"While starring through Indiana several years ago," he said at a dinner one night, "my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a pass "worker" or dead-beat. He told the usual yarn about being a former actor and ending by asking for professional courtesies.

"I would be glad to oblige you," said the manager, "but unfortunately I haven't a card with me." Just then a happy thought struck him, and he added: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it."

"Leaning over, with a pencil he wrote 'Pass the bearer,' on the fellow's white shirt front and signed his name. The beat thanked him and hastened to the gate. The ticket taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a few steps inside, then called him back, saying in a loud voice:

"Hold on, my friend; I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me."—Harper's Weekly.

Not an Humble Apostle

A well known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished, they lost sight of one another. One day however, the artist, wandering about the zoological gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hullo Smith" said he, "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, that's a fact. I'm engaged in tere gardens a-cleanin' out the phants' stables; a nice occypation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"