

Over the Samovar.

Old Friend—Did you bring over any extra luggage with you this time from Paris?
Countess St. Germaine (nee de Billions)—Oh, no; nothing except the count.

Four good men are employed at Constance's barber shop, 1010 O street, where you get the cleanest shave and neatest hair cut.

Corroborating His Views.

Jagway—I heard a lecture in bacteria last night.

Castleton—Did you learn anything? Jagway—should say. It taught me the evil effects of drinking water.

The Ewing Clothing company are showing the new shapes in spring hats at popular prices.

Dashaway—I had a most realistic dream last night, I dreamed I was riding on the elevated road.

Cleverton—Why was it realistic?

Dashaway—When I woke up I found myself hanging to the chandelier.—New York World.

Best quality regulation white cadet gloves are 10c at the Ewing Clothing Co., 1115 and 1117 O.

A Bold, Bad Language.

"It's a pity when a charming woman uses words she does not understand."

"Going away?" asked a theater goer of the aesthetic and willow-like siren who performs burlesque at a well-known theater—going to be married?

"If I am it will only be pro tem," she answered with a modest blush. Since then she has given up Latin, saying that it must be a bold language in which you cannot make use of a simple expression without compromise to your character.—Texas Siftings.

Not So Sudden, Either.

"Miss Barretts," said the young man, suddenly. "I must see your father concerning something very dear to me; something that may affect my whole life!"

"Dear me; this is so sudden!" said the young woman.

"Why, not so very sudden. I announced my name as a candidate for Councilman more than four weeks ago. Do you think he will vote for me?"—Chicago Dispatch.

The complete edition of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" 15 cents. Herpolshimer's book department.

Ed Young's for new cigars, pipes and tobacco—1204 O street.

Floating Humor.

She (dreamily)—Only fancy—a month from to-day we shall be married. He (absently)—Well, let's be happy while we can.—Illustrated Bits.

"See, here, you imposter, you've begged from me four times in the last ten days." "Huh! Yer ain't got no kick; yer ain't gl'me a cent."—Chicago Record.

She—Your father proposed to me the other day. He—Yes, and what did you say? She—I said I would be a daughter to him.—New York Advertiser.

Merritt—Under the circumstances, why don't you go west and get a divorce? Cobwigger—Because, if I had a divorce, I might be fool enough to marry again.—Life.

"This is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied she, "one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice a week."—Washington Star.

Hoax—You worked your way through college, didn't you? Joax—Right. Hoax—What did you work at? Joax—The other students principally.—Philadelphia Record.

Caulor—Should think you'd run a woman's page in your paper? Eddy For All—We do; three of them C. Where are they? E. T. A.—The ad. pages, man.—Boston Courier.

"I have decided to withdraw from the race," said the politician decidedly. "You can't do it," returned the voter promptly. "Why not?" "You were never in it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Doctor—Now, Tommie, will you promise me to take your medicine like a man? Tommie—No, sir; when a man takes medicine he makes a bad face and wears.—Yonkers Statesman.

Best regulation white cadet gloves 10c at the Ewing Clothing company, 1115-1117 O street.

Russel Sage is said to be suffering from a boil near the shoulder. If anyone can think of a worse combination to run against than Russell Sage and a boil he should be compelled to do so that the public may be on its guard.

Several Florida orange growers have been inspecting Southern California with the purpose of investing in land. These men say that the growing of oranges and lemons is their business and they know nothing else; that they are discouraged over the outlook in Florida and wish to try Southern California, where the damage by frost is not great.

Life's Lighter Side.

Proprietor of Iron Works—"If I understand you correctly, you wish to place an order for armor plate that no cannon shot can pierce. We are turning out that kind of thing every day, and—" Agent of Foreign Government—"No, you misunderstand. I wish to know if you can manufacture cannon that can pierce any armor plate." Proprietor—"Certainly, sir. We are doing that kind of thing every day."

Grocer—"What have you been doing in the cellar so long?" Grocer's Apprentice—"I have been cleaning out the treacle measure. It was so choked up that it didn't hold mor'n half a pint."

Grocer—"Oh, that's what you've been doing, have you? Well, tell your father to put you in the tract-distributing business. You ain't fitted for the grocery trade."

Wife—"If it is necessary that we should economize, why don't you shave yourself, instead of paying a barber to do it?" Husband—"That shows all you women know about profit and loss accounts. Why, a little bit of courplaster, no bigger than the end of my chin, costs ten cents."

Citizen—"Is country life healthy?" Commuter—"Healthy! There are men in our village who have been riding back and forth in the smoking car for three years, and they're not dead yet."

If you want a bargain in overcoats and suits the Ewing Clothing company is the place for stylish goods at low prices.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Youth paints the circus bill for old age to tear down.

When a woman gets cross, she gets cross at everybody.

Actors, draughtsmen, dentists and mustard plaster ought to be able to draw well.

Spring should be represented as a young man with an ulster and the rheumatism.

Tolerance does not mark the progress of religion. It is the fatal sign of its decline.

A New York paper has a headline, "Opium joints winked at." Yes, they are sleepy places.

Prohibition will never flourish as long as the price of a glass of lemonade will buy two beers.

There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults, and it may be said that money covers more than charity.

Language fails to paint a woman as the eyes of a lover sees her. Pearl rouge is more apt to hit the charmer.

The pickpocket is a living example of the truth that in order to succeed in life one should keep in touch with his fellows.

The world owes us all a living, yet no man collects the debt unless he pulls off his coat and takes it from the world's hide.

No wonder highwaymen are so numerous in this country, when every schoolboy on declamation day is taught to "stand and deliver."

The Ewing Clothing Co. are showing the best values in \$8 and \$10 suits and overcoats in Lincoln.

Osculatory.

It was at a recent Lanarkshire "kirk, as they style a "harvest home" in Scotland, and at the close of one of the dances an enamored swain, who had led his dulcinea a short distance away from the maddening crowd, suddenly inquired:

"Will ye gie me a kiss, Jenny?" Jenny hesitates to reply.

"If ye dinna gie me ane," exclaims the valorous Jock, "dod, I'll tak' it against your wull."

"Na, na, Jock, ye couldna dae that," retorts the smiling Jenny, "for I'm just as willin' to hae ane as yersel'" Curtaian.—Scottish Nights.

Don Cameron's lunch counter, 118 South Eleventh street.

Didn't Care for Much Dress.

Mr. Uptown is the husband of a very fashionable and dressy wife, and not long ago he was talking with a stranger about women's clothes at a swell reception up in Harlem.

"Plenty of handsome women here to-night," ventured the stranger.

"Yes," said Mr. Uptown blandly.

"Married?" queried the stranger.

"Yes; my wife is here to-night."

"I'm married, too, but my wife seldom goes out. She doesn't care much for dress. Does yours?"

"Well," replied Uptown, with some hesitation, "I don't really know whether she cares much for dress, but I'm pretty sure she doesn't care for much dress; but you can judge for yourself. There she comes now."

Mr. Uptown, who is stylish to the backbone, swept by, and the stranger changed the conversation.—Texas Siftings.

A full line of typewriter supplies at the Smith Premier office, 135 South Eleventh street. Tel. 143. C. W. Eckerman, agent.

"Pretty Polly, pretty Poll. How do you do, Polly?"

Polly—Fine, but for heaven's sake, don't ask me if I want a cracker.—Truth.

PIPES.

At Ed. Young's, the best variety, and news and cigars, 1204 O street.

Bouttown's Singular Power.

Professor Steeleye—"By simply holding a bright object before a person's eyes for five minutes I can hypnotize him and make him do anything I wish."

Bouttown—"That's nothing. By holding a bright object before a restaurant waiter's eyes for three-quarters of a second I can make him my slave."

Had Not Troubled Him.

Young Husband (laying down a comic paper)—All this tomfoolery about women's extravagance makes me tired. We have been married two months and you haven't asked me for a cent.

Young Wife—Of course not. What would be the use of troubling you for every little thing I want, when it's so much easier to have the things charged.

The Lincoln news agency, headquarters for news, magazines and novels. Harper's Century, Munsey's, Scribner's, Cosmopolitan and other periodicals always in stock. N. E. corner Eleventh and O streets, Richard block. J. E. Pearson, manager.

Back in Noah's Time.

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the barometer. "All but the leopards," replied Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted."

Noah shook his head gloomily and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end."—Cincinnati Tribune.

In Awfu Situation.

"Some folks hasmore money dan dey know whut ter do it," remarked Plodding Pete thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied Meandering Mike; "I was way once."

"Git away!"

"Sure, I onct hid 25 cents by me, and discovered I vas in a prohibition town."—Washington Star.

Don Cameron's lunch counter, 118 South Eleventh street.

Record Even or Fish Stories.

There are plenty of local fishermen to whose imagination the following fish story will appeal. Last spring, while a party of tourists were fishing "up north," a well-known lawyer lost his gold watch from the boat in which he was sitting. Last week he made another visit to the lakes, and during the first day's sport caught an eight-pound trout. His astonishment can be imagined when he found his watch lodged in the throat of the trout! The watch was running and the time correct! It being a "stem-winder," the supposition is that in masticating his food the fish wound up the watch daily!—Northampton Daily Reporter.

An Unnatural Supposition.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—You say, you took the ham because you are out of work and your family is starving; and yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor; but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, your honor.—Ex.

Remember that Francis Bros. have reopened the Capital Cafe, 121 North Eleventh street. Short order meals are their specialty.

He Nearly Smothered.

Hotel Clerk (to rural guest)—Morning, Mr. Smithkins. How did you sleep last night?

Mr. Smithkins (weakly)—Only fairish; y' see I haen't been used to sleepin' folded up in them new-fangled foldin' beds yet. I'm hanged . . . isn't nearly smother twist.

IF YOU KNOW

that I have the apparatus for half soiling in the neatest style,

the latest point shoes and up-to-date styles, it would pay you to bring all your shoe repair work to 100 South 13th st. All work guaranteed. J. H. Pettit.

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is the place to get your Choice American Beauty and Roses of any shade.

Carnations and all floral work guaranteed. Decorations a specialty.

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Florists.

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SHORT ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY. -- GIVE US A TRI-

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THE MOST CONVENIENT PLACE FOR STUDEN-

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Oysters and Game in Season

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OPEN AT ALL HOURS DAY OR NIGHT.
SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIU-

All FORMS OF BATHS—Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electric, with special attention to the action of NATURAL SALT WATER BATHS, several times stronger than sea water, for the cure of Rheumatism, Nervous difficulties, and many other diseases. The Bath House is the most popular in the world. SEA BATHING may be enjoyed at all seasons in our large, massive Water Swimming Pool, 80x150 long, 3 to 10 ft deep, heated to a uniform temperature of 80 deg.

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30 Distinguished Artists.

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