

AT AUCTION

On Wednesday, April 27, 1887, the Board of County Commissioners will sell at auction the part of the old County Poor Farm, known as Douglas Addition on the following terms: One-third cash, balance equal amounts 1, 2 and 3 years, with interest 8 per cent per annum, payable annually. A deposit of \$25 will be required on each lot at time of sale as a guarantee of good faith. Sale will commence at 9 o'clock a. m. sharp. A plat showing the appraised value of each lot in the addition can be seen at the County Clerk's office. 235 lots, appraised value \$206,450; average \$878 per lot.

| West Omaha. | | Utica Place. | | PACIFIC | | STREET. | |
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HUMORIST'S HAPPY HITS.

The Member From Hickory Fork and His Per Diem.

PICTURES PAINTED FOR PHUN.

Slow Time to the Golden Gate—The Spring Foot in the Sanatorium—An Astonished Chinese—All Hope Banished—Fanny Chat.

Wants to be a Bug.

[Suggested by the present craze in breast pins.]

Dora, you're a pretty miss.

One that I would love to kiss.

But I can't.

For, if I were to essay.

You would check me with a "nay".

Or "you shant".

One would know you for a flirt.

Seeing you nod your skirt.

With a tug.

While upon your shapely breast.

Crawls in golden harness dress.

Though the "bugles" chain is short.

It is free—too free—to court.

For his stamping ground's your heart.

Of all parts the very part.

That I crave.

Your sweet arms are not for me;

So I'm jealous when I see.

That obnoxious, captive bug.

Rub his head against your jug—

—U—lar vein.

If his "bugness" knew my case

He might offer me his place.

And his mask.

Since you'll not grant me your hand.

Let me, chained thus, ever stand

On your basque.

Do Didn't Want a Razor to Shave With.

"Have you got a razor in the house?"

asked an Indian man who registered at

Willard's late last night for one night

only.

"I don't know of any, sir," replied the

clerk, "and the barber shop has been

closed for two hours."

"Barber shop, thunder!" exclaimed the

impetuous guest. "I don't want no

barber shop. I'm tired out. I want to

go on stairs to bed."

"All right, sir, and I'll send the razor

to you in the morning, so you can shave

before breakfast."

"Young man," said the Indian, as a

light dawned upon him, "you're off your

base. I don't want no razor to shave

with; I want a razor that'll git me up

stairs without havin' to walk."

Then the clerk tumbled, and the bol-

low led the guest over and put him in the

elevator.

Moral: Marry a Bachelor.

Tid-Bit.

My first wife was my pet.

Much better she than you.

Oh, I regret it, too.

The Curious Crafts Women Are.

San Francisco Wasp: "It's no use try-

ing to be kind-hearted in this world,"

sighed old Captain Spenser, whose coast-

wise schooner is laid up for repairs.

"This morning I saw a young gal on

Kearney street whose stern sheets were

skewed round over her left pistol pocket,

so I sez, sez I, 'Madam, your after bulge

is fished loose.'"

"You're a sassy, impudent thing," sez

she.

"Well, this afternoon I seed another

female whose rudder was hark-a-port,

and I sez, sez I, 'Miss, you'd better luff

into this 'ere millinery store and star-

board your helm.'"

"I'll call the perlice, you old masher!"

sez she, and abe hit me with her parol.

"Arise that I meet a frockmaker that I

knowed, and told her, and she sez, sez

she, 'That's the fashion now, Capting.

All the bustles is rigged on sideways

now, 'ez she. Our crafts, with a win-

min'. How they manage to steer beats

me."

Gentle Spring.

A soft and stir is in the air.

Preluding, gentle spring,

When base ball umpires nest again,

And hens begin to sing.

The Second Thought of an Indignant

Legislator.

Arkansas Traveler: "Mr. Speaker,"

said the member from Hickory Fork,

"I feel it my sworn duty, sah, to git up

an' arise to a question of privilege.

Yistidy when I was a makin' my speech

on the repeal of the g m e law, some

members of this body snickered at me

an' hel' their noses ter keep from laugh-