

**WOODEN MEN'S TALK.**

Few persons in this city are keener observers of men and things than Ed. Young's Indian. Frank DuTeil's Red Dude is his chief rival. The Indian and the Red Dude each have a distant manner toward the other. They never get nearer each other than two blocks.

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The other day somebody told the Indian that the Red Dude had given it out in confidence that the Lincoln base ball team would not finish the season better than third. The Indian became agitated at once. His usual placid manner vanished. He puffed out his thin cheeks, and there was a look as of blood in his eye.

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"Wot de 'ell!" he exclaimed to a group of sympathetic bystanders. "Wot does dat wooden man in red tights know about de game, anyway? Say, some people makes me tired, and de Red Dude leads de parade. See? If dey would jess shake themselves off dis earth de rest of us would 'joy ourselves. Dey are rocky, and dey ought to be ground up, and dere dust, it ought ter be blowed away. Jess because Buck didn't show his hand in dese yer exhibition games, an' let his men be ready fer de hospital by de time de reg'lar season opened, some people got red-headed, an' began to lay it onto Buck. Wy, Buck, he knows more about base ball dan a Jersey cow knows about chewin' de cud. He ain't no spring chicken. He ain't no jay lookin' out fer green goods. He ain't fool enough ter spill his basket of eggs before he gits a chance to scramble 'em. No sir, Buck's got a dead sure cinch on his biz, and dere ain't nobody wot kin tell him anything. He jess laid low, like Brer Rabbit, wile de udder fellers wuz a puttin' callouses on dere hans and sprains on dere legs and jerkin' dere arms out er dere sockets. He didn't want to win no exhibition games. Not him. He was onto anudder lay. And say, did yer see him and his fellers play when dose Peoria chaps cum to dis town? Say, did yer see Buck play wid de Peorias like a cat plays wid a mouse, an' den grab 'em jess wen dey thought dey wuz goin' ter do somethin'?" Hully, gee, it wuz great. Wy, Buck and his bucklets they jess came out of dere holes and dey chased de Peoria fellers all over de fiel. On de openin' day dat fellow Barnes, he wuz a king. He jess kept a trowin' de ball all de time. Sometimes somebody got excited and began ter chew de rag; but Barnes he jess keeps on trowin' de ball. Den, some feller would git to first or second an' den de feller wot did der hollerin' fer Peoria, he had a fit; but Barnes he jess keeps on trowin' de ball. An' our bucklets, dey winned de game, of course. An' de nex day dat feller Gragg, he jess out, done hisself. He trew de ball so it seems like Peoria couldn't see hit at tall. Dey couldn't touch hit. Oh, no, de bucklets can't play ball. Say, will you go down ter de Red Dude an' tell him ter go paint hisself some more."

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The Indian's request was complied with. The Red Dude stopped his monologue on the Napoleonic fad long enough to say: "You kin tell his Indianlets dat if he thinks I said Buck and his Ebrights can't play ball, he is thinkin' wot he ain't got no right ter think. Fer I never said hit. Will you jess reckellec wot I'm sayin'? But wot de old Indian says, hit cuts no ice. He hain't got no license to say anything, nohow. Wy, he ast a feller de udder day if Trilby wuz Napoleon's daughter. He said he seed dere pictures side by side, and he thought as how dey must be relations. I spose he thinks dat feller Robert Louis Stevenson is a member of de

famby, too. Some people, an' I include Indians, don't know enough ter hurt 'em, and I'm glad I don't have ter associate wid 'em. Wy, de old Indian, he actualy told er feller dat it wuz proper ter wear er Rob Roy necktie wid a swaller tail. - I hain't got no patience wid sich."

A. D. 1910.

A shriek smote the air. They found him standing with blanched cheek and widely glaring eye. "There's a women under the bed," he gasped. Finally, when their search had assured him that his fears were groundless, he became calmer.

**A MORE DELICATE TERM.**

Barnes Tormer—Great heavens, me boy! Is it possible that I find you carrying the hod? Roscius de Hamme—Don't put it that way, old man; I prithee. I am an understudy to the worthy bricklayer you may see on yon wall above.

\$100 DOLLARS REWARD \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

McCall & Burch, pharmacists, are serving the most delicious soda water, crushed fruit and ice cream all the time. 1229 O street.

Hair dressed 25 cents. Bangs cut and curled 10 cents at Mrs. Gaspers.

Harley's new soda fountain will be Mecca of all who seek light summer drinks.

**Dissatisfied.**

"There's one thing to be said in favor of the pugilists that go on the stage," said Mrs. Meekton. "You never hear of them quarreling and bickering like tenors and leading men." "No," replied her husband, "nothing seems to go as we expect it to. The actors all want to fight and won't act and the fighters all want to act and won't fight."

Telephone Sisler—630—to supply your milk.

Sweaters for wheelmen. 1137 O street.

Tan shoes at Webster & Rogers.

Dunlop hats at Smith's, 1137 O street.

Have your watch repaired at Fleming's—1224 O street.

**Excursions to Hot Springs S. D.**

On May 24th, June 7th and 19 the Great Burlington route will sell round trip tickets to Hot Springs at one fare for the round trip good 30 days. For Full information apply at B. and M. dipot or city office corner 10 and O.

G. W. Bonnel C. P. T. A.

**FUNKE OPERA HOUSE**

FRANK C. ZEHRUNG, Manager.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.

**Edouard Remenyi,**  
THE HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

**REMENYI**

HAS CHARMED THE MUSIG-LOVING WORLD WITH THE WITGHERY OF HIS BOW.

SATURDAY, MAY 18.

**TISSO'S EUROPEAN VAUDEVILLE AND LIVING PICTURE CO.**

**High Class Specialties**  
**Genuine Living Pictures.**

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ED. A. CHURCH, Manager.

MONDAY, MAY 13.

**EMILY BANCKER**

—IN—

**OUR FLAT.**

As given 780 consecutive nights in London and 100 nights in New York.

TUESDAY, MAY 14—MATINEE.

**SOUSA'S BAND.**

Concert begins at 2 p. m., sharp.

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**"TRILBY"**

MAY 24th.

**THE PASSING SHOW . . .**

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.