

NEWS IN BOROVIILLE.

Country Editor—Hello, where have you been for this coon's age?  
 Subscriber—Got fired from Plantagenet's and have humping myself to get something to do.  
 "How did you succeed?"  
 "Oh, I got a sort of a job in Blank City; hard work, though."  
 Next issue of the *Banner*—John Shorts has resigned from Plantagenet's hardware store to accept a more lucrative situation in Blank City. Success to you, John.

**H. W. BROWN**  
 Druggist and  
 Bookseller.  
 Whiting's  
 Fine Stationery  
 and  
 Calling Cards.....  
 127 S. Eleventh Street.  
 PHONE 68.

A SURE SIGN.

A country minister remarked to his wife Sunday noon:  
 "There was a stranger in church this morning."  
 "What did he look like?" asked his wife, who was a woman first and a minister's wife afterward.  
 "I didn't see him."  
 "Then how do you know there was a stranger there?"  
 "I found a dollar bill in the contribution box."

SODA—"LICIOUS"

Is what they say of our  
**Orange phosphate**  
 Our soda is all fine. Grushed fruits served with ice cream soda.  
**Wilson's Pharmacy**  
 TENTH & O.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

"Horrors!" exclaimed the beautiful society woman. "Do you mean to try to sell me that picture as an artistic representation of a group of horses?"  
 The great artist paused a moment bewildered. Then a light broke in upon him, and with a few rapid strokes he painted out all the long, graceful tails on the horses and substituted for each a doctored tuft that stuck out straight like a pump handle.  
 "Ah!" said the society woman, clapping her hands with pleasure. "Now, that is a picture worth having."

OPERA - HOUSE - BUFFET,

115 So. Twelfth St.  
 Under Funke Opera House.  
 Only the finest liquid refreshments served.

CHAS BENSON --- CHAS. NEWBRANDT  
 Proprietors.

A SCENE IN GOTHAM.

Such a pathetic little scene on Broadway last Friday afternoon.  
 A funeral with one carriage and no hearse—a baby's funeral.  
 On the seat with the driver lay the little white pine box.  
 In the carriage the tiny baby's coffin rested on the two seats while the young father and mother sat opposite each other, with their hands laid on the white casket and their eyes dim with tears.  
 A flash, and it was gone, and in its place came a coupe containing a painted siren, holding in her arms a fat and pampered dog.

**I AM**  
 THE GENERAL AGENT  
 for  
**MUNYON'S REMEDIES.**  
**F. C. Zehring**  
 Druggist,  
 FUNKE OPERA HOUSE.

FOOD FOR SUPERSTITION.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, salt spilling and other superstitions.  
 "It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brichanteau. "For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of 77, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen."  
 "And he died the next day?" Le Ribl inquired.  
 "No, but exactly 13 years afterward." A shudder ran through the audience.

A full set of Best Teeth \$5.00  
 Teeth Extracted Without Pain.  
**All work guaranteed!**  
**W. T. HATHAWAY,**  
 ....1214 O Street.

HIS INITIALS.

"What did you say that young man's name is?" asked Mabel's father.  
 "Mr. Isaac Oliver Upton," was the reply.  
 "H'm. I begin to understand."  
 "To understand what?"  
 "A remark that was made about Mr. Upton. I was told that he seldom wrote his name in full; that he nearly always used his initials."

PRESCRIPTIONS and SODA WATER

The most reliable pharmacy  
 1029 O Street  
**McGALL & BURGH.**  
 Our Ice cream soda is the best on earth.

MAJORIE KNEW.

"Jack was dreadfully stupid in Sunday school to-day, mamma," said Majorie, rushing in like a junior hurricane. "Teacher asked who John the Baptist was, and Jack said he was a forerunner. Then teacher asked what that was, and Jack just got red and looked at his feet, 'cause he couldn't tell her—and she didn't ask me."  
 "Could you have answered, sweet-heart?" asked her mother.  
 "Course I could. John was a man to do Jesus's errands."

THE RESTAURANT AT BURLINGTON BEACH

At Lincoln Salt Lake is this season under the management of an experienced caterer, and your patronage will be appreciated.  
 All kinds of meals, lunches and refreshments always on hand.  
**G. L. REEDER, Concessionaire.**

**BICYCLE**  
 Shoes,  
 Pants,  
 Sweaters  
 —AT—  
**MAYER BROS.**

GIVING EARLY PROMISE

When the crowd was filling out from the matinee young Mr. Youngly stepped on the pretty girl's dress.  
 "Oh, shoo!" the pretty girl exclaimed as she was thus suddenly hove-to.  
 Young Mr. Youngly saw his opportunity.  
 "Don't shoo me," he smartly said. "I'm no cow."  
 "No," the pretty girl made answer as she swept demurely past, "but you will be when you grow up."  
 And it was seven or eight minutes before young Mr. Youngly could light his cigarette.

ROY'S DRUG STORE

1014 P STREET.  
**Removal Sale**  
 Special prices on all sundries, including Base Ball goods, Hammocks, Fishing Rods and Tackle, &c. Stationery, &c., &c., for the next two weeks.  
 Corner Tenth and P. Nissley's old stand.  
 NISSLEY'S OLD STAND.

DIDN'T TOUCH HIM.

"Mamma, Jimmy Watts put a pin in the new teacher's chair to-day."  
 "And then what happened?"  
 "Notin'; Jimmie says he used to be a book agent."

GETTING ON ADMIRABLY.

"Mamma, Jimmie Watts is learning to be a brakeman."  
 "Learning to be a brakeman?"  
 "Yes; he can holler Mooresville and Junctionberg now so you can't understand him."

P. J. WOHLNBURG,

—manufacturer of—  
**FINE CIGARS**  
 and dealer in all leading cigars, pipes, snuff and smoking tobaccos; also canes.  
 128 South Eleventh Street.

THE POLICEMAN WAS SELFISH.

The stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed gentleman from the onslaught of the trolley car.  
 "Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman.  
 "I am not," answered the officer.  
 "What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked after the old gentleman had gone.  
 "Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him I was married he would probably sent me a box of fruit, or a ham or something. As it is, I will likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a jug."

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK LINCOLN, NEB.

I. M. RAYMOND, President.  
 S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier.  
 A. J. SAWYER, Vice President.  
 D. G. WING, Assistant Cashier.  
 CAPITAL, \$250,000 SURPLUS \$15,000  
 Directors—I. M. Raymond, S. H. Burnham, C. G. Dawes, A. J. Sawyer, Lewis Gregory, N. Z. Snell, G. M. Lambertson, D. G. Wing, S. W. Burnham.

THE TIME WHEN.

The tailor knew the young man who was looking over the samples.  
 "What's the price of that?" said the customer, picking up the best thing in the lot.  
 "Seventy five dollars."  
 The young man snapped it through his fingers as if mentally calculating.  
 "Well," he asked, "if I order it now when can I get it?"  
 "When you pay for it!" responded the tailor with a confidence that almost unbalanced the young man.

CLARKSON LAUNDRY CO.

330-332-334-336-338  
 South Eleventh Street.  
 Telephone 270.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

He stands outside my window in the street,  
 A humble minstrel of a dozen days,  
 A memory of simpler, happy days,  
 Dear "Home, Sweet Home" and faithless "Marguerite,"  
 I did not know their music was half so sweet,  
 The "Washerwoman" and the "Marseillaise,"  
 I know not which should have my highest praise;  
 Their very crudeness makes them so complete.  
 Weary of Wagner and his turgid notes,  
 Of Verdi's acrobatic throats,  
 I revel in this arm-delivered air,  
 Which whips a score of years from out my sight,  
 Refills me with a bubbling boy's delight,  
 And leaves me scant of penicils and of care.

CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHS  
 ATHLETIC PHOTOGRAPHS  
 PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES  
 PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS  
 EXTERIOR VIEWS

*Clements*  
 The Photographer.

129 South Eleventh Street

DISCRIMINATION.

Pips, the lawyer, has a profound knowledge of human nature, and is in the habit of weighing cause and effect with nice discrimination. When he has won a case he writes to his client:  
 "I have won the action against A."  
 But when he has lost the case he writes:  
 "You have lost your lawsuit with B."

\$3.00 Commutation tickets for \$2.75

Good Meals 15 cents and up.  
**SHAFFER'S ANNEX**  
 RESTAURANT.  
 Parlor and furnished rooms in connection.  
 133 South Twelfth street.  
 Lincoln, Neb.  
 F. SHAFFER, Proprietor.

NO ROOM FOR THOUGHT.

"Shall we," whispered the young wife, "always be two souls with but a single thought?"  
 With an effort he repressed a shudder.  
 "No, darling," he answered bravely. "In summer time the coal bin will be empty and my overcoat will be in pawn, and that will give us quite a bit more room."  
 Then he gathered her up in his arms and told her about the flats which were still smaller than theirs, and which could be occupied only by thoughtless people.