

A VICTIM OF HEREDITY.

"You have twice told me," said the benevolent Atlanta man to the wooden-legged mendicant, "that your leg was lost in the war?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I am sure you were too young to enlist at that time?"

"Well, sir, I can't deceive you; you are right. It was my father who lost a leg in the war, and the blamed thing runs in the blood. I simply inherit it. I am a wounded veteran by birth!"

WERE GOMRADES.

Squatter—Your dog has just killed one of my sheep.

Wanderer—He ain't my dog.

Squatter—Why, confound you, I saw him last night with you at the station!

Wanderer—Yes, we was mates then, but the larst time he worried a sheep I says to him, "Bob," sez I, "if ever yer let your hunger git the better of yer morals again you an' me part company"—so yer see he's on his own hook now.

OOOOOOOOOO

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CAPITAL AND BRAINS.

Stranger—Boy, there's a dime museum somewhere around here, I understand. Do you know where it is?

Boy—Yessir. I wish I had a dime ter get in.

Stranger—Well, you conduct me to the place and I'll give you the dime.

Boy—All right. That's a fair partnership. You furnish th' capital, an' I furnish the brains.

MADE SOME DIFFERENCE

"No, gentlemen, I never have any trouble going home late. If my wife's sitting up for me I stoop down and kiss her—forehead, not mouth, of course—and say: 'Why, little dear, you shouldn't have sat up so long for me.' And then I get off that old one about sitting up with a—"

"That's all very well for you," said the little fellow who had been fighting about for an hour, "but my wife is a giantess in a musee, and—"

"Scott! you ought to have gone home."

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THREE HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS.

Within the last three weeks three hundred new names have been placed on the subscription books of THE COURIER, and they are still coming rapidly. It is the intention of the publishers to add a thousand to the list by October 1. THE COURIER will be placed in hundreds of new homes in Lincoln, Omaha, Beatrice, Grand Island, Kearney, Crete and other towns in the state. It is only a question of time when everybody who is anybody throughout the state will read THE COURIER.

UNWARRENTED SAGRIFICE

"I have my opinion of a man that will sit and smoke a vile, nasty, cheap, two-for-a-nickle cigar on the front seat of a grip car and make everybody sick that sits behind him!" said the sharp featured woman who had taken one of the side seats near the gripman.

The man in front turned his head leisurely and observed:

"You were speaking of me probably, madam?"

"I was, sir!" she replied.

"Well," he rejoined, "if you had expressed yourself (puff) in a more civil and amiable manner (puff) I should have been glad to oblige you, madam by throwing this cigar (puff, puff) away, but it cost me three quarters of a cent. I have only begun to smoke it, as you see, and under the circumstances I do not feel called upon to make the sacrifice. (Puff, puff, puff)."

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THE COMING SEASON.

Theatrically and socially the coming season is full of promise. In both of these fields THE COURIER will make a special endeavor to give that which is latest and best, and there will be valuable information and comment in these columns that cannot be obtained elsewhere. If you desire to keep fully posted on these subjects as well as a dozen other topics of like interest to Lincoln and Nebraska people, you will do well to watch THE COURIER.

JUDGE SCOTT'S SPEEGH.

The Rosewater address delivered by Judge Cunningham R. Scott, of Omaha, from which extracts were given in last week's COURIER, has attracted widespread attention, throughout the state, and we have been unable to meet the demand for copies of the last COURIER. It is the prevailing opinion that Scott is a genius in invective. His phrase "an after dark production on the cross roads between Bohemia and Judea" will not soon be forgotten.

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MR. ZEHRUNG IN NEW YORK

Frank C. Zehrung has made his annual appearance on "The Rialto" having been cheek by jowl with such of the theatrical fraternity as can be found in New York in July. Mr. Zehrung secured nearly everything of importance in the way of attractions. He was unable to secure Holmes as he is in demand in Chicago and other cities; but Dr. Parkhurst may come on for one week and give his great moral show. The man who created the Indian war was secured for a living picture, and J. Sterling Morton will be at the Funke and write seventeen official public letters each night.

I AM
THE GENERAL AGENT
for
MUNYONS REMEDIES.
F. C. Zehrung
Druggist,
FUNKE OPERA HOUSE.

WANTED TO HELP.

She was in the country for the summer, and was interested in every thing she saw.

"Excuse my ignorance, won't you?" she exclaimed, as she went over to where Farmer Cornfossil was working, "but I do so love to pick fruit. These plants are very pretty, but I can't see what grows on them."

"No," was the reply, "it is pretty hard to see."

"But what do you pick off them?" "Tater bugs."

TIBBETTS, BAKER AND MILLER

The three principal candidates who will oppose the nominees of next week's republican convention are Judge Tibbetts, Clerk Baker and Sheriff Miller. Not one of them is a republican, but they are all good men, against whom no harmful accusation can fairly be made. If the republicans place in nomination as good men as these they will do well. If they do there will be a clean campaign. Only the best men should be nominated for important public offices like these.

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Special prices on all sundries, including Base Ball goods, Hammocks, Fishing Rods and Tackle, &c. Stationery, &c., &c., for the next two weeks. . . .

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NISSLEY'S OLD STAND.

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A FALSE REPORT

The rumor that a certain minister in this city has engaged space on all the bill boards in the city for the purpose of advertising his Sunday "sermons," lacks corroboration. It probably arose from the fact that the subjects of the minister's sermons were so suggestive as to provoke a protest from the not over-scrupulous afternoon press. The editors of the afternoon papers were reasoned with and it is now understood that the minister can advertise hell freely without resorting to the bill boards.

THE TALL SYCAMORE OF HICKMAN

And the Tall Sycamore. The wind it bloweth where it listeth. It yields to no man. It blows year after year, and often the greatest giant of the forest is felled by its force. For twenty-five years it has whistled by the Tall Sycamore of Hickman and it has ever brought the cold freezing breeze from the north. Will it change this year? Will the warm southern zephyrs float through the Sycamore's branches and crown with fruition John Trompen's fondest hopes?

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JOHNNY WAS UP ON HISTORY.

Teacher—Johnny, I think you would be ashamed of yourself to run away from school for the sake of floating around in that old, leaky, flat bottomed boat. Weren't you afraid of getting drowned?

Johnny—No'm; not so much as on shore.

Teacher—What nonsense! Did you ever hear of anybody going out in a boat for the fear of getting drowned?

Johnny—Yes'm.

Teacher—Who?

Johnny—Noer.

BURNED TO THE WATER.

"Accidents?" said the old sea Captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold and we never discovered it until we got into port and began to unload."

"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down there to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know."

And the Captain wal'ed away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES
PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS
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129 South Eleventh Street

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"COME SEVEN."

A man walked into a down-town restaurant the other day where negro waiters are employed. It was after the rush hours, and five waiters stood in a corner of the dining room engaged in an animated discussion of a crap game.

The customer tried several times to attract the attention of the waiters. He first coughed, then rapped the table and whistled. Finally, becoming desperate, he snapped his fingers loudly and cried: "Come seven!"

In an instant the five waiters were by his side, ready to execute his order.

A WALL OF PROTEST.

Ho, Mr. Harvey, and ho, Mr. Horr. Explain what your long conversation is for. We suspect as equipment you each have a hat And allow your remarks to filter through that.

So ho, Mr. Silver, and ho, Mr. Gold. Whatever you know you have long ago told. Are you both of you wound for always and aye, And couldn't you stop if you really would try?

Oh, long have we listened and now we want peace;

May we ask if the clamor is never to cease, Or must we, as endless eternity rolls, Feel your torturing tongues at the ears of our souls?

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