

Professional Directory.

Office618 } **Dr. Benj. F. Bailey** } Office, Zehring Block } 9 to 10 a m
 671. } } Residence, 1313 C street } 12 to 12:30
 Evenings, by appointment. Sundays 12 to 1 p. m. and by appointment.

{ **Dr. J. B. Trickey,** } Office, 1035 O street..... } 9 to 12 a. m.
 Refractionist only } } 1 to 4 p. m.

DENTISTS

Office530. } **Louis N. Wentz, D.D.S.** } Office, rooms 26, 27 and }
 } 1, Brownell Block, 137 } so 11th street.

Office633 } **Oliver Johnson, D.D.S.** } Office over Harley's }
 } drug store } 1105 O street }

Phone...L1042 } **Dr. Ruth M. Wood.** } 612 So. 16th St. } Hours: 10 to 12
 } } } A. M.: 2 to 4 P.M.

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THE NEW BROOM.

(Caroline Lockhart in Lippincott's.)

Mrs. Davis, with her hair uncombed and sleeves of her mother-hubbard rolled up to the elbow, opened the front door and sniffed the morning air of the tenement district. She looked up and down the block to see who were out ahead of her. Mrs. Kate Farrell was sitting on her front stoop with her tongue wagging and her arms akimbo, while Mrs. Dora O'Reilly and Mrs. Sarah MacAvoy leaned on the brooms with which they made a pretense of sweeping the pavement and listened eagerly to what Mrs. Farrell was saying. They were discussing the rumor that Mrs. Davis was two months back with her rent.

"And her old man drawin' pay regular from the shipyards," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Davis. We was just sayin' how nice 'twas that yer husband has a stiddy job," she added as Mrs. Davis approached.

"I knew yees was gabblin' about somebody," remarked Mrs. Davis, looking from one to the other suspiciously. But she could not long harbor dark thoughts, as she had news to tell.

"The sign t'rent is took off my house," she announced.

"Why, so 'tis! Who's movin' in?" came in a chorus.

Mrs. Skinner, who was coming towards the group from the rear of No. 911, pricked up her ears and broke into a trot.

"I ain't heard. But if it ain't nobody I take a likin' to—" and Mrs. Davis paused ominously.

It was not necessary to complete the sentence, as the neighborhood knew that no family had ever been able to stay more than their allotted three months in the little house at the rear of the one occupied by Mrs. Davis. She was fat, pugnacious and had a flow of vituperative language that had made her the bully of the block. She was hated and feared, but no one ever opposed her more than once. It is reported that she thrashed Davis when the evenings were dull and time hung heavy on her hands.

"There's a movin' wagon comin' up the street," said Mrs. Skinner, whose eyes were as good as her ears. The group rushed to the curbstone.

"It's comin' on this block, and there she is, settin' on the seat with the driver. Too stingy to pay car-fare, I suppose," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"She ain't much to look at. No bigger'n a pint," sniffed Mrs. Skinner. "One o' them putty-faced women with no heart in 'em. Give me a woman with spunk, says I."

"I'll take no back talk from the likes o' her," announced Mrs. Davis, gripping her broom as if she already saw herself routing this new enemy.

"Yees all come in me back yard," said Mrs. Dora O'Reilly cordially, "and be lookin' over me fence. Yees kin see what kind o' furniture goes in."

By the time the wagon backed up to the curbstone they were stationed at excellent points of observation, while Mrs. Davis stood in her wood-shed door. The newcomer's lips came together in a thin, straight line when she saw the heads on the other side of the fence.

"Will yees look at that old scratched burrer and them pine chairs?" whispered Mrs. Kate Farrell, who owned no bureau.

"And them wax flowers is way out o' date," giggled Mrs. Skinner. The newcomer looked out with blazing eyes and slammed her door.

"Ain't she the spiteful thing?" called Mrs. Davis. "Katie love," as Katie came into the yard, "just take a look into the winder, and see what she's doin'."

As Katie stood on tiptoe the door flew

open, and a bucket of water caught her full in the face.

"I'll thank yees to keep yer tykes 't' home, an' not be spyin' on yer better," cried a shrill voice from the doorway.

"An' little enough there is to see in that house, with never a stick of plush furniture passin' the door! The poor-ness of yees makes me blush for the name of the neighborhood," screamed Mrs. Davis tauntingly.

"The little there is was come by honest, which from the looks of yees couldn't be said o' yer own. If I'd seen ye first, I wouldn't 'a' took the house," was the quick retort.

"An' better 'twould be fer the landlord to let his house stand vacant than to fill it by fly-by-nights," cried Mrs. Davis accepting the gage of battle.

"Ye's a garrottin' harpy," screeched the newcomer, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, she called me out of me name," yelled Mrs. Davis. She grabbed her broom in rage.

"She called her out o' her name," came in tones of horror from the row along the fence.

As Mrs. Davis dashed into the yard she was met half way by the newcomer. Both her hands also gripped a broom-handle. She was full of fight, and there was no sign of fear in the glittering little eyes that watched every move of her opponent. Mrs. Davis brought her broom well back of her head in a full-arm swing, as if she were teeing off on the golf links, but the newcomer dodged. Mrs. Davis spun like a top with the impetus of her own blow. Before she could recover herself she got a crack on the back of her head that made her see stars. A second blow landed on her broad back and knocked her breathless. The wiry little woman whom she had scorned as an antagonist dashed around her like a humming-bird, jabbing her here and there, varying the attack occasionally by a smash on Mrs. Davis' head that would have caved in an ordinary skull.

As she prodded and thumped, she let out triumphant shrieks. "Oh, you would, would ye? No plush furniture, have I? I'm a fly-by-night, am I? Take that and that and that."

Mrs. Davis was routed. She turned her broad back to the enemy and ran for her wood-shed door.

"Give it to her! Give her another!" came from the spectators over the fence, who saw their own insults avenged and, like all man and womankind, were eager to join forces with the victor. The newcomer's broom sailed through the wood-shed door after Mrs. Davis' retreating figure.

"Git up a pertition, sayin' she's a common scold an' a nuisance. We'll sign it," urged the row by the fence.

"I kin take care o' myself without a pertition," said the newcomer with dignity as she smoothed her rumped hair. "And I'll thank yees ter turn yer faces the other way, for they hurt me eyes."

After which she fell to washing windows, and her house was the only tenement in the block in which a stroke of work was done that day.

Northwestern Line.

Sept. 1-10 Round trip tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis, \$11.10; Duluth, \$15.10; Mankato, Minn., \$8.85; Kasota, Minn., \$9.05; Hot Springs, S. D., \$14.00; Deadwood, S. D., \$18.50. Final limit to return Oct. 31st. City ticket office 117 S. 10th St. Depot Cor. 9th and S Sts.

A man with 75 cents in his pocket was compelled to raise \$1.00, so he pawned his 75 cents for 50 cents and then sold his pawn ticket to a friend for 50 cents, thus securing the dollar needed. Who lost the money by the transaction?