

Chicago and Erie R. R.

(Late Chicago & Atlantic R'y.)

In Connection with the

Erie Railway

FORMS THE ONLY LINE

BETWEEN

Chicago and New York

Under One Management.

SOLID TRAINS.

The Through Trains of this Line between Chicago and New York are run solid, thus avoiding annoyance and confusion of changing cars or missing connections.

Vestibule Limited Service

Vestibule Limited Trains, consisting of Baggage, Smoking and Day Coaches, with Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars, are treated by steam, lighted by gas, and cover this line every day in the year.

Pullman Service to Boston.

A Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car to and from Boston daily via this route. This is the ONLY LINE running Pullman Cars between Chicago and Boston.

BUCKEYE ROUTE

To Columbus, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky. Pullman Sleeping Car between Chicago and above points daily.

Trains arrive and leave Dearborn Station, CHICAGO.

For further information, call on the nearest Railroad Ticket Agent, or address W. O. Bineason, A. M. Tucker, D. I. Roberts, Gen. Pass. Agt., J. A. G. P. Act., New York, Cleveland, Chicago.

Columbia National

BANK.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Capital, \$250,000

Officers and Directors: John B. Wright, Pres. T. E. Sanders, V.-P. J. H. McClay, Cashier. A. S. Raymond, H. P. Lau, Thos. Cochran, R. Sizer, Chas. West, F. L. Sheldon. General Banking Business Transacted. Accounts Solicited.

Lincoln Floral Conservatory

Corner G and 17th Streets.



Cut Flowers and Designs

For Weddings, Funerals, Parties, Receptions, Etc.

General Collection of Plants.

Visitors Always Welcome. City Orders by Telephone Promptly Filled.

W. S. SAWYER & CO. Price List Free. Telephone 344

REMOVAL

Lincoln Shirt Factory

To 1402 O Street.

In its new location this establishment will have better facilities than ever for turning out first-class work, and an increased line of goods. Finishing goods will always be on sale. To our business has been added a

LADIES' TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and anything from the smallest undergarment to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice. In this department we employ one of the best cutters and fitters in the country and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. Our factory will hereafter be known as the

Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co.

A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager. Call and see us. Cor. 14th and O Sts.

SMALL & WALLACE

Steam Laundry

SUPERIOR

Custom Work.

We are especially well prepared to laundry, Lace Curtains, Ladies Garments, Fine Fabrics Etc. having special methods for doing this work not only satisfactory in appearance, but without injury to garments as well.

Graduated's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, and all kinds of Fine Starch work beautiful done up. Give us a trial.

Loyden Leading PHOTOGRAPHER!

Fine Rust Cabinets \$3 per dozen. Special rates to students. Call and see our work. Studio, 1214 O Street. Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays.

J. S. EATON, Physician and Surgeon

Office: 239 South Eleventh St. McMurtry Block. Office Phone 561. Residence Phone 562. LINCOLN, NEB.

LINCOLN Business College.

AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP. Shortland, and Typewriting is the best and largest College in the West. 60 Students in attendance last year. Students prepared for business in from 1 to 9 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Thoroughly illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent free by addressing LILLIBRIDGE & ROSE, Lincoln, Neb.

PROGRESSIVE EUCRE.

Send Postal Note to J. W. HARRIS, G. E. A. C. R. I. & P. R. L. Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the richest dose of candy ever handled. Ten Cents per pack, one of many.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Inside and Outside of a Great County Weekly.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—As an individual we plug around in a fashion to please ourselves, and though we own the only shirt in this town, which buttons behind, no one can charge us with ever trying to fling our scalps over the boys. Strangers have taken us for a Digger Indian oftener than for the editor of a great weekly paper, but our feelings have never been ruffled. As many mean things as our jealous minded contemporary has said of us, he has never—no, never—dared charge us with wearing a regular night shirt or banking after four in hand ties.

But as an editor—biff! We are right on the hustle. Nothing is too good for our readers. We spare no pains in keeping at the head of the procession. We feel that we can't pay out too many dollars to make the Kicker all that the most critical subscriber can expect.

In pursuance of this latter policy we have added an engraving department to our already liberal plant, and are now ready to fill orders for illustrated Bibles, books, novelties, school books, etc. We shall, of course, have our own engraving done under our own roof in future. We are now boss of a weekly newspaper, a meat market, a gun shop, a shoe store, a grocery, a real estate agency, an insurance bureau and an intelligence office—all under one management and under the same roof. "Come west, young man!"

A FAILURE.—Our third attempt within the year to establish an agricultural department in The Kicker has, like those before it, proved a fatal failure. We have been deceived and humbugged until we are almost ready to abandon the idea. True, the only agricultural products of this vicinity are confined to jackass rabbits, Plute half breeds, cactus plants and wire grass which cuts a mule in two lengthways within a month, but an agricultural department always gives a weekly a finished expression of countenance.

An old monkey wrench came along about four weeks ago and claimed to have run the agricultural department at Washington for four years. He could talk ruta-baga and subsoil plowing faster than you could shoot buckshot at an Indian dog, and he wanted a sit with us more to break down the bureau at Washington than for any salary expected. We put him on at \$3 per week, calculating to raise him as he proved his merits, but the only raise he got was when we kicked him out of the sanctum for trying to kiss us while we were drunk.

We ask our readers to excuse us, but this fellow made in his department last week. We supposed he could be depended on, and did not read the proofs. For "3,000 bushels to the acre," read forty bushels.

For "sixty perch of subsoil," read sixty perch of stone.

For "alluring dispositions," read alluvia deposits.

For "sectional irritation," read susceptible of irrigation.

For "forty tons of top dressing per hog," read one ton of top dressing per acre.

The next galoot who comes along here and claims to have done the agricultural for the New York World, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Pittsburg Dispatch, Rochester Chronicle and Chicago Times, has got to have some certificate besides a red nose, a contract in his left eye and his toes out to the weather.

THE TRUTH OF IT.—Our lopedared contemporary down the street, with his usual disregard of truth and fact, came out yesterday with a double headed article headed: "At Last!" "The 'Kicker Man' Gets His Dose!" "A Good Job, Well Done!" "He Struck a Man He Couldn't Bluff!"

Now, what is the truth of it? We went over to Bush Valley on a cayuse kindly loaned to us by Major Weatherhorn for the occasion. Our object was to secure subscribers, and we picked up thirty-two of them among the boys—about half the circulation of our contemporary. While we were riding over to Colonel Jones' ranch we met Buck Pedro. Buck hasn't had any love for us since we furnished the rope which scared him out of this town. He commanded us to halt.

We halted! He requested us to throw up our hands. We complied. He then indulged in some very ungentlemanly language, mixed with very bad grammar, and wound up by ordering us to git.

We got. We'd have been a fool not to. We went fast. We wanted to go faster still, but the cayuse couldn't gain on it. We reached home safe and sound and right side up, and immediately entered the thirty-two names on our subscription book. That's the truth, the whole truth and all there was in it. Give us a fair show and we are generally in it, as our private graveyard proves. But when a little man like Buck Pedro looks over a Winchester on a line with our left eye, and is all ready to shoot before we've seen him, we humbly cave and follow directions. We are no relation to the man who haltered a grizzly bear for a calf.—M. Quad in New York World.

Matrimonial Red Tape. "Florry, dear," faltered the Washington youth, "I couldn't summon courage to tell you what was in my heart, and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?" "Yes, George, I got it."

"And you read it, didn't you?" "Yes, I read it. In fact I read it over twice."

"And now, Florry," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate."

"The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing daughter of the distinguished congressman, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your letter to a third reading tomorrow."

—Hartford Courant.

A Poor Team. Broadway (New York) Car Conductor—Tell th' stable boss we want a better pair of hosses.

Driver—Wot's th'er matter wid these 'ere' Conductor—Every passenger wot started 'r run for th' car today has caught it.—Good News.

No Monocle for Him.



Mr. Duffy—I be after breakin' ue glasses an' want new ones? Optician—Vot new ones? Mr. Duffy—Tvo, av course. D'yez take me for a dulle?—Jewellers' Weekly.

Teaching the Young Idea.

Visiting Anny—So the school children have been celebrating Arbor Day? School Child—Yes, and it was just splen did.

"What did you do?" "Oh, everything! We had speeches and addresses, and spoke pieces and dialogues, and we had music—oh, lots of it—and over 800 school children sang a grand chorus, and five boys' bands played, and then we had a parade of 2,000 school children all dressed in red, white and blue."

"How many trees did you plant?" "One."—New York Weekly.

The Eternal Fitness of Things.



Son of the House—You're not dancing, Mr. Lambert! Don't you wish to? Mr. Lambert (who is not so slim as he used to be)—Certainly—if you can find me a concave partner!—London Punch.

A Way They Have. "Will you be kind enough to open the car window for us?" asked one of two pretty girls who were making a trip by rail. They both looked at the man in the seat behind theirs.

"Certainly," answered the traveler pleasantly, and he took the skin off one pair of knuckles getting the window open.

There was a moment's silence, when pretty girl No. 2 said: "It's too cool. Will you please close the window again?"

"Don't mention it," said the man, and he closed it.

There was a silence for five minutes. The man was reading a book. Then one of the girls asked: "Have you the time, sir?"

"Yes. It's just half past 4."

"Thank you. I wonder if there is any water on the train?"

"Oh, how nice! Susie, you drink first."

"No, you first."

He patiently held the cup with a "drink, pretty creature, drink" expression on his face. When they had quenched their thirst he returned the cup to the pedestal.

Then he resumed his book, and was deep in its contents when a small, sweet voice smote his ear: "Could you tell us how far it is to Pinktown?"

He could and did. Then they asked him the rate of speed at which the train was running where he was going and where he came from. By that time they wanted another drink, and he brought it, opened the window again, and was just giving them the genesis of his family when they both jumped up.

"Pinktown," called the brakeman, and they began a wild scramble to find their traps.

"We've reached our station. It's too bad, you'll be lonesome. Would you mind helping us off with our satchels?"

He did not mind—indeed was very glad to see them off. As he boarded his train he heard one sweet girl say to the other: "Rather fresh on first acquaintance, wasn't he?"—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Wait. A Broadway car got a pull on the wrong track at the switch near Broome street, and went off the rails with its load of passengers. Some got out and hurried on, while others remained to get the worth of their nickels. As the horses were being transferred to the other end a passenger approached the conductor with: "Anything very serious?"

"Not very."

"Think you can pull the car back on?" "I think so."

"If it turns out to be anything very serious I'll telegraph to my son James and have him come down. He's the greatest hand to boss a job in the gate of New York, and he's a driver when he takes hold. He's got a stump puller, a house mover, a pile driver and"—

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, as he rang two bells.

"Yes, I see," observed the passenger, as he sat down. "It's probably just as well, as James is very busy just now moving Squire Jackson's horse barn, and he'd hate to leave it."—New York Evening World.

A Wily "Commercial." Stranger—Good morning! Is this the notary's office? Clerk—No, on the opposite side of the road. Stranger—Thanks; good morning! (Exit, leaving the door open.) Clerk (shouting after him)—Won't you please shut the door? Or do you suppose it fastens itself? Stranger (re-enters)—Allow me to show you a sample of my new patent automatic double spring door fastener. It will close any door noiselessly, and is perfectly self acting and will last a lifetime.—Humoristic Blatter.

Miseries of Wealth. Mr. Pinchpenny—I worked and slaved many a long year for my money, only to find at last that wealth does not bring happiness. Mr. Slimpurse—Doesn't it? Mr. Pinchpenny—No. I can't spend a dollar without putting money into someone else's pocket.—New York Weekly.

A Paradox. Grandma (severely)—The girls of today under twenty are older than they used to be in my day. Ethel—Yes, and the girls of today over thirty are younger than they used to be, don't you think?—Munsey's Weekly.

Youthful Prodigies. "Have you heard the eight years old violin virtuoso?" "Oh, yes. Twelve years ago, in Vienna."—Blatter and Bluthen.

DO YOU WANT to reach steady and liberal purchasers in this part of the Country? WE HAVE advertising space for sale at reasonable, not "cheap," rates.

H. W. BROWN DRUGGIST AND BOOKSELLER The Choicest line of Perfumes. D. M. Ferry's Finest Flower and Garden Seeds. 127 South Eleventh Street.

SIDEWALK AND BUILDING BRICK VITRIFIED PAVERS J. A. BUCKSTAFF

Most Popular Resort in the City. Odell's New Dining Hall, S. J. ODELL, PROPRIETOR. 1528 O STREET. Meals 25 cts. \$4.50 per Week.

Nebraska's Leading Hotel. THE MURRAY Cor. 15th and Harney Sts., OMAHA. STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS All Modern Improvements and Conveniences. B. SULLOWAY, Proprietor.

Burlington Route THE DIRECT LINE TO Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver and the Pacific Coast, Deadwood, Lead City, the Celebrated Hot Springs of Dakota THROUGH VESTIBULE TRAINS DAILY BETWEEN DENVER, OMAHA AND CHICAGO Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars. Reclining Chair Cars, Seats Free. Famous Burlington Dining Cars. Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, Havre, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Londonderry and all European Points. BURLINGTON ROUTE. A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. Agt., Lincoln. J. FRANCIS, Gen. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A 15 Cent Shave FOR 10 CENTS SAM WESTERFIELD'S, BURR BLOCK.

Ladies Use Dr. Le Duc's Periodical Pills from Paris, France. That positively relieve suppressions, monthly derangements and irregularities caused by cold, weakness, shock, anemia, or general nervous debility. The large proportion of pills to which ladies and misses are liable is the direct result of a disordered or irregular menstruation. Suppressions continued result in blood poisoning and quick consumption. \$2 package or \$3 for \$5. Sent direct on receipt of price. Sold in Lincoln by H. W. Brown, druggist.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR PATENTS A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trademarks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.