

SOCIAL CIRCLES

Those who minister to the social element in Lincoln are courageous; but the warm weather of the past two weeks has repressed enthusiasm to such an extent that to all appearances society is in a comatose state.

Indoor parties are now quite out of the question, and for some reason lawn fetes are not popular.

It is too hot to picnic and coach. In fact, it has been too hot to do anything but stay at home and sizzle.

There is an increasing exodus to Chicago. In fact, it seems as though half of one's acquaintances are at the fair, and the sea shore and the mountains have attracted their quota. The stay-at-homes are getting ready to go away, or are waiting for the time for their departure to come around, and they are perfectly willing to remain quiet.

Of all kinds of social functions, weddings alone seem to be beyond the influence of the weather. July weddings are almost as plentiful as were June weddings. Several are in prospect for the remainder of the month. There will be one notable wedding on the 29th.

Those who are compelled to stay at home and who must have amusement, seek it these warm evenings at the various pleasure resorts. Lincoln park and Burlington Beach are just now social Meccas.

Wright-Rutherford.

A notable wedding occurred Tuesday at high-noon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford at 1501 S street. The contracting parties were Miss Alice Rutherford and Mr. Lewis Wright of Toronto, Canada. The ceremony was performed by Dr. C. C. Lauby of the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church. Only near friends and relatives were present. After the impressive ceremony and congratulations had been showered upon the happy young couple by all present, an elegant wedding breakfast was served, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon they took their departure for their new Canadian home. They were accompanied as far as Chicago by the bride's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rutherford. During Miss Rutherford's residence in Lincoln she has made many warm friends who testified their esteem in a very practical manner and whose well wishes follow the young couple to their new home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Rutherford of Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Marsh, Fairbury; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. James Lloyd, and others.

A Pretty Morning Wedding.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Gadd at Bethany Heights was handsomely decorated in readiness for the marriage of their daughter, Miss E. T. Gadd to Rev. A. D. Harmon of Auburn, which occurred at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Professor Allenworth of Cotner university under beautiful floral drapery between the handsomely decorated parlor and in the presence of nearly a hundred guests. After the ceremony and the happy young couple had received the hearty congratulations of all present a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Harmon started for Auburn followed by a shower of rice and old shoes. After a brief visit at the groom's old home there they go to his future field of work in Helena, Montana, where he will become pastor of the Christian church. The young couple were members of the same class at Cotner university for the past four years and graduated together this year. They have a large circle of friends in this city who wish them much happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Farmers' Club Meeting.

The Lancaster County Farmer's club met Thursday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Secman. A large number were present. The usual social dinner was given, followed by a general discussion of the subject of "Beef Production." Mr. A. Greenmeyer gave an interesting description of his visit to the Columbian exposition. Mrs. C. M. Branson gave a select reading and Miss Hattie Temple gave a recitation. After this delightful program delicious ice cream was served, and the discussion of winter feed for stock was profitably discussed. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Secman for their hospitality, and the club adjourned to meet at the residence of Mr. C. E. Blanchard August 3.

Minor Mention.

The W. E. C. held their regular meeting at Lincoln park Saturday afternoon. The two new members, Misses Georgie Camp and Stella Curcio, were present and all had a jolly good time. They were charmed by Mrs. Pruitt, an ex-member. Those present were Misses Stella Curcio, Georgie Camp, Nellie Cochran, Blanche Garton, Maude Lyons, Grace Hunsinger, Mabel Metcalf, Edith Parish, Elsie Smith, Florence Marley. The menu committee was Miss Nellie Cochran and Miss Georgie Camp.

The Lincoln oratorio society assisted by the assembly chorus gave a grand concert at the Nebraska Chautauque assembly at Omaha last evening under



THEODORE THOMAS.

The fight over Theodore Thomas, director of music at the World's Fair, has given him already famous name unusual prominence. Despite the warring factions, Director Thomas is still at the head of the music department.

the direction of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond. Miss Minnie Gaylord, who has spent the

Mr. Herman Robshaw, of Hartford, S. D., and Miss Genevieve Thrasher, of 1403 O street, were happily united in marriage at 12:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon in St. Mark's Lutheran church, by the pastor, Rev. L. Groh. They departed immediately for the Columbian exposition, and after remaining there a short time will go to their future home in South Dakota.

Among the Lincoln people who attended the Taft lecture at Crete Tuesday evening were: Rev. E. H. Curtis, Mr. N. P. Curtis, Mrs. A. G. Billmeyer, Mrs. George Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Funke, Mr. Frank Hathaway, Mr. Dan Wing, Professor Taylor, Miss Clark, Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Bertie Clark, Miss Shears.

A splendid special program has been prepared for a musical service to be rendered by the Holy Trinity choir at the church, corner of Twelfth and J streets, tomorrow morning commencing at 10:45. Miss Stella Rice will officiate at the organ and Mr. H. J. W. Seemark will act as director and choirmaster.

Mr. Phillip Smith, of Chicago, and Miss Adele Bailey, of Phillipsburg, Kan., were quietly married Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. B. T. Blaney, 2407 O street. Rev. J. C. McDonald officiating. The newly married couple left in the afternoon for their new home in Chicago.

The choir of Holy Trinity church has invited the choir of Christ church of Beatrice to come to Lincoln next Tuesday and join it in an outing at Worthington academy. The choir of Holy Trinity has been entertained at Beatrice for the past two summers.

News reaches Lincoln of the betrothal of Miss Pauline Goldsmith formerly of this city but now of Chicago, to Mr. Benjamin G. Emrich also of the lake city. The young lady is well known here where she has many friends who will be pleased to hear of her happiness. She has just returned from New York, where she has spent the past two years training her voice, added greatly to the splendid program.

"Be sure and get Ayer's" is an important caution to all in search of a thoroughly reliable blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being the one on which there can be no manner of doubt. It has stood the test of nearly half a century, and has long been considered the standard.

He Wanted Them Charged.



Willie—Mamma says to let me have a bunch of firecrackers.
Storekeeper—Yes, my little man. Does she want them charged?
Willie—Well, if they ain't you'll hear from me.

His Friend.

Discontented Artist—I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again.
Generous Brother Bruce—By Jove, old man, I wish I had one. I'd give it to you.
—Pick Me Up.

Nothing Is It.

"I don't like owls in my own home," said Pat after a year of proprietorship. "It takes all the fun out of not paying rent."—Kansas.

A SEASIDE PICTURE.

THE GIRL OLIVE HARPER DESCRIBES MAKES ONE.

Dreams of Delicate Beauty in Dress. Handsomely Gowned Young Ladies at Long Branch—Fashionable in Elegant and Witty Phrases.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONG BRANCH, July 13.—Some of these days there will be nothing left of Long Branch but a hole in the ground, and some of us utter a fervent hope that all the backmen will be piled in the bottom of that hole, for they are Philistines. But every year old ocean takes a new bite out of the shrinking shore down here, and every year the bluffs grow smaller, and some day, as I said, the great Atlantic will rise in his might, and not to make two bites of a cherry swallow the whole place.

What, then, will become of the pretty girls and lovely matrons who think life is not worth living without Long Branch? There be those that love Newport, others who think Saratoga is just hot enough for them, others who prefer Bar Harbor, but when one loves Long Branch it is with a deep and abiding affection that outlasts seasons. There is so much more to Long Branch than anywhere else for those who frequent it that mothers instill love and appreciation for it into their baby daughters, and fathers initiate their sons into its delights.

"Are fashions fashionable at Long Branch?" was the question put to me today. I think they are, if my eyes do not deceive me, though I have a pair of blue specs on. Witness a lovely girl ready for a ride out to that delightful, shady little hostelry where you can sit in the garden, eat fried crabs and ice cream and watch the fishermen get water blis-

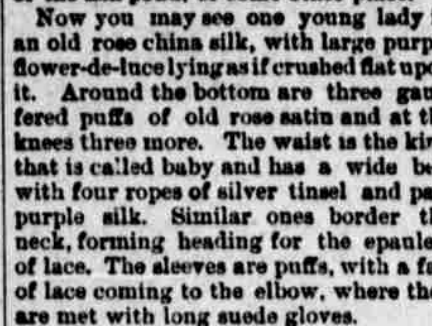


MORNING AT LONG BRANCH.

ters on the backs of their necks to take home instead of fish. This pretty girl had a dress of hopsacking of just the approved degree of coarseness in pale tan, and the skirt would form a circle as true as a trade dollar. Around that skirt she had three rows of bias mordore velvet and two rows of unplucked seal skin. The waist was made of accordion plaited silk, trimmed with the velvet and fur in the same style as the skirt, with a square yoke of fur and velvet to protect her chest against the hot sunshine and warm land breeze.

This same young lady will in the evening wear a dress thin and filmy, and the neck will be bare to permit the chill evening wind to wander around and give her pneumonia as she promenades with somebody on the cool piazza. Her hat is of red rough and ready straw, with mordore velvet and a snuff of feathers. Her sister, who got no invitation to ride behind a pair of high steppers, stays around the hotel and wears a blue and white striped satin sarah made plain almost to severity. A pale blue full front to the waist rises from a swish girdle of the dark blue, bordered with a herringbone stitching in scarlet silk.

In the afternoon the ladies put on dainty gowns, for their husbands and the other women's husbands, or the man they hope will be their own husband some day, begin to return from the city, or the fish pond, or some other place. Now you may see one young lady in an old rose chins silk, with large purple flower-de-luce lying as if crushed flat upon it. Around the bottom are three gauffered puffs of old rose satin and at the knees three more. The waist is the kind that is called baby and has a wide belt with four ropes of silver tinsel and pale purple silk. Similar ones border the neck, forming heading for the epaulets of lace. The sleeves are puffs, with a fall of lace coming to the elbow, where they are met with long suede gloves.



AFTERNOON AT LONG BRANCH.

There are wraps to be seen down here that would make your eyes water, so pretty they are, and parasols that are dreams of delicate beauty. There are tennis dresses and dancing dresses, riding habits, lounging gowns and hats—such hats!—so beautiful that you would think fairies had made them, and it seems as if gloves, slippers and hats were never worn but once here at Long Branch, for everything looks so bright and fresh and new that one enjoys the sight.

OLIVE HARPER.

A FAREWELL.

(Reported by the Moon.)
"Good night, sweetheart!" said Stephen
As the clock struck half past nine.
"Good night, my love!" quoth Phyllis,
With a kiss I wished were mine—

A kiss of lingering sweetness,
Such as rarely comes to men—
A kiss that was not over
When the clock was striking ten.

"Good night, sweetheart!" quoth Stephen
As the hands showed quarter past.
"Good night, dear boy!" said Phyllis,
With a kiss just like the last—

A kiss of clinging softness,
Such as kings might quarrel o'er—
A kiss that was not over
At eleven thirty-four.

Then each the words repeated,
With the usual refrain,
And when at one 'twas finished
They observed good night again.

And then I had to leave them,
For my time had come to set.
When next I gazed down on them,
They were saying good night yet.

I think I see why poets
Speak of sorrow in love's spell;
His easy seems mingled
With perpetual farewell.
—Peggy Pattison in Life.

The Stern Parent.



"I shall be everlastingly disgraced, father, if you don't help me out of this affair."



"You refuse me? Very well, I know what to do—I still have my revolver."



"I'LL PAWN IT."
—Harper's Bazaar.

What Bothered Him.

On a certain western railroad for convenience the locomotive is made to push the train down to the terminus instead of, as on the return trip, pulling the train after it. This circumstance occasioned great bewilderment of mind to a freshly made citizen of the place who was of Milesian origin.

"I kin aisy understand," he observed after watching this phenomenon one day, "how the injine pulls thim cars oop, but I'm bothered intirely to understand how-iver thim cars pulls the injine down!"—Youth's Companion.

A Wise Discrimination.

A Norman gentleman, fond of the weed, offers his cigar case to his neighbor on the right.

"Much obliged, but I never smoke." He then turns to his neighbor on the left. "I am no smoker, thanks."

His wife then whispers in his ear, "You haven't offered one to the captain?" "Not if I know it—he smokes!"—Annales Politiques et Littéraires.

To Suit.

As a youth Daniel Webster seemed somewhat opposed to physical labor, but he was quick at repartee. While mowing he complained to his father that his scythe was not hung properly. "Hang it to suit yourself, Dan," replied the paternal. The boy immediately hung it on a tree near by, saying, "There, father, it's hung to suit me now."—Green Bag.

Afraid of Nothing.

Customer—Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing?

Dealer—That's just what I said. "Why, he shies at his own shadow."

"Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."—New York Weekly.

Cultivating the Muse.

Poet—I have here some verses I would like to submit. They are not perfect, I admit. Perhaps you want fire.

Editor—You are quite right, sir. Fire is what they want, but the wastebasket will do just as well.—Texas Statesman.

Why?

A young woman sent to a newspaper a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile" and was much displeased when the editor sent it back with a line saying that she would probably succeed if she showed him the poem.—Tit-Bits.

A Long, Long Time.

"Don't you think," the mother said proudly, "that her playing shows a remarkable finish?"

"Yes," replied the young man absently, "but she was a long time getting to it."—Boston Globe.

Only One Cause.

Citizen—Don't you think you should look into the cause of the death of that man up in our flat?

Coroner—It's not necessary. Dr. Killum attended him.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Important Query.

"What would you do without doctors?" "Well, we might get along, but what would the druggists do?"—Texas Siftings.

And It Got Right Up.

"I didn't know it was so late," said the valencia, awaking from its long slumber. "I must start for fire."—Chicago Tribune.

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