THE TIME TO LOVE.

I met sweet Phyllie in the spring.
When all the fields had burst in bloot
And all the birds come back to sing
Away the winter's grief and gloom;
And Phyllie—oh, was not she fair?
Aye, very fair, with gentle gyes
And threads of sunlight for her hair,
And laughing lips formed Cupidwise.

begged her to be mine, and this
Is what she said, with mien demure:
The spring is not the time to kies.
The best in summer time, I'm sure,
for then the dreamy days are long,
And we can lie beneath the trees
and tell our love in rhyme and song
And so—let's wait till summer, pleas

When summer came, I begged again
That she would grant the precious bo
And she replied: "How like you men!
It is not nice to love in June!
For then the days are hot and dry,
And—oh, pray wait till autumn, dear,
When leaves turn golden and the sky
Has greatest beauty of the year!"

At autumn time again I said,
"Be mine, dear love." The sweet coquette
Laughed merrily and shook her head
And answered mer 'Oh, no, not yet.
The winter is the time to love,
When north winds blow and every night
Unheeding snow and winds abovo
We're cosy in the fire's warm light."

When winter came, "Oh, wait till spring!"
She said when I besought her hand.
"Then roses bloom, and bluebirds sing,
And fragrance is in all the land!
That is the time to love—please wait!"
I'm waiting still as best I can,
For Phyllis, I am sad to state,
In springtime wed another man!
—Detroit Free Press.

"Enlisted for the War." A very entertaining historical drams given in the chapel of the Lincoln Normal university last Friday evening. under the auspices of the university people, the proceeds going to the fund to buy flags for the old soldiers burying ground in Wyuka cemetery. The perormance was pronounced a thorough success by the enthusiastic audience which completely filled the chapel. Special cars took out a large number of people from the city. The musical features of the program comprised selections by the Lincoln Normal orchestra, a cornet solo by Professor Spelbring, an organ solo by Professor Oldham and selections by the ladies quartette, comprising Misses Davison, Wilt, Johnson and Graves. The cast was as follows:

Jonel Wilder Rowel (Gaylie's Guardian ...
R. G. Harris
L. Gifford (The Heiress) ... R. G. Harris
L. G. Harris

The lawn surrounding the residence of Mr. and Mrs Manchester, Eighteenth and R streets, presented a beautiful appearance Wednesday evening, being at their chapel, Sixteenth and A streets.

A Ritch in the Freezamme. and handsomely decorated for the reception of the members and their famfrom Nebraska Lodge No. 93 of the Order of the World. Mr. and Mrs. Manster proved delightful host and stees and succeeded in entertaining their guests in a most charming manner, Rev. Stauffer was present and aided in the entertainment with an address. Doubt's orchestra furnished music and the guests disposed of splendid ice cream and cake served from small tables on the beautiful lawn. The occasion was one that will be long remembered by the participants.

Guting at Lincoln Park.

Lincoln park was the scene of an

enimated gathering of young people Wednesday evening, the occasion being an outing and dancing party given in honor of Mr. Grats Barnes. A tempting luncheon was served at 6 o'clock, and the evening was spent in dancing. The participants were Misses Mytic Mahler, Grace Ramsey, Florence Hale, Lula Peters, Loretta Kelley, Lizzie Buford, Mattie Griffiths, Anna Griffiths, Nellie Hyde, Emma McWhinnie, Morel Stephenson, Miss Styer, and Carrie Vivyan; Messra. Van Smith, Robert ner, George West, Gratz Barnes Summerland, Will Jechel, George Gascoigne, Charles Jeckel Clark, Will Kimes, Mr. Ferguson, John Lotteridge, Guy Hale, Will Coffin.

Beautiful Song Service. The musical service rendered Sunday by the choir of Holy Trinity church ler the leadership af Professor H. J. W. Seamark was very beautiful and was intened to by a large congregration, spite the extreme heat. The "Te Doum" was beautifully rendered and was followed by the hymns "Hark, Hark," "My Soul" and "Lead Kindly Light," all of which were listened to with rapt attention, and were sung with great deal of expression. Miss Oak-y's clear suprano voice was heard to advantage in "As Pants the Heart," and the hallelujah chorus given with forty-five voices was excellent.

A Belightful Beception. The Misses Don Carlos, and Easteray gave a reception at their studio in be Brownell block Wednesday morning om 10 to 1 o'clock. Two sisters of fies Den Carlos were present who are spable musicians and added greatly to be entertainment of those present. Sefreshments were served and the talks as art rounded out a most enjoyable and attertaining event.

Membry evening Mr. P. O. Hodhund, may state duction; was invited to



take a drive by a couple of friends, and while absent the members of the Swedish Lutheran church took possession of his house and arranged a tempting collaction. Mr. Hedlund was completely overcome with surprise on his return. He is organist of the church, and his entitled "Enlisted for the War," was friends took this opportunity of showing their appreciation, and were very successful in their attempt. Just before the conclusion of the enjoyable event Mr. Hedlund was presented with a handsome bookcase.

Minor Mention.

In a few weeks the dramatic talent of the Western Normal college will present the comedy "Lend Me Five Shillings," which was made famous by Joseph Jefferson and Nat Goodwin. It will be given under the direction of Miss Raines. the talented teacher of elocution, who with Mr. Kinsley will take the leading parts. The Delsarte class will assist with a series of posings, etc. The admission will be free and the people of Lincoln will be welcomed.

The grounds around the Christian church were beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns Wednesday evening for an ice cream social the scene presented was a very pretty one.

The Modern Woodmen gave a ball at the pavilion at Burlington Beach Thursday evening. A large number of people were in attendance and a splendid time was enjoyed by all present.

The Trinity Methodist church gave

Bangs was anxious to join a party of sight owls for a Saturday night's frolic in the city a few weeks ago.

Just what excuse to make to his wife pussled him. Hangs has a beautiful summer home in the country within an hour's ride of his office. Bangs and I were school-boys together. I am a frequent visitor at his home. Bangs had an idea—he thought

his home. Bangs had an idea—he thought of me.

"I say, old chap," said he when we met, "I want you to do me a big favor. You see, I have—that is I—well, I have some business on hand that will keep me in the city until late tonight. Now, I want you to antertain Lucy while I am away. She'll be so lenesome, you know. She wants to go to the theater. Suppose you telegraph her that you have tickets. Tall her to meet you at the Grand Central depot. Take her to dinner, the theater and to supper afterward. Be suse and catch the midnight tesin though. I'll foot the bills."

And then the villain confessed. "Just a little lark," he said. "Lucy'd give me fits if she knew. I'm played out for excuses, but this I know will werk admirably. I'll go home now as a bluff. Then I'll be there when she receives your telegram and urge her to go. I'll be greatly surprised too. Change will do her good and all that. I'll stay home and mind the house. D'yease? "Then I'll go out for a walk. She will not wait for my return, but will go right to the depot. Of course I'll be, in the city before she is. I'll return on the 11 o'clock train, jump into bed and pretend to be saleep when she comes in. I'll even matters up with her the next day by a gentle scolding for staying out so late. She'll let up on me then for my past misdeeda."

I agreed. The telegram was sent. Bangs went home and returned to the city as agreed upon. The scheme was working beautifully until I received this dispatch:
Sorry; can't come.

Lucy.
Shortly before midnight Bangs—poor, de-

Shortly before midnight Bangs—poor, de-luded Bangs opened the gate. There was a light in the front parlor, but he failed to

"My sweetheart's the man in the moon,"
se warbied as he opened the front door.
He gave a start. His cigar dropped from
his fingers. "I—I thought"— he gasped.
Before him like an avenging Nemesia stood

Ma Kin

"I don't think I know." said Mrs. Bangs, and the look she gave Bangs nearly froze all the blood in his veins.

I never could get Bangs to tell me just what happened. Mrs. Bangs, however, informed me on the following Bunday when I called that "that night is a subject I do not ears to discuss."—New York Herald.

Gus de Smith—Miss Esmeralda, I am de ighted to see you.

Esmeralds—The pleasure is mutual, Mr. de Smith, I assure you.

"If I were to present you with a bouquet, would you accept it?"
"Certainly, Mr. de Smith, but you have no bouquet with you."
"I am going out to buy one for you right now." You see, I didn't care to invest any money on a bouquet until I was sure you would accept it."—Texas Siftings.

"I'm not such a feel so I look!" said

As Omission.

She—Oh, Jack, I am so glad to see you!

He (taking her hands)—And it has been so fearfully, horribly long! Oh, how I have wanted you, dearest! But it is all over now. And do you still love me?

She—Of course, you silly boy.

Ho—Then give me a kisa.

She—Wait a moment. I want to tell you about Europe. It is just grand. And we had such a pe "celly lovely time. Oh, Jack, it doesn't seet.. as if I had been gone a year.

He—Let me kiss you first and tell me all about it afterward.

about it afterward.

She—Just as impatient as ever, aren't you? But wait, I must tell you something about our trip. Oh, there's the bell. It's Lord Wimpleton, I know. (Glancing at the eard.) Yes; Luzette, show him into the re-

He-Who the devil is Lord Wimpleton? She—Don't you know? Oh, I forgot! Why, Lord Wimpleton is the lovellest Eng-lishman! He came over in the steamer with us. I met him in Paris first and captured him at once.

He—Captured him! What do you mean, Gladys? You surely are not—
She (gayly)—Yes, we are; we've been engaged five days. Isn't it just lovely? Come, and I'll introduce you.

He (bitterly)—No, thank you, I do not care to meet your lord. If you will excuse me. I'll—

She—But, Jack, dear, you really mustn's, and besides—
He (aternly)—Besides what?
She—Why, you haven't kissed me yet. Truth.



Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?" in, an you've got teh lick some one before you'll feel satisfied."—Life.

When Times Are Easler. Spreading his handkerchief over the car-pet, with courtly grace the duke knelt at her feet.

The damsel before whom the scion of a noble race thus prostrated himself was visibly affected.

"Light of my life"—
The dukels manner had none of the in decision that confesses the tyro.
—"my corpnet I offer to thee."
"Your highness"—

"Your highness"

She was toying nervously with the gilt trimming of her hopsacking gown.

"I must have time."

The light of exuitation shone in his eyes.
"And when," he eagerly demanded, "may I know my fate?"

"My lord"—

—"what margin must you have to make it a December delivery for that coronet? Pa says he can't afford a real ducal son-in-law until morey is plentier."

And the dule more than ever felt like a atranger in a strange land.—Detroit Trib-

Where Falamazoo Has the Bulge A'Kalamasoo man who had never been out of Michigan went to the World's fair, and there he met a Detroit man whom he

"Chicago is a wonderful city," said the Detroiter as they walked along State street in the evening.
"Yes," assented the Kalamazoolu, as if he did not want to be rustically enthusias

tic.

"In some respects the most wonderful in the world," went on the Detroiter,

"Still, we have one thing in Kalamazoo," said the cautious visitor, "that they don't have in Chicago."

"And what's that?" inquired the Detroiter in astonishment.

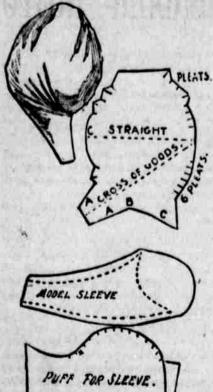
"Fewer people," and the Detroiter was really pleased by the Kalamazoolu's roundabout way of paying a compliment.—Detroit Free Press.

-Is Charlie proving to be much of an He-He is hustling like a book agent and

spends most of his time trying to get up some kind of a scheme to produce more pictures with less labor. Just now he is working on a plan to produce paintings by electricity.—Detroit Free Press.

In an advertisement by a railway com-any of some uncalled for goods, the first step "1" was dropped from the word "lawprivate and pay the awful charges on the seas."—Youth's Companion.

The model for all sleeves, on which all variations are based, is that shown in the diagram and consists in a coat shape as far as the lining is concerned. The outer line shows the upper part, and the inner line, shown by dots, marks the under arm portion, which any dressmaker can draft to a scale of one inch to an eighth of an inch, which brings the sleeve to about 24 inches long, which is the average. The measure long, which is the average. The measure for the length of the sleeve should be taken with the elbow bent at right angles and the line drawn from the outer edge of the wrist to the top of the side back seam. The round-



SLEEVE DIAGRAMS.

ing part does not count in the measure, for that is arbitrary. Sometimes it is very high and at other times not more than to give the necessary fullness to make it set

The under portion should be three inches narrower than the outside. The measure for width should be taken around the wrist for width should be taken around the wrist and at the top just where the seams join. As it is quite a little trouble to measure and diagram for a new pattern every time, the clever dressmaker will draft one or two good sleeve models—for long, slim arm and for short, plump one—and keep them alwrys ready where by a minute's work in measuring for width and length any lady can be fitted with a sleeve.

The next thing is to cut for balloon sleeve.

can be fitted with a sleeve.

The next thing is to cut for balloon sleeve, which is now in its various modifications the favorite. This can be easily done by following the main features of the diagram. The puff can be as full or scant as the wearer desires, and it is usually cut on the cross of the goods, deep enough to reach the elbow, and is gathered where the marks are. It can be shirred at the top and the fullness thereby turned downward, or it can be cut a triffe higher and gathered in with the lining. It is to be basted on the lining and sewed and afterward drawn upward and gathered and basted at the top of the sleeve. The front sleeve seam can then be sewed and the sleeve finished off. The outer seam should have been sewed before. The lower arm portion should have had the outside cut. cut and firmly basted to the lining and sewed up with the whole. The wrists are now finished by a narrow piping and are faced with silk, and the best dressmakers sprinkle a little violet or orris powder along in the seam. Where the wrists are to flare a trifle and with all fine dresses an interlining of wigan is made at the wrists to keep them smooth.

them smooth.

The puff may be lengthened from two to four inches and chirred directly in the middle, while the rest is treated as for a single puff, or it can be held in by a ribbon band. All the variations are suggested by the fashion publications, and the dressmaker can develop them from the foundation model.

The leg of mutton sleeve being just now very fashionable and very difficult to make, a careful diagram is given, which any lady can follow who will draft the diagram on a scale of an inch to one-eighth of an inch.

scale of an inch to one-eighth of an inch.
This is a very stylish slowe and is well
adapted to all materials. The sleeve joins
only on one side, and all the fullness comes only on one side, and all the fullhess comes on the upper part. The lining to this—if lining is used—is cut,just like the outside and should be of light texture. **

The sleeves should be cut so that the line marked straight is so with the thread. If the goods of which the sleeves are made is

narrow, the seam must be made on the cross, as the disgonal-line must be on the true bias. When cut and basted carefully, the plaits should be laid in as marked and firmly fastened and the two places marked C brought together, so that B comes over the three plaits and the two A's meet. Then the seam should be basted and sewed, when the result will be a real leg of mutton sleeve, like the diagram, and the plain pant on the top allows for a bertha or bretells without throwing it out of shape.

The sleeves to evening dresses are all modified balloon shape, but short, coming in some cases quite to the elbow, but more often finished off about four inches from the seam, with a band over which the puff falls. The sleeve should be rounded up 14 inches toward the inside to pesmit the puff to fall outward well.

To sew the seams in sleekes both edges should be neatly trimmed and overcast and the seams stitched from the bottom upward.

The seams should then be opened, and if woolen slightly moistened and pressed over a sleeve board.

To sew the sleeve into the arm size requires care. There is no fixed rule, as each person has a different way of carrying the arm, which brings the seam into a different position, and where it is feasible to have the person try the sleeves on and pin the seams into the right position it is best to do so. But the content rule to follow it to do so. But the general rule to follow is to have the back seam in the sleeve placed half way between the back side form and the shoulder seam and the front one in a ditte shoulder seam and the front one in a ditte shoulder seam and the front one in a ditte shoulder seam and the front one in a ditte shoulder seam and the front one in a ditte shoulder seam and the front one in a distance inch back of the dart.

agonal line one inch back of the dart. The shoulder seam should be turned for-The shoulder seam should be turned forward and the sleeve basted in, beginning at the back and going down under the arm first, which brings whatever fullness there is easily to the top. If it is thin goods, a narrow tape can be sewed in with the seam, the edge then trimmed and closely overcast, but the sleeve seam should not be pressed.

mical lunch at noon, instead of going home, will find a fine dinner at the Cafe Royal, 124 North Tenth street. Prices from 15c up.

MAKING HIM CONFORTABLE.

Sut He Had Toe Powerful an Imagination to Stay There.

Von Blumer has invited his friend Witherby out to spend the night with him at his country residence. They are about to retire, and he is showing his visitor his room.

Von Blumer—You had better lock your door before you go to bed, old man. There have been a number of burgiaries in this neighborhood lately.

Witherby—I am glad you told me, old fellow. I am a little skittish on the subject. Was anybody killed?

Von Blumer—Only one murder. That occurred in the house just opposite. The burglar crept in through the back window and made his way to the front bedroom opposite the hall.

posite the hall.

Witherby-Why, that is just the location

Witherby—Why, that is just the location of this room.

Von Blumer—Precisely. That's where the murder was committed.

Witherby (turning pale)—You haven't got any spare firearms around the house, have you?

Von Blumer—I am sorry to say that I possess but one revolver, and that's at the head of our bed up stairs. We did occupy this room, but my wife was so nervous that we moved up one flight. But don't be unnecessarily alarmed, old fellow. Nothing has been heard from the burglars for several nights now, and unless they are planning another attack they have probably taken themselves off, so make yourself comfortable.

comfortable.

Witherby (his teeth chattering)—Thanks, old man. But before you go, let me ask you one question. Was that fellow you mentioned—that murdered man—was he a visitor? Did he come out from the city to

spend the night?

Von Blumer—By Jove, now that you mention it, I believe he did. But what on earth are you putting on your coat for?
Witherby (resolutely)—Old man, I value your friendship and hospitality very highly, but life is precious to me, and if the county jail is not more than 10 miles away I propose to sleep in it tonight.—Life.

His Proud Pre-eminence

Some years ago a physician named Bar-ber lived at Oshkosh, Wis. One day he was called to see a man a few miles from town. It was a serious case, and after do-

town. It was a serious case, and after doing what he could for the patient Dr. Barber called his employer aside and said:
"Well, your hired man can't get over this. He'll probably be dead before morning. It's a very contagious disease, too, he's got, so you ought to get him buried as soon as you can. I advise you to go and dig his grave right away, and as soon as he is dead bury him."

Dr. Barber took his departure, and the

Dr. Barber took his departure, and the

farmer dug the grave.

But the patient recovered. It was very unprofessional for him to do this under the circumstances, but he didn't die, and that grave became a subject of a good deal of talk. Dr. Barber was continually hearing

Some months later a brother physician

died, and the local doctors met to decide what should be done. He had come from Canada, and it was supposed that perhaps his Canadian friends might want him buried in the Dominion.

"We might inter him temporarily," observed one of the physicans, with a glance toward Dr. Barber. "I understand that our brother here has a vacant grave on hand."

"Yes," retorted Dr. Barber, "I suppose I'm the only doctor here who hasn't got all his graves full."—Harper's Bazar.



The Gentleman With the Club-Woo-lakgee-boog-wah-zoo-be-zam (which means, Is yer got any remark to maik befo' I swipes

The Gentleman at the Stake-Yes. He of the Club-Bing-bing-zes-woom-jung-boo-bam (which means, Let her went, he Gentleman at the Stake-Yes. den, mighty quick—what's de remask)?
He of the Stake—Yer'll find a bottle o' coester sauce in me inside pocket.-Truth.

The Lawyer's Dollar.

A young Detroit lawyer who so far in his practice hasn't made enough to buy himself a shingle, was one of a party the other even-ing discussing the law and lawyers. "It seems to me," said an old banker, "that lawyers try to get the last dollar out of a client."

The young fellow resented it at once. "By George," he said, "I don't know about other lawyers, but for myself I can say I haven't got the first dollar out of one yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Realistic.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" "Once."

Home Journal.

Were you scared!" "Was I scared? Was I? My false teeth were in a glass on a table three feet away from the bed, and they actually rattled so loud they woke the neighbors."—Beston

Supely Insane. Cholly-Ah! I heah that poosh Widgely Algy-Yass, always did think the deah chap wasn't quite wight in his head, don cherknow.

Cholly-Yaas, they say he got so blawsted bad he wanted to work. - Detroit Tribune.

A Mild Hint. The clock pointed the hour of 11:30 p. m. "Why that faraway look, Maud?" said

Mr. Nevergo.
"I was thinking—thinking of that lonesome little room of yours 30 minutes' walk from here."—Harper's Bazar.

Exactly. "Van's not looking at all well for a man who's just back from a health resort." "No. They call it a health resort because one leaves one's health there."-Kate Field's Washington.

Hot Name.

THE Von Blumer has invited his friend With-

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