

\*\*\*\*\*

## Saturday Specials

\*\*\*\*\*

Our 35 and 40c Organ-  
dies, 32 inches wide, will  
go at 20c at this sale.

Our 15 and 18c organ-  
dies, 32 inches wide, will  
go at 9c at this sale.

Our 15 and 18c Dimi-  
ties, 32 inches wide, will  
go at 9c at this sale.

All of our fancy para-  
sols to close at 20 per  
cent discount at this sale.  
25 per cent or 1/4 off on  
any shirt waist in our  
store at this sale. Our  
Cresco corset, former  
price \$1, will go at 89c at  
this sale. This corset is  
guaranteed not to break  
at the hips. A lot of lad-  
ies' summer ribbed vests  
will go at 2 for 5c at this  
sale. A lot of bath tow-  
els 5c a pair at this sale.  
Come and inspect these  
goods and satisfy yourself

**W. H. Lacey & Son,**  
**1217 O Street.**

**C. M. SEITZ**  
**GOOD LUCK GROCERY**  
TELEPHONE 626, 1107 O STREET.



### A PRIZE BLACK AND TAN

whichever you may wish, when suit-  
ing yourself with a pair of shoes,  
you will find in our handsome and  
up-to-date stock of men's shoes,  
tan shoes are the favorites at this  
season of the year, and we have  
them in all shades that are cool,  
easy and comfortable. No foot  
should be without one on a hot  
day.

**Perkins and Sheldon** 1129 O Street.

The Courier will execute all kinds of commissions  
in Lincoln for the club women of the state free of  
charge. We will buy carpets, china, dry goods,  
furniture, hardware, boys' and children's clothing,  
jewelry and watches, wedding presents, bicycles,  
shoes, groceries, anything for sale, and charge the  
club women nothing for the service. Many mer-  
chants will send articles on approval. Send The  
Courier on your errands.

### London Letter.

If Prince Francis of Teck marries  
Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Strelitz  
he will have a very pretty bride. Her  
father is the only son of the Duchess  
of Teck's sister, so she is Prince Fran-  
cis's first cousin once removed! You  
may, perhaps, remember that her moth-  
er, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of  
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was voted the  
prettiest royal lady in the jubilee  
pageant of '87; and she still looks mar-  
velously young to have a daughter aged  
twenty. Prince Francis is twenty-eight.  
He is a very handsome young sprig, but  
inclined to be extravagant. It is a fam-  
ily failing with the Tecks to be out at  
elbows. By the way, at the private sale  
of the effects of the late Duchess of  
Teck, the jewelry—as was only right—  
passed into the hands of the Duchess of  
York. That much-tried young person  
is now looking a little brighter, having  
got her husband afloat once more. He  
has been so ailing and miserable of late  
that everyone is thankful to see him  
restored to his beloved navy; and it is  
hoped that sea breezes and congenial  
employment may hearten him up.  
Little Alexander of Battenberg is  
another enthusiastic sailor. When the  
authorities of the Britannia offered to  
make some relaxations of the rules in his  
favor, and his mother declined the in-  
dulgence, the young twelve-year-old ap-  
plauded lustily. "Why, I want to be  
treated just like anybody else!" cried he.

So the Coburgs are not coming to  
town after all. This gives the last touch  
of dullness to the very unexpectedly dis-  
appointing season. What with the  
weather, the absence of all the young  
princesses, the bad times and the deci-  
sion of the Americans that it would be  
unpatriotic to entertain much during  
war time, things are decidedly slow, so  
that the debutantes and tradesmen are  
grumbling right and left. The Marl-  
boroughs have come home; but I hear  
they are going to spend most of their  
time at Blenheim. One person at least  
seems satisfied, however, that there is to  
be plenty more gayety, since she has just  
announced her arrival in town "for the  
season." This is Lady Mary Saurin—  
the Earl of Harrowby's aunt—aged nine-  
ty-eight! This cheerful individual  
danced at the Waterloo Ball. She mar-  
ried Admiral Saurin, who died in the  
year of their golden wedding, and she  
has been a widow twenty years! The  
Duchess of Cleveland and Baroness  
Burdett-Coutts—still youthful at eighty-  
four—are juveniles indeed beside her.

Another apparently confirmed bache-  
lor has been caught by feminine charms  
at last. This is the Earl of Stradbroke,  
whose engagement to Miss Helena  
Keith-Frazer is just announced. The  
Earl is thirty five, very smart and popu-  
lar. He has seen all his five sisters  
married without evincing any desire to  
emulate them. The bride elect is Lord  
Dudley's cousin. Her mother is the  
daughter of the late Mme. de Falke  
(whose first husband was a Ward); and  
she is also related to all the handsome  
young people of the clan Forbes. So it  
will be a smart and aristocratic wed-  
ding. Through her father Miss Frazer  
comes of a race of distinguished sol-  
diers.

I hear that poor Mrs. Gladstone has  
sunk back into her former "doty" con-  
dition. She does not even remember  
that her husband is dead, but usually  
imagines that he is in the next room.

The latest subject for gossip is the en-  
gagement of Miss Fleetwood Wilson to  
Prince Alexis Dolgourouki. (Please to  
understand that this popular lady does  
not belong to the Wilsons who have been  
so much talked about lately. Her father  
was a Northamptonshire landowner, a  
very learned man.) All "dear old Fleet-  
wood's" friends were stricken dumb with  
amazement when they heard the news.  
She is one of the most popular hostesses

in society and a great friend of the Prince  
of Wales. In town, as well as in Scot-  
land, at Cannes and at St. Moritz, her  
entertainments have been unique, and  
no doubt she has had plenty of opportu-  
nities to marry during past years. How-  
ever, she has always seemed quite con-  
tent to act as chaperone to the girls,  
several of whom having charming mem-  
ories of her sympathy and tact; and  
being a great heiress, she could afford to  
do as she liked giving her young friends a  
thoroughly good time. The [Cornwallis  
West's generally made her house in Port-  
man square their headquarters before  
Daisy married Prince Pless. She also  
rents Old Mar Castle from the Duke of  
Fife. I hear that she will not leave  
England on her marriage, but will con-  
tinue her social beneficences. I hope  
Prince Alexis will prove worthy of her.  
He is the third son of the famous Prince  
Dolgourouki, and he distinguished him-  
self in the Russo-Turkish war. He was  
presented to the Prince of Wales at the  
last levee. The Prince doesn't mind the  
marriage, provided the bride does not  
give up her nice little entertainments.

What a contrast he is to that favorite  
of fortune, Lord Shaftsbury! Not con-  
tent with being a beauty-man and a rav-  
ishing tenor, that most eligible of bach-  
elors has now succeeded to his mother's  
large fortune. Everyone thought, when  
this happened, he would leave the army;  
but he is far too keen a soldier, so he re-  
joined his regiment (the Tenth Hussars)  
at Canterbury. Perhaps he is not sorry  
to escape the chase in London for the  
present! But once his mourning is over  
he will indeed be a marked man for  
mamas and maidens!

On the 22d, the Princess of Wales, for  
the first time in her life, opened a bazaar  
for the Roman Catholics. The charity  
was the Norwood Orphanage of the Sis-  
ters of Mercy. The fete was held at Im-  
perial Institute.

### BY A TURN OF THE HEAD.

Missed His Wife and the Theater he  
Got His Dinner.

A city official, who supposes the epi-  
sode is a close family secret, arranged  
with his wife to meet her at the office  
last Friday night at 7 o'clock, says the  
New York Herald. They were then to  
have dinner at a hotel, and attend the  
theater. He was prompt, but his wife  
had not yet arrived, so he patiently  
waited on the sidewalk with his eyes  
on the door that she might not come  
without his knowledge. He paced back  
and forth, reading the bulletins, ob-  
serving the direction of the wind and  
looking at the clock as it marked the  
passing minutes; but he saw all who  
entered the building. He heard a loud  
clanging of gongs, as a fire engine  
dashed down 6th avenue, and turned  
his head for not more than five seconds  
to look after it. His wife was only a  
few minutes late, as she hurried from  
a Broadway car and rushed into the  
office, during the five seconds his head  
was turned. She had not seen him, and  
was pleased to think that he would be  
the one to be blamed for being late, as  
she sat down to wait his coming. He  
continued to wait and pace, as the  
clock ticked off the minutes. Eight  
o'clock was near and he became very  
impatient, as he realized that it meant  
to either miss dinner or the first act of  
the play. When 8 o'clock was passed  
he saw another act slip away. "In a  
few minutes more he had given up, the  
theater, and feared for the dinner. In  
another ten minutes all of the plays  
were changed, and he determined to  
go home. She was also discouraged  
and hurried to the street to take a  
northbound cable car. They met, and—  
well; the theater was given up, but  
they had a dinner and each promised  
to say nothing about it.

### Equal to the Occasion.

First Boy (with bundle)—You stop  
sicking that dog at me, or I'll—I'll give  
him this meat.

Second Boy—Ho, ho! Wot good'll  
that do?

First Boy—While he's eatin' th' meat  
I'll lick you.

Second Boy—Here, Tiger!