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Address of Principal, 619 South 11th Street, Lincoln, Nebr.

**PICTURES . . . .**

We have just received a line of hand tinted platinotypes, 7x9, 9x12 and 16x20. The subjects are "The Prayer," "Sweethearts," "Colonial Girl," "Mignon," "Spring and Autumn," "Indecision," "Lullaby," "Carnations," at prices ranging from \$1.25 up to \$5.00. We are also showing a line of Pastels, 16x20 to 20x30, from \$1.25 to \$2.50 and a line of Water Colors from 75c upward. Our Framing Department is now in working order and all work done in this department is guaranteed. Don't forget that we make a specialty of engraving—engraved plate and 100 cards during this week for \$1.00.

**THE LINCOLN BOOK STORE,**  
1126 O STREET.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR  
WOOD AND COAL  
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**OMAHA LETTER.**

Omaha, Nebr.,  
September 8, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

Can it be possible I am so many miles from the spot from which I last wrote you?

And yet it must be so! For if I raise my eyes from my paper now, it is not to meet miles of impenetrable forest, or a blue mist-hung valley. There is no clamor of water in my ears. None of the mysterious night voices of the mountains, which lured while they repelled me; drew me toward them only to throw me back upon myself in undefined terror.

Oh! they certainly had a beautiful fascination for me, those gloomy, secret-burdened mountains.

I think in some former incarnation I must have murdered some one or slain my soul, there, and the ghost of some other self is doomed for millions of years to wail out its penance between the earth and hidden sky.

You see, I have not quite shaken off the spell yet. Like the transplanted sea shell, yet do I hear in my heart the moan, moan of the water.

I do try to be more rational. I imagine what mother would say if she knew I am still afraid in the "wee sma" hours.

I resolutely lift my eyes and prove to myself that I can see only four walls covered with delft blue paper. Opposite me hangs my familiar Gibson girl, a sketchy suggestion of the up to date young woman, with strubly hair, long arms and sweeping lines of drapery. Gibson does not follow the fleshy school of art, and it does occur to one occasionally that if one of his models could be taken off a pickle diet for a time and fed properly, she would be beyond criticism.

This is a very rambling peroration, and the worst of it is, I do not seem to have a single clothes-pin to keep my mental rags from flying widely.

You need not have been alarmed about my illness out there, but it was good of you to telegraph. You needed to square yourself some way for your shameful neglect of me this summer. I was only another victim of nerves. I was not in pain a single moment. I really think a good decided ache some where would have been a relief. I am a good deal of a chameleon and take my color from my surroundings. If the place there had not impressed me as

joyless, the fact that it was the first time in my life when I came right face to face with a deep, hopeless grief would have been enough to weight my heart. The last week we were on the ranch I could not do much but lie about, and try to keep myself from flying to pieces.

The evening papa came up from the little town with the telegram which meant our immediate return, poor Jim dropped his face into his two hands and sat perfectly motionless for a long, long time. Then when he finally looked up, he and I were alone—God grant that be the last time I see such a look on any human face. I gave a little smothering cry and reached my hand toward him, he took it in his two icy cold ones.

"If I could only bear part of it for you," I said.

"I am glad you cannot," he replied, in a husky voice. "You have done more for me now than I ever thought any human being could do. That is why, in my selfishness, I feel almost as if I could not bear to lose your sweet womanly sympathy."

I didn't say much—there are supreme moments, pinnacles of mental emotion, when the air is so rarefied one can scarcely breathe, let alone talk. I had a lightning gleam across my inner consciousness, and it revealed the possibility of a degenerate in me were it possible to proceed along the path marked within, for in one blinding instant I realized that if Jim Kellar were a man strong and well, and if that dead girl who once broke his heart were to live again and love him, my heart would break.

The carnival spirit begins to stir among the dry bones of the city. Miles of bunting in the Ak-Sar-Ben colors are being rolled, twisted and draped into artistic designs, and other than artistic in many cases. I think they have enclosed more space than usual for the street fair—it looks so at least. Booths are rapidly nearing completion, and a lively air of activity circulates about the corners of Eighteenth and Douglas. I am not advised as to whether the Lady Centipede or the human snake-eater has arrived, but probably not.

If the sky of tonight fulfills its promise, the general enthusiasm is likely to get a good wetting down. The Knights have been extremely busy for some time and the parades will in all probability be worth seeing, especially for those who have the parade habit. A large part of Omaha is addicted, judging

Laura Gesina Mulder and Mr. Arthur Leonard Ferrier. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier will reside at 348 North Twenty-fifth street.

Miss Jeannette Palmer entertained the Misses Alice, Ethel and Elizabeth Dovey of Plattsmouth over Sunday. Misses Alice and Ethel Dovey enjoy an enviable reputation as singers. Their professional names are the Misses Nebriska.

Gregory, The Coal Man, 11th & O.

Married, at the home of the bride at Marysville, Kansas, on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Lottie B. Logan and Mr. Frank N. Andrus of Lincoln.

Mrs. L. W. Pomerene has returned from Chicago and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where she has spent several weeks.

Mrs. W. B. Ogden, Miss Marian and Master Bruce are expected home from Newark, Ohio, next week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Harrie, on September 31st, 1901, at Lake Forest, Illinois, a son, John Francis Bacon Harris.

Mr. Clarence Johnson returned Thursday from Ogden, Utah.

Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald will entertain this evening in honor of Mrs. D. D. Muir.

The American Savings Bank of 132 North Eleventh street, pays interest on deposits.

Mr. S. L. Geisthardt returned Thursday from an eastern trip of five weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Gordon entertained the teachers at a reception at the high school library Friday evening.

Mrs. D. D. Muir, accompanied by her son, Mr. Wilson Muir, will leave tomorrow for Chicago, where she will spend a few days before going on to Rutland, Vermont.

Miss Annie Vanderpool is visiting relatives in Omaha.

Misses Mary and Florence McGahey have returned from their summer vacation at Wequetonsing, Michigan.

Mrs. Gilbert Cooper is visiting in Omaha.

Miss Gere and Misses Ellen and Frances Gere have returned from Seattle, where they have spent the last six weeks.

Engraved plate and 100 cards, any size, this week for \$1.00 at the Lincoln Book Store.

Professor and Mrs. H. W. Caldwell have returned from the Pacific coast.

Married, on Wednesday afternoon, at the home of the bride's mother, 1500 S street, Miss Maude Sprung and Mr. Charles H. De Ford.

Mr. Alex Berger and children have returned from Colorado, where they have spent the summer.

Mrs. W. C. Wilson and Master Howard Wilson returned Wednesday from Detroit and Mackinaw, Michigan.

Miss Margaret Kyle will speak in the interest of the Young Women's Christian association in the First Congregational church next Sunday evening.

Mrs. R. O. Phillips and Miss Mary Mizor have returned from Seattle, where they have spent the summer months.

Miss Margaret Hallett left on Monday for Minnesota, where she will be the guest of friends in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Colonel F. M. Woods has returned from his summer outing in the Lake Superior region.

Mrs. Mary J. Willis and Miss Jessie Willis have returned from Colorado, where they spent the summer.

Frank Brown has returned to Fairbault, Minnesota, where he will resume study at the Shattuck school.

Dr. B. F. Bailey returned on Thursday from his trip to Colorado.

Mr. John T. Rivett and family, who have spent the last four months in England, are expected home the first week in October.

Messrs. Arthur Raymond and Willard Yates left Sunday evening for Schenectady, New York, where they will continue their work in Union college.

Mrs. Carl Funke and Miss Claire Funke have returned from Newark, Ohio.

Miss Rose Clark left on Thursday for Huntington, Pennsylvania, where she will occupy the position of piano instructor in Juniata college.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gingery are spending the week in Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stevenson are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. F. W. Drummond of Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Miller are spending the week in Pawnee City.

Dr. Carr, surgeon, 141 South 12th.

"My brother says he can't sit down and he can't stand up."

"Well, if he tells the truth, he lies."

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