

length of time the creditor came around to do a little heart to heart talking.

The woman said she had no money. With burning cheeks she maintained a bold front, affirmed her intention of seeing that the bill was paid, kept up the proud front until the merchant left. But the latter departed with vague suspicions. He looked up an officer and learned the whole story. He also discovered that the last loaf of bread in the possession of the woman had been devoured and overtures of assistance from the charity organization had been refused.

The Samaritan decided to act and he did it with all possible secrecy.

He had an interview with the prisoner. The latter, now penitent, agreed to work honestly if released. Terms were ratified delegating the weekly earnings to the wife. The officers were consulted next in regard to the project.

Now there were certain unceremonious entries into a certain store that were also hanging over the delinquent one. These had to be settled by personal visits, cajolings and bantering. This part of the program occupied two days.

In the meantime the man was allowed to sleep at home at nights. His wife believed he was working for the merchant. This gave the latter an opportunity to furnish provisions without hurting the pride of the sturdy woman.

Finally everything was cleared up. The erring man went to work. The business man stood responsible for him. It was agreed that the delinquent one should be forgiven the debt in case of reformation and the wages were paid in toto to the wife at the end of each day.

No trouble has resulted. It is all right. The former prisoner works with might and main, the merchant has secured a faithful employe and the wife is happy.

In truth the good Samaritan appeared without any undue flourishing of trumpets. In fact he still prides himself on the fact that, with the exception of the parties immediately concerned, no one knows about the affair at all.

"I am looking," said the customer, "for a burglar-proof safe and a refrigerator combined."

"I'm afraid you won't find such an article, sir," said the salesman.

"Then what's a man to keep his meat in nowadays?"

Jasper—Dear! dear! I thought we had enough college graduates already, and now comes the Rhodes endowment. What shall we do with this new crop?

Jumpuppe—Well, I think a good way to get rid of them would be to appoint them librarians of Carnegie libraries.

FASHION

NEW YORK, May 31.—Only three or four of the women who graced the coaches in the Coaching club's parade on Saturday wore heavy coats, although the air was chill and the sky threatening.

Mrs. William Jay, who sat beside her husband on his coach heading the line, was bravely arrayed in a French foulard gown showing white, dark blue and bright green in an irregular combination of polka dots. The skirt had two or three folds about the bottom piped with green, and the bodice was elaborately trimmed with ecru lace that formed a wide sailor collar and garnished the front. Mrs. Jay's hat was a dark blue straw, rather flat in shape, and sparingly trimmed with green.

A noteworthy feature of the parade was that, with perhaps three exceptions, all the women occupying box seats wore gray. Those not in gray chose gay foulards, which were partly concealed under tan covert coats. Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, by long odds the handsomest of the group, was gowned exquisitely. She wore (daily newspaper accounts to the contrary notwithstanding) a tailored dove-gray costume, so light as to be almost white, and a stunning coat, three-quarter length, of white cloth. The wrap had no shoulder seams and was quite loose. It was trimmed simply with those very French appearing cords and balls dangling from shoulders, cuffs and front fastenings. It fitted high and snug about the throat. Her hat was a very large black chip turned up at one side, and with black plumes by way of trimming.

Some chose to reflect in their frocks the colors of the coach on which they were guests. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the box seat beside Mr. James Henry Smith, was in a tailor gown of gray, with wide kilt-like plaits down the front breadth of the skirt and also on the sleeves; but the coat had a fancy collar of pale blue silk, with tiny French black knots all over it—the coach was blue, with yellow running gear—and she and all the other women on the vehicle wore corsage bouquets of daffodils. Her hat was also of daffodils, with green foliage showing in the crown.

There was only one hat with trailing Spanish veils of black and white, and it looked quite out of place. Mrs. Edward Browning, of Philadelphia, was in gray and looked extremely well. At the Club-house at Morris Park on Sat-

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urday there were some very stunning gowns. Mrs. Perry Belmont was picturesque in a costume of gray voile, a black taffeta French coat and a large black hat with plumes. Indeed, the large black hat was pre-eminent on Saturday.

Nine women out of every ten were wearing headgear of this description, and it was noticeable that none of them had scarfs attached in any way. Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer was in gray, with a large hat of black and yellow. Miss "Dolly" Kernochan wore dark blue and a large black hat, as did also Mrs. J. Borden Harriman. Miss Cynthia Roche was prettier than ever in a very light biscuit-colored gown of some soft material, and a black straw hat with sweeping ostrich plumes.

Some of the coats on the Club-house lawn, especially those of light-colored silk or cloth, like the Nile green of Mrs. Richard Wilson and the pale blue of Mrs. "Harry" Payne Whitney, were extremely effective. Mrs. Oliver Iselin wore a long coat of bright red cloth over a gown of ecru silk. There were some foulards in evidence, for stout women will cling to them to the very last, but they are no longer in general favor. The new summer silks and pongees have taken their place. The tiny checked and pin-striped silks, as well as the old—old yet ever new, as the Modishes periodically will it—shepherd's plaids, are made up in the most delightful manner.

A shepherd's plaid silk made with a fancy coat, with wide double postillion back, was much admired on Saturday. It was most uniquely trimmed with straw balls at the belt in the back, and also at the front fastening. From these long ropes or streamers of straw fell to the knees, ending in straw tassels. The effect of this new trimming is odd,

to say the least, and it attracted much attention. Nearly all women look better in plain colors than in mixed effects, and my observation at the races this week leads me to the conclusion that gray will probably long remain a favorite shade for such occasions.—LADY MODISH in Town Topics.

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Tom—Funny thing happened in Sherbert's restaurant last night.
Clara—What was it?

Tom—A man ate angel cake, deviled crabs, ice cream, drank lemonade and the orchestra played "More Work for the Undertaker."