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Mrs. J. B. Cunningham is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Welch, in Cadiz, Ohio.

Judge E. P. Holmes and Miss Florence Fa-well left last Wednesday for Spirit Lake, Ia., where they will join a party at Manhattan Point.

On Thursday evening a merry party went out to Ensign's farm in a band wagon with four horses. After the basket lunch the picnic party became a dancing party in the little hall on the farm. Afterwards they drove home in the moonlight. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. Speir, Sam Speir, Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Herzog and niece from Omaha, Katherine Pollock, Miss Cora Schlesinger, Jake Oppenheimer, Ida Friend, Bertha Seligsohn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mayer, I. Friend, Misses Sara and Pauline Friend, Simon Greenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mr. Morris Friend.

The pleasant picnic at Cushman park on Tuesday was participated in by the following young ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. Bartlett, Kormeyer, Westerman, Barber, Edmiston, Manley, Whedon; Misses Hargreaves, Barker, Houtz, Outcalt, Lansing, Junge, Watkins, Mrs. Outcalt, Mrs. Funke.

The party in Courier hall last week, Saturday, was a rain-defeated picnic party. Those present were: Messrs. Whedon, Risser, Kormeyer, H. Shedd, V. Barber, Edmiston, Lowe, Ricketts, H. Evans, Art Walsh, Hadley, Bartlett, Manley, Hurlbut, Randall, Watkins, Smith; Misses Whiting, Hooper, Vancil, Hargreaves, Macfarland, Junge, Houtz, Alexander, Barker, Cochrane, Schlesinger, Lansing, Case, Watkins, Outcalt, Burnham, Mrs. Outcalt.

Miss Laura Houtz gave an informal party on Thursday evening to the following friends: Misses Outcalt, Barker, Watkins; Messrs. Whedon, Bartlett, Edmiston, Westerman.

The Sappho quartet—Misses Bessie Turner, Edith Risser, Ethel Galley and Carol Churchill—will be heard in a series of concerts through out the state during next season, beginning November First. The first circuit will include David City, York, Aurora, St. Paul, Grand Island, Hastings, Red Cloud, Surprise, Hebron, Fairbury, Pawnee City and Falls City. A second tour will take place in January. The repertoire of the Sapphos is extensive and includes songs by the best composers, both secular and sacred, but sufficiently popular to strike the average audience in the right spot.

To keep the fountains of melody from running dry during the summer, the Telyn male quartet will give a first-class concert at Lincoln Normal Tuesday, July 27. They will be assisted by Prof. L. A. Bidez and the Misses Bidez in instrumental numbers of a high grade and by Miss Lethe Watson in a spirited recitation. An arrangement will be entered into with the street car company by which admission and a cool ride can be had at a small pecuniary sacrifice.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

She lay on the broad sofa with the many bright colored sofa pillows heaped up about her. Her pretty eyebrows were drawn together into an expression of pain. There were blue rings under her large eyes and the corners of her small mouth dropped pa-

thetically. She raised her small, thin white hands and rearranged the damp cloth which lay on her forehead. Then she turned the rings on the slender fingers idly round and round and clicked them against one another to keep out the sounds which floated to her ears from the open window.

How heartless of Annette to have left the window open and when she knew every little tiny sound sent terrible pains through her aching head! How could any one laugh out there and what a jangle the bicycle bells made—she had never heard them so discordant before.

The click of the brass ring on the curtain caused her to turn her head in that direction and she moaned a little with the fresh agony of pain the effort gave.

"Annette, is that you?" she said querulously. Annette I want a drink. Annette this cloth is so hot on my head now."

"Yes, mees; es not then the pain better?"

"No," she moaned, "it's worse and it's getting worse all the time. What's that? A card? Annette, I won't see any one. I'm not at home. I'm ill in bed. I won't see any one. Oh, a note."

She drew the thick creamy note paper from its envelope and read its half page of writing hurriedly.

My Dear Miss Conroy—Early this morning Jack Livingstone gave me an invitation to a very informal little picnic which he and Mrs. Livingstone, with some other of their friends have gotten up on short notice for this evening. He urged me to come and bring some one and so if you will bestow upon me the great pleasure of your company we will drive out together. Excuse me for not calling but you see how it is. If you have other arrangements for this evening let me know by the small boy who takes this—if not don't bother about him. I shall take it that silence gives consent. Yours very truly,
2 p. m. GEORGE R. HOLMES.

P. S.—There's to be dancing.

"Annette," she said excitedly, "what time is it?"

"Nearly eight, mees. Is there an answer, mees—the little boy—"

She turned her head to one side for an instant and thought deeply. He thought already that she was going. The small boy had indeed loitered. But this headache—no, she could not go. But "there's" to be dancing I understand, came to her mind.

"Annette," she said suddenly, "I haven't been to a dance for—for a week nearly, Annette. Do you think I look very badly?"

"Mamselle look very white and ill. Is Mamselle then going to the dance?"

"Annette, you should not ask so many questions. Go down and tell that boy there is no answer, he may go."

"Help me up," she said, as the maid once more entered the room. "Just because, Annette, I feel a little is no reason that I am ill. A little headache is not anything, besides the cool evening breeze will help it wonderfully. I wonder I didn't think of it before, I will wear the blue dress, Annette. No, no, not that dark ghastly thing, the pale one with the lace. Isn't that the one I told you Mr. Holmes admired so much? Annette, my face is too white and my lips are an ugly color. Fix them some way quickly. That's much better, no, not powder. Powder on a face the color of mine! I'm beginning to look much better. Now my hat—the big one—with the heaps of lace and blue bells. Ah, Annette, I look nice, don't I. There, didn't that carriage stop here? Yes, there's the bell. Hurry, my gloves, yes, a brooch wouldn't lock a-ziss. The sapphire one, not that horrible diamond, it hurts my head. Give me my smelling

LADIES

THAT OLD FUR GARMENT is worth almost as much today as the day you bought it; but you don't know it. As long as the hair is on the skin it is GOOD. Moth eaten or worn

pots can be taken out without even showing a seam. The only question is what can be done with it? Its out of style and worn. Maybe it needs a new lining, or should be stylishly trimmed. That old coat would make a beautiful cape, and capes are just the thing this season. There's that old fur garment you haven't worn for years, because it is all "fagged out." Why, that will make a beautiful collarette; just the thing for fall and spring wear. Then just look at that garment. It is entirely "gone up," the hair stands the wrong way on it, and it is worn and matted. "Its no earthly use." Well, it does look bad, but by the process of glazing the fur is brought out and cleaned and then, when remodeled, it is like new.

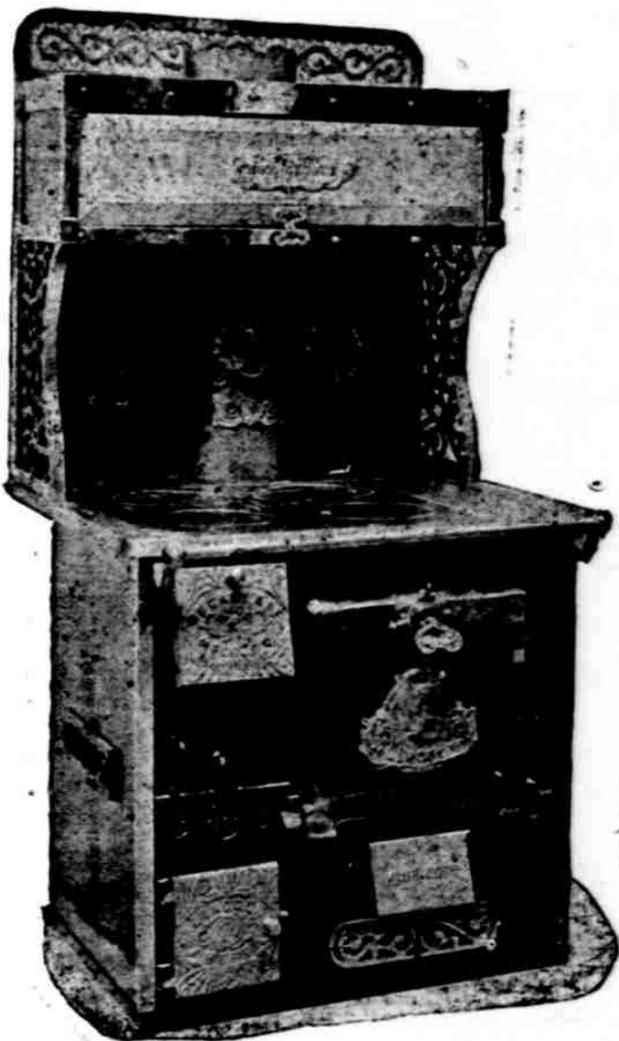
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salts now, I may need them, no one ever knows what may happen at a dance. A woman might faint and they'd be convenient. Yes, the blue fan. There! I'm ready." She walked slowly to the door and down the staircase. In the hall Mr. Holmes was waiting for her, talking with her older sister. As she entered, an involuntary exclamation broke from his lips. "Ah," he said "how charming you look. I'm so glad you will go; it was so late to ask you, and I had not the opportunity to call."

"It is all right, I assure you," she laughed, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything." "How's your headache?" her sister asked her. "Headache," she said, brightly raising her salts to her face daintly, while a tiny frown passed over her forehead, "gone, all gone long ago. Come, we must be going!"
HARRIET M. COOKE.

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