

good qualities, he is a strong McKinley man.

The gentleman who is known to fame as the introducer of the curfew ordinance, is a candidate for re-election to the council from the Second ward. Mr. Lawlor receives letters from all parts of the country commending him for his part in the adoption of the curfew. The republicans of the Second ward are well satisfied with Mr. Lawlor's record as a councilman, as they gave him a unanimous renomination. He has been an efficient, hard working member, and has given a great deal of his time to councilmanic duties. Mr. Lawlor will, of course, be re-elected.

Judge C. M. Parker, who is a candidate for county attorney from the Fourth ward, has been a resident of Lincoln for the past twenty-six years, during which time he has been an active energetic citizen. He is a veteran of the late war, having lost an arm at Vicksburg. He was county judge six years, and with that exception has never held public office.

Charley Miller will have no opposition and will probably be renominated for county commissioner by acclamation.

The principal contest in the approaching county convention will be over the nomination for county attorney. The candidates are Harry Reese, of the First ward; Jim Caldwell and Fred Woodward, of the Second ward; Tom Munger, of the Third ward; C. M. Parker, of the Fourth ward, and F. W. Collins, of the Fifth ward. Mr. Collins has long been regarded as the most formidable candidate by reason of his eminent fitness for the position, his service to the party, and the fact that he is at present deputy county attorney. From the outset Mr. Collins has been a leader in the McKinley movement, and on this account incurred the displeasure of some of the supporters of Mr. Manderson. A well known influence will be against Mr. Collins in the convention. However he has sincere friends throughout the city and county, and his position in the convention will be a good deal like that of Sam Low in last fall's county convention.

Yesterday a well known politician from out in the state, expressed the opinion that J. H. McClay has an excellent prospect of receiving the nomination for auditor. "The fact that McClay will have the hearty and unanimous support of Lancaster county is greatly in his favor. Lancaster, you know, has not always been heart and soul for her own candidate. But in Mr. McClay's case the support will be cordial and substantial. The way things are drifting now it ought to be possible to bring about his nomination without much difficulty."

Mr. McClay is probably the best known of the various candidates for auditor. He has been a resident of Lincoln for twenty-seven years. He was four years county clerk, and three years county commissioner. He served in the war five years, '61 to '65, having enlisted at the age of 17 years. He is a graduate of Peoria college. McClay has been prominently identified with the republican party of the state, and his record is clear of all reproach.

Robert E. Finley, republican candidate for council in the First ward, has been a resident of the city for sixteen years. He has a record for loyalty to the party and efficient party service. He is known as a reputable trustworthy man, and an enterprising citizen. He is thoroughly conversant with the needs and conditions of the city, and will undoubtedly make a very satisfactory councilman.

George W. Eggleston, of Bennett, ex-senator, is a candidate for the republican nomination for the senate. Mr. Eggleston is well known to the republicans of the county, and has a good record for public service. He has had considerable experience in legislative matters, and is well qualified for the senatorial position.

John D. Knight is one of the outposts of republicanism in Lancaster county. He has served the county in an official capacity before and has made an excellent record for honesty in the public service. His knowledge of the needs of the county in a legislative way is extensive and if the republicans should renominate him he would not be found wanting as a working legislator. Mr. Knight has practical business ideas that would be of service in the legislature.

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MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor:—What do you suppose it is, in the things about ourselves, which makes the subject so absorbingly entertaining? Why it even discounts scandal about our neighbors, which is a difficult thing to do. How do you like this bal masque? Scarcely necessary to ask, once you admit in your letter the fascination of mystery. The idea was presented to me. I first endured, then pitied, then embraced the opportunity, to retouch both friend and foe. It is a great opening, in a way, for a girl who is in, and not exactly of it.

For three years I have been an adjunct to Omaha's Four Hundred. I have not been a howling success. That is to say, Luther Drake, Frank Hamilton and Dick Berlin have never even been suspected of having proposed to me. Dick took me to the theatre at one time, but that was only because papa's political "influence" was wanted in the Third ward, which also accounted for a dozen American beauties I received one Christmas from the same source. What do you think, Eleanor, constitutes the elements of popularity? I am not a pretty girl, but I believe I have more—I was about to say intellect—I repent and substitute sense—than numbers of girls here who give me "cards and spades" in the social game. It is a very nice problem to solve. Why, Miss X—who started out pitted against Miss Y—with equally favorable surroundings, loses her popularity before the end of the first season, while Miss Y—has increased hers. I have had ample opportunity to speculate on these things. I have attended all the social doings for several seasons, in a sort of wall flower role, imposed on me by my family's standing, and my own inability to be a belle, and I have observed many things and deduced many conclusions.

I sat near a dowager at a swell function here once, and heard her say, a woman she is by the way, who has seen the best on two sides of the water, that many of Omaha's young people had advanced very little in polish, since the days of wampum belts and moccasins. As explanation it may be well to add the festivities were given in this lady's honor, and none of the younger guests, or few of them, had thought it worth while to speak to her especially.

You ask what has been going on—nothing especial or pronounced, it being the proper caper to sustain a paralytic shock during Lent. Do you suppose Omaha would so far forget herself as to do more than sneak a few amusements during this period of sack cloth and passe party clothes? However we have evaded strict compliance to the letter of the law, and enjoyed ourselves in a chaffing dish style capable of explanation to our confessors—I was hungry and ye fed me. Its hard lines, however when the rabbit curdles.

There was such a pretty luncheon given here a week or two ago, which even now bears description. It was given by one of our particularly original hostesses, Mrs. James McKenna, for Mrs. Abbott, of Minneapolis, sister to Mrs. Schwan, of Omaha. It was a Napoleon lunch. The round table was covered with a pale green crepon cover, the flat center piece of white lilies was tied with gold colored ribbon in a semi-circle over the platie, a half wreath of glossy laurel leaves and red berries finished with bows of same ribbon, and each lady received a medallion picture of the Conqueror. Everything was delicious from the oyster cocktails—soups "blithery," but you know they are harmless and good—to the nesselrode puddings served in cases of green spun sugar.

Mrs. Lambertson, of Lincoln, comes

on Thursday to Mrs. Chas. Offut for a few days. Mrs. Offut is to give an informal Kensington in her honor on Friday.

Daisy Doane gathered in a few choice spirits Thursday afternoon; no particular point to it, save a little gossip of a harmless sort, an exchange of opinion as to the spring styles, and whispered confidences as to the latest, greatest bargain at the Boston store. The Boston store is a little habit society has acquired lately, but we never mention it, so this to you is strictly sub rosa. I flitted in there this week, one day when I supposed society was at luncheon; there were some great bargains that day in skirts, not that I cared for that, Oh! No! To my dismay, four other representatives of as many other royal families, were doing the second floor. We said to each other—"Oh! how do you do my dear, curious place this, isn't it? Of course one never can get anything here, suppose you'll be at the Cooking club—Oh! did you find out how Mrs. O—fixes her tongue in jelly? Yes, indeed, she boils beef down and adds gelatine, delicious, isn't it?" Then we airily flitted out again, leaving the non-plussed saleslady, no doubt, thinking it would be a good thing if we would put our tongues in pickle—O! generation of hypocrites—how long? Miss Blanche McKenna entertained the Cooking club Tuesday, Mesdames Cartan, Offut, Hull, Summers, Barlow and the Misses Yates and their cousin, Miss Caroline Johnson, of St. Joe. Two of the young ladies superintended the lunch, which the rest are in honor bound to eat. Then there is a little stab at English history—what is it Meredith says—we can live without a whole lot of things including books, but civilized man can't live without cooks—and the funny papers to the contrary cooking clubs are a pretty good thing, and these particular ladies are quite expert in this line. Too bad about Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kountze having such an unfortunate ending to their wedding trip? She was such a stunning, happy looking bride a short time since. Mr. and Mrs. Kountze are in Southern Florida, and Mr. Kountze is so ill with typhoid fever that Mrs. Burns, the bride's mother, and Miss Eugenia

Kountze, have gone in response to a telegram to join the young people. I saw one of our society beaux, with one of your society belles at the theatre, a short time ago. I don't mind telling you who he was, because, although ever so many girls think Mr. Robert Patrick is awfully taken with himself, he has such a delightful and cordial way of always greeting one that I like him.

I was in a crowd of girls, one day recently, who were discussing who Omaha's society leader was. One girl said she thought by all means Mrs. Henry Yates was: "I don't think so at all another girl replied." "Undoubtedly Mrs. So and So would be called the leader," "The idea!" quickly repudiated girl No. 1, "Why, there was a time when Mrs. So and So was completely tattooed in society here!" You may think the girl was being funny—but she wasn't intentionally.

Our celebrities are returning to the fold. Gen. Manderson has come back from the expounding of the sugar question to the black gowned wise acres of the supreme court, and Senator Thurston from a re-digging or a re-planting of his sire, I don't know which.

Two or three men were walking down Farnam street one morning this week, and they observed that the chairs were being moved from the Manderson headquarters. "Hello!" said one of them, "what is this for?"—"Well, I guess we must be going to stand up for Nebraska," replied another. The milliners and dressmakers wear a spring smile these days, and display spring goods in a manner perfectly maddening to a girl who isn't sure she can have an Easter bonnet—isn't it consoling that it is really well to be financially embarrassed?

The club men have arranged for Table'd'hote dinners every Saturday night at the Omaha club, all sorts of fascinating inducements for the men to desert the mutton stews of life, "Just a scheme," indignantly declared one young married woman "of a lot of old bachelors, to divorce all the hitherto contented couples in town."

Rose Carson of Lincoln is in town, the guest of Miss Leila Shears. Mrs. Guy Parke of Decatur, formerly Gertrude Chambers of Omaha, is home for a visit.

Society is girding up its loins for a little post Lenten gayety and then doubtless its devotees will seek soft islands and the shaded creeks for their summer outing. If you haven't any country relatives come and see us. We intend to pull down the front blinds, eat on the back porch and get the Excelsior to mention incidentally that we are out of town.

Yours sincerely,  
PENELOPE.  
Omaha, Thursday, March 26.

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