

ELEANOR'S LETTER

My dear S:—I was so disappointed at not being able to go to the Lincoln club party. At almost the last minute Mr. ——— who was to take me notified me that "business of an urgent nature absolutely compelled him to forego the pleasure of taking me to the ball." Rather an unceremonious letting down, wasn't it? So I stayed home, and I learn that a great many people stayed home. The storm kept many away. Spring parties have a weary air, and I am told there was scarcely any gaiety at this party. It was not very large, and the people did not seem to care much about dancing.

One of the young unmarried men who was at the Lincoln club dance tells me that Miss Hallie Hooper was a vision of loveliness. I think I have told you that she was about the only girl in the city—or I should say in society, who observed Lent, and this was her first appearance after the forty days. She always looks well, but my informant says she was perfectly stunning at this dance.

Miss Margaret Brown, of Omaha, was one of the popular girls. She came to Lincoln as the guest of Miss Sherwood and Mrs. Lambertson. Mr. McCuen and Miss Weller, of Omaha, were also present. I think they were the guests of Miss Staughter.

John Fairfield, one of the Fairfield boys, is going to be married on the 25th. The Mrs. Fairfield to be is Miss Lulu M. Bean, of Lafayette, Ind.

I noticed an item in the Journal last Sunday to the effect that the end of the season brought no engagements, as is usually the case. The season does seem to have been unfruitful in this respect, tho' you can't always tell. And this is leap year, too. I wonder what is the matter. It can't be hard times, because the times have been hard for three years, and last year and the year before matrimony seemed to be in high favor. Jack says a whole lot of people are giving the subject earnest attention, and he thinks the prospects are fair for a crop this fall.

Until lately clergymen have not been a factor in any matrimonial survey of the year's successes and failures. Clergymen and soldiers, the world over, have only to give the word and fair ladies are willing to lead a life of privation for the sake of their pious or gallant society.

Lieutenant Pershing was as indifferent to the girls as a Jew to pork. Lieutenant Griffith surrendered to Miss Oakley almost as soon as he began to drill the boys. The rest of the officers at the university have been married—when they arrived—worse luck.

Excepting a stray widower or two whom years appear only to confirm in celibacy the clerical element here has lacked romantic interest.

When a man (I do not mean a priest) lets it be known that he will serve only one mistress and that he has chosen the church it is a challenge that only a woman can appreciate the fascination of. If the clergyman could only stay young and devoted forever his church would need to be enlarged and enlarged again. Years of preaching, prayer, and pastoral patience take the curl out of his hair and the pulsing ring from his voice, and he becomes of interest only as a case of mistaken obstinacy.

Girls who have not been in the habit of going to church more than two or three times a month now go two or three times on Sunday. Oh! there is no doubt that an unmarried clergyman, if he only stays so builds up the church. The trouble is that when he selects one all the rest wonder what "he" could see in "her"—"lui et elle," "elle et lui."

When Dr. Duryea came to Omaha he

became at once the most popular man in the city, his church was crowded, his receptions made it extremely hard to get up progressive card parties on the same night or any night for that matter, for it was either prayer meeting night or Y. P. S. C. E. night or social night. Omaha matrons were in despair when suddenly it was announced he was to be married to a young and beautiful woman. His sermons were as learned, as logical, as spiritual as before but the attendance fell off. I will not tell you why dear S. You are a woman and have probably aspired to be the companion of a man who turned his back on the prospect of certain happiness with you for the exceedingly doubtful chance of comfort with some one else. Well in Omaha at the time of this announcement there were probably twenty people who were convinced that they had been mistaken in him and in time they were able to convince others that he was a mortal man. Before I leave this subject I must refer again to Lieutenant Pershing. His indifference was so deep-seated, the vainest of us never boasted of having disturbed it. In the three years that he lived here he was careless of everything except the development and discipline of the university battalion and the society of a few cronies when he was off duty. They saw he is in the way of promotion, that he has a future and all that—"If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?"

James Irwin is visiting his mother, Mrs. Polk. He has been spending the winter in the south. His health is much better and he has gone back to his home in Quincy.

Mr. O. R. Oakley and Mr. Mohrenstecher appeared on the street again this week.

Tuesday evening Miss Grace Oakley entertained five or six friends at a chafing dish party. The trouble with a chafing dish is that you can only cook for a small number at a time. Mr. Filder from New York city is visiting Miss Grace.

The Pershing Rifles will give their party on Friday evening. You know Jack is out of town and I am going with Reginald— You know who I mean. I always called him Reginald before I met him, and I was so disappointed when he was introduced by a name that bears no resemblance to his really distinguished air and clothes. He says he has only been waiting for Jack to leave town and that he hopes he will stay. I am sure I am glad to go with him too, but I shall miss talking it all over with Jack.

Mrs. L. C. Burr returned from New York last week.

Miss Terry is the guest of Miss Maude Oakley.

The concert Friday night at the Presbyterian church has everything in its favor except brevity. Miss Terry, Miss Oakley, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Edwards sing exquisitely together. But the program is the longest I ever saw even in an amateur concert. Sometimes church members are too magnanimous, too conscientious. This is one of the cases—twenty-nine numbers—think of it! No one but a musical madman could have got it up or could listen to it without unutterable weariness. It will be eleven o'clock before it is over. German opera, and the Passion play at Oberammergau have educated their audiences to sustained attention. Life passes more rapidly in the new world than in Germany however.


Miss Oakley has spent the week visiting in Omaha and Plattsmouth.

Mrs. Wheeler from Omaha visited her sister, Miss Marie Marshall, during the

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SHERIFF'S SALE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Esther E. Lewis is plaintiff and James Doak et al., defendants. I will at 2 p. m., on the 28th day of April, A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot nine (9), in block nineteen (19), in Pitcher & Baldwin's second addition to University Place in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of March, A. D., 1896.

John Trompen,
Sheriff.

April 25—F

When wanting a clean, easy shave or an artistic hair-cut, try

S. F. WESTERFIELD

THE POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTIST.

who has an elegant barber shop with oak chairs, etc., called "The Annex" at 117 North Thirteenth street, south of Lansing theatre.

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week.

Mrs. C. C. Burr is thinking of going to Denver to live.

Mrs. D. A. Campbell gives a little musicale Friday morning. You wrote me the morning musicale is the new custom in the east. This is the first one here.

On Saturday night Messrs. Howells, Clough, Low and Mallalieu give a chafing-dish supper to some of their friends at the Lindell. I just know they will get into a dispute about the best way to cook the supper.

Mrs. R. H. Oakley has a cake and apron sale at her home on Saturday for the benefit of the Episcopal church.

Mrs. S. B. Pound gave a dinner party on Wednesday night.

There is a good deal in my letter this week about people by the name of Oakley. Well, of course there are two families—and they dance and sing, look pretty and act pretty and I am obliged to record their doings. In dismissing the subject I might say that Mrs. R. H. Oakley entertained the whist club on Thursday night.

Mrs. Quimby who visited Miss Lance a few months ago is with her again for a few weeks.

Frank Cook is steadily improving and took a few steps the last part of the week. But here is, practically, half the year gone, and not more than two or three affairs that are likely to develop into anything. It is too bad. What is leap year for, anyway? You might think there are no young men, or that the girls are all married; but there is a goodly