

like literature and music, or milk and honey, or anything else that is nourishing and sweet.

THE STOIC.

He who knows not love nor hate,  
Nor boist'rous joy nor sorrow,  
In perfect calm may sit and wait  
For each tomorrow.

Learn thou to bear what must be borne  
Not ever-sad nor tearful,  
Too strong to weep and sigh and mourn,  
And shudder fearful.

Too wise to laugh and grow elate.  
Remembering 'tis only  
A passing smile of fickle Fate.  
That leaves thee lonely.

Take thou the good the gods provide,  
What time they choose to send it,  
But never think it will abide,  
They only lend it.

Take thou the ill and murmur not,  
'Tis only for a season,  
A little while 'twill be forgot,  
To grieve is treason.

He who knows not love nor hate,  
Nor boist'rous joy nor sorrow,  
In perfect calm may sit and wait  
For each tomorrow.

—Isabel Richey.

The success of Mrs. Potter Palmer at Newport this summer was a triumph of tact. She has been playing around Newport for several seasons and this summer she came, they saw and she conquered. Mrs. Palmer went to Newport quietly, entrenched herself in an elegant house and fired noiseless, smokeless guns until Newport capitulated. She did not begin by giving a ball but gave small dinners to choicest spirits. She entered by degrees the gates which any shock will close with a slam and forever against a new comer. Town Topics details the following of her fine Italian hand:

The historian needs years between his time of writing and the events which he describes, so that he may get the true perspective and be free from any influences or prejudices which inevitably oppress and fetter a writer on contemporaneous topics. The minor events of social life, to be accurately commented upon, also need the benefit of time and reflection. So many developments occur, following an incident, that it is sometimes weeks before it can be justly transcribed. It has only been within the past few days that the explanation of the two leaders for Mrs. Potter Palmer's Newport cotillion has been reached by the gossips, and only within a fortnight that the details of festivities at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Gebhard, at Bar Harbor, last August, have been divulged. It now appears that what was considered a novelty at Mrs. Palmer's dance, and a delightful exemplification of the French and American methods of cotillion leading, set forth by Franklin Bartlett and C. Raoul-Duval, respectively, was really a compromise between Mrs. Palmer, her charming niece Miss Julia Grant, and her two gentlemen who officiated, and a compromise that was effected at the last moment and followed some long and heated negotiations, which, but for Mrs. Palmer's tact and Miss Grant's good temper, might have resulted in a decidedly disagreeable social explosion. It is said that when Mrs. Palmer decided upon giving the dance, which so successfully established her status in Newport society, she appealed to her neighbor, Mrs. David King, for advice as to who would be the proper person to lead the cotillion. Mrs. King, who is a New Yorker by birth and a Washingtonian by adoption, and, therefore, by tradition and acquaintance, affiliated with the atmosphere of earlier New York and later Washington days, naturally and unhesitatingly replied. "Why, Franklin Bartlett, of course." As Mrs. Palmer had beheld the dignified Mr. Bartlett conducting the "myriad of mazes," at Mrs. King's, a few evenings previous,

in the same impressive manner in which he reads the minutes at the annual meetings of the Union Club and addresses the House of Representatives, she forthwith requested him to do her the honor of presiding over her dance, an honor which was graciously granted. A day or two before the dance, Mrs. Palmer casually mentioned Mr. Bartlett as the leader of the cotillion, when her niece, Miss Grant, suprisingly said: "Why, I have asked Mr. C. Raoul-Duval." In some manner both gentlemen heard of the *contretemps*, and, it is said that both flatly declined to lead. Report is silent as to what took place in the Potter-Palmer household, but it is known that Mrs. Palmer summoned back her World's Fair dignity, that Miss Grant smiled her sweetest smile, and that finally the austere American and the excitable Frenchman agreed to lead together, alternating the figures.

The guests at the Palmer dance will now understand why Mr. Bartlett's always correct and dignified figures were, if possible, a little more studied and formal than usual, and why Mr. Raoul-Duval threw into the figures which he led the sparkle of his own champagne and gave to them all the dash and liveliness possible, why he rushed the dancers hither and thither, and why, with his charming accent, he peremptorily ordered "privateers" off the floor and kept up a running fire of expostulation with the bewildered leader of the orchestra. Little did many of the dancers know of the fierce fires that burned beneath the Arctic smile of Mr. Bartlett and the hectic flush upon Mr. Raoul-Duval's cheek. All they realized was that something made the dance unusually enjoyable. It was America versus France, and honors were easy.

Arthur Walsh entertained the Olympic whist club in a very pleasing manner last evening at his home, 635 South eleventh street. This club is composed exclusively of young men who do the entire entertaining of their lady friends. After a few hours of whist, dainty refreshments were served to the following guests: Misses Brooks, Garten, Heaton, Griffith, Burks, Cochrane, Hawley, Leland, Rector and Hollowbush. Messrs Harry Evans, Homer Honeywell, Harry Groupe, John Lottridge, Harry Hawley, Arthur Walsh, Earnest Haughton, John Farwell, Elmer Merrill and Fred Cooley.

Mr. F. C. Zehrunge gave a box party for Kattie Emmet at the Funke Friday evening to, Mrs. Horton H. Boal, Dr. and Mrs. Latta, Miss Olive Latta and Mr. M. H. Baldwin.

Mrs. F. W. Smith gave a delightful luncheon Friday noon for Mrs. Horton H. Boal of Wyoming. Only a few of Mrs. Boal's friends were invited.

The Flower Mission has been promised the State Capitol for the ball November sixth. The ticket sellers will tell you the rest.

The Wild West Show brought the country people into town. It was pleasant to see the farm wagons with the children piled into them. The show brought them out as well as a circus.

Mr. Vanatta of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, is visiting his cousin, Homer Honeywell.

The Congregational church has been occupied this week by the delegates to the annual meeting of the Woman's board of foreign missions of that denomination. The meetings have been very well attended and much interest has been aroused in a subject liable to be forgotten in the rush for food and clothing.

EROS AND PSYCHE.  
AFTER ST. FULGENTIUS.

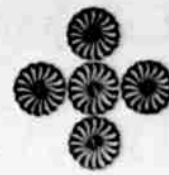
Thou sayest thou knowest  
the story of Psyche—  
Truth this day as ages ago—  
Mayhap the bursting bud  
delights thee,  
The blossom, full blown,  
thou dost not know:  
Search thou, if to  
the world's deep centre—  
Place is not, love is not there—  
Into His Mystical Temple enter,  
Thou need'st make search  
no other where.

P.

THE CAMPAIGN  
IS WIDE OPEN

.. AT THE ..

EWING CLOTHING CO'S  
STORE



Our Store is jam Full of FINE and  
Medium Clothing at Lower Prices  
than Ever.

CLOTHING

Is Sure to Be HIGHER regardless of the result of the Election, and NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY and Escape PAYING THE ADVANCE.

- |                    |            |                         |
|--------------------|------------|-------------------------|
| Be sure to see our | \$5 SUITS  | They can't be beaten    |
| Be sure to see our | \$8 SUITS  | They are great bargains |
| Be sure to see our | \$10 SUITS | They are beauties       |

Also see our \$5, \$7, \$10 and \$12 overcoats.  
Come and see us. We want your patronage, and will give you more for your cash than any other store in Lincoln. Don't forget the place.

EWING CLOTHING  
CO.

1125-1117 O.

O. J. KING.

Family Grocer

Wholesale and Retail.

1126 N STREET, - LINCOLN, NEB.

Stock purchased direct from the manufacturer.  
We buy in carload lots.

Quality considered, we claim to be the Lowest Priced Grocery in Lincoln.

CALL : AND : INSPECT : OUR : STOCK.  
WE SELL FOR CASH.