

about the first of November to study with Mr. Scharwenka, of Miss Marie Hoover, who goes with her, and of Mrs. C. S. Lippincott, who is going east. But there is news of good musicians who are coming to the city. Among others Miss Marian Treat, the Chicago oratorio singer, is said to be coming here. The following is the Matinee program for the season of 1897 and 1898:

- OCT. 4—Miscellaneous Program.  
 " 1—Nocturnes Impromptus and Ballads.  
 NOV. 1—Variations, Etudes and Serenades.  
 " 15—Songs Without Words, Hunting and Spinning Songs.  
 " 29—The Sonata and Romanza.  
 DEC. 13—Open meeting.  
 JAN. 10—Preludes and Fugues and Arias.  
 " 24—Polonaise, Barcarolle and Spanish Songs.  
 FEB. 7—The Ave Maria and Symphony.  
 " 21—The Dance Form.  
 MAR. 7—The Organ and Oratorio.  
 " 21—Tarantelle, Mazurka and Slumber Songs.  
 APR. 4—The Violin.  
 " 18—Opera.  
 MAY 2—Open meeting.

A fine musical program has been arranged for the opening meeting of the Matinee Musicale on October 4, when it is hoped all the members will be present. The place of meeting will be announced later. The officers of this society for the ensuing year are:

- President, Mrs. A. W. Janzen.  
 Vice-President, Mrs. Paul Holm.  
 Recording secretary, Mrs. E. P. Brown.  
 Corresponding secretary, ———  
 Treasurer, Mrs. A. R. Mitchell.  
 Librarian, Miss Annie L. Miller.  
 The chairmen of the various committees are as follows:  
 Membership committee, Mrs. E. H. Barbour.  
 Program committee, Miss Annie L. Miller.  
 Room committee, Mrs. A. S. Raymond.  
 Reception committee, Mrs. J. W. Winger.

Kiss Maude Hammond will give a piano recital this evening at eight o'clock at her home at 609 South Seventeenth street. She will present the following program:  
 Prelude and Fugue in A Flat.....Bach  
 Sonata Op 78.....Beethoven  
 Adagio cantabile, Allegro ma non troppo, Allegro vivare.

- Etude in F }  
 Nocturne in B } .....Chopin  
 Scherzo, Op 31 }  
 Etude—"If I Were a Bird,".....Henselt  
 Berceuse.....Iljinsky  
 Polacco Brillante.....Weber

Misses Frances and Florence Maule gave a book party Thursday afternoon at their home on Euclid avenue. The following persons were present;

- Misses—  
 Heleu Welch,  
 Helen Woods,  
 Florence Putnam,  
 Catherine Odell,  
 Margie Winger,  
 Addie Whiting,  
 Flynn,  
 Emma Outcalt,  
 Blanche Hargreaves,  
 Ella Harper,  
 Rose Foster,  
 Jessie Lansing,  
 Laura Houtz,  
 Clara Hammond,  
 Mary Davis,  
 Bessie Davis,  
 Mary Fechet,  
 Clara Watkine,  
 May Honeywell.

- Julia Beebe,  
 Maggie Whedon,  
 Lottie Whedon,  
 Jessie Bell Lansing,  
 Frances Maule,  
 Florence Maule,  
 Laura Fiske,  
 Frances Gere,  
 Ellen Gere,  
 May Beebe.

#11 to Chicago via the Burlington every Tuesday and Thursday until October 21.

STORIES IN PASSING.

Out at the encampment at the fair grounds this week, they were holding a reunion of the veterans who had served in the regiments of Wisconsin. There were but a few of them—not over forty in all—but forty men resembling each other in only one respect, and that their age. The locks of all were gray. The winds that blew over the prairie unceasing had bronzed their cheeks to a ruddy glow. Baldness had come to some and dimness of eye to others. There were those whose forms were thin and bent and trembling from suffering or extreme old age. Others were stout and flabby and rolling in their gait and the step of

the awkwardness of age. He was evidently a stranger to the line, as all eyes were turned upon him with the eager interest of a new acquisition to their numbers. One man especially—he who stood next in line to the little old man—gave a start as the name was called, and then gazed in a strange way at the stranger.

"William J. Phillips, 32d Wisconsin infantry," called the officer, and the stranger gave way to the next in line, he who had stood dazed and overcome at the first name. It was now the former's turn to gaze in amazement as another of the same name, a stout, heavy-set man, with side whiskers, and blue eyes, stepped forward and saluted.

As the officer called the next name, the heavy-set man turned back and met the stranger's eyes.

"Sam!"  
 "Bill!"

Then there was a little commotion at that point of the line which broke up the Wisconsin reunion for the time being. For after thirty years of silence and uncertainty, two brothers, parted at Shiloh, and each given up for dead by the other, had drifted together again, amid explanations, congratulations and



ADELAIDE HERMANN.

the forty as they marched in line was the step of little children on parade. But all this was forgotten in the moment. They were living over the days of thirty years ago and were boys again. And though the eye of youth had lost its fire and the voice of command had grown mellow with age, the heart was young and still beat with the heroism and patriotism of the early sixties.

Some of these men had been to the annual encampments before and knew one another. To a few it was their first reunion in Nebraska. But all were deeply interested in the roll call—interested in the deaths of the year, or in the new addition to the membership from Wisconsin.

"Samuel H. Phillips, 32d Wisconsin infantry," called the officer, reading the roll.

A little old man with iron-grey whiskers, light brown eyes and a limp in his walk, stepped three paces to the front and gave the old-time salute with

tears such as men shed but a few times in all their life.

A partnership is a risky thing at all times, but never more uncertain than in a very small town. A village of a few hundred people is so full of petty jealousies, foolish gossip and suspicious inquisitiveness, that the firm which can stand for years through it all, bespeaks men at its head of strong character and of no ordinary qualities. Generally a year or two of enthusiasm and success followed by a few months of strained and suspicious relations, and then a sale of the business or a smash up, marks the life of the village partnership.

The career of Markham & Thompson, general dealers, of a little town in Eastern Iowa, was less than a year. In the first place the two men were never intended for close association of any kind. Markham, tall and spare and negligent of dress, was indolent as any store-box loafer, content to sit all day beside the store with the plug tobacco box within easy reach. Thompson, on the other hand, was full enough of energy and business push but of the



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"follow-my-lead-or-don't-depend-on-me" kind. But the fault with his "lead" was that it ran to wild schemes of huge speculation—too wild and too huge to come to any head even on paper. These schemes Markham looked upon with indolent contempt which cut Thompson in a tender place. Then, too, each man had a large family of girls who, pushed forward by their mothers, sought to lead the little social whirl of the town. Consequently each family came to look with jealousy and bitterness on the other, and this feeling cropped out nowhere more plainly or more quickly than in the store. Within a month the town knew that things were not running smoothly within the bosom of the firm of Markham & Thompson. In another month the coldness existing between the two families was so marked that it became common talk. Then the stock fell away, the clerk found another place in the new store across the street, and traveling salesmen passed the door without stopping. The safe remained unopened and the little bell on the money drawer ceased to sound, for each proprietor sold what he could and pocketed the cash, and before long fell to removing what goods he could unbeknown to the other. Finally the Chicago house that had stocked the store got wind of the situation, swooped down upon the firm of Markham & Thompson and took possession of their establishment, or rather what remained of it.

"Well, what would you expect," said Markham to a friend one day, "with that man Thompson as a partner. Why, that chap drew out nine hundred dollars and never put but twelve dollars into the concern, and that twelve dollars he spent in chasing up to Burlington on one of his crazy schemes, and charged it to the expense account of the store."

A year later the friend met Thompson and inquired as to the truth of Markham's statement. "Well, he needn't talk," said Thompson. "On my solemn oath, old Markham never put in a cent and took out over twelve hundred dollars in cash and goods for his family—to say nothing of the plug tobacco he got away with, about a pound a day."

The rain had passed and the dark mass of heavy blue clouds was banked against the eastern hills. The west was all aglow with the brilliancy of the evening sun. Its slanting rays fell across the city in a great sea of red and yellow and

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