

Mrs. Dickey the highest north and south. The other ladies playing were: Mrs. Coutant, Mrs. Weesels, Mrs. Morsman, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Russel, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Scobel, Mrs. W. A. Redick, Mrs. Agnes McShane, Mrs. Manderson, Mrs. Brady, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Bache, Miss Dewey, and Miss Boyd.

Mr. G. M. Lambertson, Dr. O. F. Lambertson and Mr. W. F. Kelley went to Stillwater, Montana, on Wednesday. Mr. J. D. MacFarland and Jack MacFarland set up the tents and arranged the camp last week. From the camp the party will make a long overland trip.

Lieutenant Halsey E. Yates arrived in Lincoln last Saturday for a seven day's visit with his parents. He goes to China as acting captain of company K. Since his graduation by the West Point faculty Lieutenant Yates has been on service in Santiago de Cuba where his service was appreciated and rewarded by unusually rapid promotion.

Mrs. Eli Plummer of East Lincoln, gave an informal dinner, on Thursday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Lieut. Yates, and Mr. Willard Yates and Professor and Mrs. Lyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hicks of Chicago are visiting friends in Lincoln.

Mr. F. M. Heaton of Washington, D. C., is the guest of his brother Mr. James Heaton.

Professor E. H. Barbour left on Sunday for Colorado and Wyoming. He will be joined at Laramie by Professor Knight.

Governor and Mrs. Poynter went to Auburn on Tuesday morning. They attended a reception given by the Auburn Woman's club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Howe on Tuesday evening. The Governor spoke at the Assembly.

A party consisting of Governor and Mrs. Poynter, Miss Poynter, Mr. Poynter, Dr. and Mrs. Casebeer, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garrouette, Secretary and Mrs. Jewell and Superintendent Barnes of the state fisheries leave today for the White river region in Colorado, where they will camp, hunt and fish. Governor Poynter will remain but one week, the others of the party a longer time.

Miss Margaret Gaylord of New York, is visiting her family and friends here. She will remain through August.

The members of the Hawthorne club who met Thursday evening with Miss Anna Hammond, 607 South Seventeenth street, enjoyed a royal good time, but even the energy of Hawthorne girls must succumb to the languor of the last summer moon.

Mrs. Hugh Hunter of Omaha, with her daughter Miss Anna May arrived on Thursday of this week and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. M. Melick.

Miss Sadie Clark, sister-in-law of Ex-Chancellor Manatt, formerly of the University of this state, has been for some time the guest of her relatives E. R. Holyoke and R. A. Holyoke, of this city. Miss Clark returned last week to her home at Old Orchard, Maine, where she will be joined in a few days by Mrs. E. Benjamin Andrews, who will spend the remainder of the summer within sound of the Atlantic. Mrs. Andrews is now in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tyrrel will spend a few weeks at Hot Springs, Deadwood, and Spearfish, S. D. They expect to leave on Wednesday of next week.

The Misses White of Plattsmouth have been visiting Mrs. Yates.

Messrs. and Meedames Munger, Clark, Froot, Seacrest, Jones, Hardy and Pound returned Thursday morning

from Madaline island, five miles out from Bayfield, Wisconsin, where they camped for three weeks.

Rev. William Manes is spending his vacation on the Lake Superior coast and in cruising on the big lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Neal started Thursday on a month's vacation. Mrs. Neal will visit friends in Charlevoix, Michigan, and Mr. Neal is on his way to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bruce Coffroth have returned from their trip to Europe and were guests for a week of Mr. and Mrs. John MacDonald at their summer home in the Highlands of Navesink, by the Bar, New Jersey. On August fourth Mrs. Coffroth and Mrs. Frank Hall sailed for Paris where they will remain a few months. Mr. and Mrs. Coffroth's future home will be in Washington, District of Columbia.

Mrs. True and infant daughter of Tecumseh, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Winger.

Mrs. D. E. Thompson and Mrs. Ed Fitzgerald went on Monday with the train that took the eight hundred mothers for their outing at Beatrice. They were joined on Wednesday, in their work of supervision, by Mrs. John Fitzgerald, and Messrs. Linneen, Wehn, and Paul Fitzgerald.

Mrs. J. W. Rudy, of Sioux City arrived in Lincoln on Wednesday, and with her little son will be the guest of her sister Mrs. John B. Wright.

Get a cheap Electric Fan at Korsmeyer's, and keep cool.

Garden Hose and Lawn Sprinklers, the best in the city, at Korsmeyer's.

#### HER REST.

"Dust to dust," solemnly read the preacher at the verge of the grave. The woman beneath him, under the coffin-lid, felt as if she had smiled. "At last," she thought, "he is nearly through and I can rest—at last." she had waited so long for that rest. For so many years she had baked and brewed, stitched and nursed, swept and dusted, and was so tired, so tired.

It was very sweet to know that she had earned a long rest and that very soon everybody would go away and leave her in peaceful silence in the gentle arms of her mother, Earth. Just then the preacher said: "Ashes to ashes!" and a minute after there were strange sounds above her that struck horror to the hearts of the weeping ones around the grave, but were no more to her than the gentle rattle of the door-latch after an unwelcome guest has gone.

It had seemed so strange at first, after the Great Change had come, that others should wait on her, she who had always waited upon everybody else, and almost ludicrous that tears should be shed for her, she who had wept so many in secret for others. But the queerest of all was the funeral sermon; she had never before known what a good woman she was—such a model wife; such a patient mother; such a kind neighbor and friend; in short, such an epitome of all the womanly virtues.

Ah, well, it was all over now. She had only to lie still and hear the grass grow and the snow fall and the rain splash and—rest. For the first time she had attained the exalted condition of mind superior to matter. She could calmly let that old, worn-out shell of a body go its way through nature's changes without flinching. What in life would have filled her with horror and disgust in the simple thought now seemed only a trifling episode in the work of Nature's laboratory, not impor-

# THE MILL END SALE

Enters upon its second week endowed with new vigor—strengthened in interest by the addition of many offerings, equal in value and superior in price modesty to those of the first week. It's a question of shelf and counter room, not profit, that brought about this event. The fall and winter wares are filling the receiving rooms and must be accommodated with space in their proper places.

In addition to the clearing of our own accumulations of remnants and odd lots at maker's cost, several factories have contributed their mill ends or short lengths to the collection, forwarding them to us at figures that enable us to offer them at actual mill cost.

Sale Closes SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18th. Come as early in the day as you can.

*H. Herpolsheimer & Co.*  
LINCOLN, NEBR.

tant enough to shrink from.

And at last she was no longer needed; why, even by now the neighbors and friends were talking about their hired girls, or new gowns, or wondering how soon the widower would be consoled. And he—well, it would not be long until another woman would sit in her chair and garner in the harvest of comfort that she had planted in self-denial for so many years, and watered with her tears, those same tears in secret. As to the children—the heart of youth soon rebounds; life would be easier for them because of the toilsome years that had sent her so gladly to this blessed rest. Truly her work was all over; the long seam was stitched and the threads tied, there were no loose ends. And she tried to enjoy her rest.

But she could not; something seemed tugging at her memory, and pulling at the silent shell of what had once been her heart. "Is there no rest even in the grave?" she thought.

And then upon the ear of her soul there smote a tiny wail, and another, and another, and she started in guilt—she had, for the first time since she became a woman, forgotten a duty. The baby had slipped out of her mind; the baby to whom she owed this blessed chance for rest. It was the one loose thread in the long seam; the one creature to whom no one else could take her place. The pain of her forgetfulness smote her as the old pain used to strike her physical body; she felt as if she had cried aloud and then shrunk from the sound.

And so, when night came, she sighed a little for the coveted rest that was not hers, and softly floated back to the old, familiar home. He was asleep, so were the children—it had been an exhausting day, and a welcome relaxation had come to all. There was a faint scent of tuberose yet in the parlors and hall. As she passed through her bedroom she saw her well-worn thimble on

the floor and smiled to herself as she half-stooped with the old, orderly instinct to pick it up and put it in its place in the work-basket. But the tiny wail hurried her on, and she entered the nursery. The nurse, too, was asleep, and the fire was low in the grate; the bottle of food lay, carelessly, just out of reach of the hungry, little mouth, and the cambric-clad shoulders were uncovered, and the restless hands that beat the air in baby impotence were as cold as the mother hands under the coffin lid. Then a strange thing happened.

There was not a sound, yet the fire leaped up and glowed as though human hands had tended it; in some way the little lips and bottle met, and soon the little hands were warm and quiet under the blankets, the shoulders tucked in and the wail was stilled. Even the baby slept now. Then the woman looked down upon the form in the crib and a great temptation possessed her. But she fought it down. "Not yet," she thought; "who am I that I should not give you a chance at life? Perhaps it may bring you a great weariness, too, but before one drinks of the lees there are chances that it holds the intoxication of the angels—no, I will let you be." And she went back to her narrow bed—and the baby cried no more that night.

But the next day the wail was in her ears and the same tugging and pulling were busy at her memory and dead heart, and the next day, and the next, and many other days. It was only at night that the cries ceased, and that was unnatural, the neighbors said.

There was something uncanny about the child, the nurse declared, and he grew more and more in the likeness of the dead face under the coffin lid. And he did not thrive in spite of the comfortable nights he enjoyed; he was restless and fretful all day and continually reaching out his hands for somebody or