

ster streets, apparently as well as ever in his life and his many friends rejoice to have him again with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Estabrook and daughter, Miss Blanche Estabrook, were in Omaha a few days last week to attend the wedding of Miss Squires and Mr. Clark. Miss Estabrook will make her debut in Chicago on the 22nd of this month.

Mrs. M. F. Hollowbush left yesterday for Raleigh, North Carolina. She was accompanied as far as St. Louis by her daughter, Miss Henrietta.

The freshmen and sophomore classes of the high school were entertained at the home of Mrs. Gilbert Lahr, Friday evening, November 9.

Miss May Mallalieu of Newark, Ohio, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. A. S. Raymond has returned from Chicago.

Died—Mrs. Frederick W. Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Baum of Omaha, at her residence, 2723 Jackson street, on Thursday, November 8th, after a brief illness. The operation she had bravely decided upon resulted fatally. Mrs. Hill was the youngest sister of Mr. J. E. Baum and Messrs. David and Dan Baum, Jr., of the Baum Iron company, in which establishment Mr. Hill was employed as credit man. Mrs. Hill was well known in Omaha and Lincoln as Sara Margaret Baum, a favorite in society and possessing a lovable character. She leaves besides her husband a baby daughter, but a few months old. Her sister, Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, arrived from Los Vegas, and Mrs. Frank Hill, Mr. Hill's mother, from Decatur, Illinois, after her death. The funeral services were held in All Saints' church Sunday afternoon.

**SILHOUETTES,**  
[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

BEAUTY IS MEMORY.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

"Our thinking is gone, but our thoughts continue. Reasoning ceases but knowledge remains."

Buddah, the Darhmpoda.

Lafcadio Hearn. Mysterious name. Whence this magician at whose word rise myriads of visions rich, glowing, unspeakable crowding multitudinously upon our senses,—stimuli strange yet not unfamiliar. Bathed in a new golden atmosphere strangely joyful, we hear, vocalized now, the voice which shattered the air of the desert into crystal fragments, when Sarah spoke with Abraham under the Syrian stars. Before our inner vision flashes the rich beauty which made glad the hearts of the old kings of the earth who long since made boast of their wisdom and went their way.—Yet of their lives remain, in the very life cells of their children, the essential. The same vibration which struck through the heart of the Semite when he looked on the king's daughter, strikes through the son of his race today when he sees his vision of beauty. For all sense life is Karma and Beauty is memory—race memory. The composite of uncountable millions of memories amassed through unthinkable eons of time, by those who have gone before you—"countless fragments of prenatal remembrance crystallized into one composite image within organic memory—where like the viewless image on a photographic plate awaiting development, it remains awhile in darkness absolute." This is Hearn's definition of the beauty ideal. It would take many books wrought cunningly to explain to the unmystical mind the meaning of

this powerful little essay, half evolutionary psychology, half Buddhistic doctrine, and then they would be like the noted lady, of Burne Jones and Kipling's joint creation,—they would never understand.

Lafcadio Hearn was born and cradled in the arms of the sea, and its mystery is in all his work. Its strong syllabled song, of which no man knows the meaning, pulsates through even these scientifically imaginative essays. The depth of meaning in them is as abysmal as the deep places of the sea.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUIET GIRL.

No one, excepting my parents ever thought me remarkable, and they only at first, during the short period when as the first child I enjoyed the distinction which is the first child's heritage. The Acts of the first three years of my life are recorded in my mother's journal with as much care and evident pride as if I had been the first child in the world who stuck her fists in her mouth, or smiled a three-cornered smile on such a day, or cut her first teeth on such another. No doubt it was all very interesting, but an examination in the light of reason, fails to discover anything in the annals of these first years to indicate any latent genius. Except that I never had the colic and rarely cried, I was exactly like any other little human animal. With all gratitude to my mother for the love that never failed, I must ever believe that as she viewed my commonplaceness through that love it became magnified into great goodness. She had her moments of lucidity however as this extract from her diary shows.

"January 12, 1870—I could even wish that Marie were a noisy child. People are constantly saying to me: 'Marie is so quiet; she gives you no trouble whatever. One would never know she were in the house.' If I have one fault to find with her it is just this—she is never in sight. Today I missed her. After an hour of frenzied searching I found her, down at the river. She had climbed into an old skiff, and pushed it off somehow. The long moving rope kept her from drifting away. But the water was ten feet deep beneath the skiff. She was rocking herself gleefully. Yesterday I found her in the old well-bucket ready to tip over the brink. She steals about so quietly I never know where she is. I am in terror all day, and at night when she sleeps I find my only peace."

At this time I was past three. Soon after this my first brother made his appearance and the marvel of his ways fill my mother's diary for the most part, though I find her frequently speaking of me, quite incidentally, as a good, quiet child.

My own personal recollections begin with an incident which occurred when I was about five. There are thick clouds all about. Only this one event stands clear. I went with my grandfather, far, far down the river, in a skiff. The sun blazed down from a brilliant blue sky. The high, high hills sloped steeply up from either bank of the river until they touched the sky. They were so very green, these hills, I have never seen any so green since. We came at last to a little wharf where we moored our skiff. Then we went up a flower-bordered path and grandfather pulled the big brass knocker on the great door, of the big white house that stood at the end of the path. We were let in by a rosy-cheeked girl with a white cap, and waited for a long time in a big dim room I sat on a very slippery chair. It was so hard to keep from sliding off I had to put both hands down at the edges of the chair and hold on very hard. There were big red roses on the carpet, and a big solemn man in a frame on the wall.

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