

mine letter if I failed to expatiate, a little at least, on clothes; and as the selection of a hat is weighing most heavily on my waking moments, I take refuge in the mention of my problematic head-gear for Easter. The pan cake affairs, regarded as most chic, give me a world-weary, discouraged look, which simply exposes the ennui of my soul in a manner I cannot afford. I have rummaged among the hostages of long gone summers to see if I couldn't tog up something that would do for awhile, until Mama says I shall not open another band box. I am really concerned over the subject. A woman never becomes so blase that bargains and spring hats find no responsive chord.

Don't let this darken your young life. You must keep up for Jack's sake. By the way, dear, I shuddered when I found you in a way apologizing for Jack. Honestly it set a bit heavily on my heart and induced me to breathe my pagan prayer:

Ye Gods! Grant that the gilt upon Eleanor's gingerbread be the kind that stick." Yours lovingly,

PENELOPE.

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,  
March 28, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

On the last day of the legislature the toga has been gracefully thrown over the shoulders of Governor Dietrich and your Mr. Millard. It was a great disappointment to Mr. Thompson who had set his heart on the position but life is a discipline and he shows such a Christian fortitude in bearing his trouble that he is endearing all classes to him. Mr. Millard and Governor Dietrich will represent Nebraska creditably. Mr. Thompson's withdrawal in their favor is said to have been induced by Senator Hanna. But who knows? Mr. Thompson's naturally, kindly, humble disposition, in duty preferring another's elevation to his own may have been the deciding influence.

I am glad that I do not seem rustic to you. It may be that you do not recognize unaffected rusticity you are so used to the Old Homestead, stagy kind. In reality I am so green that the robins catch sight of me and come north sooner than they otherwise would and spring poets start the machinery when I move across their horizon.

A young musician has been discovered in Lincoln, a singer with a marvelous voice that searches unsounded depths of emotion in the most hardened and unresponsive carcasses. She is poor like all the sons and daughters of genius and a benefit is being organized for her so that she may go away and study and come back famous and very high priced.

As Easter approaches, society begins to quicken and gather itself for a spring. The millinery stores are filling up and the florists shops are lily terraces.

Have you read "An English Woman's Love Letters?" It is said that Oscar Wilde wrote them. They can not be genuine and no woman was ever so meek, so regardless of the rights of her sex and of love as the writer of the letters. Oscar Wilde may have written them. They seem more like, come to think of it, a man's idea of how a woman ought to be in love.

I suppose society in Lincoln, in Omaha, in Seward and in Hastings looks, talks and behaves "along the same general lines," as the club women say. I wonder if there is corresponding type in Omaha to one in Lincoln? This lady has an expression of ineffable elevation on her countenance whenever she appears in public. If she were Queen Wilhelmina she could express no more profound graciousness towards an admiring people. Her misapprehension of the situation has never occurred to her.

She thinks she was born in the purple and that she must be kind and gracious to mongrels whose happiness is secured by bright smiles from this pure-blooded queen. It is an innocent sort of an illusion and it is only a little offensive to people who like the real thing, eternal verities and so-forth. She is too happy in the role she plays, too unconscious that it is a role. Once there was a very nice young fellow at the seaside resort, where the other men were fishing and boating. This young man had a habit of promenading in white flannels and carrying a white umbrella, wearing silk hose that matched his tie, and keeping himself unspotted and pure as a lily. Once a lot of the men came in from a clamming trip, hot, sweaty and dirty. The lily was just sauntering down to the wharf. Fresh from a bath he was a beautiful but exasperating object. The ten men made a rush at him and threw him into the ocean. Without saying a word, they rushed at him as one man, and he crawled from the water and went back into the hotel realizing the common human impulse that had destroyed his lovely afternoon effect. The lady I am talking about is not likely to be tipped into the water, but her superiority frequently awakens the homicidal impulse in an audience which she supposes is assembled for the pleasures of appreciation. An ornament to society to be truly effective and conform with the canons of art must be unconscious of its own beauty and fascination. That's why Penelope, I like you so much; you are not set up by either your brains or your position. When the weather moderates I hope you may decide to make me the long-promised visit. You say you like the country, rural sights, sounds and odors. Then come to Lincoln.

Yours,  
ELEANOR.

The National Band.

It is the genuine, original United States Marine band that is to be heard here in concert next Wednesday through the kindness of the President in granting the permission in response to numerous requests. When it plays the national airs how the people cheer and applaud. The people will stand when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played and "Yankee Doodle" will set every foot to keeping time. Such numbers as "Old Kentucky Home," "Marching Through Georgia" and "America," will warm every heart. The National band plays the finest music written, perhaps better than any other band, because it is the largest and the best drilled organization in the country, under constant rehearsal two hours every day in Washington, and all of the members under constant naval discipline. However, Leader Stantelmann does not insist on giving the public classic music inclusively; he wants to show what the band is capable of in this line, but he knows the people at large will better appreciate popular music and be more deeply stirred by the national airs when played by the National band. He is above the petty jealousies of many leaders, and will play Sousa marches, Herbert operas, Innes' compositions, or anything that the public wants. The only evening concert played in Nebraska on this tour will be given at the auditorium on Wednesday evening.

Tickets on sale at Harley's April 1st. Prices 50 and 75 cents.

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Large Rabbit, 15 portions.....	each	2 00
Wine Jelly.....	quart	2 00
St. Honore, 12 to 16 portions.....		3 00
Jardiniere en Bellevue.....	dozen	4 00
Doves.....		3 00
Ind. Wine Jelly.....	dozen	1 00
Biscuit Glaces, plain.....	dozen	3 00
Iced Puddings.....	quart	1 00
Punches.....	per quart, 75c to	3 00
Mousse Glace.....	quart	1 00

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STATE OF NEBRASKA.  
Office of  
Auditor of Public Accounts.

LINCOLN, February 1, 1901.

It is hereby certified that the  
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of Reading, in the State of Pennsylvania, has complied with the insurance law of this state, applicable to such companies and is therefore authorized to continue the business of fire and lightning insurance in this state for the current year ending January 31st, 1902.  
Witness my hand and the seal of the Auditor of Public Accounts the day and year first above written.  
[SEAL.] CHARLES WESTON,  
Auditor of Public Accounts.  
By H. A. FARCOCK, Deputy.

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