

laurels are spent, yours yet to bloom—God's blessing on both! Mrs. Wilhelm, who does not sing as often as we would like to hear her, gave us "Heart's Desire" in a manner which left nothing to be desired on our part save the encore, to which she graciously responded. Miss Bishop gave the ever-new gavotte from Mignon, and a gentleman sitting near me—who is an excellent judge of music—even if he was not capable of appreciating her pretty gown of white silk and black lace said—"Next to Scalchi—she sings that better than any one I ever heard." What more could that lovely-voiced contralto ask for? Mrs. Kountze's name appeared on the program but her part consisted of a modest stepping on and off the stage as she accompanied some of the singers. After all wealth is a selfish sort of divinity that hedges one in pretty closely. The things it is not proper for notably wealthy people to do—the places where they must not go—rather, on the whole, reconciles me somewhat to the bohemian existence of such people as Penelope Mayfair, people who are spared much because they are nobody in particular. No one would say of me, "Dear sakes! what a shabby-looking umbrella Penelope M— is carrying"—or "Isn't that the same old blue broadcloth she has worn so long with a new vest in it?" But Mrs. K— or Mrs. C— couldn't afford such independence.—They dare not wear even artfully redone old clothes or pick up a shabby parasol. By no means! Because their position demands they appear before the people speckless and spotless—spick and span. Now aren't you encouraged to find me putting on my little-used philosophical spectacles? But I have digressed sadly—there was more of the concert, although you might not suspect it. I am becoming so garrulous—that is an almost certain evidence of advancing age, isn't it, Eleanor? Mr. Moody, an export from Des Moines for the concert, rather out-sang any of our home tenors in sweetness and ease of tone productions, which was sufficient for one or two of our critics to camp on his trail with their nicely sharpened tomahawks.

However, so long as Mr. Moody can sing and obviously please such an audience as he went before that Monday night, he can afford to glide over the fact that the two before mentioned gentlemen rushed into print with the damaging opinion that Mr. Moody's voice lacked cultivation. We always say that when we can't think of anything else. It smacks so of metropolitan criticism. But we have so much ground in our corporation, which, although well broken by the harrow and the plough, is painfully in need of the cultivator itself. Therefore, it would seem that a little charity in regard to the virgin soil of other states would assuredly be graceful if one were called upon to analyze its flowers.

I can not leave this resume without mentioning Mr. Oscar Gareissen—who, although a comparative stranger within our gates, has through his splendid voice, gentle way of going in and out our midst and by his free and generous aid in all things which musically concern us—won a large slice of ungrudging regard. What was it he sang that night? What he sings never seems to make so much difference—ah! yes, "When I'm big, I'll be a soldier." He seems at times to call you to battle with that sounding cry to arms! You long to vault to the saddle, feel the swift hoofs of your horse beneath you—but most wonderful of all is when he hushes his strength to the tender flower-tipped tones of a mother's lullaby, when you go back to the iridescent dreams of childhood—or feel the tears of maturity dropping like rose leaves on your dead love's face. You can not look into this man's face and doubt God gave him intellect to direct the most precious of His gifts

—a great voice. How else could he make you feel,—repent and sorrow? How else could he inspire you to draw your sword in defiance to do battle for your faith? Mr. Gareissen sings in Lincoln at the Matinee Musicale club rooms on next Monday night. If Mr. Gareissen needed to have done anything further to win our regard he did the right thing in bringing his pretty, fresh-looking sister to us. She is cut on the family musical bias pattern and although her voice is a gift of a lesser degree than her brother's, there is a young tender quality there which makes her friends wherever she sings. Another proof of my belief that personality goes a long way in the assistance of singers.

Lumbard's benefit was a triumph of art and friendship, and to put it in a thoroughly sordid way, art and friendship paid for once. It wasn't just a glittering show of swell gowns, flowers and applause, but a solid testimonial which can not help being a great satisfaction to the veteran singer and his friends.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean has been making merry over our aristocracy. Don't you think they're real mean? They deck their front pages with apologetic-looking figures purporting to be some of our leading citizens with impossible trousers on, supposed to be the handiwork of London tailors. If the supposition is correct the afore mentioned tailors ought to "go hang." Why aren't our own clothes good enough for us,—our native toggery of buckskin, flannel shirts and a handily swung six-shooter? That would relieve many of our banquets from the haunting fear that their trousers lack the approved set. Why can not we be law unto ourselves? Why should New York forever turn longing eyes to Paris, Chicago to New York, Omaha to Lincoln or Ward McAllister to London? Why are the things beyond our reach so tempting, those we have so disquieting? "The woolly west," under the impression that it has accustomed itself to the barber and his tortuous mode of civilization and sends to Council Bluffs for its boots, has grown a trifle weary of furnishing subject matter for the comical papers of the effete east and finds one of the "blows that almost killed father" in the fact that a supposedly dignified journal like the "Inter-Ocean" devotes so much space to ridiculing our most splendid social functions. Never mind, they'll be sorry when they see us with our auditorium.

Do you know, Eleanor, I have taken lately to discovering my acquaintances and I really believe analysis is much more engrossing than synthesis. People are more interesting than things always. I usually wanted to find out in my childhood how my balloons and squeaking animals were made, and after all the mystery was done, the bits of string, rubber and tufts of hair were nothing to me, they might land in the waste basket or feed the kitchen range, for aught of me. People turn out the same way often. There is a girl here who, although I do not know her very well, amuses me greatly. I have discovered she looks on herself in the role of a heroine. Why she should do so would puzzle anyone but herself. She hasn't an element of beauty and of that I think she is dimly conscious; but she believes herself possessed of that undefinable attraction, called for lack of anything more expressive, fascination. She would doubtless catalogue herself as possessing an "undefinable charm." She is a great novel reader—which may account for some of her hallucinations. She frequently comes to see me altho' I persistently refrain from returning her calls. She always locates herself so that she can give herself a great deal of surreptitious consideration in the mirror. There is a large, good looking blonde man, who is often in the city and has business with this girl's employer.

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Walking Skirts.

Lot 1—All our Walking Skirts that sold up to \$5.00 will go at **\$3.90**. They are perfect hanging. All good colors.

Lot 3—All our Walking Skirts that sold for \$6.50, \$7.00 go for **\$5.25**

All are this season's goods and fine line of colors.

Lot 5—All our Walking Skirts that sold for \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00, go at **\$7.00**

Come now, if you are looking for bargains.

Lot 6—A few dozen Shirt Waists, dark or light colors, that are hummers. You can have them for **65c**

Wrappers.

Lot 2—Large assortments of wrappers, made of extra quality prints. Fitted lining, wide skirts, good line of colors. Price **65c**

Colored Shirt Waists.

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We are headquarters of Tailor-Made Suits. We have a large assortment. All the new cloths, styles and colors. Every garment must fit perfect or no sale. Prices **\$9.50, \$14.50, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00**. Come and see this line before buying.

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Fine Jersey Ribbed Vests, 10c
12½c, 15c, 20c, 40c.

Kid Gloves.

\$1.50 and \$1.25 Kid Gloves for **75c**

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GOWNS 45c, 69c, 90c, \$1.15,
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CORSET COVERS 9c, 13½c,
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Just what he says to her, which has inoculated her with the idea that he has fallen a victim to her "undefinable charm." I do not know; but she said a day or two ago—after one of her swift glances at the mirror—"Isn't it strange, Penelope, that such a king among men as he is should care for poor little me?" There she struck the key note of the motif on which she arranges her harmonies, "Poor little me!" and yet as she pursues her story to my tired ears—and these men kingly and otherwise—go down before her simplicity like blades of grass before the wind.—"Dear me"—she continued with an undisguised interview with the mirror—"I have the awfulest time with those little curls around my forehead; they just will escape over my forehead. Mr. B— says he likes them; but I do my best to pin them back." This was hard to stand since I knew how hard the curling tongs

were forced to labor in the cause of those "naughty tendrils." "Oh! I wouldn't mind if I were you," I replied. "especially if Mr. B— likes them." "Oh!" she laughed, with a well trained ripple, "I never want to do a thing to attract attention. I think a girl ought not to make an effort to attract men!" Another surreptitious glance—"and I am really so indifferent. Do you like these Oxford ties?"—pulling aside her gown so that I had an inch or two view of an open work hose—"the men at C's, say it is so hard to fit me, my foot is so narrow. But Pen, you should see Mr. B—he looks such unutterable things it makes me sorry. I don't care so much about the other men I know, they haven't such deep feelings. It does seem strange, why a simple little thing like me—for you know I was brought up in the country—should cause so much trouble! and so many girls just