

on Wednesday afternoon at her home, 1201 G street. Refreshments were served and ribbon souvenirs were given to the guests. Those present were: Mesdames E. J. Jackson, A. N. Young, H. M. Scott, C. R. Tefft, D. E. Green, W. J. Turner, R. P. R. Miller, E. O. Miller, Frank Doyle, E. P. Mickle and A. A. Hood; Misses Meredith, Deyo, Jude Deyo, Kempton, Mabel Kempton and Ida Young.

A dancing party was given by Delta Upsilon at the chapter house last Friday evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Spencer, Mrs. P. H. R. Millard; Misses Jussen, Millard, Parks, Weesner, Davenport, Heacock, Hazlett, Harper, Muir, Lummary; Mrs. Reed and Miss Cooper of Holdrege; Messrs. Wills, Pollard, Lussier, Strahan, Wilson, Kanzier, Clinton, Hall, Benedict, Lester, Walton, Steen, Hummel and Gaines.

The Lotos club met on Thursday with Mrs. Lewis at the Unitarian church. Mrs. Lewis lectured on "The Growth of an Idea." Expositions which began with the Crystal Palace and blossomed into the Columbian and Paris exposition was the theme of her brief resume. Professor Morgan Brooks afterward talked about and showed lantern views of the Buffalo exposition. The lectures were very interesting and were enjoyed by many guests. Mrs. Wurzburg played national airs and Miss Reynolds sang "God Save the Queen."

Gregory, The Coal Man, 11th & O.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Everets have issued invitations for the marriage of their sister, Miss Carrie Elizabeth Stearns to Mr. William Perry Jackson, on May the thirtieth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bonnell of Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth, to Mr. Carl F. Williams, also of Chicago. The wedding will take place in June.

The closing party of the Saturday Night club was given last week Friday in Walsh hall. The cotillion, which had many novel figures, was led by Mr. Mattson Baldwin and Miss Burr.

Ex-Senator Thurston was in Omaha last week Thursday. He was on his way to California, where he will attend the launching of the battleship "Ohio" today.

Mrs. J. M. Struck gave a dinner last week Wednesday in honor of Mrs. George Simon of Cedar Rapids. The guests were Mrs. Simon, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Bachelier and Miss Smith.

Mrs. O. C. Rector gave a luncheon last Saturday for Mrs. F. C. Howe, who went to New York this week.

Mrs. A. R. Michell is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Maurice Deutch of Horton, Kansas, during the Delta Gamma convention.

Mr. M. L. Scudder of New York was in Lincoln this week.

The best equipped and most popular dining hall in the city is the Palace Dining hall, 1130 N street. Sunday dinners a specialty. Best attention paid to family board. Give it a trial.

Born, on Thursday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Belcher, a son.

Miss Helen Marie Burr formerly of Lincoln, but now of New York, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curtice the latter part of this month.

Mrs. Florence Worley-Demorest of Denver, is the guest of Lincoln friends.

Miss Mabel Lindley is visiting in Beloit, Kansas.

Mrs. Lew Marshall is entertaining Miss Altemus of Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson and Mr. Edward Robertson, who have been

the guests of Mr. A. L. Douglas, have returned to their home in Galesburg, Illinois.

Mr. O. Steele left Tuesday night on a business trip to Chicago and New York.

Miss Bachelier gave a six-course dinner last week Thursday in honor of Miss Tyson of Red Oak, Iowa. Miss Tyson was also entertained by Misses Trigg and Cook on Friday night.

Mr. Bryan will deliver the commencement address at the high school this year.

Miss Clara Parker was the guest of Mrs. I. G. Chapin during the Delta Gamma convention.

Mrs. W. A. Dilworth, Mrs. W. M. Lawlor, Mrs. John Harrop, Mrs. H. P. Stine, Mrs. J. C. Johnston and Mrs. Will Hopkins attended the grand lodge of the Pythian Sisterhood at Ravenna on Wednesday.

BRIEF CHAPTERS.

BY FLORA BULLOCK.

For The Courier

Just as black as coal, with eyes of inky depths, in the centre of gyrating white mats—the ink-wells never seem to move,—and fuzzy little braids sticking out straight from a large, round head. Her apron, which is one of the all-over kind so admired by old fashioned mothers, so hateful to the soul of the city-bred school-girl, is bright red, and around her very short but agile neck is a string of blue beads. Her age—she would tell me proudly if I asked her, I am sure—must be about seven happy years. She goes to school down on the corner and when I meet her going thither in the morning, the white mats roll, the ivory is displayed, and she says, "Good morning," with all the condescension of a porter's daughter. Her personality did not make much impression on me until one morning when I thought to get better acquainted.

"Good morning, Martha," I said. One is always safe in calling the porter "George"—for even if it is not his name, he will understand the implied compliment. Why, then, should not the little lady be "Martha?"

She did not seem to understand the reverence paid her, however, for she looked up with the quickness of a squirrel and announced:

"My name's Miss Williamson."

I am afraid I shall be obliged to regard her as a very distant acquaintance, hereafter.

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Come, let us go get sunburned. It is just the time for that, this lovely May morning; the northwest wind, cool though it is, will help, and when we come home we may bring blossoms of various shades of crushed strawberry. Out by the Old South Mill we will go a wandering, out among the fields and birds, joying in the splendor of sight and sound. What makes those fresh Sweet William, buttercups, crabapple and hawthorne blossoms wither and perish so soon after you have placed them in my hand? What makes the birds cut their warbling short and dart away from us as we pass? Should they all not recognize us as brothers just for this one celestial morn?

Now we can look back on the town,—I especially enjoy looking back on towns—now we can gaze on a wide, nameless land before us, and now, on the other side of the fence, we can note and gloat over the fine moss green of the long, low lines, portents of rustling corn-rows to come.

I wonder if Mr. Robin does not think that pinkish rural delivery mail-box would be a fine place for a nest. Surely that row of them where the route ends

ITALIAN BEES FOR SALE.

\$8.00 PER COLONY.

Queen Bees by mail \$2.00. Extracted Honey, absolutely pure and very fine, 15c per pound.

FRANK PARKS,

2273 Howard Ave., Lincoln, Nebr.

LAWYERS-- Send The Courier your LEGAL NOTICES files are kept in fire proof buildings.

must have been put there for him and all his cousins. Keep them locked, friends, for I know the blue-coated king of feathered thieves has his two wicked eyes upon those boxes.

The wild crab-apple—how fitting that it should keep its glory hidden just a little longer than its cousins of orchard and field. The plum blossoms are wan and drooping, but the lovely pink and white crab-apple scents the air and lures the bees—other brothers of ours, but oh, how they hurt us sometimes.

The sun loves you, my friend; for your cheeks and nose are glowing. But I must take off my hat to him before ever he grants me the coveted shade. Away with your cold creams, potions, tan exterminators and freckle extractors! Let us show that we have calmed our souls this morning out where the wind blows free.

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When you go a picnicking on a May afternoon, this is how you should go—not with baskets and boxes of fine things your mother made for you; but tucked away in your receptacles let there be bacon and eggs and coffee ready for heroic treatment over the camp fire. If you forget the sugar and the salt, so much the better, for then you will find what flavor there is in camp-fire ashes, wind blown.

The woods were not far away. So we walked and carried burdens, baskets well stowed, a coffee-pot blackened by former experiences, a frying pan, and a toaster. The Lady Who Manages Things did forget the sugar. I told her she probably had done so, and she dropped her basket and ran back, with the result that Brown Eyes had to carry a glass of sugar all the way. We chose a spot on the leeward side of a hill—or rather the Lady Who Manages Things picked it out—and there we built our fire, heaping on dead branches with an eye for the glowing coals. We sat around and watched it, while the Lad told yarns. When the Lady Who Manages Things announced it was time to begin, there was plenty to be done, but I in my laziness sat and watched and experienced a growing appetite. Bacon? You know I never eat bacon. You could tell it by the look of me, but although I cannot claim to be a connoisseur it seemed to me that bacon was very good, coffee ditto, scrambled eggs ditto.

Not far away there was such a tragedy of progress going on that every opening hickory blossom as it blushed so beautifully seemed to utter protest. Through the heart of the woods, and the heart of the hill the men of the rod and chain had come, the men of the axe followed, and now the men of the dump carts work and swear all day cutting deep into the hill, tilling the beautiful valley. Yes, said the advance agent of progress, that grade in the old road is too steep, the curve is too narrow; we will whack into these hills and fill these hollows, and in ten years save the cost of all. So Smith and Jones and the rest have sold their lands at

their own price and the R. R. company has paid out nine hundred thousand dollars in one country for right of way; along the path of destruction stand empty houses, and all that is left of the groves, is a wide swath dotted with fresh-cut tree stumps. Spoiling the woodland, spoiling the hill, just to save steam coal,—yet the owners of the hill smile and wish they owned a few more such gold mines. You see I am not an interested party, so I call it a tragedy. Mayhap there are trees enough, and hills to spare.

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Give me a Sabbath morning out on a hill-top where I can look down and around and far away, with the bird songs for anthems, with my lap full of flowers, peered at curiously by ground squirrels, plucking the grass at my side and thinking nothing, just nothing. You may sleep if you will till the sun is high and the breakfast is cold and the stern church bells are ringing. But I am sure that you miss a glory and a gladness that every human soul needs.

To Frustrate the Wily Moth.

There is really nothing that more delights a moth than a spot of some kind on a woollen dress. It behooves one then to see that everything is clean when it is put away for the summer. Dresses, like furs, should be hung for some hours in the open air and sunlight, says the New York Evening Sun. An old or partially worn out binding should by no means be left on the bottom of a skirt because of the dust that must inevitably be lurking behind it. Cedar chips put into trunks and bureau drawers are fairly good moth preventives. Newspapers are good for wrapping about clothing because the printer's ink is offensive to the moths. Some housekeepers dip pieces of paper in melted paraffine and lay them when dry between the folds of articles they wish to protect. Turpentine has a following of persons who consider it the best thing possible for the work. The great objection to turpentine, as to most of the moth preventives, is the fact that it is so objectionable to human beings as well. You can prepare a powder that while performing the work of a sachet will drive away the moth miller as well. If small bags are filled with it and hung among the contents of the wardrobe, they will be reasonably safe. Mix together six ounces of Florentine orris root and one ounce each of caraway seed, powdered tonquin bean, cloves, mace, nutmeg and cinnamon.—Mail and Times.

Passenger—These street cars are better lighted than they used to be. That shows you're beginning to have some consideration for the public.

Conductor—It isn't that. You see the advertisers kicked because their signs couldn't be read.—Town Topics.