

## MEDITATIVE MUSINGS

### ITEMS IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE.

Intended to Tickle the Fibilities or Induce Philosophical Discussion.

Remarked an old telegrapher to the Observer the other day: "I tell you what the telegraph business isn't what it used to be by any means. It isn't so long ago that the average salary paid to the jerkers of chained lightning amounted to something, but since these so-called schools of telegraphy have turned out hundreds of what they are pleased to call operators, wages have gradually declined. Of course a first-rate telegrapher can still command a good salary, but the introduction of so many tyros in the business is killing it financially. I know of young fellows who fill positions in small villages in Nebraska who get but \$35 and \$40 a month. When one considers the responsibility an operator assumes, the lives he carries in his hands, that sum is by no means sufficient. Then again, the company doesn't always give us a fair show. There is a friend of mine who held a job down at \_\_\_\_\_ and after the road was extended through from that place he was transferred to an office in the northern part of the state, where he had to handle express and freight, sell the tickets and do the dispatching, but got \$10 a month less than he received at his old position! Now, that might have been the best the company could do for him, but you can understand what the man's feelings in the matter were. As for myself I have a good enough position, and can keep it as long as my work is done right. The company never 'fires' a man so long as he attends to business, and there are very few who have just cause for complaint."

I learn that the banquet of the press association last week was rather demoralizing to a number of the boys. It is not often that an editor man is permitted to sit down to such an abundance and variety of edibles as graced the tables of the Capital hotel on that occasion, and it is little wonder that the effect in many cases was bad. In fact I hear that so overjoyed was one of the "boys" that it was with some difficulty he was prevented from embracing one of the waiter girls. Now any one who was present will admit that the waiter girl of the evening, becomingly attired as she was, in pure white, was somewhat alluring, and the brother was not much blamed after all. It was a grand affair, and everybody had a good time, although the speeches toward the close lacked somewhat in coherency. In fact, the toast-master, General McBride, showed great discrimination as regards the time of closing the affair.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. B. B. Herbert, president of the National Editorial association, who was a welcome visitor at the press convention. Mr. Herbert, in appearance, resembles a well-fed politician and not an editor. He is a man of broad intellect and culture, an orator of no mean ability, and one of the most pleasing conversationalists we have ever met. He is full of enthusiasm regarding the future of the press, and an indefatigable worker for its higher and better development. As a result of his visit Nebraska becomes a member of the National organization.

Editors, notwithstanding contrary ideas held by otherwise well-informed people, are but human, and there are as many different kinds of them as of other people. The surging through that filled the lobby, corridors and stairways of the Capital hotel last Friday evening was a picnic to an observer who was anxious to observe; and the writer will endeavor to describe, briefly of course, the different species of the genus newspaper man. First, there was the talkative editor, a gentleman omniscient. Wherever a knot of men were gathered, there you would find the talkative editor holding court. He discoursed glibly and well on every subject, from the presidential succession to the collection of overdue subscriptions. Familiar with every editor and the story-telling editor paired off early, and their course through the assemblage was clearly marked by the crested ripples of laughter. There was the self-satisfied editor, who walked around with a strut, and his hat removed to allow the air to toy with his massive head of hair. There were only two of this class, and they were not newspaper proprietors. But the man who attracted the most attention (at the table) was the handsome editor. There was only one of him; he was tall and spirituelle, wore an elegant mustache and divine whiskers, and was a joy forever. There were many other kinds present, but I think I've said enough about the subject.

The street car service of Lincoln is one of the finest in the country. The cars are always comfortably warmed, and the only drawback is that during such storms as that of last week, no accommodations were furnished. It has been suggested that the company buy bob sleds for use during snowstorms in carrying passengers over the regular lines of travel. The suggestion is a good one, and the thousands of people who would patronize them would be rejoiced to hear of its being carried out. It costs the company a large sum every blockade, counting the cost of clearing the track and the loss of patronage, and money would be made by using bobs.

I was introduced Monday to Mr. S. J. Forhan, leading man of Gardner's Dramatic Co. which played two nights this week at Funke's opera house. Besides being a very clever actor, Mr. Forhan is one of those pleasant gentlemen one likes to meet often. We had a very pleasant chat together, and as the actor was in a reminiscent mood, he related many experiences of his in various parts of the country. "One time," says he, "I was playing an Irish part in a successful comedy, the name of which I can't just now recall, and after a prosperous tour on the Pacific coast, we headed eastward again. Our manager was importuned by several wealthy mine owners who lived at Silver Cliff or Silver Springs, (I don't remember which) in Eastern Nevada, and as a good guarantee was promised we stopped. The theatre was a ramshackle shanty sort of an affair, but we managed to get a few flats of scenery in position, and had gotten through one act, when a big hubbub arose at the door, and looking through the peep-hole I saw about a score of the roughest-looking miners ever seen filing

into the hall; and as they were very boisterous, we looked for trouble." Here Mr. Forhan stopped, and meditatively pulled at his cigar, while the little knot of listeners waited to hear the balance of the story, but as he did not seem to be in any hurry, some one asked, "Wait, did they make any disturbance? Finish your story." "Oh, there's nothing more to tell. They were quiet as lambs all evening. You see, and a quiet smile stole over his face, "these stories one hears about actors' experiences in mining towns all end in shooting scrapes, so I thought I would vary the monotony a little."

**The Old Man Ahead.**  
"No, Mr. Sampson—George, dear," said the girl. "I can never, never be your wife, but I will always be a—"  
"Ah, darling," interposed young Mr. Sampson, and his heart was throbbing the buttons off his new silk vest, "why do you address me in such an endearing term if it can never, never be?"  
"Because, George, dear," and again the name fell from her lips like music in the night, "I'm to be a mother to you in the spring. Your father!"  
But the son-in-law had fled.—New York Sun.



**Good News.**  
"Tom, have you heard the news?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"The schoolmaster is dead!"  
"Bully! Now I can wear thinner pants!"—Life.

**A Keeper of the Truth.**  
A man, dressed in greasy overalls, went into a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. When asked if the city editor or some other man on the force would not do as well, he replied that he had come on very important business, and must see the editor-in-chief. When at last his persistence had forced an entrance into the room where great policies were outlined the editor said: "You were determined to see me; now, as quickly as possible, state your business."  
"All right, sir. I like your paper, and I want you to have a chance of saying something that will startle the country. For some time I have been engineer at Grayson's mill."  
"Well, but what have I to do with that?"  
"Just a minute. This morning the boiler exploded."  
"Go to the city editor if you want to hand in a piece of news."  
"I thought that I would give you a chance to write a startling editorial."  
"Editorial the deuce! We have such accidents nearly every day."  
"No, you don't. Just give me a chance to get done, and you will thank me. No one was killed when this boiler exploded."  
"That's nothing strange."  
"And," continued the visitor, "no one would have been hurt had the boiler exploded five minutes before it did."  
A strange expression settled upon the editor's face. "Will you please repeat that?" he asked.  
"I say that no one would have been hurt had the explosion occurred five minutes before it did. All other explosions that I ever heard of would have been five times as disastrous if they had occurred a short time before, for a party of young ladies or a committee of gentlemen, or some important personage had, of course, just left the mill when the explosion occurred."  
The editor's eyes had grown wonderfully bright. "My dear friend," said he, "dear indeed, you have chosen me to be the original recipient of this great piece of intelligence, lead on, and I will follow you. A man with such a glorious appreciation of the truth is a rare jewel. Come, sit down beside me, that I may feel your presence as I write. Stay by my side, gentle keeper of the truth, for my mind is stirred up, and I fail would muse."—Arkansas Traveler.

**Monthly Reception.**  
The postponed reception of the Y. M. C. A. was held at the association parlors on Monday evening. An interesting program was carried out, and the large number present pleasantly entertained. The address of Hon. Albert Watkins on "The well made man" was listened to with the attention it deserved. The speaker gave the young men some very good advice as to the formation of character and the carrying of wholesome precepts in active daily use.

**Home Industries First.**  
The COURIER has always advocated the policy of keeping all money, or at least as nearly so as possible, at home to foster local industries and buy nothing abroad that can be obtained at home. In this connection it is gratifying to know that gentlemen who heretofore sent east for shirts, collars, cuffs etc., find it both profitable and expedient to leave their orders at the Lincoln Shirt Factory, 118 South Tenth Street. The fact that this establishment is fully prepared to execute all work with general satisfaction to the trade is best known by the immense trade they supply, not only in this city, but throughout the state. This establishment is by no means a new thing in Lincoln, but is one of our prominent business institutions, with an established reputation that in itself is sufficient to increase the business of the house in the future as it has in the past. Reliable eastern prices are always duplicated, and first class workmanship with an excellent fit is always assured. It will pay you to inspect the goods and ask for prices at the Lincoln Shirt Factory before ordering elsewhere and we feel assured they can satisfy you.

**Travelers, Take Notice.**  
Hereafter passengers holding local tickets reading from Lincoln or stations east to Ashland, Omaha, Plattsmouth, or Pacific Junction will not be charged on No. 9 leaving Lincoln at 1:50 p.m. P. B. ERTZ, General Passenger Agent.

## TIN WEDDING.

### Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hargreaves Celebrate Their Tenth Anniversary

Monday was the tenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hargreaves, and in the evening of that day a number of friends gathered at the Hargreaves mansion in response to invitations issued. The house was very prettily decorated with flowers, and potted plants, a conspicuous decoration being a tin panel bearing the dates "1878-1888." Many handsome and useful presents were sent, among them a beautiful tin hat for Mr. H. At seven o'clock the company were seated at the well-laden tables and enjoyed themselves for an hour or more, after which, with cards, and social converse, the evening was very pleasantly spent. Congratulations were showered upon Mr. and Mrs. H. and many happy returns of the day were extended. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, Mr. and Mrs. Fawell, Mr. and Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Righter, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. McEwan, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. and W. H. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. John Zehrung, Mrs. J. C. White, Messrs. Zehrung, West, and Rev. Gregory.

**Married.**  
JORDEN—HYDE—At the residence of the bride's parents 1731 K St. Wednesday evening, by the Rev. H. L. Davis, Mr. J. W. Jordan and Miss Jennie Hyde. A number of relatives and intimate friends of the couple witnessed the ceremony, and many handsome useful presents were received, among them being a deed for a choice residence lot from the bride's father. It is with pleasure the COURIER chronicles the announcement of the union of these two people who are well and favorably known throughout the city. Mr. Jordan is employed in the stationary department of the State Journal company, and is a young man worthy of the young lady who is now his wife. Mrs. Jordan is the eldest daughter of Mr. T. H. Hyde, the editor of the evening News. She is a young lady of many accomplishments and gifted with the qualities of head and heart that go to make up a good wife. The COURIER extends its congratulations to the happy young couple and bespeaks for them a happy and prosperous married life.

**Churchill—Stillman.**—At the residence of the bride's sister Mrs. C. L. Clason No. 936 C St., Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. E. H. Curtis, Mr. Edmond J. Churchill and Miss Laska Stillman. The ceremony was witnessed by only the near relatives of the young couple, who departed on their wedding tour at 4 o'clock. Both Mr. Churchill and his young bride are well known in the city where they have resided for some time although Mr. Churchill at present being located in Wyoming. Both are graduates of the State University, and have a host of friends who join with the COURIER in wishing them much joy and happiness.

**Entertained at Cards.**  
Last evening Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Millsbaugh entertained a number of guests at their pleasant home on Fifteenth street. The company was invited to seven o'clock tea, after which progressive euchre was duly brought into prominence and enjoyed until the midnight hour, and when the game ended Mr. Perryman and Miss Hardy were awarded the royal prizes, while the boobies were assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman on their wedding tour.

**An Enjoyable Party.**  
A very enjoyable party was given Thursday evening by Mrs. M. M. George, No. 229 South Thirteenth street, in honor of her son, Burton. The evening was spent at cards and kindred amusements. Those present were: Misses Jennie Dimery, Nannie Robertson, Lydia Johnson, Corcoran, Nannie Rose, Leslie Irvine; Messrs. Fred Wells, Will Temple, R. A. Barnes, M. A. Cameron and Burton Green.

**Everything in Shape.**  
The Dakotas Editor (to foreman)—Are the forms all ready?  
Foreman—Yes, sir.  
Editor—Pistols and bowie knives in good shape?  
Foreman—Yes, sir.  
Editor—Gatling gun loaded?  
Foreman—Yes, sir.  
Editor—Then let the paper go to press.



**St. Paul and the Northwest.**  
Points in the above directions are reached best by the Elkhorn valley line. Connections are sure and the line most direct. Get tickets at 115 South Tenth street or depot, corner 8 and Eighth streets.

**St. Paul Ice Palace Excursion.**  
January 26th the Elkhorn Valley train leaving Lincoln at 12:00 noon will connect at Missouri Valley with a special limited excursion train for St. Paul to enable passengers to witness the first storming of the ice palace on Friday night and to see the grand illuminations of Saturday evening. Tickets good returning till Feb. 5th. Round trip, \$13.50. Berths reserved in advance at 115 S. Tenth at Canon City Coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

## STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

### THE BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE

The House of Ann Hathaway—The Queen's Jubilee—The Memorials to the Great Dramatist.

OUR Lincoln party spent a delightful day at Stratford-on-Avon. It was one of the last days of June, and nature had vested the landscape in her gayest attire, the fields were of the deepest green and the gardens and waysides were brilliant in many-hued flowers. It seemed like a holiday in Stratford. The Queen's Jubilee had been celebrated only a few days before, and the streets and dwellings still retained decorations, gay banners and graceful festoons of evergreens and flowers, yet remained, and many emblems of royalty still floated in the breeze. The stores were decorated with portraits of the Queen and the royal family, the medals she bestowed upon the various orders who support her empire. But none of the insignia of royalty could divert our minds from the shrine sacred to the memory of a poet whose fame belongs to all nations and to all ages. The memory of kings and queens will more surely fade from the mind than will the immortal lines in which the poet depicts the grandeur and the weakness of all earth's potentates.

We arrived at Stratford soon after sunset, and were driven to the old "Red Horse Inn" the same that Shakespeare and his boon companions of the drama had often frequented to pass the jovial night—dubious "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," such as no other village in the world had seen. As our luxurious rosy-faced hostess conducted us to our rooms and lighted our candles and turned down the bed covers in the old-fashioned room with the quaintest of old furniture, and we had bestowed ourselves in feather beds, we felt that we had suddenly gone back a few hundred years in history and were really living in the days of Shakespeare himself. It is no wonder that we dreamed of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," of Macbeth and ghosts and Hamlets and of the vast procession of kings and queens and nobles and clowns and fairy creations of the great poet of human nature.

We arose early, and before the ladies of our party had completed their toilet, we strolled down to the banks of the Avon, by the old stone bridge of many arches and loved our hands in the same stream in which Shakespeare had doubtless bathed when a boy. What changes since then! We thought of Tennyson's line to the brook.

Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

Of course our first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born. It is certainly ancient enough to have existed three or five hundred years ago, its heavy oak beams and antique interior finish, its furniture, all spoke of the days long past. The custodian of the house had forbidden any more names to be written on its walls, and instead we recorded our names in the Shakespearean memorial volume. We sat in the same chair and beside the large open fireplace, before which the boy Shakespeare had often played and dreamed. We saw the room in which he was born, the high loft in which his father stored the wool in which his father dealt.

We next visited on the outskirts of the town the home of Ann Hathaway, the girl whom he loved and wed; looked into the family bible and read the record of the marriage of Ann Hathaway and William Shakespeare. As we approached the thatched cottage, a crowd of merry school children came around us with bouquets and single flowers plucked from the gardens adjoining the cottage. It needed little persuasion to secure mementoes of the place, but we valued more those that the kind matron permitted us to gather from Ann Hathaway's garden. We strolled through the neatly tended flower beds, took a few sprigs of the box and the old-fashioned pinks and marigolds and sweet Williams.

From the living spring in the midst of the garden, we drew a pail of delicious water and quenched our thirst from the same spring from which Ann and William had drunk long ago, when "to fame and fortune unknown." We lingered among the shrubs and flowers and talked with the bright, rosy children, as they wended their way homeward from school.

At the stone bridge we can take a boat and row up to the stone wall of Trinity churchyard. A few steps brings you within the enclosure. The beautiful stone Gothic church contains the remains of Shakespeare. The grave is in a stone vault beneath the floor of the church, and a memorial slab and medallion of the poet has been placed in the east wall of the church. The yard about the church is quite large and extends to the banks of the Avon. The walks are neat and kept and flowering shrubs border the lots. A fine avenue of lindens shades the main entrance to the church door, showing with how much care every spot sacred to the memory of the great bard is guarded. We lingered some time by the banks of the Avon and beneath the grateful shade, and plucked a few memorials of the place. A short walk by rows of neat cottages and gardens brought us to the "Shakespeare Memorial Building." The polite custodian admitted us to the library and its literary treasures, consisting of all the rare editions of his works, in all languages. Here nearly every American edition is to be found. The librarian regretted that he had not been able to obtain Hudson's edition and lectures, and we ventured to offer our aid in procuring a copy. The memorial building, which is of brick decorated with a light-colored stone, is quite large and costly. It contains a theatre and usually once a year some of the great actors and students of the dramatist come up from London to Stratford, and gives the villagers entertainments, lasting sometimes a week, presenting readings and frequently whole plays.

Passing from the memorial building we visited a public square in another part of the village where our countryman, Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is erecting at a cost of \$5,000 a memorial fountain to Shakespeare, the cornerstone of which was laid a few days before our visit.

Last of all, we went to the place of Shakespeare's death. The foundations of the building are carefully preserved and are in the midst of a flower garden. It is known as the "New Place," and has many visitors. It has shaded walks, vases of flowering plants and well-kept paths. Across the way is the old parish church and school that Shakespeare attended in his youth. The master of the school and his estimable wife conducted us through the church and buildings, and entertained us

at the rectory, with many reminiscences of the poet's life. Both had contributed valuable papers in the periodicals of the day, explaining some of the obscure passages of his life and works. We were given a copy of "Shakespeareans" published in Philadelphia, showing that our Shakespearean students are not behind English scholars. We were shown the part of the school room, which tradition says was the place occupied by Shakespeare, and the room on the first floor where his plays were first read to the villagers.

Last of all the hostess of the Red Horse Inn showed us the chair in which Washington Irving sat when he wrote his "Stratford on Avon" in his delightful "Sketch Book," one of the volumes that no American should fail to read.

We were indeed well repaid for our visit, in meeting kind friends, and no people seem more welcome to Stratford than Americans. We had a lovely day and nature seemed in harmony with our feelings. The villagers were busy during a part of the day in removing the Queen's Jubilee decorations. But, perhaps, the memory of kings and queens and lords and ladies of the present time will all pass from men's minds before the world will forget the wonderful creations of the bard, who has pictured the rise and fall, the glory and the shame of England's frail sovereigns.

**AT THE FUNKE.**  
Past and Prospective Events at this Popular House.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

C. A. Gardiner's Dramatic company presented "Only a Farmer's Daughter," at Funke's Monday evening. The principle roll was taken by Miss Marion Abbott, a young lady of much beauty, both of form and face, as well as a talented actress. The character of Lizzie Stark is capable of great dramatic expression, and in the hands of Miss Abbott was ably interpreted. Mr. Forhan was cast as the heavy villain of the play, and gave him a comparative easy part. Jean Houston impersonated Harold Lennox, the ambitious husband, and that actor in features and talent is peculiarly gifted. The child actress, little Maud Thompson, is certainly a precious youngster and will make her mark on the stage of the future. The same company presented "Moriarty, the Corporal," Tuesday evening. The play is one of Elliott's 'Barney' farces, and is thrilling in plot and of much dramatic interest.

THE IVY LEAF.

The Funke was comfortably filled Tuesday evening, when the splendid Irish drama of "The Ivy Leaf," was given. This play has been here before, but its presentation by Powers' company has never been excelled. There is a great deal of local coloring to the piece, but not enough to harm it. The scenic accessories were very fine, and the various specialties by the company much appreciated. Smith O'Brien as Murty Kerrigan, Con. T. Murphy as Robert Nolan, W. H. Elwood as Herald Daly, Miss Conaline as Collette O'Brien were especially good in their several parts as was also Rosebud as Maura.

THE BIG SHOW.

At Funke's Opera House Monday evening Jan. 23d. The management of the "Hidden Hand" Company will present the piece in the most costly and elaborate manner possible. Miss Cora VanTassel will assume the dual role of Capitola, the heiress, and "Archie" the news boy, will entertain the parts with singing and dancing specialties in which she has no superior. The humorous negro role of Wood will be assumed by that sterling and mirth provoking comedian, Mr. Edmond Young. Other parts will be sustained by ladies and gentlemen of ability and high artistic reputation.

The scenery has been prepared by L. W. Seavy, one of the very best artists in the country and is of the most costly and realistic description. In the portrayal of the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight, the old Virginia mansion and Black Donald's cave taste and accuracy have been combined with the most satisfactory results. A sensational feature of the representation is Black Donald's plunge into the sheeting water of the James river.

In every town a magnificent street parade is given, headed by a full military band of uniformed artists drawn by six gorgeously caparisoned horses. This is followed by wonderfully constructed moving panoramas representing the principle incidents in the drama. The panorama is mounted on a stage eight feet high.

The whole making the grandest street parade ever attempted by any dramatic organization.

**MONTE CRISTO.**  
The famous actor, Jas. O'Neil will appear at Funke's opera house, Monday evening Jan. 30th, presenting Monte Cristo.

**The German Club.**  
The new German club gave the first of a series of dances at Masonic Temple on Wednesday eve last. The club was formed for the purpose of dancing the german, and if their first party is any indication of what the succeeding ones will become very pleasant times may be looked for. Numbers were given at nine o'clock, and under the leadership of Mr. R. N. Townley, the dancers moved through the figures of this most delightful terpsichorean exercise, favors being distributed by Mrs. John Zehrung.

The participants were: Mr. and Mrs. Perryman, Mr. and Mrs. Buckstaff, Mr. and Mrs. Lambertson, Mr. and Mrs. Beson, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Heiskell, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarland, Mr. and Mrs. Townley; Misses Funke, Wells, Dickey, Latta, Holmes, Hawkins, Metcalfe, Brown, Hardy, Messrs. Zehrung, Cooper, Foreman, Hardy, Lemist, Magoon, Law, A. B. Smith, E. R. Smith.

**The Library Magazine.**  
The January 7th issue, the first of the year 1888 contains the following interesting articles:

The First Chapter of Genesis, by Prof. W. Gray Elmist. Captured Brides in Far Cathay, from Blackwood's Magazine. The Time it Takes to Think, by J. McK. Cattell. Ling-ling's Invasion of the Crimea from the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Donnelly and Shakespeare, from The Athenaeum, and others. Single copies three cents; \$1.00 a year. Order direct—not sold by dealers. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 338 Pearl St., New York; & 216 Clark St., Chicago. Sent with the COURIER one year for \$2.00, the price of this paper alone.

## A DELIGHTFUL FAREWELL.

### The Pleasant Hour Party Given in Honor of Miss Gruninger.

Saturday evening the party at the Windsor that had been postponed on account of the very inclement weather of Thursday evening, proved a brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable social event. The affair was given in honor of Miss Lulu Gruninger, of Cleveland, Ohio, a young lady who has been a Lincoln visitor since last early springtime and returned to her home during the past week. Notwithstanding the cold atmosphere that seemed to muddle quite too freely with the comforts of the highway traveler who ventured out that evening, the attendance was large and the company all that could be conducive to the pleasures of a farewell occasion.

In fact, we might add that it was quite a compliment to Miss Gruninger to see so many friends present under such very unfavorable circumstances, and we do not think we judge the lady amply when we say she appeared to appreciate it.

The apartments were all neatly arranged and every comfort and convenience prepared for the reception of the party. The dancing surface was excellent, the music by the Philharmonic orchestra at its best, and the order of dances admirably arranged to please all. The program, containing fourteen numbers, was considered the finest the club has used in several years. It was composed of an extra heavy folder with interleaf, on which was printed the order of dances. On the title-page were two beveled panels of an oblong triangular shape, one along the top with the word "Program" embossed thereon, the other on the lower part, handsomely adorned with the work of the artist's brush, each one showing a different flower and leaf. Each panel was fringed with various shades of light colored silk and diagonally across the center of the card were the words, "Pleasant Hour Club, Complimentary to Miss Lulu Gruninger, Thursday Evening, January 19th, 1888." On the reverse side was the name of Mr. Frank C. Zehrung as master of ceremonies and the place of holding the hop. The cord and pencil were of the latest style, being of chenille with German silver tipped fibers.

The honored guest was beautifully attired in a cream-colored costume of heavy material with a waist of light blue fragrance, square cut neck, short sleeves, and silk mitts to match, carrying a lovely, embroidered fan representing peacock feathers on one side and flowers on the reverse. The skirt was paneled, richly embroidered with peacock feathers, and otherwise tastefully adorned.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Buckstaff, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Perryman, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ziemer, Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Hayden, Mrs. E. S. Thompson of Omaha, Misses May Potvin, Lulu and Sadie Gruninger of Cleveland, Ohio, Holmes of Kansas City, Clara Dickey, Minnie Latta, Wells of Cincinnati, Clara Funke, Anna Hawkins, Sterling of Mt. Pleasant, Mamma H. P. Wiley, Frank C. Zehrung, Will Hardy, J. Russell Lemist, E. R. Smith, A. B. Smith, W. Heiskell, "Jenson" Brown, W. R. Cooper, Frank Neips, George N. Foreman, Will McArthur, Charles Magoon and a number of spectators.

A Restless Night.



Countryman (to hotel clerk)—I reckon you'll have to give me another room, mister.  
Clerk—What's the matter with the one you have?  
Countryman—The sign says: "Don't blow out the gas," an' 'b'gosh, I can't sleep with all that light in the room."

**The Matter of Slang.**  
"Miss Hantour," said one of the pupils of an Indiana boarding school for young ladies to the principal, "we want to ask you a question before we recite."  
"Certainly, my dears; ask as many as you wish."  
"Would one of us girls ever be justified in using slang?"

"You certainly would not," replied Miss Hantour with quiet firmness.

"We frequently hear educated and cultivated people employ it in their conversation," insisted the young lady.

"That may be only too true; but it is no excuse. We cannot fall into all the ways practiced by even the so called educated and cultivated. For my own part," continued the principal, as she sat up very straight on the edge of the chair and glanced at the text book she held in her hand, "and again raising her eyes, 'for my part I will allow the board to whistle through my whiskers a very long time before I will indulge in the use of slang.'—Chicago Tribune.

