

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Lillian Hunt left Friday for New York.

Mr. W. B. Humphrey left Tuesday for Topeka.

Mr. A. H. Weir has gone to Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Davis are in Chicago.

Mrs. C. E. Yates went to Omaha Tuesday.

Miss Maud Oakley was in Omaha during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heath have gone to the world's fair.

Mr. James A. Woods started Saturday for Norman, O. T.

Mr. F. C. Richardson, of Chicago, was in town last week.

Mr. M. M. DeLevis returned Wednesday from Tamora.

Mr. A. Koch-Andriano was an Omaha visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Streeter left Monday for Los Angeles.

Mrs. John B. Wright has returned from the world's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbetts are visiting in Flint, Mich.

Mrs. J. C. Seacrest is visiting Mrs. R. G. Work at Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Burchard left Friday for the world's fair.

Miss Ada Heaton is visiting Miss Carrie Brown at Superior.

Misses Laura Houtz and Grace Leming are visiting in Omaha.

Miss Katherine Weston, of Beatrice, was in the city Wednesday.

Miss Bertha Warner is enjoying the beauties of the White City.

Dr. Ruth M. Wood has been spending some time at Sheridan, Wyo.

Mr. L. W. Garoutte has returned from a visit to the world's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dorgan are visiting friends in Hampton, Ia.

Mrs. J. J. Cox is spending a few weeks with her parents at Harvard, Neb.

Mr. Lew Marshall is enjoying a vacation at the Columbian exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Drain have returned to their home in Washington.

Hon. John B. Weston, of Beatrice, spent a few days in Lincoln this week.

Mrs. D. E. Thompson, Miss Miller and Miss May Burr were in Omaha Wednesday.

Chancellor Canfield and daughter have returned from the Columbian exposition.

Mr. Albert Watkins, son and daughter, have gone to the Columbian exposition.

Miss Gertrude Abbott, who has been in Chicago the past year, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Lucy Griffith has returned from a pleasant visit with Miss Sadie Baum, of Omaha.

Mrs. Professor Rice, of Phoenix, Arizona, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lucas.

Mr. John Phillips has returned from a visit of two weeks at the Columbian exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fredice, of North Dakota, are the guests of the family of Elder Howe.

Miss Georgia Hawk of Nebraska City, is the guest of Mrs. M. C. Bennett at the Windsor.

Mrs. W. J. Lamb and Mrs. J. L. McConnell have returned from a visit to the world's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hathaway and son Ralph, have gone to Portland, Ore., to spend a few weeks.

Miss Addie Rolf of Cameron, Mo., is visiting her sister Mrs. J. E. Douglas at Ninth and S. streets.

Miss Gertrude Marquette and Miss Nannie Lillibridge returned from a brief visit in South Dakota.

Miss Cora Outcalt and Miss Nellie Brunson are enjoying a three week's visit at the world's fair.

Mrs. L. J. Wise and daughter from Harrisonburg, Va., are visiting the family of Mr. Max Kohn.

Mrs. M. Kohn and daughter have returned from a delightful visit among friends in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Otis Strong of Auburn, N. Y., is the guest of his brother, Superintendent Strong, of the city schools.

Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Chapin left Thursday evening for Kirkwood, Ill. They will be absent about a week.

Miss Fern Wintersteen, of Fremont, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Will C. Wittman at Eleventh and C streets.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner of Omaha, are the guests of Mrs. E. E. and A. O. Faulkner of this city.

Mrs. D. B. Cropsey returned to her home in Fairbury Saturday. She was accompanied by Mrs. M. Keefe.

Mr. L. E. Bridgeman, of Syracuse, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Young, at 150 South Thirty-third street.

Mr. G. W. Gerwig who has been visiting friends in Lincoln, started for his home in Allegheny, Pa., Tuesday.

Hon. G. M. Lambertson left Monday for Mineral Point, Wis., in response to a

telegram notifying him of the death of his brother-in-law, in that city.

Mrs. C. E. Yates is enjoying a visit from Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mills and their daughter, Miss Mamie, of New York.

Miss Grace Yule who has been the guest of Miss Gertrude Hill, returned to her home in Beatrice Tuesday evening.

Mr. H. E. Woods has returned from a visit with friends in Pennsylvania. His family will remain there another month.

Mr. Jared G. Smith has returned to his home in St. Louis after a pleasant visit with his mother and sister in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Chase returned to Lincoln Tuesday and will spend a few months visiting among relatives and friends.

Mr. J. F. Curtiss, of Medford, Minn., arrived in Lincoln Tuesday. He will be the guest of Mrs. W. N. Abbott over Sunday.

Miss Grace Yule, who is well known in Lincoln, will be married early in September to a prominent young man of Beatrice.

Misses Mary Hutchison, Alice Garr, Agnes Garr, and Olive Garr have gone for a visit with friends at Richmond, Indiana.

Miss Grace Dyer who has been the guest of Miss Fannie Newman for the past few weeks has returned to her home in Boston.

Miss C. J. Guilmette left Thursday for Hastings, where she was joined by her brother, and they started for the world's fair together.

Miss Sarah Schwab is enjoying a visit with friends in Baltimore. She will attend the opening of congress in Washington before her return.

Mr. W. F. Kelley, Mr. Frank L. Hathaway and Mr. C. Y. Smith left Monday for a hunting and fishing expedition through north Wyoming.

Mr. M. J. Sweeney, general attorney for the Farmers' Loan and Trust company, of Sioux City, Ia., is the guest of his friend Mr. L. W. Garoutte.

Mrs. R. P. R. Miller and daughter have gone to Denver. They will spend the remainder of the summer in that city and other Colorado points.

Miss Maude Remick, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has been the guest of Miss Bertie Clark, expects to leave today for Red Oak, Ia., to join her parents.

Mr. S. L. Gristhardt has returned from a trip east. During his absence he attended the world's fair and the class day exercises of Yale college, his alma mater.

Mrs. Frank Phillips and daughter, Rosa, of Battle Creek, Neb., arrived in the city Friday, and will be the guest of Mrs. Thiebault, at 1020 C street, for a few days.

Mrs. R. A. Hawley, Miss Maud Hawley, Mrs. L. L. Stewart and daughter Grace and Mrs. Arthur Young are enjoying a month's outing at Hot Springs and Deadwood S. D.

Miss Katherine Graham, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the guest of Miss Anna Barr. Miss Graham visited in Lincoln two or three years ago, and she has many friends in this city.

Mr. Pryor L. Markel has returned to Lincoln after an absence of some months. Mr. Markel spent a number of weeks on a ranch in Idaho, and he also devoted a month to the world's fair.

Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond and son Frank left for the east Wednesday afternoon. They will stop at Chicago on their way and on their return trip will visit in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto.

Masters Max Meyer and Herman States returned Wednesday from a pleasant visit in Osceola, Neb., where they had been hunting and fishing. They brought home a large quantity of game.

Messrs R. S. Young C. W. Fisher and Edwin W. Lamb left Tuesday for Crawford where they were joined by a party for a hunting trip through Wyoming. They will be gone about two weeks.

Miss Mamie Cushin, of Meadville, Pa., is the guest of her uncle Mr. Mart Cushin and family at 442 north Fourteenth street. Mr. James and Miss Mary Cushin of Burlington, Iowa, are also their guests.

Dr. M. H. Everett, Dr. Haggard and Dr. Mitchell of this city have been commissioned by the governor as delegates from this state to the Pan-American medical congress, which meets in Washington, September 5.

Hon. C. H. Cornell, of Chadron, receiver of the United States land office, was in the city Wednesday. Mr. Cornell was a member of the senate in the legislature of 1889, and he made many friends in Lincoln at that time who are glad to welcome him on his occasional visits to the state capital.

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JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH

[Special Correspondence.]

OLD ORCHARD, Me., Aug. 3.—The Sunday aspect at Old Orchard differs radically from that at the ocean summer resorts in the vicinity of New York. There Sunday is the liveliest day—the day of all days so far as the music of bands and the miscellaneous side-shows are concerned. Here these things are not allowed to operate on the first day of the week. But on other days the steeds of the merry-go-round and the breathless descents of the rattle daisies are enjoyed here as much as elsewhere.

It is hard to fix on the most individual characteristic of Old Orchard. If you come here for a considerable sojourn and have plenty of money, its summer hotels, of which there are more than a score, will overshadow every other feature. These hotels are, in a way, all alike. They differ only in degree of vastness, all being so simple in design as to suggest the adjective "barlike," in which regard they are not alone among summer hotels. But nearly all command excellent sea views, all are supplied with spacious verandas, and some of them can accommodate half a thousand guests apiece. When filled with pleasuring people, they are undoubtedly delightful places to be in. But this is not a good year for seashore hotels, nor for any other sort either, for that matter. Business has picked up somewhat over the stagnation of the early season at Old Orchard, but as late as the middle of July the dinner was regularly served in one of the largest of the caravansaries here for less than 30 guests.

As a consequence the transient throngs become of greater importance than the hotel crowd. The transients come from Portland, Biddeford and Saco and other nearby Maine and New Hampshire towns. There is also, especially on Sundays, a noticeable admixture of farmers and their wives and children. What seems very peculiar to the stranger here is the almost total absence of the European countenance and of any accent save that of New England.

A curious tendency among the transient visitors to Old Orchard, especially on Sunday, is to devote more time to the railroad, to affirm than to the magnificent beach. Last Sunday, for instance, more than half of the people in sight for hours promenaded up and down the platforms unceasingly just as they might have strolled along the sidewalks in front of their homes. The only advantage these short distance pedestrians found in being at Old Orchard, so far as I could see, was that here they could breathe the sea air and hear the surf, even if they would not look at the ocean. But they seemed to count it much that they were in a crowd and that every few steps they might stop and buy some sweetened water drink or some fruit or popcorn glued with molasses into snowy and pink spheres. The hot sausage does not flourish in Old Orchard because its needed accompanying drink—beer—is not allowed on Sunday or any other day, for this is in Maine, the home state of prohibition. I asked the woman who, with her son, sells cigars and soft potatoes in the shadow of the depot if prohibition actually prohibits.

"No, sir, it don't," was her reply. "There's some low down places here where you can get beer, and whisky, too, for that matter. When the races is on, it's sometimes perfectly scandalous. But they have to be pretty careful, sir, and they sometimes gets caught, no matter how sly they are."

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A DIP IN THE SURF.

The "racing" feature of life at Old Orchard is comparatively a new thing. Trotting is more affected than running, and the track is kite shaped. The names of the horses that exhibit their speed are unfamiliar to the New Yorker and the westerner, but the sport is sometimes pretty good, and the enthusiasm displayed by the younger element among the men is of the sort that is born of years of unsatisfied longing for sport.

The beach at Old Orchard is one of the finest in the world, and its points of superiority are manifest at all stages of the waters. When the tide is in, the bathing grounds are unusually wide and safe, for the dreaded undertow, so dangerous in many places, is absent. But bathing begins later in the season than farther south, for the water retains a wintry chill until the 1st of August. When the tide is out, the beach forms a wonderful drive, promenade and lounging place. Vehicles of many kinds, laden with all sorts and conditions of humanity, are driven up and down over its smooth and firm sands. Young men and women pace slowly and seriously to and fro, making decorous love, and older persons sit in comfortable armchairs, which are rented out at 10 cents a seat, and watch them.

So much for the seaside life of Old Orchard—the phase of existence that may with the most propriety perhaps be called worldly. The place possesses quite another sort of life, and it is religious.

Back of the beach lie the grounds of the Orchard Beach Camp Meeting association. Between it and the seaside element there is not a great amount of sympathy, according to indications, for the historical sketch of Old Orchard, issued in the interests of the hotels, does not mention the facilities the place affords for the holding of camp meetings, and the pamphlet got out by the association says never a word of the beach or

the bathing. The camp meeting grounds were laid out for the Methodists, and this denomination still holds a camp meeting here every year. The services are held in a bit of grove consisting of really fine old trees that shade a natural amphitheater. A neat wooden stand has been erected for the speaking, and substantial semicircles of plank seats have been placed facing it among the trees. There are perhaps accommodations for 2,000 persons on these benches, and electric lights are suspended here and there from the lower limbs of the trees, so that at night the illumination is excellent. Surrounding the auditorium are the "camp grounds," regularly laid out in streets and dotted with tiny cottages.



THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE.

In the early days of the association there were many tents every year, the right to pitch one during the camp meeting season being obtainable for a small sum of money. The association is now virtually a land company, which sells its lots the same as any other real estate corporation, and some of the "cottagers" are year round residents, with business in Old Orchard village or near by. The auditorium is no longer used by the Methodists only, but is leased out to any religious body in good standing that may make application and has enough money to pay the price. This year the Adventists, the Salvation Army and the "Christian alliance" have already held meetings. The "Christian Workers for the Salvation of Souls and the Promotion of Holiness" have dates from Aug. 7 to Aug. 14, the Methodists (Portland district), Aug. 14 to Aug. 19, and the temperance people from Aug. 19 to Aug. 28.

Of course it depends on your religious temperament as to whether you would enjoy the meetings or not. The tall young New Englander who acts as uniformed policeman and general keeper of the peace on the grounds says he finds them all profitable, and he spoke so earnestly that I do not think his liking is altogether a creature of the fact that because of them he has employment. The "holiness" meetings, he says, are most agreeable to him, and next come the meetings of the Christian alliance, which is a faith cure organization. The Salvation Army meetings, in his opinion, by reason of their wind and stringed instruments and their big and little drums, afford more legitimate diversion than any of the others. He added that the Salvation audiences were quietest, which he accounted for on the ground that there was noise enough on the stand to meet all requirements in that direction.

"And then," he said, "nobody bothers me much but the young men and young women, who get away back in the shadows and give up their time to courtin instead of listenin to the talkin. But I don't often haff to speak to them twice, sir," he went on, "and although I've sometimes had to arrest drunks from the shore I like the business first rate, and I don't know of any other summer job that gives you so much of a chance to hear good preachin and talkin and singin."

In the near vicinity of Old Orchard and reached by the hilliputian cars of a narrow gauge railway is Ocean Park, the camp ground of the Baptists.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Why He Loved Mosquitodale.

[Special Correspondence.]

MADISON, N. J., Aug. 3.—Coming over on the ferryboat the other night I got into conversation with a man who wanted to know where I lived. And when I told him he revealed to me the fact that he lived at Mosquitodale.

"Are the mosquitoes thick out there?" I asked.

"Thick is not the word for it. They simply own the place and give it its name."

"Why don't you move out of the place?" I inquired.

"Because I love it," he replied.

"With all its mosquitoes?"

"Yes, with all its mosquitoes I love it still," he said, with a sort of patriotic pride.

"I cannot understand so queer an appreciation of merit," I remarked. "Are you fond of mosquitoes?"

"Not at all. I hate them."

"Then why do you love Mosquitodale?"

"Because I loathe the darkies," he replied.

"What have darkies to do with Mosquitodale?" I asked.

"Nothing," he responded.

"How many darkies are there in Mosquitodale?" I asked.

"None," he replied. "There never was one there, and there never will be one there."

"Can't the darkies settle there if they want to?"

"Certainly they can if they want to. But they don't want to, and they never will want to."

"Will you explain why?" I asked.

"Certainly. You see, the ground is of such a character out there that it is impossible to raise watermelons. It's been tried again and again."

"I see."

"And then all the property is restricted, so that no man from one end of Mosquitodale to the other can keep chickens, and no darky under the sun—I mean under the moon—can live a happy life where the watermelon and the night blooming Shanghai flourish not."

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