

HUSHED FOR HOLY WEEK.

Social Sounds That Did Not Stir the Leaves of the Lenten Tree.

FISHERY FROWNS—FOWL FESTIVITY

The Operatic Melodrama—Kate Field's Reception—Parties Among the Hetedot—Art in Full Swing—General Gossip.

A Grand Season of Opera.

"Yes, we are going clean across the continent to San Francisco with our whole force and every fragment of our scenery and costumes," said Manager Locke, of the National Opera company, last week. This trip will be made by the largest company ever transported, and will be in that sense historical.

Informal Reception.

A delightful informal reception was tendered to Miss Kate Field Monday afternoon by Mrs. J. D. Dickey. The ladies came and went between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock. Tea and wafers were graciously served by Miss Belle Dickey from a table in the dining room.

Enchere and Prizes.

A very pleasant six-handed progressive enchere party was given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Edholm at their home, Twenty-fifth and Chicago. The favors were most beautiful and entirely novel, being suggested by Dickens' characters. The royal prizes were won by Mrs. William Wallace, Mrs. W. E. Copeland and Dr. Sprague.

A "Donkey" Party.

Mrs. W. F. Allen gave an enjoyable party Monday evening in honor of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Quincy, Ill. The affair was wholly informal and proved to be a most delightful one to those present. Cards were indulged in the fore part of the evening and the comparatively novel mode of entertainment, known as a "donkey," made a mirthful finale to the occasion.

Some Pointers About Dinners.

In Paris dinner—giving is the fashionable mode of entertaining. The guests are limited to fourteen or eighteen at most. The bill of fare is not crowded with outlandish dishes the half of which are only placed on the table to be instantly removed. A few well known dishes faultlessly prepared suffice.

Society in Lent.

Society is patiently containing itself until the period of prostration shall have reached the limit. Lent has been more rigorously observed this year than ever before, but the fact that all denominations have alike abstained from worldly dissipations, makes it doubtful whether the object is physical or spiritual recuperation.

Walnut Hill Social Club.

This is a new organization which promises to control the reins of social activity in the suburbs. It has recently been organized by G. P. Felton, as president, E. G. Solomon, as vice president and Gus F. Fletcher, as secretary and treasurer.

At St. Catherine's Academy.

Last Monday the monthly examination of the pupils at the academy was conducted very successfully.

Misses Sarah McGavock, Alice Lowery, Loreto Cushing, Kate Perkins, Jennie McCrelland Linn Miller.

Doughnut Social.

The shadowy and doughnut social given at the North Presbyterian church last Thursday evening was very enjoyable. The following ladies were the committee: Mrs. O. H. Ballou, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. E. G. Ballou, Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Ault, Mrs. Westfield, Mrs. De Lee, Mrs. Canan, Mrs. H. C. Ballou, Mrs. Dr. Spaulding, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Oehre, Mrs. Anderson, assisted by Mr. C. G. Ballou, Mr. G. W. Young, Mr. Will Anderson, Robbie Ballou and Tom Willis.

A Card Party.

A very enjoyable card party was given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. A. Haas at 924 Park avenue. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. New, Mr. and Mrs. D. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bergman, Mr. and Mrs. Heyn, Mr. and Mrs. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cahm, Mr. and Mrs. Mendelssohn, Mrs. Bendit, Miss Kowfeld, J. Schill, S. Oberfelder, S. J. Fisher, J. Meyer.

In Mrs. Mumaugh's Studio.

Miss Pelton is painting a graveyard scene in sepulchral tones. Mrs. Baibach has nearly completed a fine crayon portrait of her daughter Emma. Mrs. Preston is decorating a delicate Miss Verona scarf with a conventional design of lilies in rich terra cotta colors.

Art Gossip.

The wife of the editor of the New York Graphic, who writes under the name of "Eliza Orchard," is the author of a most cleverly written story, "Shirley Carstone," to begin next week in the columns of the Excelsior. The Excelsior is making a great success of its serial stories.

Art Gossip.

Mr. Collins will shortly exhibit a collection of his own sketches that are quite a new departure from anything hitherto seen here, and suggest the work of the artist named Gaudin. Some of the sketches are especially soft, giving no suggestion of pencil marks. Only the center of the face is in focus and the next seems gradually to recede in mist, no visible outline showing.

Brevities.

Mr. Emma Homan Thayer has returned to Colorado.

Mrs. Willard Scott is expected home from Chicago Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Tower are home from a trip to the Pacific coast.

Mrs. G. C. Havens has returned from a pleasure trip through the west.

Miss Grace Buchanan, of Crete, is visiting her uncle, J. M. Buchanan.

S. G. Joyce has returned from an extensive buying trip in New York.

Mrs. J. H. Millard has reached Chicago and will be in Omaha Wednesday.

Miss Bomgardner and Miss Nichols have taken rooms at 1617 Capitol avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the parents of Mrs. Dr. Jones, have returned to Boston.

Major Cook, formerly of Omaha, has gone with his family to Fort Bayard.

Miss Lizzie Isaacs, of St. Louis, pianist, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Law.

Miss Bomgardner and Miss Nichols have been spending the week in Kansas City.

Mrs. McCord and Miss McCord, of St. Joe, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McCord.

Mrs. Lewis Reed and children and Miss Balcombe have returned from San Antonio.

Mrs. N. Merriman has returned from the east and will leave shortly for a trip to California.

Major Darling and Lieutenant Park, of the Iowa cavalry, Fort Sidney, are in Omaha.

The Misses Emma and Mamie Fitch are spending vacation in Council Bluffs with Mrs. H. F. Chambers.

Mrs. H. Burnham, of Lincoln, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander has returned home.

Judge and Mrs. Dundy, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dundy, jr., and the Misses Dundy, have returned from a visit to the south.

Mrs. Smith nee Rounds, has returned to Denver after a day's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Rounds.

The Misses Hurler and May Hurler, who have been visiting Miss Emma Howell, have returned to their home in Daventon.

Mrs. Samuel Burns is home from Chicago and is entertaining Mrs. John Fairbank, of Chicago, and Mrs. E. McKitterick, of Burlington.

Mrs. Charles Dawey went to Chicago last week to join Miss Belle Dewey, who is attending Miss Grant's school. They will spend a vacation in Ohio.

Miss Emma Balbach is expected home next week to spend Easter holidays with her parents. Miss Balbach, is attending Miss Grant's school in Chicago.

Colonel and Mrs. Brownson arrived here from California last week and are making a tour of the city.

Mrs. Herman Kountze left for the east last night to visit her daughter at Poughkeepsie. Miss Popkoff also went east to visit Miss Hurler and May Hurler at Aiken's school at Stamford, Conn.

The Philomathean social club will give the farewell party of its series 1886-7 at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, April 30th. The members are putting forth every effort to make this one of the brilliant social events of the closing season.

THE CHAINING GUARD.

By Wallace F. Reed in Atlantic Constitution. The moon-like sun and a hot summer day beat fiercely down upon the convicts at work in the apparently boundless cotton field that belonged to Colonel Jefferson Clay.

It was a large plantation, and was almost entirely worked by a force of chain-gang convicts, leased to Colonel Clay by the state authorities. As the sun reached the meridian its rays came down so pitilessly, and with such scorching fervor, that the fabled guards, who kept watch over the miserable convicts were compelled to seek shelter under the few scattered pines which dotted little knolls in different parts of the field.

Lazily reclining on the grass, the guards played with their battered muskets, and kept a keen lookout for the slightest lagging work or insubordination on the part of the prisoners who were engaged in being cotton. There was little danger of the convicts escaping. A heavy ball and chain were attached to each man and it was difficult to make good headway. The guards were always vigilant and when it was necessary they had a pack of trained blood hounds in reserve for the pursuit and capture of fugitives.

Suddenly one of the guards looked at his watch. "Dinner time!" he exclaimed, and raising a whistle to his lips he blew a keen blast which was heard all over the field. The effect was magical. Every howl fell to the ground and four squads of convicts were soon sitting in the shade devouring their scanty rations of corn-bread, bacon and greens. Forgetting their miseries for a time, these unfortunate fellows, in the enjoyment of their rude repast, the clinking of their chains was interspersed with bursts of hoarse laughter over an occasional joke, such jokes as are never heard outside of chain-gang camps.

During the progress of the meal one of the guards was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a prisoner in one of the squads. Approaching him the guard said in a surly tone: "See here, Joe, no shamming now; it won't do, you know. No sickness allowed in this camp!" The convict looked up with a start, looked into the cruel eyes of a cruel face, and saw no mercy there.

"Curse you!" he snarled; "I wonder if you have a heart?" "Think I have?" replied the other nonchalantly, "but I've nothing to do with your curse, my friend. Our worthy host, Colonel Clay, is of the opinion that a convict never gets sick—he only shams—and as his instructions are to punish such cases of shamming with a flogging, I have had to obey orders. You understand?" The convict looked up into the face of his guard.

The guard looked down into the face of the convict. Tall and erect, youthful and handsome, making allowance for the cruel eyes and face, the guard, despite his rough jeans suit, looked like a man who had seen better days. And his history did not run counter to his appearance. Five years before Dick Macon had been one of the spoiled darlings of society. The gaming table and the wine party had sent him down at handlong speed to his present level; had reduced him to the necessity of accepting the position of chain-gang guard on Jefferson Clay's convict plantation.

The prisoner, whose keen black eyes were scanning the relentless face above him, was a middle-aged man whose slight frame showed that he was ill-fitted to bear the hardships of his situation. His restless eyes, haggard face, trembling hands and husky voice would have awakened pity as well as contempt in the breast of almost any observer. There was nothing in his mind, however, to bring down his musket down with a vicious thump, he said: "You'd better take care, Joe—you'll get a lickin' before long, if you don't get about your work quicker."

"Joe bowed his head and muttered: 'Twenty thousand dollars, and I was fool enough to think of giving him half of it. I'll bid you ten times as much.' 'What's that?' asked Dick Macon quickly. 'Nothing,' answered Joe with his head still bent down. 'Joe?' said the guard. 'Well,' was the snappy response. 'I want to know, you rascal, what you mean by your allusion to \$20,000?' 'Oh, it was nothing,' replied the other. 'It was more money than I could spend. I meant that I would give half of the \$20,000 that I have securely hidden away if I could once get out of this blasted place.' 'You lying scoundrel!' laughed the guard, 'do you think you can make me tumble to that sort of rascally? You never had \$20,000 in your life.' 'Liar, yourself!' shouted Joe, with sudden fire in his wild eyes. 'What am I here for, Dick Macon?' 'Humph!' said Dick, 'murder, I believe.' 'Correct,' returned the convict. 'Murder it is. I was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and owing to that fact I saved my neck, and was sent up for life. But with that murder was connected a robbery. When old Henderson was shot he had on his person money and valuable jewels amounting to a small fortune.' The guard looked at the other convicts. They were a little distance off, quarrelling over their rations.

"Go on," said he. "Did you ever hear that the plunder was found?" asked Joe, with a cunning leer. "Don't know that I ever did," said Dick, "but still it may have been found." "Not by—sight!" answered Joe with great energy. "The body is safe enough, and I could lay my hand on it in forty-eight hours if I could just get out of this cursed camp." "What will you give for freedom?" asked Dick with a provoking grin. "Half!" cried the prisoner. "Ten thousand dollars, if you will, if you release me from this infernal place, and place me beyond pursuit!" and he looked eagerly into the guard's inscrutable face.

Dick Macon whistled a lively tune, turned as if to walk off, and then wheeled abruptly about. "Take a couple of buckets, you lazy slouch!" he shouted to the convict. "I must have some fresh water here, and we must go to the spring to get it. I say, Bill!" he called to one of the other guards, "just bring your gang over here, and watch my pets while I go for an injured look."

"On 'merciful heavens!" exclaimed Irene, "I can't be mistaken! No, it is too evident—how did you come by this necklace? Did you say it was an heirloom in your family?" "What a rascal!" said Richard, turning pale and speaking rapidly. "Yes, it is an ancient heirloom in our family—my great-great-grandmother used to wear it; it has never been out of the family since it was purchased by an ancestor of mine. In another searching glance at the necklace, and then clutched it tightly in her hand.

"Richard!" the cry escaped Irene's lips in an agonized tone as she grasped the necklace and held it to the light. "Isn't it pretty?" said Richard with an injured look. "On 'merciful heavens!" exclaimed Irene, "I can't be mistaken! No, it is too evident—how did you come by this necklace? Did you say it was an heirloom in your family?"

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Lies just south of Hanscom Park, only 2 miles from the court house, on high and slightly ground. 176 beautiful residence lots.

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Ten months ago we told you there was big money in SOUTH OMAHA property. You were skeptical and waited, and what did you miss? Some people say, "Oh! it's all luck, this making money." Luck to the dogs. Its

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These are the elements that go to make up the sum of prosperity. Take a square look at the case of Thomason & Goos' addition, who own the 600 acres adjoining it on the south.

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Who, without any further effort, could peddle it out in the next two years for ONE MILLION DOLLARS. Do you suppose they are Idiots enough to do this? No! They will either build or subscribe to A CABLE LINE and realize three millions from it.

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to yourselves, do a little investigating and figuring and you will see that there are the "Greatest Bargains on Earth, in lots in this "Key to Omaha and South Omaha. Remember, that this is no washings of the Missouri River, nor farm lands diverted from their natural uses, years too soon, but choice suburban residence property, situated on the everlasting Hills, midway between two cities, that are fast closing in to one solid mighty metropolis.

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This is our first spring season in Omaha, we are now ready to show not only an entire new stock of Spring Clothing for men, boys and children, but also that we are selling our entire line for less money than any house in the United States.

Our large assortment of Spring Overcoats surpasses anything ever exhibited in Omaha. We call special attention to our \$5.75 and \$7.75 line. The latter is trimmed with silk facings and satin sleeve linings. The prices of these will surely surprise everybody. The better grades which do not exceed \$15.75 in price are as good as you get at the custom tailors and for which you would have to pay at least \$35 for.

Our offerings in Spring Suits, of which we have an enormous assortment, will give us a wide reputation, for we have marked them to sell 25 per cent less than any house in the city, and particularly to our strictly All Wool Men's Suits at \$5.75, we challenge any house in the country to compete with us in price.

Commencing to-day and continuing the coming week we will offer 200 Pleated Suits for Children from 4 to 13 years for \$2.95. Also 400 Children's Knee Pants at the nominal price of 25c per pair.

We mean to give you all the details regarding the clothing we sell. Those who traded with us last fall have long since become convinced that we are not misrepresentatives as to styles, qualities and prices.

All goods are marked in plain figures and at strictly one price at the

Nebraska Clothing Company,

Cor. Douglas and 14th sts., Omaha.

one day in my presence. I well recollect that he said at the time that the mark might some day aid in identifying the necklace if it should ever be lost. It is the same, and now, Richard Macon, how came you by this precious heirloom?" "Your question is an insult," was the hot answer. "Give me the necklace." "Never! This matter must be explained. I must know if your hands are stained with my father's blood."

"Confound it!" said Richard, "I never even heard that Mr. Murray was murdered. Your talk is the maddest mystery in the world to me. "My father's name was Henderson," said the girl sternly. "He was murdered and robbed in a lonely place among the mountains of Georgia. He had with him a large sum of money and this jewelry. A poor devil was tried for the murder, found guilty and sent to the chain-gang for life. The money and jewels were not found on him, and he always protested his innocence—perhaps he told the truth."

"You said your father's name was Henderson?" "Yes. After his death a wealthy bachelor brother of my mother died and left her a large fortune on condition that she should resume the family name of Murray, and the condition was exacted of myself. We accepted the terms, but when a foul murder is to be avenged, Richard Macon had taken his own life.