

Mrs. G. E. Clark, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Touyalin, at the Madison the past winter left on Monday afternoon for Fort Niagara, where she will be the guest of Lieut. and Mrs. Sparrow.

Miss Lemon of St. Joseph, who has been the guest at Hillside for several weeks, returned to her home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bennett have as their guest Miss Hoyt of Utica, N. J.

At a bowling party given by the guests of the Madison and their friends last Saturday evening, quite a remarkable score was made by Miss Hall, Miss Doane's guest. Considering the condition of the alleys, 206 is rather marvelous for a young woman.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bennett entertained the Saturday night club at cards.

### THE LITERARY SENSATION.

One can evade the question, "Have you read Marcella?" or one can excuse himself for not having read "Ships That Pass in the Night;" but there seems to be no place for the person who is not reading "Trilby," as it comes in monthly installments in *Harper's Magazine*.

Du Maurier's story takes such a strong hold on the reader; its impressions are so vivid; its characterizations so clever; its humor so delicate; its whole fabric so artistic, that one does not dismiss it as one does the ordinary "literary sensation" of the day. Trilby and Little Billee and Taffy and the Laird and Svengali are personages whose acquaintance we cannot cut. We are called upon to meet, them and discuss them in all sorts of places, and sometimes at unreasonable times. Not to have read "Trilby," not to be conversant with the dainty foolishness and sentiment of this exquisite caricature, means that one is necessarily shut out from the sort of enthusiastic free masonry that is established among those who are up to date with this much talked of story.

The old adage that no man can do two things well seems to be clearly disproven in Du Maurier. F. Hopkinson Smith, whose "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" is delightfully remembered, is regarded as a phenomenon, because he has attained almost equal success in three distinct lines, literature, art and engineering; Du Maurier's triumph is infinitely more remarkable, and, we believe, quite unprecedented. The lengthening shadows of a long and brilliant artist career are penetrated and illumined by a new splendor, and Du Maurier, the author, takes a place beside Du Maurier, the artist. If the judgment of the best critics be not at fault this man whose drawings have amused us, has produced a work that will give him a permanent place among the great novelists. Lovers of Thackeray can renew their youth in "Trilby." Not since the time of the author of "Vanity Fair" has there been anything so thoroughly refreshing as "Trilby," albeit the latter is, it is perhaps needless to say, quite as original as Dr. Maurier's pencilled figures.

The knowledge that there is a basis of fact for the story, or some portions of it, and the particularly clever artifice of the author in treating the entire narrative as but a simple report of actual occurrences tend to make a perusal of "Trilby" somewhat provoking to the reader whose ideas of a book are not put to sleep when the covers are closed. If the interested reader scans the pages of English art catalogues for the name of William Bagot in the hope of finding an old friend, whose acquaintance was made in the world of fiction, an actual, tangible reality in the more prosaic field of fact, there is a like inclination to find in history a prototype for that singular, almost supernatural being, "so tender, so humble, so touchingly simple and sweet, that one melted at the sight of her,"—Trilby, a goddess of song, who poured forth a melody that intoxicated. There is a feeling when reading "Trilby" that there is something back of it all and the mystery of it is tantalizing.

There is a wide field in this book, particularly as it is published now, in monthly parts, for those who delight to analyse character and work out in advance, in a more or less philosophical manner,

the probable ending of a story or the fate of its characters, and there is, more especially since the June number of *Harper's* was issued, a vast amount of speculation as to Du Maurier's final disposition of Trilby. That hypnotism is to play an important part in "Trilby," as in a former work by the same author, seems to be foreshadowed by the prominence given to this subject in the opening chapters. A lady in this city who has given the story something more than passing thought formulated the hypnotic theory some time ago. She also foresaw Trilby's future, after the separation from Little Billee, and is now convinced that Svengali's hold on Trilby is not the bond of marriage but merely the spell of hypnotism. It will be remembered that while the reader is permitted to infer that Trilby and Svengali are married there is no positive statement to this effect. There is a good deal in the early part of the story about the morgue, which would seem to argue that the morgue is to figure prominently before the end is reached. Whether it is to be Little Billee or Trilby is not clear. It is not likely to be Taffy. It has been intimated several times that Billee was short lived, and the probabilities are, as the weather prophet says, that the end will be tragic with Billee as the hero. Maybe Trilby and Billee will both commit suicide. At any rate it is reasonable to suppose that Svengali is to be seriously disturbed in her peaceful possession of the "goddess." We believe the story is working up to a high tragedy of some sort, and that the end will be disappointing to those who like to read just before they come to "FINIS," that trouble and sorrow disappeared as a rolling cloud, and that John and Mary were united and lived to a ripe old age in that happiness that ought to crown the just. The fin de siecle novel of these closing nineteenth century days does not end in any such hum drum way, and "Trilby" is not hum drum. S.

### REGRET.

"Flowers piled on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days." I bring no blossoms for the dead, I scattered none in life, and why did I withhold them all? I knew the thorns were rife, I bring no glorious epitaph for the sculptor's hand to word, no, no, I can not tell the world what she has never heard. Unspoken words, pale, troubled ghosts, around about the throng; regretful tears they come too late, alas to right a wrong. Ah, friends, give all the blooming life, wait not to strew the bier of those we love, with garlands bright, though fraught with many a tear. Make bright the pathway to the grave, beyond we can not go. Our tears, our longing our regrets they'll never know. To-day they need the word of cheer-tomorrow, only think—they may have passed beyond our love, beyond the earthly brink. Then heaven pity, yea forgive the stricken heart that weeps above the narrow bed of clay where some beloved sleeps.

ROSALIND.

E. Hallett, who has been located at 112 North Eleventh street for the past six years in the jewelry business has moved to new quarters he has rented the store room at 1143 O street in the Funke opera house block which has been lately fitted up in handsome style with one of the largest show windows in the city in which to show goods. Mr. Hallett is one of the oldest jewelers in the city of Lincoln, he has been in business here for the past 22 years and has made many friends and there is hardly any one in the city who does not know him, and will join THE COURIER in wishing him success in his new location, which he certainly deserves. Mr. Hallett carries one of the largest stocks of diamonds and jewelry in the city and with his new location will be able to show them to better advantage than heretofore.

Have you seen the new wrappers that Herpolshiemer sells at 55c 85c \$1.00 and \$1.25, actually worth \$1.75. Some new things just in waists.

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