

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

A Lincoln young man with a certain power of observation and a poetic tendency returned from the Black Hills region this week and he gives THE COURIER the following notes of a country that is always interesting.

"If Chimmie Fadden were to be set down in the midst of the Black Hills at this particular season of the year he would certainly express himself as feeling 'up ter de limit.' The Hills offer a magnificent retreat for us people of the dusty plain. There is something novel and invigorating in hugging up to a hot stove early in the morning, with the tent flaps tightly drawn, and thinking how you've got the laugh on the rest of the Lincoln people sweltering under 100 degrees in the shade.

"The Hills are funny things anyway. In a balloon view they look just like a little cluster of pin-pricks in the center of a sheet of paper. It is as if some Titian had shaken them up in his dice box and poured them forth in wild disorder upon those northern plains without any attempt at arrangement. But he did a good job. The harmony is perfect; the detail is superb; and the wild raspberries are simply fascinating.

"I went to Deadwood first of all. It is quite certain that Deadwood has not changed for a great many years. It is the queen city of the wicked. There are many very nice people there, but a great many more who are not nice. I got away from there as soon as the next train would take me and went out into the woods, up into the Bald Mountain district, up into Ruby Basin where I knew there was a camp of engineers and graders; where Mike Elmore's famous cook made life worth living at three distinct periods each day; with babbling brooks on one side and Spearfish Canon on the other, and wild red raspberries 'mixed in my path like mad.' Murphy, the conductor of the Spearfish Express dropped me off half way up Terry's Peak and I climbed down into White-tail Gulch where the graders were at work on a spur to a gold mine. I could smell supper over in the next gulch, so I didn't tarry with the graders longer than to shake hands with one or two of my old hobo friends. From the crest of the divide I could see the whole picture just as I have seen it before when I was a part of it. There were the grub-shack and the stable yard, the commissary and the bunk-house, and perched up among the pines on a little rise the engineer's tent with the transit tripod and pickets standing outside. I stood still and breathed the fresh, cool air, laden with the fragrance of the pines, and was all ready to lapse into poetry when a whiff of Big Harry's supper struck me full in the face, and I hurried down the hill. Supper wasn't quite ready. At the engineer's tent were two alumni of the University of Nebraska who were old friends, and the two other gentlemen I had known for some time, so they asked me to stop and break bread with them. One of the alumni is from Beatrice and he had the blues because Mike Elmore had stopped using Beatrice canned goods on the camp table. A delegation from the tent waited upon Mike and secured his promise to buy nothing but Beatrice goods hereafter. I was quite touched by the loyalty of the young man—and so far away from home too. Beatrice must be a very nice place. The other alumnus was just adorning himself with white linen and shoe blacking. He goes into Deadwood from three to eight times a week and calls upon the landlady's daughter—where they used to board when they did work there. But I would prefer not to talk about Deadwood. I only mention the fact to show that where one has perseverance and clean linen and doesn't mind a ten mile

walk, one may combine the charms of civilization with the pleasures of the wilderness.

"Supper that night was a dream. If you have never eaten a square meal at one of Mike Elmore's camps when you were half starved you have something to live for. You sit on a wooden bench at a plain deal board and help yourself to what you see and ask for what you want and say nothing to anybody in the way of polite conversation. It is bad etiquette to offer to pass anything or to ask for what you know they haven't got or to comment on what is before you, but outside of these restrictions you are at full liberty to enjoy yourself. I may be enlarging on a rather unimportant topic here, but to me this eating question has always seemed a vital one. And I venture it is worthy of mention when you find a place like a grading camp—and it is the only place I know of—where you can eat indefinitely and not feel the worse for it. If any of these Epicurean millenium-hunters come to me for pointers I shall send them straight to Mike's camp in the Black Hills, they furnishing transportation.

"That night I slept beneath six pairs of blankets and the blue vault of heaven and just managed to keep warm. The next morning we cracked the ice out of the water-pail and did Delsarte with our hands to take the numbness out of them and finally built a fire in the tent to take the chill off. In Deadwood each man takes the chill off for himself, internally, but in Ruby Basin and among engineers and alumni things are different. After a royal and unlimited breakfast the party went out to work and I went for a walk down Spearfish Canon. That Canon is the greatest place I know of. You can lie down at most any point of its twenty winding miles and with one hand pick a pint or so of luscious red raspberries and with the other dip your hat into the creek for a drink of the coldest, purest water in the world. If you want to, meanwhile, you can rest your head against the thick soft moss on a massive boulder, dangle your feet among tall ferns and harebells, and with your eyes take in as beautiful a view of hills and pines and hanging rocks and cliffs as can be had even in more famous Colorado. Of course all this at once requires considerable effort, so I devoted myself exclusively to the raspberries and the harebells at first and did the others later. The wild flowers are simply bewildering. Everything that grows seems to bloom and all at once. The very boulders and patches of brown earth seem to be bursting into fragrance and incomparable beauty. The pine boughs are so high up that the west wind sighing through them produces a very peculiar and charming effect of sweet, low music from invisible players. It seems as if the whole earth were bubbling over with melody and beauty, and I was glad I was alive. That Canon would be just the place for one of those impressionists—Whistler himself might get inspiration there—or for a poet, or for a philosopher—but I just ate raspberries till I was hungry and then went back for dinner."

Wednesday evening Miss Alice Slaughter gave a jolly street car ride for Miss Ruth Weller, of Omaha, her guest. The party rode out to Cotner and thence to the lake where refreshments were served, and then into the city and to the end of the South Seventeenth street line and return. Those present were Misses Daisy Cochran, Ada Heaton, Mae Terrell of Paducah, Ky.; Maud Riser, Jessie Leland, Camp, Williamson, Agnes Sewell, Jones, Dora Harney, Messrs. John Farwell, Will Raymond, Cooley,

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Miss Mae Terrell, of Paducah, Ky., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Guthrie for several weeks, will leave for her home today. Last evening she entertained a number of friends at the residence of Mr. Guthrie.

The Ravola club gave a picnic and dance at Lincoln Park Tuesday. Those present were: Misses Garten, Winger, Kleutsch, Leland, Rector, Richards, Tremaine, Graham, Harley, Ashton, Schofield, Raymond, Lotteridge, Messrs. Grupe, Evans, Honeywell, Harvey, Cullen, Folsom, Farwell, Houghton, Ward, Bishop, Harvey, Yates, Waugh, Wright. Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Garroute chaperoned the party.

Sam. E. Low, the republican nominee for clerk of the district court, left Tuesday evening for Colorado. Mr. Low had given unremitting attention to his campaign for several months, and when the convention closed he was greatly in need of rest. He expects to remain in Colorado Springs until about September 1, when he will return to Lincoln to take part in the campaign.

The dancing fever that began to be manifest in Lincoln a couple of years ago will, in all probability, sustain no abatement the coming season. There will be more dancing clubs and stronger clubs than ever before.

Rev. H. A. Lemon and Miss Josie Young were united in marriage in Bethany Wednesday evening, Rev. H. J. Kennedy officiating. Mr. Lemon is pastor of the Christian church at York.

SOCIETY THE COURIER'S regular correspondent in Omaha sends the following notes of Omaha society.

Miss Dickenson spent the early part of the week in Chicago.

Miss Nash left on Monday for Excelsior Springs, Mo., where she will remain several weeks.

Miss Smiley went to New York this afternoon. She will be away until Christmas.

Mr. Netherton Hall returned from the west Wednesday.

Judge and Mrs. Irvine are back from a months visit to Estes Park, Colo.

Mr. Wilhelm, who has been visiting her father in Chicago, has returned home.

The Misses Creighton are entertaining Miss Furey.

Mrs. H. G. Whitmore went to St. Louis this week. Before returning home she will visit St. Paul.

Mr. Henry D. Estabrook has returned from the East.

Mr. Lomax and Dr. Rosewater were visitors in Denver this week.

Miss Edna and Mr. Will Cowin entertained their friends, by a dance Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Learned were at home Tuesday to a few friends.

Mr. Harry Carter returned from Excelsior Springs Wednesday.

Dr. E. W. Lee got home from his trip East on Sunday.

Mr. Charles Grinnell left for Okciji Saturday.

Mr. Charles R. Sherman and Mr. H. M. Snow attended the druggists convention at Denver this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Funke returned from Spirit Lake Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ponder, the Misses Ponder, Miss Skinner, Miss Lawrence are camped just outside the Plaza Manawa.

Last night quite a number of Omaha people went over to Manawa to witness the water carnival of the Omaha and Council Bluffs rowing association.

Miss Marie Hoover has returned from Fairbault, Minn.

Miss May Blanchard has gone to Colorado Springs.

Dr. C. C. Lasby and family were in Manitou this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George O. Risdon are visiting in St. Louis.

Dr. Graham and Dr. Kerman have returned from Wyoming.

Col. J. H. Alford left this week for a trip through the Black Hills and Montana.

Professor Owens is now doing Scotland. A recent letter from him was dated at Oban.

Prof. F. W. Taylor, who has been in Chicago in the interest of the international exposition in Mexico, is in the city and will remain several weeks.