

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

Following are some notes of a Wyoming camping party composed of Lincoln people:

July 16—Our first sight of the cook is not encouraging. He is a short, freckled youth, with no chef's dignity in his step, no gleam of conscious power in his eye. The mystery of the combination of flour and baking powder into satisfaction is still a mystery to him. There may be such a thing as a humble cook. I never saw one. A cook knows he knows that which will keep those who eat his masterpieces in their place. This man's humility is depressing when we consider that he prepares for us our next forty meals.

July 17—The day is cloudy and cool. After leaving Edgemont the road lies thus: A country of sand, sage-brush and cactus. Every afternoon for five months in the year the sun bakes this train. Today a pillar of cloud moves between the sun and us. I see none of the chosen people on board. This Mosaic miracle is doubly grateful. Last year when we crept over this wilderness the sun and the sand had their way with us. The white desert threw back the sun till the eyes ached and the throat was parched. The weather has reduced the lovers who started in the morning with badinage and coquetry to silence. She asked him to raise the window. It stuck. He said he did not see why she wanted the window down anyway; it was hotter outside than in. Then they did not speak again until the evening breeze cooled his head and warmed his heart. (These people were not of our party.)

The train stops twenty minutes at Gillette to load mail into a four-mule stage drawn up at the station. It goes to some place across the desert at the end of the sand and the sage brush where irrigation smiles its steady green smile. The little town seems not to be visited or re-enforced by settlers. Gillette is its nearest "large town" and Gillette has five saloons, a grocery, drug store and dry goods store in one, a livery stable and a hotel. They are made of unpainted pine boards, shed-shaped, one-story. All the men in sight are dressed like cowboys, in big hats and little feet clothed in fine thin boots with little heels and big spurs. If it were not for purple-distant hills all would be ugliness. Occasionally a desperate cowboy jumps on to his lean horse, goes to the hills, throws himself on to the ground and receives his commission. When he comes back he swaggers and swears more than common in order to be clear of a charge of sentimentality. The train is made up of a baggage car, two freight cars, a caboose and two passenger coaches. One of the coaches is filled with hoboes going out to work on the B. & M. northern extension. The men are noisy. One young fellow gets out of the car at every stop and ostentatiously throws his head back and tips a whiskey bottle upside down over his mouth. Nearly all the men have a bottle—those who have not drink from their neighbor's. They are an irresponsible fierce-looking lot of men. But dirt, whiskey and fatigue will make an honest man look a highwayman. When these disguises are applied to a carload of hoboes they are terrifying.

July 19—The mountain stream, a little wider than a brook, flows within 100 feet of our tent. Its noise at first was deafening. The composite roar sounds like State street in Chicago when it is hungriest. I can not read nor write beside it for the multitude that still shouts to me. There is a band of music with the cornet dominant. I

can pick out all the pieces what a vibrating powerful hand on the snare drum! The piccolo, the trombone and the fife have a solo part too. This stream band always plays a fugue. The parts eternally chase each other down stream. Now the horses and the heavy carts and the smooth roll of the carriages overwhelm the orchestra. Later the shouting of the street hawkers and the drivers' voices are strongest. Finally we hear the fugue only. One after another of the party says "Do you hear the cornet?" or "I wonder what all those people are shouting about; Van must have batted it over the fence that time." We are not imaginative, only this long symphony has worked out some of the earth.

July 20—We have climbed the mountains. Ranges of snow-capped mountains, valleys marked by a green ribbon of alfalfa and wheat, wide, round meadows covered with cattle. An irrigated country is laid off like a checker board into squares of green and white, as though the Titanic owner had marked the limits of the rainfall with a rule. The ditch running between Sheridan and the mountains is 18 miles long and 5 feet wide. Stock in it is divided into shares of two hundred dollars each. Each share means a trench two inches wide cut into the main ditch. Ditch-walkers patrol the course every day to see that the channel is unobstructed and that no one takes more than his share.

The ranch at the foot of the mountain is Michael Evans', a young Englishman. We returned his call and found him hospitable and pleasant. He has two friends who had been visiting him for two years. They sit on his porch and smoke, look out across the oasis of green to the parched country beyond, and say, "What a blasted country" ever so many times a day. They are big men with fine, smooth, brown skins. Every morning they throw themselves into the pond in front of the house filled with snow-water. They wear white duck riding-trousers and leather gaiters, gray flannel shirts wide open at the neck and on the chest, wide sombreros and jingling Mexican spurs, blood rusted. Mr. Evans himself is alert and enterprising. He has a kitchen-garden where peas, beans, beets, cabbages, celery and turnips grow luxuriantly between long rows of red and white currant bushes. The barns and corrals are in front of the house, crowded with stock. The big visitor objected to the kitchen garden and drawled: "You not only have to plow and cultivate and turn the water on to these things, but at least you have to pick them and that is the worst law of all."

July 20—We have just received a visit from Mr. Walup's foreman. He was very angry. He said he had come up to tell us we could not stay there any longer because we had campfires. "Bre'r" Brown told him we were going the next day anyway, and asked him to stay to dinner. He declined, but the invitation had its effect upon him. He stopped swearing like a pirate and continued the conversation in the reserved style of a gentleman—that is dam and Hell were only a third of the whole number of words he used. Mountaineers use strong language. Perhaps it is due to the altitude. Anyway they are a nervous, choleric people who easily get excited. Swearing seems to be the handiest and most harmless relief. The same man is profane in the mountains and reverent on the sea level. The world over a high altitude combined with the absence of women will develop profanity.

July 30—All ready to leave the camp. The tents are struck and loaded into the wagon. What a lovely spot this is! What varieties of birds and bugs, fishes and flowers! Blue-bells everywhere, purple and white and yellow daisies, fox-

DRESS GOODS

Almost every day for several weeks past we have offered choice novelties in wool dress goods. At this time we have the most complete assortment of fall and winter fabrics ever shown in Nebraska at this season of the year. We claim to show a larger stock of dress goods than can be found in all other Lincoln stores combined.

MILLER & PAINE

- UNIVERSITY of NEBRASKA -

SCHOOL of MUSIC.

11 and Q Streets.

Offers superior instruction to all in artistic piano playing, and the correct use of the voice in song. All principal branches of music taught by special instruction. Pupils of any grade of advancement received at any time.

Fall Term opens September 2.

WILLARD KIMBALL.

DIRECTOR.

ROYAL GROCERY CO.

1032 P St, Lincoln Neb.

This is the place you are going to stop at and order your goods when down town or have our solicitor call on you. Why? Because you get better quality of goods for your money. Don't forget to order a sack of our Anchor patent flour. You should try our Teas and Coffees. They are absolutely pure. A trial will convince you.

PHONE 224

ROYAL GROCERY CO.

glove, golden rod, clematis and many high altitude flowers that I do not know. Blue-berries are ripe and abundant. I have recognized meadow larks, several varieties of swallows, wrens, humming-birds, orioles, robins, brown thrushes, grouse and the comic little water ousel. High up the eagles and hawks circle and at night the bats dart about our camp fire. Swarms of beetles and smaller bugs crawled about the tent, but do not come in. Some of the beetles are two inches long with very thick shells on their backs. I think they prey on the grasshoppers. All aboard. Good by, lovely spot!

Among the older residents of Lincoln are many persons who can render valuable assistance in THE COURIER'S projected series of sketches on "Early Days in Lincoln," the publication of which will commence at an early day. The proper sort of material is not easy to procure, and any assistance that may be given will be gladly received.

Fritz Westermann left Tuesday for Colorado Springs. Mr. Low is staying at the Springs and will remain for a week or so. A number of Lincoln people have visited this popular resort within the past few days.

Fred Benzinger, of the Chicago Times-Herald, was in the city Wednesday for a few hours and called at THE COURIER office. Mr. Benzinger was formerly a resident of Lincoln and will be remembered by many. He was associate editor of THE COURIER for a year or so under the proprietorship of L. Wessel. Afterwards he was Lincoln correspondent for the Omaha Bee, and was otherwise engaged in newspaper work in this

city. Mr. Benzinger is one of the most accomplished newspaper men who have contributed their talents to the upbuilding of Lincoln newspapers. Since leaving this city he has been employed in newspaper work in Omaha Chicago and New York.

G. M. Lambertson, Dr. O. F. Lambertson and C. B. Whitmore returned Tuesday from the Big Horn mountains. The party went to Sheridan and thence over the hills into the Big Horn Basin. A large catch of fish is reported and a considerable quantity of small game.

Tuesday evening the Christian Endeavorers of the city gave a party in the Y. M. C. A. building. They sang together, listened to solos by two of the sweetest amateur voices in the city, listened to "pieces," sang together again and went home.

THE COURIER'S Plattsmouth correspondent sends the following:

Miss Louise White, daughter of United States Marshall White, is spending her vacation at home in this city.

Plattsmouth has a two-times millionaire in Mr. William Foxwell, whose claim to an immense English estate has just been confirmed. He will take his family to England to live.

Mrs. O. H. Snyder is visiting at Malvern, Iowa.

Miss Edith Patterson is at home from her studies at Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. J. N. Wise is visiting her daughter in Denver.

Councilman Charles Grimes is Denver.

The Third Ladies Day reception was held at the elegant home of Mrs. Walker. The principle feature was Mrs. Stoughtenborough's dissertation on "Flower Love," in which she paid a