

**SOCIAL GOSSIP**

The *Democrat*, of Whiting, Ind., contains the following account of the Davidson-Mitchell wedding: At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Congregational church before a large company of invited guests, Rev. L. A. Townsend pronounced the beautiful ritual of the marriage ceremony which made Miss Lucy Davidson and Mr. Harold E. Mitchell husband and wife. As the organ, under the skillful touch of Miss Allen, pealed forth Mendelssohn's wedding march, the bridal party, preceded by ushers Chas. McGregor and Victor France, marched down the aisle and stood before the altar. The bridal couple were attended by the four brothers and the mother of the bride, who stood at their side during the ceremony. After the ceremony the party returned to the home of Mrs. Davidson where from 4:30 to 6:30 a reception was held, at which over one hundred guests were present. Many elegant and beautiful presents were received. The bride, Miss Lucy Davidson, is the daughter of Mrs. A. D. Davidson, and during her two years residence in Whiting has made many friends. She was instrumental in organizing the Fortnightly club and was its first president. She has been three times abroad, in England and on the continent, and rendered much valuable assistance to her mother at the time when Mrs. Davidson was judge of geology at the World's Fair, and Mr. Mitchell is to be congratulated on the prize he carries away with him. The bride was attired in a French creation of white cloth, trimmed with mink and lace. The entire front and train was of solid hand embroidery done in Switzerland. She wore a large hat and white cloth cape to match the costume and carried bride's roses. Mr. Mitchell, while a stranger in Whiting, is favorably known through mutual friends. He was educated at Shattuc Military academy and spent three years at Oberlin college, where he met his bride of yesterday. His father was for twenty years on the *Duluth Tribune* and Mr. Mitchell has followed in his literary course, and is now managing editor of the *Lincoln Call*. Those present from abroad were: Mrs. J. N. Davidson; Hon. S. M. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Wiley, Master Norris Wiley, Mr. A. E. Kimball, son and daughter, Judge Sears, J. Mead, from Chicago; Mr. O. Davidson, Miss May Davidson, from Elgin; Miss Lou Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Reifsnider, Miss Nellie Reifsnider, Miss Ida Gourley, from Oak Park; Mrs. Gilbert Edgerton, from Fremont, O.; Mrs. S. S. Egbert, Miss Minnie Egbert, Mr. and Mrs. Haines Egbert, from Goshen, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will leave for Lincoln tomorrow where they carry the best wishes of many friends.

The *Omaha Excelsior* has the following account of a Hallow'een party in the metropolis that reflects credit upon the capabilities and resources of the Omaha people.

"Hallow'een" was a glorious reality to those who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick at Happy Hollow on Thursday night. That lovely home, which reminds one more of a typical English country seat than most establishments in this part of the world, was arranged particularly in view of the festivities, the electrolers being covered with green to throw a ghastly light on the white-robed figures that fitted underneath, and here and there a pumpkin head, with eyes and mouth glaring red from candles within, adorned the newel-posts on the turns of the grand stairway. All came in sheets and pillow cases, a complete disguise, made more effective by some of the men donning

skirts, which they had great trouble in managing when the dancing commenced. Across one end of the hall were strung the acceptances, mostly in verse, and all very ingenious. One clever little woman who can sketch as well as rhyme, adorned the top of a note sheet with an etching of an elf and a robin warming themselves around a wood fire, and said, (with reference to the words of the invitation):

"Witches, goblins, spooks and owls,  
Yells and cat calls, screeches, howls,  
What a list of things unseen,  
Why, of course, its Hallow E'en  
M— L— and his spouse  
Gladly join this gay carouse,  
We both expect a jolly tear  
And load our guns for killing ———"  
And here followed a sketch of a bear

Three well known sisters write:  
"The spooks of Hillside gladly come  
On Hollow E'en to have some fun,  
In sheet and pillow case of white  
We'll join the spree with all our might,  
With witches, pumpkins, owls galore  
You'll see us at the great front door—  
Should you miss one of your gates  
Do not blame the family Y———"

One of the regrets ran as follows:  
"Your invitation came today,  
Accept our hearty thanks we pray,  
With spook and owl we fain would mix,  
Fain would we view the goblin's tricks,  
Nor should we fear e'en witches screech  
If Happy Hollow we might reach.  
Love to you all! Great joy be thine!  
Sorry we may not fail in line."

One young man, in prosaically accepting, plead that he refrained from dropping into verse as he didn't know where he might land in that case. His youngest sister, who is not yet "out," sent in this pathetic little screed:  
Oh, fairies! Stop thy dance and bring  
This tear stained message to thy King,  
To tell that I one year must wait,  
According to decree of Fate,  
Before it is my lot to see  
Great Happy Hollow's gaiety,  
Although I share not in the fun,  
I'm still their frienk, M— H———"

One frisky guest, with  
"Oh, what delightfulness,  
Stay-out-all-nightfulness"  
feeling that a man has when his wife is out of town, wrote:  
"Your witching invitation is at hand,  
(The goose honks high!)  
With mystery deep, but promise bland,  
(The bat will fly!)  
While Mrs. C—— is ling'ring on the coast,  
(The mice will play!)"  
Believe, I'll make of it the most,  
(At eight, you say!)"

One of our well known belles said, sportively:  
Your invitation for Thursday eve  
Came to me duly, and will receive  
My close attention, for on that night,  
Decked out in mask and garments  
white,  
To Happy Hollow I'll repair  
T' escape from spooks and goblins  
there.  
So D— C—— will love to "bat,"  
With the boys and girls, where the party's at."

One of our younger men did an acrostic:  
M any ghosts may I find there  
O n Thursday evening—foul or fair—  
R oaming 'round in garments white  
S elected for that very night.  
M ay ghosts and goblins never speak  
A s at your door they chance to meet,  
N ot thinking of departure late.  
Joe'll start in at the hour of eight.

There were many others equally well gotten up. When the time for unmasking came a witch appeared, accompanied by the traditional black cat, and performed various incantations about a fiery kettle, and then the fun began, bobbing for apples, throwing the peelings, an apple race, biting marshmallows from a lively string, three-legged races, and the various sports known to the evening preceding All Saints' day. A delightful New England lunch was served of doughnuts and coffee pump-

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