

near Butte, Neb., is probably in one of the lignite beds in that section." This caused the watchful Mr. Dana of the New York Sun to remark: "That is the usual materialistic attempt to find a matter-of-fact explanation for a surprising psychical and mental phenomenon." On Wednesday the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, the Boy Orator of the Platte, made his usual sixteen hour speech on silver at Butte. On Thursday morning all northeastern Nebraska, not merely the lignite beds, but the

snow on the surface and the immemorial bowels of the earth, was burning with a fierce though silver-colored flame. There is no way of putting that fire out. It will burn down to the antipodes, and the Hon. William Jennings Bryan will follow his own persuasive voice through the fiery tunnel so created to the other face of the earth. He will be talking 16 to 1 to the unhappy Hottentots by 1897. If his bark sinks, 'tis to another sea, and still a silver one."

THE EDITOR.

SOCIAL GOSSIP

The Patriarchs fancy dress party last Friday night, was well set. Everybody was in costume and the scheme of decoration was in harmony with the character of the party. It,—the dancers and the background, was complete and harmonious as a picture by one of the most modern French stylists, say Boldini or by illustrators like Albert Lynch and Bac. Long, straight, pieces of bunting were trained from the four corners of the room and met at the centre similar straight pieces from the four sides. These were fringed by grotesque masks, fastened a foot apart. The wall was paneled with masks and posters and a calcium light dimmed and illuminated the mystery and fascination of the scene. No one spoke; like ghosts, they peered into the cavities of each other's eyes and examined hands. Lovers looked in vain for ladies to whom they had sworn that no disguise they could assume would hide their identity, impatient, unbelieving husbands hunted for their wives and found them not in that whispering, fluttering, ghostly crush. The scheme of decoration was Mrs. W B Ogden's, a lady who knows how to lay on her colors broadly in a ball and with daintiness and attention to detail in a small house and attain success in both. Mrs. Ogden is to Lincoln what Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor is to Chicago. She understands the secrets of a good dinner, the decorative possibilities of her own house, the gowns she can wear, and what is more, those she cannot wear. She comprehends that she cannot follow fashion, but makes it follow her, so that people say—"That's just like Mrs. Ogden." Of the costumes the most original was that worn by Miss Lulu Clark. She was a very old and poor lady, bent with rheumatism but still lively and light on her feet, with an air of gentility in spite of her accordion and suggestive tin cup. She went about wailing the accordion, peering, hesitating and dancing in the style of fifty years ago before illness, poverty and age destroyed her kingdom of hearts. But one who has once ruled never loses the royal manner and this dear and pathetic old lady had it still. So that some who looked upon her said to themselves, "I think that is Lulu Clark." Miss Gere looked like a miniature of "Phyllis," in a flowered pink silk, Miss Harwood with her braided hair hanging down her back was a precocious and pretty infant, so was Mrs. Hargreaves. Mrs. Ladd and Miss Latta were "the two little girls in blue," anybody could see that. No one recognized Mrs. I M Raymond; she was a Scotch lassie, and she might have just come off the moors. I heard a number say, as they watched her dance that they thought it must be Ella Raymond. Mrs. C H Imhoff was a gray nun, a costume full of simplicity, grace and seriousness. If Patriarchs were not tired of thinking by night time they would have known the gray nun, Mrs. Imhoff had chosen to go on characters instead of on costume. Miss Whedon was "the old fashioned girl." There were a large number of dominoes and these were the most perfect dis-

guises. The hood conceals the back of and the carriage of the head, marks as characteristic as the features of the face. Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Rudy and Miss Maud Oakley were the "three graces," but wearing only a mask were immediately recognized. Most of the men wore dominoes or monk's costumes which are about the same, Captain Guilfoyle was a courtier of Louis XIV's time. Prof. Owens was a cadet or a hunter or a cadet hunting—and he was hunting too before the masks were removed. Prof. Taylor was a mandarin, and Prof. Barbour was Uncle Sam. There were other costumes just as effective as those mentioned, so many that my mind is confused when it attempts to be specific. They were a talented lot of people. Great are the "Patriarchs" of Lincoln.

The people at Mr. and Mrs. Lew Marshall's german Wednesday night might properly be designated as the younger smart set. There were a few young married people, Dr. and Mrs. Ladd, who arrived a little late, having spent the earlier part of the evening at the Junior Promenade at the Lincoln hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Burr, Mr. and Mrs. John Dorgan, Mr. and Mrs. W F Kelley. The remainder, and there were about fifty present, were the most lively members of the young unmarried set. The german was in celebration of the first wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and the favors, costumes and decorations were, very appropriately, of paper. Young society girls and callow youths have a way of saying: "This is the prettiest party I ever saw," and in their enthusiasm they really mean what they say. But the Marshall german quickened the enthusiasm of everybody. I do not remember a more elaborate or beautiful house party in Lincoln in recent years. The Buckstaff residence has seen many a merry dance, but none merrier than this fancy german, with the ladies in delicate paper dresses of varied design and the men resplendent in original conceptions in crepe tissue. Paper lanterns and flowers were arranged in the dancing hall, and the favors made a huge paper bouquet. Mr. Avery, of Sioux City, who arrived in the city the first part of the week accompanied by his sister, Miss Spalding, now the guest of Miss Mae Burr, led, with Miss Burr, and he acquitted himself with distinction. Mr. Avery exhibited a truly remarkable facility in the difficult task of leadership, and he had a way of making things come out smoothly.

A feature of this german was the presence of a number of girls from out of the city. These included Miss Spalding, who will remain in the city sometime, Miss Mount, of Omaha, who is the guest of Miss Slaughter, Miss Wallace, of Lafayette, Ind., visiting Mrs. R J Greene, Miss Wood, of Kansas City, who expects to return home today, and Miss Bennett, of Omaha.

Wednesday was a night of fetes, of frolice, the Junior promenade at the Lincoln, Mrs. Marshall's cottillion and

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