

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor:—Well, the Curtain Raiser has been played, and it is not assuming too much to conclude it was not an utter failure, since THE COURIER rung up the drop.

Now the serious business is about to begin. I have found out even at this tender, budding period of my journalistic career, that there is nothing so absolutely solemn as trying to be funny. You must be something, when corresponding with a newspaper, either funny, or awfully smart, and after reflection, I have decided on the former. Mamma said, "Why don't you be perfectly natural Penelope?" and Bob, my brother, said, "better be flat. Pen, it will be easier for you." I suggested that the joke smacked a trifle of the Middle Ages—and he agreed with me, adding that the application of it in this case was the only thing worth mentioning. I think if there is anything perfectly hateful, it is a smarty Alec boy. I am sorry Bob has found out about my literary aspirations, because every once in a while he frightens me half to death. A few evenings ago there were callers at the home, and Bob, on one occasion, said: "Oh! say, Mr. Doane, do you know Pen's got a new wheel in her head lately?" Then Will Doane, who is as polite as he is good looking, which is saying a great deal, replied: "What is that Bob?" When I was about to swoon away, my interesting brother turned it off, and said: "O! she's got a notion to ride a bike; won't she look a daisy in bloomers?" I think Mama ought to keep Bob out of the parlor, but he just runs the house.

I don't suppose these are the things you want to hear about—but the temptation to talk about ones self is terrible. I notice you suffer from it—but why should we be censured—we have illustrious examples. Senator Thurston has been talking about himself for one solid month, while John L. Webster, John C. Cowin and John C. Wharton have been snapping their fingers at Teacher—wanting a chance to talk about themselves—or go after a bucket of water, or something for relief, but it didn't come. The senator shed his life's blood in the convention Saturday—for the fourth time in two weeks by my personal count. I think it looks well to be interested in politics, and I really feel that unless he has pawn tickets for the redemption of some of it it won't hold out until after the national convention.

But you want to hear some news! You ought to subscribe for a Council Bluffs paper—but here's a bit: Mr. E. W. Dixon, of the Orchard Wilhelm firm, and a bachelor of the first degree, gave a very pretty dinner at McTague's to a few choice spirits on Tuesday evening last. As some of the girls were my friends and I don't want them to be excommunicated, I shall refrain from listing the guests. The table was covered with ferns and American Beauties and the menu comprised all the delicacies of the season—isn't that legitimate description? Mr. Dixon is about to leave for New York city to attend the wedding of his sister Mrs. Sloan of that metropolis, and by the way while love is said to laugh at locksmiths in this case it also snaps its fingers at gold, for in contracting this marriage, Mrs. Sloan relinquishes five hundred thousand dollars, two hundred thousand of which goes to Yale college, and yet the preachers and writers would have us believe that the high pressure of modern life has killed Romance. Its a mighty lively corpse, I think, when a woman will give up half a million for its possession, but antiques are rare and come high. This is not intended as a reflection on the

church. This club gave a unique performance a couple of weeks ago. The younger members, the daughters, cousins and nieces and so on, donned the raiments, and assumed the manners and tricks of speech of the older ladies, the leaders of the club—and had a parliamentary sitting. It was cleverly done I am told, but one or two of the ladies were a little sore over the extremely realistic presentation of their somewhat pronounced peculiarities and I don't blame them.

Do you know I think its nice and scary to be sitting up late and writing articles, it is almost midnight and the wind is howling "like a Bedlamite in a fit." Papa called up a little bit ago and said if I had to pay the gas bills I would probably go to bed earlier. This lack of sympathy hurts me of course, but I shall go right on.

O! do you know? can you believe it? Eleanor Duse is to be west the first of May. Here is a chance to multiply ecstasy. Of course we will have to pay for it, but after all three dollars is not a great deal to pay for seeing and hearing the greatest living actress.

D. H. Wheeler, jr., had a whole week of opera in Chicago. I think Dan has a pretty voice don't you? It has improved lately too. Fritz a Barnard, who used to be one of the girls here, and at one time did the society work on the Excelsior, and who is now in Minneapolis, is to be married in June, to some musical man from New York. No! I'm perfectly sure he is not an organ grinder—but I forget his name, and they go to Europe on their wedding trip, and the musical man, without a name, is to study in Germany, and Fritz a will learn to make rye bread and study the thrifty ways of the Deutsche Haus Frau, I suppose.

Dr. and Mrs. Ned Sumers are to entertain the medical fraternity at a re-

A Bud, looking up, saw the sun and straightway desired it. "Oh! sun," she called, "how bright you are—how good to look upon." It was midday and the sun lingered an instant and whispered weak nothings, then moved on. The Bud threw out her white arms; "Oh! sun, see! am I not fair too, and bright, and good to look upon?" "Yes, you are all these," the sun replied, "but you are too real to last. I am making a collection of artificial Buds." Eleanor, you are positively getting rude, you don't see the point to that! Well, you don't have to, I've changed my mind, I don't intend to try to be funny—I shall model my style after the Ancients, and their trump card was fables.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm have left the Paxton and set up their Lares and Penates, (Eleanor, you ought to work in the foreign languages occasionally, its awfully dressy) in Falconer house. Did you ever meet Mrs. Wilhelm? She is a charming little woman and a lovely singer. She is a great friend of Mrs. Baum's, who was, I believe, a Miss Funke of Lincoln and a dear little woman she is.

I felt awfully sorry about Mr. Falconer's failure, he was one of our oldest merchants, but I understand he has gone to Africa to open up a shop. I think that is a smooth scheme: it always struck me that the Zulus ought to wear more clothes, those bracelet and necklace costumes, besides being not quite the thing, simply give the jewellers a walk over, and freeze the dry goods man out.

The Woman's club is contemplating a change of venue, in fact I believe they have already venue. They had been holding their meetings in a lodge room on the corner of Fourteenth and Dodge, but the multitude of winding stairs leading up to my ladies council chamber, and the lack of elevator facilities, induced the progressive 500 to make an arrangement to occupy the Unitarian

ception Monday evening. There will be no more dissecting done than at any evening function. Has Christianity altered the anatomical tendency in Lincoln society? Omaha is still in the stone age.

I heard a funny story the other day, but I guess I will have to tell you another time. From certain familiar indications below, I think "Paw" is donning his war paint. Although I am not at all afraid of him, I really think it would be better, when he stumbles up this last flight of stairs, he should see nothing, and hear only the regular gentle breathing of your loving

PENELOPE.

Omaha, Wednesday evening, April 1, 1891.



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