

Theodore Ringwalt, Mr. Fred Hamilton, Miss Carita Curtis, Miss Swensberg, Dean and Mrs. Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Major and Mrs. Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Miss Emily Wakeley, Mr. Charles George, Mr. Clark Redick, Mr. Chat Redick, Dr. Nelson Mercer, Mr. Arthur Cooley and Mr. and Mrs. Barkalow, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Dr. and Mrs. Anglin and Mr. and Mrs. Brogan.

The dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Davis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield on Wednesday at eight o'clock was one perfect in its appointments and charming in every particular. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield, Mr. and Mrs. Cowgill, Miss Peck, Miss Emily Wakeley, Miss Hamilton, Dr. Bridgee, Mr. Frank Hamilton and Mr. Thomas Davis. At each plate were pink roses for the women and violets for the men and place cards with dainty pen and ink sketched heads. On a centre-piece of white and green embroidery rested a bowl of narcissus and sterna, and four silver candlesticks crowned with flower like shades of white silk completed the effect, which was altogether exquisite and bride like.

Mrs. Edmund Minor Fairfield is sending out cards for the afternoons of the 17th and 24th as her days at home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Redick spent Sunday in Kearney with Mr. and Mrs. John I. Redick.

Hon. John L. Webster, who has been confined for the past four weeks with an attack of pneumonia, is rapidly convalescing.

Mr. Wing B. Allen returned Tuesday from Washington, where he spent Christmas with Senator and Mrs. Thurston.

Mrs. Heth gave an informal but charming luncheon Thursday. Ferns and carnations on an exquisite drawn-work cloth made the table attractively dainty and red shaded candles lighted it. Mesdames E. Wakely, A. L. Williams, T. J. Mackay, Everett, Lyman of Council Bluffs, Philip Potter and Lawton were the guests. Mrs. Lawton has gone to Cripple Creek to make a short visit.

A meeting of the members of the Creche board on Thursday morning to elect new officers for the coming year resulted as follows: Mesdames T. L. Kimball, president; Julia Van Nostrand, vice president; Guy C. Howard, secretary, and P. O. Hawes, treasurer. The report of the matron showed that about 383 children have been in the Creche during the year, averaging about thirty daily.

On Monday in the gallery at Balduff's Mrs. Wakefield gave a beautiful luncheon for sixteen in honor of her daughter, Miss Jennie Wakefield, who was home from St. Margaret's school for the holidays. The colors of the school, yellow and white, were used in the table decorations, all the doilies and the centre-piece of drawn work being over yellow silk and a tall vase of white carnations sent out runners of yellow ribbon to each plate, a place card being attached to each ribbon. The guests were all school friends of Miss Jennie, most of them home only for the holidays. The guests were Misses Margaret Wood, Janet Rogers, Beesie Brady, Mary Lee McShane, Marguerite Pritchett, Outcalt and Funke of Lincoln, Marion Connell, Jennie Orcutt, Ada Kirkendale, Susan Holdrege, Lucy Gore, Pauline Hogan and Ella Mae Brown.

The ever popular Bostonians drew the best house of the season at Boyd's Monday evening, at least from the standpoint of social brilliancy, society being represented in boxes and parquet. In one of the lower boxes were Doctor

Miller, General Lee, the Misses Lee, Major Michie and Mr. George Lee. In another were Madame Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barker, Mr. John Patrick and Miss Chandler. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Coles occupied a box, while in the parquet was a party of young people, including the Misses Johnson, Swensberg, Carita Curtis, Moore, Wessells, Gates, Burke, Knowlton, Kountze, Preston, Jeanie Brown, Edith Smith, Lucy Gore, Beesie Brady and Mary Lee McShane; Messrs. Fred Hamilton, Earl Gannett, Davis, Haskell, Burns, Frank Hamilton, Otto Bauman, Colpetzer, John Burke, Lee McShane, Frank Keogh, McCaskell, Wharton and Sam Caldwell.

Mrs. Thomas D. Crane lost three diamond rings on a train from Lincoln last week.

OUR MASQUES.

A WOMAN'S UNWRITTEN LETTER.

We meet in the world, and your masque says: "I almost loved you once, but I have recovered entirely."

Mine from the heights of its serene indifference: "And pray, sir, what is that to me?"

They are good masques; disciplined, experienced, masques-of-the-world, mine especially, being a woman's. Yours is thinner, and through it, I—being a woman—sometimes see you! What bitterness in your soul, that a man such as you, inured to the shams and tricks and mockeries of the world; stung a thousand times by its monster selfishness; understanding so well the environment that trains a woman from the cradle, to stuff heart and humanity as attributes of commoners and fools—that you should have been so easily tricked by my consummate art! A worldling, you style me, as others do, a clever, soulless worldling; ambitious only for social success, for wealth, for power—the power "to drain from a man's soul its exuberance, and leave it a hard, warped, perverted thing." Your great love was too loyal for my deserts; too constant to be of value, even to my vanity; too exalted, you think, even for the comprehension of such as I!

Your pride, your manhood, have taken arms now. Never shall my false sympathy wrest from you one more word, one more sign of love. Once life held other interests; real, vital ones; you will take them up again, though they be savortless and irksome now. In the daily exertion and responsibility of action, you may crowd passion out—who knows?—and in the long years there will emerge from the strife a stern, prosaic being—eminent, perchance—who, looking back over the past, will scoff: "To have bled for a woman—ridiculous!"

Now, here in my boudoir, locked and curtained from the world, I will take off my masque. Only look into this heart of mine! You think me artificial! what other role is there for me? My lot is cast in the glitter of life, 'mid smiling insincerity, gilded commonplaceness, cynical, apathetic selfishness. Never before have I known one to whom I dared show warmth, and fidelity. Never has the ideal brightened my life. I, like the rest, unable to force the bars that held me, have struggled on for the empty triumphs yielded within my sphere. By regal pride, by splendor, by constant diplomacy, by apparent insensibility to thrusts and slander, they are won. I have been the most proud, the most diplomatic, the most insensible. I have played my part well. I have conquered; and being victorious, I have—starved. Then, among the false and ephemeral, I found you—true, aspiring, a rock of strength, a refuge from sordidness. I soon realized that your brave heart would give its best to me.

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FOR 1900?

LAWYERS-- Send The Courier your LEGAL NOTICES files are kept in fire proof buildings.

Then, oh, then, my poor, shriveled soul who had ever feared and avoided sentiment, allowed this soft thing to creep into my heart unresisted, to swell it and set its chords vibrating in rapturous harmonies. I, who had never known the luxury of absolute naturalness, became but a child with you. The goals of my worldly ambitions, for which you say, rightly, I have been taught to strive, faded into insignificance. In your sympathy I found content; in your faithfulness, security. It pleased me that to others I was intangible; to you, simple. Yes, so simple, so genuine, you must needs think it acting! Oh, my soul's one joy! to think that this sweet Love, sent to us from heaven itself, should be smothered, crushed, mangled, in the blasting routine of our distrustful lives! Had there been one taint of worldliness in my affection; had I used but a few of those dexterous subterfuges that come so easily when one does not care too much, there would not now be this desolate abyss widening between us. 'Tis the acting we do that is effective; deep feeling spoils our eloquence. The fickleness I assumed, you believed; the tumult of emotion which prompted it, you did not suspect! When I appeared just a little cold and turned to Horace Landon it was because my joyous abandon began to frighten me. I feared you might be satiated with appreciation; that after all, perhaps, you did not care as I. A thousand "mights" and doubts assailed me; a lack of confidence in myself that I had never known before, and I flew for refuge—as a woman will—to coquetry. It was such a tiny rift at first; a word, a smile, would have mended it. But you stood aloof, wounded. You hate him for that night, and all the miserable time since. Well, amiable, innocuous, as he is sometimes, so do I! What am I to him? Does he, or do any of the others who "love" me, ask, as

you do: "Has she such a thing as a soul?" No; they do not look for a soul in me. I am a bloodless, regal thing; a superb piece of art, a *chef d'œuvre* of civilization, which they admire and hang diamonds upon to display to their friends. Besides, what would they do with such a cumbersome thing as a soul? It would become embarrassing. But you—you could revive it and give it wings, and teach it to soar with you. I would strive with you in every ambition, mitigate every sorrow, and lustre to your success, or bear unflinchingly every cross, just to bear it with you. Together we could make life a glorious thing—and you do not dream it! Yes, I am clever; would to God I were thought stupid! stupid! that you might know me genuine. With distrust in your heart, what does life mean to me now? It means to have every pleasure poisoned, every grief doubly keen; to shun the ghastliness of solitude, only to meet the exhaustion of forced and strained animation in society; to have one longiogn—your presence—and that the sharpest pain of all! It means to face a future void of all else but these. And you will never, never know! An imperious woman must love imperiously; she can not bend and sue, she can not seek relief in one cry of anguish to a human soul; she must ever push grief down in her breast, there to let it coil and coil round a writhing heart. Ah, God, this should not be! Just one word from you! Just once your arms stretched out to me— My maid is knocking. I must be dressed for the evening's pleasure. In a few hours I shall meet you. Not as now—oh, no! Not a trace of tears and lines and pallor beneath my powder and rouge; not a sigh from a heart laced in too tight to throb or bound. The gown I shall wear is stiff and stately, and gitters with icy trimmings. It is the incarnation of hard brilliance; it crackles