

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,
July 2, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

Against absolute and persistent silence I am helpless. It is so exasperating, so actually maddening. I have no weapon of defense which can be used with effect against a blank wall of silence. Penelope, if you wish to live up to your opportunities—if you wish to continue to receive my valuable weekly epistles, you must prop up your end of the bargain a little more strongly. It's getting very shaky lately, and is in danger of tumbling down. What a wonderful thing this letter-writing is after all! What a marvelous fact that by means of a few irregular marks on a sheet of paper I am able to convey an idea to you, or you one to me. I only wish you would convey yours to me a little oftener! How strange that so palpable, so indefinable a something as a thought, perhaps when just ready to fly away again into the infinity from whence it came, is caught by this wonderful artist and compelled to stay its flight until its image has been sketched in characters true and permanent. You cannot see a thought,—how remarkable that it should cast a shadow! Yet what is a written text but shadows of thoughts? You cannot tame a thought, but its representative you can hold; it cannot fly away as the original is sure to do. The representatives, shadows of thoughts, we yoke and harness together like chain-gangs of doomed spirits, and confine them between prison walls sometimes secured by a lock. The world is full of these prison houses, and we call them books. William Ellery Channing says with authority: "In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books!" Thomas Carlyle also says with an uncertain tone: "The true university of these days is a collection of books." But in the face of the medley of books which is sent into the reading world every month, we cannot fail to appreciate the force of the statement of Lord Bacon, that "some books are to be tasted, others swallowed and some few to be digested." But my letters evidently do not interest you, Penelope, or you would answer them. I realize that as a vender of news items I am a dismal failure; and since news is the legitimate subject for a letter rather than abstract ideas, I can blame myself alone for the infrequency of your replies. Yours faithfully,

ELEANOR.

TALE OF THE SHAG-EYED
SHARK.

The mackerel bit as they crowded and lit to grab at our gange-in' bait,
We were flappin' em in till the 'midship bin held clus' on a thousand weight;
When all of a sudden they shet right down an' never a one would bite,
An' the Old Man swore an' he r'ared an' tore till the mains'l nigh turned white.
He'd pass as the heftiest swearin' man that ever I heard at sea,
An' that is allowin' a powerful lot, as sartainly you will agree.
Whenever he cursed his arms shot up an' his fingers they wiggled about,
Till they seemed to us like a windmill's fan a pumpin' the cuss words out.
He swore that day by the fodder hay of the Great Jeehookibus whale,
By the Big Skedunk, an' he bit a hunk from the edge of an iron pail.
For he knowed the reason the fish had dodged an' he swore us stiff an' stark
As he durned the eyes an' liver an' lights of a shag eyed, skulkin' shark.
Then we baited a line all good an' fine an' slung 'er over the side,
An' the shark took holt with a dretful jolt,
An' he yanked an' chanked an' tried
To jerk it out, but we held him stout so he couldn't duck nor swim,
An' we h'isted him over t' at old sea rover
—we'd business there with him.

A yoopin' for air he laid on the deck,
An' the skipper he says, says he:

"You're the worst, dog gondest, mis'able hog that swims the whole durn sea.
Mongst gents as is gents it's a standin' rule to leave each gent his own—
If ye note as ye pass he's havin' a cinch, stand off an' leave him alone.
But you've slobbered along where you don't belong, an' you've gone an' spiled the thing,
An' now, by the pink tailed Wah hoo fish, you'll take your dose, by jing!"
So, actin' by orders, the cook fetched up our biggest knife on board.
An' he ripped that shark in his midship bulge; then the Old Man he explored.
An' after a while, with a nasty smile, he give a yank an' twist,
"Hurroo!" yells he, and then we see the liver clinched in his fist.
Still actin' by orders, the cook fetched out his needle an' biggest twine—
With a herrin bone stitch sewed up the shark all right an' tight an' fine.
We throwed him back with a mighty smack an' the look as he swum away
Was the most reproachfulest kind of a look I've seen for many a day.
An' the liver was throwed in the scuttle butt to keep it all fresh an' cool,
Then we up with our sheet an' off we beat, a chasin' that mackerel school.

We sailed all day in a criss cross way, but the school it skipped an' skived,
It dodged and ducked, an' backed an' bucked, an' scooted an' swum an' dived.
An' we couldn't catch em, the best we do— an' oh, how the Old Man swore!
He went an' he gargled his throat in ile, was peeled so raw an' sore.
But at last, way off at the edge of the sea, we suddenly chanced to spy
A tall back fin come fannin' in, against the sunset sky.
An' the sea ahead of it shivered an' gleamed with a shiftin' an' silvery hue,
With here a splash an' there a dash, an' a ripple shootin' through.
An' the Old Man jumped six feet from deck; he hollered an' says, says he:
"Here comes the biggest mackerel school since the Lord set off the sea!
An' right behind, if I haint blind, by the prong jawed dog fish's bark,
Is a finnin' that mis'able hog of the sea, that liverless, shag-eyed shark!"

But we out with our bait an' down with our hooks, an' we fished an' fished an' fished,
While round in a circle, a cuttin' the sea, that back fin whished and slished;
An' we noticed at last he was herdin' the school an' drivin' em on our bait,
An' they bit an' they bit an' we pulled 'em in at a reg'lar wholesale rate.
We pulled 'em in till the Sairy Ann was wallerin' with her load,
An' we stopped at last cause there wa'n't no room for the mackerel to be stowed.
Then up come a finnin' that liverless shark, an' he showed his stitched up side,
An' the look in his eyes was such a look that the Old Man fairly cried.
We rigged a tackle an' lowered a noose an' the shark stuck up his neck,
Then long and slow, with a heave yo ho, we h'isted him up on deck.
The skipper he blubbered an' grabbed a fin an' gave it a hearty shake;
Says he, "Old man, don't lay it up an' we'll have a drop to take."
An', actin' by orders, the cook fetched up our keg of good old rum;
The shark he had his drink poured first, an' all of us then took some.
Still actin' by orders, the cook he took an' he picked them stitches out,
An' we all turned to, an' we lent a hand; though of course we had some doubt
As to how he'd worn it an' how twas hitched an' whuther twas tight or slack
But as best we could—as we understood—we put that liver back.
Then we sewed him up, an' we shook his fin an' we give him another drink,
We h'isted him over the rail again an' he giv' us a partin' wink.
Then he swum away, an' I dast to say, although he was rather sore,
He felt that he'd started the trouble first, an' we'd done our best an' more.
'Cause a dozen times fore the season closed an' the mackerel skipped to sea,
He herded a school an' drove 'em in, as gentlemanlike as could be,
We'd toss him a drink, an' he'd tip a wink, as sociable as ye please.
No kinder nor better mannered shark has ever swum the seas.

Now, the moral is, if you cut a friend before that you know he's a friend,
An' after he's shown it, ye do your best his feelin's to nicely mend,
He'll meet ye square, an' he'll call you quits providin' he's got a spark
Of proper feelin'—at least our crew can vouch this for a shark.

—By Holman F. Day, in
The Saturday Evening Post.

FASHION LETTER.

Lady Modish in Town Topics.

Dainty chiffons and laces are now in favor.

Now that really summer weather is upon us we see the blossoming forth of dainty chiffons and point d'esprits. Exceedingly sheer white batiste made over white taffeta is also favored. Ecu Venice guipure collars are worn with the foulards, and are wider than those of last year. A pleasing costume worn by an early arrival at a summer hotel was of gray foulard with a black trailing vine figure. The front of the bodice was of white silk crepe, and literally covered with French knots in black. Where the foulard met the front it was edged with a heavy silk band of palest blue. A cluster of tiny black velvet ribbons, with innumerable ends, each finished with a small gold spike, was worn at the throat with good effect. The skirt of this gown was tucked all over in medium-sized folds running horizontally. The foot deep flounce about the bottom was tucked up and down in clusters. The result was extremely pretty. There was no other trimming on the skirt, and only velvet ribbon bands on the sleeves. These were about four in number, and were joined by gilt buttons, harmonizing nicely with the gold spikes on the front.

A stunning belt worn with a costly lace gown was composed of stripes of half-inch velvet ribbons running up and down at intervals of about an inch with a gilt button at top and bottom. This belt was boned in every other strip of velvet, and was unlined. The same scheme was followed in the garnishing of the tops of the sleeves and at the neck of the gown. This is one of the prettiest conceits of the summer. The ribbon waistbands of Empire style, with big, beautiful clasps, are being worn, as are also the embroidered silks built wide to wear with the boleros. Because of the undiminished popularity of the bolero and bolero effects many of the belts are very wide, and much taste is shown in the selection of these important accessories by the modishes.

In the park at five o'clock one still sees smart costumes, although most of the fashionables have left town. One, conspicuous for its simplicity, was a foulard of dark blue trimmed only in effects brought about by tuckings. The hat was blue with cornflowers, and the parasol matched the gown, and was also tucked around the edge to a depth of about four inches. Miss Evelyn Burden is now wearing a lovely dark blue foulard. It is perfect in the lines and sets off her remarkable figure to good advantage. Another gown was of brilliant scarlet etamine. The short coat had a wide rounding collar, and the little vest effect in front was of elaborate embroidery in various shades of red on white. There was no other trimming save hemstitchings, through which white showed. This was around the skirt, collar and waistbands.

Imported very sheer lawn shirt-waists are the very latest cry. These vary in price from fifteen dollars to fifty, and are works of art. Generally they are fastened in the back, and are so sheer that the undergarment is of quite as much importance as the blouse itself. One that was the evident source of delight to its wearer was made of a tissue-like silk mull with a delicate tracery of embroidery in front and groups of infinitely small tucks at the shoulders and wrists. The cuff was turned away with a costly bit of the embroidery outlining it. This also edged the collar. Those of all-over embroideries are particularly to be desired. They are often so fine as to be mere webs worked in most artistic designs of round, square or diamond shape. These are untrimmed and are made severely plain, yet nothing is handsomer.

With a handsomely tailored skirt and a plumed hat—the plume wound all about it—few costumes are more effective, and certainly none more comfortable for evening wear during the hot weather. The plumed hat, by the way, is growing more popular, with the plumes more exaggerated in length than when I wrote of it a few weeks ago. A large hat of fine hand made, pale yellow braid, with a soft crown and curving, semi-soft double brim, is one of the latest models. This is simply trimmed with one very long and very full snowy white plume.

A Great Newspaper.

The Sunday edition of the St. Louis Republic is a marvel of modern newspaper enterprise. The organization of its news service is world-wide, complete in every department; in fact, superior to that of any other newspaper.

The magazine section is illustrated in daintily tinted colors and splendid half-tone pictures. This section contains more high-class literary matter than any of the monthly magazines. The fashions illustrated in natural colors are especially valuable to the ladies.

The colored comic section is a genuine laugh-maker. The funny cartoons are by the best artists. The humorous stories are high-class, by authors of national reputation.

Sheet music, a high-class, popular song, is furnished free every Sunday in The Republic.

The price of the Sunday Republic by mail one year is \$2.00. For sale by all news dealers.

UTAH
AN IDEAL CLIMATE

The first white man to set foot on Utah soil, Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, who reached the **GREAT SALT LAKE** on the 23rd day of September, 1776, wrote in his diary: "Here the climate is so delicious, the air so balmy, that it is a pleasure to breathe by day and by night." The climate of Utah is one of the richest endowments of nature. On the shores of the Great Salt Lake especially—and for fifty miles therefrom in every direction—the climate of climates is found. To enable persons to participate in these scenic and climatic attractions and to reach the famous **Health, Bathing and Pleasure Resorts** of Utah, the **UNION PACIFIC** has made a rate to **OGDEN** and **SALT LAKE CITY** of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00, from Missouri River, to be in effect June 18th to 30th inclusive, July 10th to August 31st inclusive. Return limit October 31, and \$30.00 for the round trip on July 1 to 9 inclusive, September 1 to 10 inclusive.

Proportionately low Rates from intermediate points.

Full information cheerfully furnished upon application.

E. B. SLOSSON, Agent.

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Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, will at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 31 day of August, 1901, at the east front door of the Lancaster county courthouse, Lincoln, Nebraska, sell as an entirety at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real property of the estate of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased, situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit, the n. s. of lot 14, and lots 15, 16, 17 and 18 in block 5. Lots 17 and 18 in block 6. Lot 7 in block 8, all in Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, surveyed, platted and recorded. Also lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in block 1. Lots 10, 11 and 12 in block 3; all of block 5, being lots from 1 to 18, inclusive. All of block 7, being lots from 1 to 12, inclusive. In Second Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. This property was offered for sale on the 25th day of June, 1901, but it was found best to postpone the sale.

EDWARD C. PERKINS and
CHARLES S. MAURICE,
Executors of the will of
Albert E. Touzalin, deceased.