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Auld Lang Syne.

The second and third numbers are from Italian and French operas respectively. The "Serenade" is a typical example of American light opera, and gives especial prominence to the cornets. The "Waltz" is a descriptive number in which the piccolo does effective work.

The gratitude of the community is due Professor Hagenow for the pleasure of these evening concerts. Gratitude at least should be freely expressed since the financial remuneration is so conspicuously lacking. It is to be hoped that some definite plan will be acted upon during the winter whereby funds will be raised to insure the pleasure of these concerts twice a week next summer.

"HIS WIFE."

Has the American woman who writes stories for the magazines a less robust and wholesome mind than her English sister of the same ilk? We know that the English woman, set beside her American sister, has the appearance of firmer physical health. Has she also a mind of firmer and more robust fibre? And is the American story-writer weaker, and, so to speak, more hysterical?

An American author, in a story entitled "His Wife," just beginning in the September Harper's Monthly, paints a blonde heroine, blue eyed, fair haired, pearly skinned. Our sympathies are enlisted from the beginning upon the angel's side and against the husband, who has a fine face, but DARK. The blonde angel-wife is ill—heart disease—and makes a pathetic picture of herself against piles of blue pillows when she faints.

Any other woman would look ghastly when threatened with death by heart failure, but she does not; "her mouth began to take on a pitiful expression," but that is all. Dr. Thorne tells her she is in a serious condition—"he told her the truth." She answers that she will tell her husband herself, assuming that "he'd take it easier if I told him myself, poor fellow."

And she makes a pretty picture of herself while she tells him. "She drew his hand over her eyes, so that she might not see how he would look, for she felt so sorry for her husband."

The author concedes that perhaps the husband had a blundering, masculine notion of doing the best thing for her. He stares out of the window, and at last says, "Cheer up, Jean. You've

grown nervous lately." He undoubtedly meant well; but the final and apparently unbearable thing he says is, "Don't grow hysteric, whatever happens."

Before that brutal speech "she would have clung to him and poured her soul out on his breast,—would have spared him the worst of everything and given him the best," although how sparing him the worst is compatible with telling him that his wife, the mother of his children, is soon to die, is not made clear to the literal mind.

That word "hysteric" cooked his goose. His wife "lay still and unresponsive. She tried to smile gently upon him. "She began to sob—the cruel sobs that wreck a weakened heart—and the man fought for her life for an hour." After this "he was quite devoted to her for a week or two, came home early, sent her flowers like a lover, and spent his evenings with her." The wife receives her husband's acceleration of tenderness "with a kind of fear." How was she to forego it when the time came that it might overlook her again?

It is perhaps too captious to remark that this young woman, evidently a sweet young thing, seems to be thinking mainly of herself, as is the fashion of hysterical women. If she had acquired a normal measure of self-control when she was well, she would not, when a danger-fraught illness beset her, literally have cast her chances of life away in "the sobs that wreck a weakened heart."

The narrative insists upon her angelic blonde care of others, and carelessness of herself. But care for one's self is the very first step in the care for others. When a woman refuses to care for that most important factor in the happiness of a home, the health of the wife and mother,—as necessary, surely, as that of the other head,—she is guilty of supreme selfishness.

It may be the author does not intend this woman who so forcibly resents the word "hysteric," to be admired. But at this stage of the story we evidently are expected to love and bless the darling, instead of desperately gritting our teeth over her conduct in the face of her danger. It may be that the next chapter will take her gently off from the sacrificial pile where she is lying now, the same being the aforesaid becoming blue pillow.

It is a most provoking thing not to come up to the author's expectations. The reader is abashed by something that stares from the printed page of Jean's woe—something which says "Pig that you are, what, no tug at your heart-strings yet, eh? You have no heart-strings!" On the other hand,—for there always is another hand,—"His Wife" has a Husband, a professional man, tied down to worrying cares. "Their only

hardship had been the strenuous denial of the professional life." As any professional man advances in his profession, the "strenuous denial" is an ever-strengthening chord. Life in its largest meaning takes hold of the man. He is bound on the wheel. Once in a while he would escape from his bonds and fly to the woods, or on the sea in a yacht, the best imitation of flying. His friend, the yachtsman, entreats him to go; his friend, the sportsman, beckons to the high hills. Every nerve in the man's body pleads for relief from the burdens on his back, but His Wife says, "I always was afraid of guns!—GUNS—and BOATS—They're like snakes!"

The Lady with the Parasol.

That serious accidents are averted when the traveling public in street car or railway train meets the "lady with the furred parasol" is by no virtue of precaution on her part, but is due to an agility on the part of the public which has learned to know her ways and be wise in time. The method in the madness of this handling of the parasol that invests an otherwise harmless and necessary article with lethal possibilities is the carrying of it firmly grasped under the arm, projecting with its sharply pointed and ferruled end a considerable distance from the body. Thus equipped a woman has but to enter a crowded car or squeeze along a narrow aisle and even life itself is not safe.

If this is not the method and there is variation, the parasol is carried like a lance, pointing straight forward, a bayonet, that is only prevented from spearing its victim by the interference of Providence or the intuitive shrinking of her would-be victim, for the woman who carries her parasol in all these deadly positions, liable to rake everything in reach as she sits down or scrapes the aisle, is always perfectly oblivious to the fact that she is at all menacing any one's beauty, peace of mind, health or happiness. However it is, many are threatened, but few are caught by the seemingly inevitable jab in the ear or eye, or the straight scrape across the face, or the puncture in the intercostal space when the car jolts and all who stand in the aisle fall on each other's necks.

It is, perhaps, too much to ask the lady with the parasol to have a care, to carry it demurely by her side, and so quiet the nerves of her apprehensive neighbors. The good fortune cannot last forever, and as a cat may look at a queen, there is certainly no harm in suggesting that the rigid presentation of the parasol at right angles to the body is potentially dangerous to others and is far from picturesque. Woman is never so lovely as in summer attire, the parasol as a creation of lace-like confection is often a dream, but need the combination of the two be made a nightmare?—Philadelphia Press.

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(First Pub. Aug. 24.—3)
Notice of Final Report.
Estate No. 1425 of Nathan S. Harwood, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
The state of Nebraska to all persons interested in said estate, take notice that F. L. Harris, administrator, has filed a final account and report of his administration which has been set for hearing before said court on September 10, 1901, at ten o'clock A. M., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated August 23, 1901.
[SEAL] FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk.

First Pub. Aug. 24.—3.
Notice of Final Report.
Estate No. 1234 of Jefferson H. Foxworthy, deceased, in county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.
The state of Nebraska to all persons interested in said estate, take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration, and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which has been set for hearing before said court on the 12th day of September, 1901, at ten A. M., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated August 23, 1901.
[Seal.] FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.
WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk.