

SOCIAL CIRCLES

The enthusiasm of those who minister to the social element in Lincoln has been greatly repressed during the past month.

An Elegant Home Wedding. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oakley was handsomely decorated with beautiful water lilies and tropical plants.

In Camp at Milford. A merry party of young people, chaperoned by Mrs. W. F. Allyn left Lincoln Monday evening to spend a week fishing.

Opera Party. A party of young people went out to Lincoln park Monday evening to witness the performance of "Mikado" by the Ideal Opera company.

Fishing Party. A fishing party comprising Mr. Julius Westerman of the News, Mr. E. B. Fairchild of the Journal, Messrs. Will Maupin and B. J. Drummond of the World-Herald, Mr. R. A. Clapp and Mr. Will Baird left Sunday evening for a fishing tour through the wilds of Missouri.

Pleasant Tea Party. Miss Anna Nunke entertained a few friends at tea Tuesday. The party consisted of Miss Mary Miller, Miss Olive Latta, Miss Nellie Baum of Omaha, Mrs. T. W. Griffith and Mrs. Oscar Funke.

Miss Kimball Entertains. Miss Kate Kimball entertained a few young friends in a charming manner at tea Tuesday evening.

The following is taken from one of the Salt Lake City exchanges: Mrs. Hadra gave a very pleasant reception Friday evening, from 7 to 10 o'clock, in honor of her friend, Mrs. Max Kohn of Lincoln, Neb.

August calendar with dates and moon phases. Includes a small illustration of a woman in a dress.

roses. Among the guests were, Meslames Obendorfer, Louis Cohn, Alex Cohn, Lippman Emanuel Kahn, Lee Hollander, Hyams, Phillips, Freed, Ranshoff, Simon Bamberger, Herman Bamberger, Simon, Wolf, Welsh, Openheimer, S. Simons, Eisman, Hanak, Joseph Baumgarten, Dr. Jacobs, B. Cohen, Newman, Miss Rily Simons and Miss Rosina Cohen.

The society of Willing Workers gave a social last Friday evening at the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, Sixteenth and A streets, for the benefit of a little crippled orphan girl whom the society has in charge.

It is rumored that a pretty Lincoln blonde will be married early in September to a popular young man from Kansas City.

THE GUEST FROM GRASS CENTER.

Things Are Different Down There, and It Troubled Abner Hawes. There was a commotion of a somewhat peculiar nature on Union square Saturday.

"It's a swindle!" shouted the old man vigorously. "Folks warned me about this down to Grass Center, Ia., where I come from. I ain't been in New York two hours, an you fellers is tryin to swindle me already."

"After some moments of argument and persuasion, the matter was finally adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, but Abner Hawes was stalling before him, muttering to himself, and an interested spectator followed him as, after gazing at the large glass windows, he cautiously entered a restaurant.

"He had not proceeded more than a dozen steps when he stopped. The large mirror on either hand and the inlaid ceilings visibly impressed him. Abner stuck out three long inches of a very red tongue in an embarrassed manner, turned about and attempted to retreat. But it was too late. An attendant had already pounced upon him."

"Kin you give me what I want?" "What do you want?" "Cov'n beef an cabbage."

"Two minutes later Abner sat at a long table discontentedly eyeing the very small portion of the delectable dish before him. It was a busy time of day. A man occupied a chair beside Abner, and Abner observed him with suspicion. Another patron entered and sat down upon a chair on the other side of him. Abner grew uneasy.

rest and admiration. It was the working model of the well known meek little old man who stands on Fourteenth street. He has a glass case on a tripod that contains the presentment of a ship on a stormy sea.

"This ship was made by myself, a poor old sailor." Beneath these words is a little slot into which charitable people may deposit contributions to the genius of the designer.

"The meek old sailor tried to explain, but Abner could not contain himself longer. "Bunked!" he shouted. "Bunked at last! I been expectin it every minute. I heard tell all about you bunko men. Gimme back all my money, or I'll git the constable."

"They Couldn't Stand It. Strawber—I see you got into trouble at Narragansett Pier the other day. Singlerly—Yes; I came near being arrested. Strawber—What was the matter? Singlerly—I very foolishly wore my sister's bathing suit.—Clothing and Furnisher.

On the Piazza. She—I'm afraid it's growing late. I must go inside now. He—Why, it's early. It's only 11 o'clock. She—But I've got to go and find my chaperson. I haven't seen her since dinner, and she's probably tired.—Truth

The First Day Out. Steward—Did you ring, sir? Traveler—Yes, steward, I—I rang. Steward—Anything I can bring you, sir? Traveler—Y-yes, st-steward. Bub-bring me a continent, if you have one, or an island. Anything, steward, so I-lul-long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship.—Harper's Bazar.

Economy. "I've just got back from Washington, where I've been ever since election trying to get an appointment," said a member of the club last night, with a sigh. "Gave up hope, eh?" sympathizingly chimed in a friend. "Oh, no," was the prompt rejoinder. "I came home to hope. It's cheaper to hope here."—Chicago Dispatch.

An Old Sward. This glittering sword, this same bright blade, a glorious part in history played. See, there half effaced is the British crown. And the hit is abash with jewels gay. My grandfather found it in Boston town just after the British had sailed away.—When Washington was our general.

And then for years, tradition sings, It helped to sever the apron strings Which bound us to England across the sea; It served to make real a hope forlorn; It fought for the thirteen colonies. And then in a proud salute was borne.—When Washington was our president.

This glittering sword, this same bright blade, in a case for a hundred years was laid. It made all titles transparent seen in the land where men are equal and free. Forever—but wait, now, faint an address. I hope and form fair and lovely I see. I hope that a queen reigns o'er me. OLIVER HARPER.

EARLY FALL STYLES.

CHARMING WOMAN HABITED IN A GRACEFUL NEGLIGEE.

A Clever Idea—Comfortable and Attractive Frocks—Nice Attire For Little Girls—A Very Handsome Model Fall Gown—Fine Turkish Trimming.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Perhaps a woman is never more charming than when habited in a graceful negligee. By that is not meant those bulky, shapeless night-gown shaped wrappers that give a woman almost elephantine proportions, but a neat, trim shape, fitting and outlining the figure and depending for its negligee effect upon a wattleau back and gathered front fastened down under a ribbon whose floating ends always look so womanish and dainty.



SLING SLEEVE NEGLIGEE AND GIRL'S DRESS.

One of the cleverest ideas in the way of such a gown was a mode colored pongee, with a piece of half inch manilla rope sewn into the skirt in "over and over" stitches, the holes it goes through being buttonholed firmly. This makes a very odd but effective trimming, and it is placed about four inches from the bottom, so that it appears to be hemmed from the outside. The neck is cut to come down to where the shoulders and neck join and straight across. The pongee is gathered at the neck, and from there it falls to the waist line, but across the breast are the flat rows of ribbon woven in the pongee. The ribbon is rush green. The sash ribbon is the same, with iridescent spangles sewn along irregularly.

The distinction of this negligee consists in the sling sleeves, which are made of Algerian silk in its barbaric stripes of color, in which green, yellow and pink predominate. In the back there is a wattleau of the pongee silk, with a looped manilla rope, forming a sort of broche, and with ends fringed out a quarter of a yard and intermingled with floselle of green, yellow and pink.

It seems that, as the few pattern gowns arrived from abroad now show, the berths or bretelle capes are to be more exaggerated than ever. I saw one made of iridescent silk, blue and red, making a rich purple in its shades, and there were stiffened huetelles that stood out at least 18 inches from the neck to the widest part. The skirt was plain empire, with a ribbon ruffle at the knee and one at the bottom in the same shades, and nowhere did the skirt touch the ground, and it stood out like a bell.

A black silk warp henrietta had a plain tailor finish skirt, with a shell plaiting of the same elegant material. This shell plaiting is very fine, and when well made is one of the prettiest trimmings ever devised where neat work shows. There were three rows of the shell plaitings eight inches apart, bringing the upper one 24 inches from the bottom. The waist had enormous bretelles stiffened to stand out like wings, and in front one lapped over the other in fichu style and fastened under a rosette. The gigot sleeves were enormous at the top.

A very handsome gown was received last week by one of the large houses, and it is a model on which many others will be built. It was of pale heliotrope faille, with a deep founce of white mouseline de soie, with a heading of the same, fastened by a double edge box plaiting of a darker shade of heliotrope. Around the waist and around the neck are other plaitings of the silk muslin. The upper sleeves are of shot surah, purple and gold, and there are double plaitings around the arms and around the neck, the latter being placed on the wide berths, which is cut on a half circle, so that it falls into rich folds and to a jabot point.



NEW FALL STYLES.

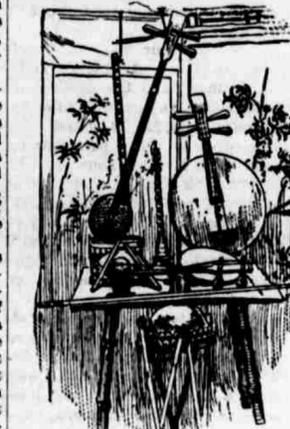
The Turkish women are adepts in making fine trimmings. Some like beads; others like pearls with leaves sewn in of the dress material or some other contrasting material. It is quilted up. They also make a trimming of black silk or dark blue that represents a flight of swallows, and this is set as a border upon the edges of their outer garments. I expect that some enterprising dressmaker will soon have the heading or other similar garniture made for fine dresses. OLIVER HARPER.

A CELESTIAL SONG.

Chinese Music and Melody—Wood, String and Brass Instruments.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 1.—"There are only five notes in our scale of music," said Lue Tow, a dealer in Chinese musical instruments. "We don't use the notes corresponding to the fourth and seventh in the American scale, and we claim that there are eight distinct sounds in nature. We have instruments to represent these sounds, but have only five notes. That may seem queer to you Americans, and we may naturally wonder why it does. They are: The sounds of skin, of which we make the drum; cymbals are made of stone; bells, of metal; horns, of baked earth; lutes, of silk; violins, castanets and vibrating instruments, of wood; flutes, of bamboo, and mouth organs of the gourd. The sound of skin has eight notations, and we have a drum for each, with different kinds of barrels, long or short or full, and some of these are struck with the right hand and drawn to the left and some with the left hand and drawn to the right.

Lue Tow took down a banjo and began a plunkety plunk which would have been a melody had not the two most natural notes been omitted. The drum of the banjo is of skin, soaked in pure water after being tanned, which gives it a sweet and mellow sound. The drum is about the size of a closed hand. The board is about 2 feet long, with two six inch keys at the end. The Chinese violin and guitar are noted for their large keys and small bridge, the reverse from the American instrument. The drum of the guitar is as round as a turtle, which in some cases it is made to represent. They have musical instruments in the shape of various animals, birds, etc., and adorn them with carvings, silken tassels, ribbons and canopies of silk of all colors, designed to please the eye as well as the ear—of their own race. The violin, which is about a foot and a half long, is played by placing the bow underneath the strings. There are no quick or lengthy strokes. The motion is slow and apparently uniform, the fingers of the left hand manipulating the strings in what they deem music—a harsh, squeaking sound. For my entertainment Lue Tow sawed out an ancient love song, the motif of which, he said, was the giving of a Celestial maiden in marriage to a prince, who carried her far from home, beyond the great walls of China. She



CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

became homesick, and thus express, her grief. The words are bad enough, but on hearing the music I did not wonder at her illness:

My kinsfolk have given me away Into a foreign land, To the chiefdom of the Usan. He dwells in a miserable hut Covered with skins. His food is flesh, and milk is his drink. When I think of my home, Then I long to be a wild goose, That I might fly away into my fatherland. The musical notes are written in columns, and the words are written between the parallel columns and read from right to left, but this is an old time song, so familiar to the household that neither music nor words are necessary, being picked up by all beginners like the "By, Baby, By" in the tree top.

The flute is made of bamboo, the most musical of all substances, and it serves as the "key," or "pitch," for the tuning of all other instruments. They are similar in make to our own flutes, only that the embouchure is in the middle instead of at the end. The successive sounds of their flute serve as the basis of their musical scale. The flute is bound with silk between the apertures, so as to preserve the wood from cracking, also to sweeten the sound.

The Chinese cymbals are not strictly cymbals, in that they are not clashed together, but struck with a drumstick as a drum. They are of various sizes, each having a different note, and are arranged on a frame from 3 or 4 to 16 and played as we play a dulcimer. When one gets out of tune, a piece is chipped off the end or sliced off the back. These stones are valued according to their tone, which is given to them by exposure to the sun and the peculiar variations of the atmosphere in certain districts in China where they are found.

Another wooden instrument is a life size tiger in a crouching position. It is called the tiger, or ou. It has 97 teeth sticking out of its back. It is stated by my informant that formerly the wooden teeth were melodious, and that by striking the tiger on the head he would pitch a tune, but during the last thousand years the art of making teeth with melody has been lost, and the practice is now to scrape the animal's back with a metal stick. For more than 2,000 years the Chinese have known the fourth and seventh notes and must know that the insertion of these notes would complete the octave and render their music sweeter, yet they have refrained from using them. The only assigned reasons are that the two omitted notes are the hardest in the seven to remember, and with them five is a magical number to which everything conforms—the five points of the compass, east, north, south, west, center. J. N. SCANLAND.

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