

BURLINGTON WOMEN

AND DAMSELS OF THE HAWKEYE TOWN.

With in Beauty and Talents the Social Life of the City Ebb the Year Around—So It Is.

(Continued from page 1.)

Two sturdy pioneers came this way in 1829. They crossed the beautiful Mississippi river from their lodge on the Illinois shore and toiled up the romantic hills that sit majestically above the rolling sweep of waters. White and Amzi Doolittle were another, as they beheld that here was to grow an imperishable city. It was too country, too much like a place to be long held by Black Keweenaw and their warriors. They came true. White and Amzi were asleep long since, but in this region was first opened the settlement, these two took up claims on the site of the city. They named the place "Burlington," possibly from the geographical features of the famous bluffs, or from the fact that it was one of Burlington's oldest and most respected citizens lives at the ripe age to tell the story of the magnificent progress of the city. William Garrett was born in 1836. He is probably the oldest of these sturdy pioneers who blazed the way. And his descendants are still here.



MISS FRANCES WYMAN.

A pianist she is thought to be one of the most brilliant amateur performers in America. Her musical sympathy and feeling is pure and deep; her touch is exquisite, and she has so thoroughly acquired Moszkowski's own peculiar style as to receive his cordial praise. Miss Grace Cleghorn, daughter of A. B. Cleghorn of the Burlington route, is a decided favorite in Burlington. She is not only a prominent factor in the life of Burlington's best society, but is also a musician of rare ability. A course at the American Conservatory of Music at Chicago, in pipe, organ and cello work fitted Miss Cleghorn for the enviable position she holds in Burlington musical circles. She is organist at Christ Episcopal church, on North Hill, and her work is highly praised and appreciated. Miss Cleghorn is an especial favorite of her father's cousin, Melville E. Stone, manager of the Associated Press.

Mrs. C. W. Rand was a Chicago girl—Miss Cora Higgins. She is a pupil of Mrs. Chatterton, the harpist, and plays the harp with delicate and artistic power. She is also a vocalist of high order, possessing a pure and brilliant contralto voice. The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rand—"The Pines"—is often the scene of brilliant social and musical assemblages. This home is blessed with every elegance and is brightened with the presence of three pretty children, who are the idols of their parents' hearts.

Social features of Burlington are of the highest order. The Burlington Boat-club association takes the lead in many very elegant social affairs, and its parties and receptions are always events to be pleasantly remembered.

There are also the Lone Tree and Crystal Lake sporting clubs, which

have buildings across the river in Illinois, where large fish and game preserves are located. Here, during the summer months, parties of ladies and gentlemen are elegantly entertained by members of the respective associations.

Burlington society is rich in feminine beauty and grace. Geographically the city is divided into four sections known as North Hill, South Hill, West Hill and Prospect Hill. Socially the city is by reason of these divisions distributed into groups known as the north, the west, the south and the Prospect hill sets. Each has its characteristic features in the way of what may be termed "local" parties, musicales, assemblies and other events serving to fill out the distinct social life of each of these divisions. Yet there is no social barrier separating these hills. There is, on frequent occasions, an intermingling of these various sets that gives a pleasing unity to the whole and renders social life in Burlington delightful and unrestrained. By reason of the location on North Hill of a larger number of Burlington's older families and wealthy residents, that section has taken the lead in social matters, many of the city's leading social belles being included among its residents.

A secret society of Chinamen, in San Francisco, discovered that one of the members had been treacherous to the order. A midnight council was held, and the offender was doomed to imprisonment between air-tight brick walls.

Miss Benfield (relating an incident)—Then I dropped my voice and—Mr. Hallett (interrupting)—That wouldn't hurt it. Yours is such a soft voice, you know.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

features, of which few cities have a higher grade. Robert J. Burdette

sparked in the Burlington Hawkeye and caught the eyes and admiration of the world. Others have taken up the pleasant task of seeing that Burlington's name as a social, literary and musical city shall never wane.

Miss Frances Wyman, daughter of J. H. Wyman, a leading pioneer and citizen, has recently completed a number of years' course of musical study in Berlin, her instructor being the well known composer, Prof. Moritz Moszkowski. Burlington is certainly honored in the brilliant musical attainments of this young lady. As

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We do not need to draw any moral from Buzzard's case. But can it be that Buzzard's conversion was genuine after all, and that he merely fell into temptation now and then through the force of habit?

TOO FAT TO KEEP AWAKE.

One Product of the British Workhouse That Does It Credit.

The inhabitants of Poplar, who work hard and live frugally in order to pay their taxes honestly, must be highly gratified to learn that they have been wearing their fingers to the bone to assist William Edwards, an inmate of their workhouse, to become so fat that it takes him half an hour to stoop to pick up a pin and another half-hour to raise himself to the perpendicular, says the London Telegraph. After the Herculean exertion he becomes so exhausted that he requires to spend the next hour in slumber to recruit his shattered force. He tried to induce the authorities to accept the theory that he had worked out, which proved that the trouble of getting out of bed in the morning was so enfeebling in his case that it should be omitted from the day's arrangements and his food sent up to his bedside.

When the workhouse master declined to acknowledge the correctness of this deduction, Edwards tried to carry his pet idea into effect surreptitiously by crawling into a corner to enjoy a nap. Never once was the question asked, "Where's Edwards?" without receiving the response, and always correct, "Asleep, sir."

This prodigy, who puts all other fat boys in the shade, is only 20 and weighs about twenty-one stone, and his cheeks are so fat that he has not for years seen his nose. And yet some people say that the poor-law system is a failure. The other day a special staff tempted to keep Edwards awake, and at last, so the sleeper was brought before the Thames magistrate charged with neglecting his work. He then admitted that he felt drowsy after the good dinner which the ratepayers kindly supplied him, and if he did oversleep himself a little he "axed parding." Mr. Dickinson said the youth was apparently too well nourished and sent him to jail for seven days as a tonic for an overfed and overslept system.

The Count Was Dreaming.

Midnight. The Countess Gosundheimer, nee Poringham, was listening intently. The count was talking in his sleep.

True, when she had exchanged her millions for his title she had waived all thoughts of his past, but with a woman's natural curiosity she wished to know for the sake of knowing.

Breathlessly she hearkened. From the finely chiseled lips of her aristocratic spouse came the words: "Gollar puttons, two for five. Nice ivoryine gollar buttons, two for five."

In Jerusalem.

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