

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kelly's fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kelly was quietly celebrated at their home on the evening of December 30. None but relatives and old time family friends were present. They were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houtz, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Leming, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Kelly, Mr. L. F. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Houtz, Miss Ura Kelly, Miss Laura Houtz, W. R. Kelly, jr., Miss Winifred Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ring, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. De Levis, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kirker and Mr. Jas. Mandell. Flash light pictures were taken of the three generations seated at the family table—Harry Leming, a grand-son in Texas, being the only member absent. The decorations in the dining-room and back parlor were of yellow roses and chrysanthemums—suggestive of the golden anniversary. Over the mantle in the front parlor hung pictures of Grace Leming, the granddaughter who died just a year ago. In memory of her the decorations here were palms, smilax and meteor roses, her favorite flowers. A poem, written by Miss Frances J. Dyer, a friend in Boston, and one appropriate to the occasion, was read by the oldest son, Mr. W. R. Kelly, after which Mrs. Houtz, the oldest daughter, read a poem from the bride to the groom which was a surprise to even "both parties most concerned." The young people entertained the guests with music, while the old folks indulged in reminiscences until a late hour, when all mutually agreed that the evening had been a most enjoyable one. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were married in Zanesville, Ohio, where they lived until the year 1858, when they moved to Illinois. In March, 1892, they came to the city which has since been their home.

LINES ADAPTED

To the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. Kelly.

1847-1897.

Miss Frances J. Dyer.

You pause awhile this happy day,
To send your memories back,
And bring again the vanished years,
Along life's misty track;
You'll call to mind the bygone days,
"Those good old times"—you know,
When all was grand, and pure and true,
Just fifty years ago.

You'll gather in your happy home,
The dear parental nest,
Which through the sunshine
and the storm
Our Father's love has blest;
You'll count the sorrows and the joys
In life's unceasing flow,
Back to the hour your home began,
Just fifty years ago.

The men and women of that age
Were hearty, strong and bold;
They went to meeting—stayed all day—
Through sternest winter cold;
They sat and rapped their aching feet,
To make the warm blood flow;
They blew their frozen finger-ends,
Just fifty years ago.

One of the questions of that time,
O'er which debate waxed hot,
Was that great question, fresh and new,
To have a stove or not;
"Our fathers used no stoves in church,
Then why should we do so?"
That was the way they looked at things
Just fifty years ago.

Our fathers used no stoves in church,
But still our mothers did;
Those little square tin boxes,
In which the fire was hid;

To keep the maids and matrons warm,
These stoves passed to and fro,
While tougher men and boys went cold,
Just fifty years ago.

There, at the church, the preacher stood,
Perched high against the wall,
With the huge sounding board above,
Which seemed about to fall.
With overcoat and mittens on,
To keep him in a glow,
He whiled away the wintry hours,
Just fifty years ago.

And when he took his walks abroad,
Men paused as he went by,
To pay a graceful courtesy,
And look with reverent eye.
And school-boys, as they saw him come,
Arranged themselves in row,
And made him their profoundest bow,
Just fifty years ago.

Those square, high-backed,
old-fashioned pews,
With open work about,
Through which small boys
could push their heads,
But could not pull them out;
We shall not see the like again,
Wherever we may go,
They're lost and gone—
those queer old pews
Of fifty years ago.

To keep awake in summer time,
We helped the feeble will,
By eating generous quantities
Of fennel and of dill;
Or to the woods, in pious crowds,
We used at noon to go,
And pick the fresh young wintergreen
Just fifty years ago.

Up stairs, on one side, sat the girls,
On one side sat the boys,
They sometimes caught each other's eyes
But did not make a noise;
They were afraid they might wake up
The old folks down below;
That was the way boys looked at things
Just fifty years ago.

If you have any modern boys
Among your guests tonight,
To hear about those "good old times,"
When all the boys did right;
As soon as they have heard the tale,
Just ask them all to go,
And imitate those noble boys
Of fifty years ago.

Enough, enough, those good old times
Deserve a tenderer strain,
For then, as now, earth's purest joys
Were mixed with keenest pain;
And youthful eyes, that
then shone bright,
With radiant hope aglow,
In all their light, were quenched in death,
Back fifty years ago.

How many, on the right and left,
Have dropped their heavy load,
And vanished from your mortal sight,
Along life's weary road!
We are but strangers on the earth,
And pilgrims here below,
We journey, as our fathers did,
Just fifty years ago.

This world is not our resting place,
We tarry but a day,
The fair and shining shores we seek;
Though near, seem far away,
The crowding generations come,
And generations go,
And life and death are mingled still
As fifty years ago.

Mrs. John B. Wright gave a delightful reception on Friday afternoon from three till five in honor of her sister, Mrs. Robinson, of Chicago. About one hundred and fifty guests were present during the afternoon. The house was lighted and beautifully decorated. The dining room where Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Leonard served, was beautiful in its decorations of white and green. The lily being the flower used. Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Robinson received the guests in the

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drawing room. Mrs. W. C. Wilson, Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs. Buckstaff and Mrs. Ladd assisted in entertaining the guests.

On Tuesday evening the Nebraska Traveling Men's Bryan club gave a banquet at the Lincoln for "The foremost man in all the world." About one hundred and seventy five bright, interesting and prosperous-looking men took part in this annual reunion. Each was given the opportunity to welcome Mr. Bryan, Mr. Overmeyer of Kansas, and Mr. Williams of Boston. After the handshaking the men filed into the spacious dining room, which was ablaze with light and brilliant with decorations. The menu was elaborate, yet dainty, and fully answered the question printed on the outside of the menu card of coarse brown paper—"Prosperity?" The card was very little in keeping with its surroundings, as all present testified to in their enjoyment of the affair. Several out-of-town guests were expected—some came, others sent letters of greeting and encouragement. A musical program was rendered during the banquet. At twelve o'clock Mr. T. F. Lasch greeted the guests on behalf of the club, then introduced Mr. Manahan, the toastmaster. Several good points were brought out in the speeches. Mr. W. H. Thompson of Grand Island, who spoke on "The Politician," was especially strong. He denounced the rogues and faithless men who take a hand in politics. The politician should not be a sort of man which good society will reject. The good men should not stand aloof from politics, for these rogues will rule and honest peo-

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ple will be condemned. This fault should be overcome at the primaries. All present were loud in their praises of Mr. Bryan, and promised loyalty to him, predicting his election in 1900. The following toasts were responded to: "Since the Campaign of '96"—George W. Berge. "We took sweet counsel together." Psalms III: 14. "The Press."—G. M. Hitchcock. "S death! I'll print it and shame the fools." Pope. "Nebraska."—Gov. Holcomb. "What constitutes a state? Men who their duties know; but know their rights, and