

They expect to return early in September, after which they will be at home to their friends at 26 and W streets.

Married at the home of the bride's parents 2235 S street by Rev. D. B. M. Long, Miss Alice Schofield to Mr. Theodore F. Randolph. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph left at once for a short wedding tour after which they will return to make their home in Lincoln.

Prof. and Mrs. Barbour, Hudson and Richard Imhoff, Mrs. C. H. Morrill, Mrs. Edgar Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Morrill, returned Saturday from a tour in Yellowstone Park and the Black Hills. Mr. Morrill left the party at Edgemont, homeward bound, and he returned to Sheridan for a week.

Mrs. John B. Wright entertained the Birthday Party Club Friday evening in honor of Mesdames Gassman and Robinson. The club is composed of the following members. Messrs. and Mesdames Hargreaves, Ladd, Buckstaff, Thompson, Irvine, Thompson, Tilton, Yates, Wilson, Oakley and Mrs. Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Rodgers have returned from Manitou where they have spent the past two months. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers regret to learn that they contemplate a change of residence. It is understood that Kansas City or Boston will be their residence place. A trip abroad is included in Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers' plans for the near future.

Married, on Thursday at 7 a. m., at Bethany, Miss Lenore Cone of Bethany and Mr. Phillip Crow of Ord. President Aylesworth of Cotner university performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Cone left at once for Ord where they will make their future home.

Married on Wednesday, August 23, at the home of the bride's parents, in Buchanan precinct Lincoln county, Nebr., Miss Gertrude Votaw to Mr. Wm. Shear of Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Shear are expected to arrive in Lincoln about September 10.

Miss Flora Bullock returned from her summer vacation in Wyoming on Monday. On the sixth of September she goes to Nebraska City to fill a position as teacher in the institute for the blind located there.

Miss Esther Prey is visiting friends in Cambria, Wyoming. Miss Martha Hasse who has been spending the summer there will return soon to take up her work in the university school of music.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Bessie L. Sizer to Mr. Fred E. Hurd, both of this city, on Wednesday, August 30th, at Holy Trinity church.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilson entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening. Their guests were: Messrs. and Mesdames Ladd, Buckstaff and Hargreaves and Mrs. Griffith.

The many friends of Miss Eugenia Getner will regret to learn that hence forth she will make her home in Omaha. Miss Getner left for that city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Nellie M. Richrdrson and Miss Florence returned on Tuesday from Michigan where they have spent a delightful three weeks among the lakes.

Misses Jessie and Constance Chapin left on Sunday for their Chicago home after a visit of a week with their aunt Mrs. H. A. Tuttle.

Mrs. Lizzie Bristol has returned from a two weeks vacation trip to Colorado points.

Miss Olivia Boehmer entertained the

members of the N. N. G. girls' club of the high school on Wednesday afternoon.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nissley of Colorado Springs, Colo., on August 15, a daughter.

Mr. H. H. Sudduth of Waseca, Minn., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Frances H. Wilson of this city. He is on his way back to Waseca from Colorado Springs, where he has been visiting his daughter and granddaughter Mrs. H. R. Nissley and daughter.

Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Scalp Treatment, Manicuring, and Switch Work. Anne Rivett and Agnes Rawlings 143 South 12th street.

Ex-Governor Robt. W. Furnas was in Lincoln Thursday, on his way home from Hot Springs, S. D., where he has spent a restful vacation.

Mrs. J. M. Tipling, Lawrence and Ralph Tipling left Thursday for a few weeks visit in Chicago and a trip on the lakes.

For the next thirty days we will sell Gas, Electric, and Combination Fixtures at 20 per cent off. Korfmeier Plumbing and Heating Co.

Mr. H. Herpolsheimer and Mr. Robert Herpolsheimer left Wednesday evening for an outing at Colorado springs and Manitou

Dr. W. H. Hindman returned on Tuesday from a somewhat extended eastern trip, which included a few weeks at the seashore.

Mrs. J. O. Taylor of 801 North Twenty-third street was called to Wood River on Monday, by the serious illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garoutte went to Council Bluffs on Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. E. H. Haworth.

Miss Esther Brown is spending a couple of weeks in Chester, Nebr., the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Stratton.

Prof. Bruner has returned from a tour through western Nebraska, parts of Dakota and Wyoming.

Mrs. M. H. Garten has returned after a month's sojourn in Chicago and in various Michigan resorts.

Miss Marie Beatty is the guest of Miss Florence Woods at 823 south Fourteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harpham returned Thursday after a stay of several weeks at Manitou.

Mesdames Gassman and Robinson of Chicago are visiting Mrs. John B. Wright.

Miss Virginia Logan of Kansas City, Missouri, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Miller.

Miss Geneva Bullock left today to visit Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Fifer at York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hawkins are visiting Mrs. S. B. Loughridge, 1436 S street.

Mrs. R. M. Stewart and Miss Grace Stewart left on Thursday for Chicago.

W. F. Swisher has returned from an extended trip to the Pacific seaboard.

Mrs. S. M. Walker returned Wednesday from the Long Pine chatauqua.

Miss Helen Hoover returned on Monday from Bay View, Michigan.

Prof. R. Kent Beattie of Peru is in Lincoln for a few weeks stay.

J. L. Fisher and Miss Mary Fisher have gone to Clinton, Iowa.

Miss Louisa McDermot will start today for Helena, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon LaForge have gone to Minneapolis.

Miss Ethel Tyler has returned from a visit in South Dakota.

Miss Theresa Spehn has gone to Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. J. W. Wright has gone to Davenport, Iowa.

R. M. Miller has gone to Hampton, Ia. H M Dunn, dentist; rooms 26-27 Burr blk

#### THAT SETTLED IT.

Jaggles—So he married the widow? I thought he had his eye on the daughter.

Waggles—So he had, but the widow had her eye on him.—The Listener.

#### THOSE CYCLONES.

Hewitt—I don't see why there is so much poverty in the West.

Jewett—Neither do I; it seems easy enough to raise the wind there.

The bible is not up to date.

What do you mean?

It does not say that a man should not covet his neighbor's wheel.

He—I know better than to propose to a girl I can't get.

She—Do you?

He—Yes; she might change her mind.

I see that poor Gruett has been taken to an insane asylum.

Well, he always was peculiar.

How so?

He never was photographed in evening dress.

The man who believes that life is made up of disappointments is never disappointed in his belief.

#### WOMAN'S WIT.

It teases and tortures

and rouses to wrath,

Or woos us to mirth and delight;

Such manifold lustre

a woman's wit hath,

No mortal can read it aright.

The Bachelor.

#### WAS A SQUAW MAN.

Definition Applied to Himself by an Inactive Army Officer.

"At a recent reception at which the fashion and beauty of Denver were assembled one of the ladies found herself seated next to Gen. Sumner," says the Denver Times. "He had been presented to her earlier in the evening, but she had not quite caught his name—certainly not his title. Beamingly, she asked: 'May I ask what is your occupation? Don't think me rude, for I have made a study of determining such matters without asking questions, but I must confess that you puzzle me. I am at a complete loss to place you.' 'Madam,' replied the commander of the department of the Colorado, with his most serious countenance, 'I am a squaw man.' 'A—a what?' she managed to gasp. 'A squaw man, madam.' 'I am afraid I don't quite understand yet,' said the fair interlocutor after a few minutes' cogitation, in which she took in the general's whole appearance, and decided that there must be another meaning to the term beside that to which she had been accustomed. 'Why, that is easy enough to explain. In army parlance a squaw man is an officer who, when the rest of the officers are at the front fighting and winning glory, is left at home to guard the women. Madam, I am such an officer.' 'Oh, that's different,' she ejaculated. And then the whirl of the throng carried them apart."

#### Tied Down the Fire Bell.

The other night "fire bugs" played havoc at Lowell, Ind. After wiring the fire bell so it would not ring, they set fire to the town, and in three hours the larger portion of the business district, including fourteen business houses, was destroyed.

#### ON OUR NEIGHBOR'S DOOR STEP.

[FLORA BULLOCK.]

GILT-EDGED TOWNS AND OTHERS.

Lead and Deadwood, or as those who travel by the main road and those who are wisely politic would say, Deadwood and Lead, are the twin mining camps of the Hills. To be sure, they have grown entirely out of camp proportions and may claim the title of cities on the strength of their size and good looks. But camps they still seem to be, with the camp atmosphere of genial roughness, the camp lingo, and the camp character—there is about half of compliment and half of derogation in that statement. To compare the cities is hazardous, for I imagine they are about as kindly affectioned one to the other as twin cities commonly are. Deadwood is the terminus of the main line, Lead is side tracked on a little narrow-gauge line up a canyon. The nobby baby engine goes puffing with its one light car up to Lead and down to Deadwood about every hour. It is a grade of five hundred feet in the four miles. Also the wagon road which follows the track too closely most of the way for the comfort of a skittish horse is traveled constantly and is as dusty as a Fair time road in Lincoln. It is safer to leave any statement as to the relative sizes of the two cities to the coming census, for the Lead people say Lead has a greater population, and Deadwood also claims supremacy in sisterly fashion. Just from appearances one would take Lead to be the larger town, because you can see it all in a bird's-eye view, with the business houses cramped along one narrow street in the bottom of the canyon and the residence portions climbing the hills around. Deadwood seems to have more room in the hollow of the canyon and it strings out interminably to the smelters two miles or so below. Many fine residences are half hidden up among the pines. You would imagine that a wealthy man would build some sort of elevator so that he might reach his Lares and Penates at night with strength and ambition enough to enjoy them. Deadwood is really a very pretty city, though it would be more attractive if it could escape from the ugly trick Lead plays that awful gray water, which comes down from the roaring stamps of the Homestake mills! Spearfish river would make Deadwood all that could be wished, but instead it has that hideous gray stream—good for nothing and a plague on the sight. It can not be used to put out fires, and I seriously doubt if it would make an end of even the ninth life of a superfluous kitten. All the way down the canyon from Lead it comes, stopped in its course occasionally by men searching for the last dregs of gold, run through a straining process in one place so that the clear water may be used in the mill again—despite the Dutchman's

"Der mill it vill not grind some more, Mit der vater dot is bast."

It is not a filthy stream, the color comes from the ground ore which the water washes in the mill. But is not ugliness sometimes as oppressive as filth, even if it is not so deadly nor so wicked? Deadwood surely has a good deal of a score against Lead. Yet as everything in this whole land is willingly sacrificed for gold, gold, I suppose the good people leave fault-finding to visitors who do not care so much for gold, in the raw state.

In some ways the sisters indulge in convenient reciprocity. I asked a denizen of Deadwood which city had the most saloons—it is an inevitable question, and "most" is the word, too. He said it all depended. When the Deadwood fellows wanted to have a real good time they fancied Lead offered wider opportunities, while the Lead people on their part preferred Deadwood. On a picnic excursion train returning from