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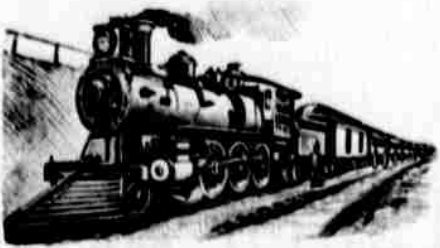
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When the above question is asked, it means Boston and New England. The resorts of pleasure are quite plentiful in that section. The people of Chicago and the west always have a delightful time. They get a sniff of salt water, and just revel in the shell fish luxuries—anywhere in the East is reached via the Michigan Central Railroad. Send for a beautifully illustrated Summer Tourist Folder, which gives a description of the principal eastern resorts. Sent free upon addressing O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

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Sunday order
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New Steam Process!
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Hair Dressing and Manufacturing done on short notice and in the very latest styles.

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CAPITAL CITY COURIER

NEBRASKA'S ELITE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 65,000.

Death of Infant Hattie Stewart.
Sunday morning at nine when the church choir was preparing to attend worship, the little soul of Hattie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stewart, aged four weeks, took its flight to that land free from sin and sorrow. The little body was deposited in a vault at Wyuka cemetery pending the family's removal to Chicago when the remains will be taken to that city. The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the afflicted parents:
"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."
Parents grieve not for the loved one gone
For she's safe and forever at rest;
Safe at home, in the arms of God,
On the Saviour's loving breast.
The dear little babe you loved so well,
And to you a short time was given;
Has been re-called by the self-same hand
To dwell with Him in Heaven.
Fair and sweet were the flowers brought
From friends both far and near;
But none so fair as the precious bud,
That lay in the casket there.
As God in His wisdom has re-called,
The bud so lately given,
We know she dwells in the garden of God
'Mid the beautiful flowers of Heaven.

Warden.—Your aged mother is outside and wants to see you. She says she hasn't laid eyes on you since you were a little boy.
Condemned Prisoner (suspiciously).—Have you searched her?
Warden.—Yes. And we found a pair of scissors in one of her pockets.
Prisoner.—Ah, ha! It is as I suspected. She wanted to give me a homemade hair-cut.—Detroit Free Press.

Marital Happiness.
Mr. Peck (sentimentally)—Ah, do you remember those halcyon days, Marie, when you and I were first caught in love's soft charms long ago?
Mrs. Peck—There you go again (sob), flinging my age up to me. You're heartless (sob)—you're br-r-utal!—Chicago Tribune.

A New Animal.
A young hawk writer was employed to write up a prospectus for a circus.
"Say," he said, turning to the manager, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"
"No," said the circus man, "we've only got a hippopotamus."—Harper's Monthly

My Wife.
When I married my wife she had studied stenography.
Got that down solid, then took up photography.
Mastered that science and started geography—All in the course of a year.
She presently took up a course of theology. Followed that up with a touch of mythology. Got a degree in the line of zoology.
Still her great mind remained clear.
So she took in a course on the theory of writing. Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting.
A long course on housebuilding, heating and lighting.
For over her classmates she'd soar.
So she entered the subject of steam navigation.
Took also instruction in church education. And mastered the study of impersonation—And still she was longing for more.
Next she tackled the latest great fad, electricity.
Dress reform institutes taught her simplicity. Sought the best way to encourage felicity—Oh, she's as bright as a book!
She at last ended up with a course of phonetics.
Gave a little attention and time to athletics. The rest of her leisure she gave to magnetics. And now she is learning to cook!
—Admiring Husband.

Doing Her Duty.
Miss (to new housemaid)—Now see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn on this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?
New Housemaid—Yes, ma'am; quite, ma'am.
Miss (next morning)—Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated!
New Housemaid (with much pride)—Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room, and turned on all the gases ready for the night, and—
—Boston Globe.

An Effective Hint.
Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring.
"Want to make me a present, Harry?" exclaimed Lucy in well counterfeited astonishment. "Why, Harry, you forgot yourself!"
Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.—Boston Transcript.

Displaced.
The Sword Swallower—I have had notice that they don't want me any longer in the museum.
Fat Woman—Well, who is going to take your place?
Sword Swallower—Why, a girl from Boston is going to swallow her words.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Very Much in the Way.
Tramp—Madam, have you got anything in the way of an old pair of trousers that your husband don't want?
Lady of the House—Yes. There's a cord of wood out there.—Detroit Free Press.

An Apt Comparison.
"Miss Budd's heart is like a volume in a circulating library."
"How is that?"
"Not to be kept longer than two weeks."—Harper's Bazar.

HABILIMENTS OF WOE

OLIVE HARPER DESCRIBES SOME MOURNING COSTUMES.

An Unusual Display of Courtaid Craps. Mourning Gowns for Home and Street Wear—A New Silk Gown—Pointers About Fall Fashions.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, July 28.—For those who have been stricken with sorrow and mourning there is now, as there always has been, a proper habilliment of woe, but that, like wedding garments, varies but slightly, and generally consists in the adoption of the current mode of cutting and the length of the veil, the one filmy white, the other heavy and black. For the last two seasons there has been an unusual display of Courtaid craps on all mourning garments, and it still continues until there is more craze than Henrietta, which still remains the proper fabric for deep mourning. Later on there can be worn camel's hair, cashmere and even dull meshed grenadine, or if the season is warm black percale is a suitable material.



MOURNING COSTUMES.

No silks are worn in first mourning, and when they are permissible they should be of the dull variety, not glossy. Where the wearer is obliged to be out much in bad weather (and many are obliged to work for their living, rendering much exposure necessary) a most serviceable gown can be made of nun's serge. Be sure to get the Priestley, or it may be dye burned and so not durable. Such a dress will bear the hardest treatment, and always look well as long as a thread holds together.
The first mourning for a parent or for a husband can be made after the style of the gown on the left, the bottom being bordered ten inches deep with crape, and a Russian blouse is held in by a grosgrain ribbon. The bonnet in the illustration is not strictly a widow's bonnet, but is suitable for a young girl in mourning for a parent. The veil is attached to the back of the bonnet. The widow's bonnet is flatter and the trimmings closer to permit of the veil falling over the face. The little white crape ruche cap is no longer obligatory, and many ladies shrink from publishing thus plainly the exact nature of their bereavement.

The gown on the right is for home wear and admits of a slight break in the severity of outline. The bordering of crape is headed by a narrow band of dead jet, and the sleeves and waist can also have an outlining of it. A sash of crape with fish tail ends falls on the left side, and a deep Watteau plait in the back forms the demitrain. The gowns are made of silk warp Henrietta, as that is the only suitable material to go with heavy crape. Of course gowns of plain camel's hair and cashmere are worn, but neither of them will take much crape. It somehow does not harmonize well with those fabrics.
Black linen, in sheer quality, percale and lawn all make pretty ordinary dresses, and they should be made very simply. With such, a black straw hat, with loops of plain, dull ribbon, with perhaps a very little crape, can be worn. Black sued' gloves are worn rather more than the smooth finished.
All persons in mourning should wear stiff full neckwear and handkerchiefs with plain hemstitched black borderings, deep or narrow, according to the nearness of the relationship. Widows usually affect deeper mourning than mothers, though I fail to see why the grief of one is deeper than the other. But so it is, and a widow will have borders 1 1/2 inches deep to her handkerchiefs. Hemmed mull collars and cuffs with square corners look well, and are more pleasing to the eye than that somber black.
If a lady wishes to have everything in keeping she will have black hosiery and black skirts—silk if she can afford it.
An elderly lady can wear a Henrietta shawl. Younger women can have any style of wrap in vogue, made of Alys cloth or some other regular mourning material and trimmed with heavy English crape.
I have but space to mention the other gown of the new silk rayee, or striped and iridescent all over with an opalescent tinge. It is trimmed with lace and ribbon.
Nearly all gowns for autumn, even for street, will be less formal and have more garniture.
Lace, white or black, will be employed to tone down the different high colors.
Much blue will be worn for the first mourning, very bright, but toned by a profusion of lace.

NEW SILK GOWNS.
OLIVE HARPER.

IT WAS A GOOD ONE.

But He Never Thought of It Until Too Late.

The busy throng roughly jostled the despondent man with a sandy goatee. The world had no time to pause and ask about his sorrow. It was left for the leisurely party with a wooden leg to probe into the secret burden of his heart.

"Sick?" queried he of the ligneous limb. The despondent man shook his head. "Not in body," he gloomily rejoined. "Heavy heart?"

"Yes."
The wooden legged party sighed sympathetically. The despondent man pulled his goatee and groaned.
"Remorse?" suggested the leisurely fellow.

"Yes."
"Dear, dear."
He knit his brows to indicate the great depth of his interest.

"A—er—crime?"
"No."
He rattled his wooden leg on the stone pavement and pondered a moment.

"Failure to—er—perform a duty?"
"Not exactly a duty."
"Indeed."

The leisurely party sighed twice. The despondent man tugged at his goatee with great energy.

"You feel for me," faltered the other, with a grateful look.

The individual with the wooden leg declared without equivocation that he knew what it was to suffer.

"Then I can tell you all."
The leisurely party bowed.

"A person"—
It was no easy matter for the despondent man to talk beneath the weight of his grief.

"Spoke to me despitefully."
He sobbed.

"And why," gently demanded the party with a wooden leg, "do you feel any remorse?"

"Ah, me."
The moan which emanated from the despondent man shook the sandy goatee as the earthquake makes the mountain tops nod and tremble.

"Ah, me! I had upon my lips a crushing retort."
"And uttered it before you thought?"

"I never uttered it at all. I never thought of the retort until an hour after he left me. And it was such a good one too."
Sorrowing and miserable in his sorrow he lost himself in the crowd.—Detroit Tribune.

Much in a Name.
"Come, Mousie," he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed. The passengers watched, wondering meanwhile if Mousie was a black and tan or a Skye terrier.

"The boat's nearly there, Birdie," he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the heads of the up rushing crowd.

"Ducky," he called loudly, "aren't you coming?"

No "Ducky" put in an appearance and again he called in a pleading tone:

"B-a-b-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get off the boat."
Then a woman weighing at least 250 pounds appeared on the staircase carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs and several shawls and rugs.

"I'm coming, hubby," she said placidly, and everybody who saw her coming got out of the way as they recalled Mr. Shakespeare's pertinent inquiry, "What's in a name?"—Detroit Free Press.

Our Language.
To show the anomalies of English spelling The New Western Magazine tells the following story:

A right little boy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a deer. After a rhyme he stopped at a house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt him and he knoed red. He was two tired to raze his fair, pail face, and a feint mown of pain rose from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she threw it down and ran with all her best, for fear her guessed would not weight; but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor dear! Why do you lie hear? Are you dying?" "Know," he said; "I am feint." She boar him in her arms, as she aught, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth as hall as a young hoarse.

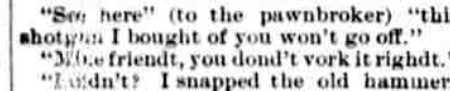
No Gentleman.
"The man down there at that table," said the waiter, glaring at somebody at the other end of the room, "is no gentleman. That's all I've got to say."
"What's the matter with him?" asked the cashier.

"He's breaking them lemonade straws so we can't use 'em again, doggone him."—Chicago Tribune.

It Never Falls.
"See here" (to the pawnbroker) "this shotgun I bought of you won't go off."
"Your friend, you don't work it right."
"Indeed? I snapped the old hammer off it nearly."
"But dot vhas wrong, mine friend: you should plow in der muzzle!"—Chicago News-Record.

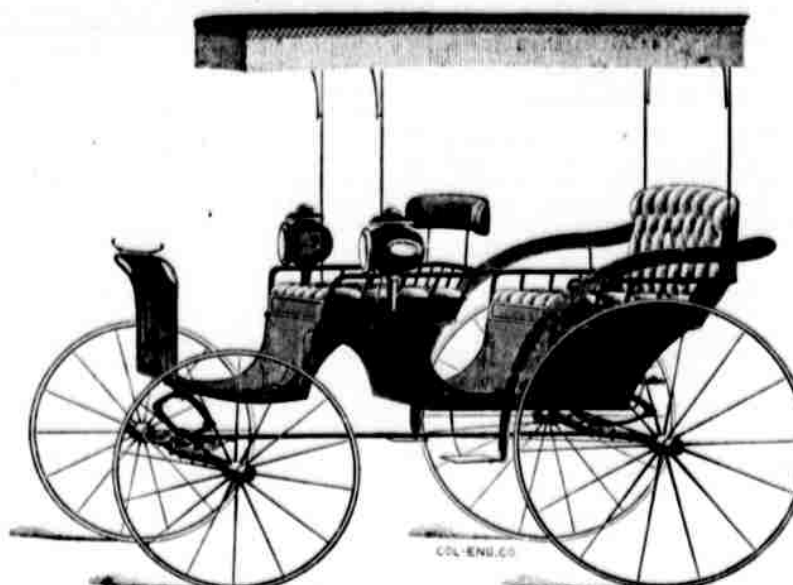
Got One Man Fast.
Dottie—Why does Miss Skinfint address all her verses to the moon?
Dick—Well, I suppose it is because the man up there is the only one who can't run away.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Double Meaning.



She—It certainly must mean something when a man puts a diamond ring on a girl's finger.
He (of hard experience)—It means that he owes some jeweler \$20 or \$30.—Life.

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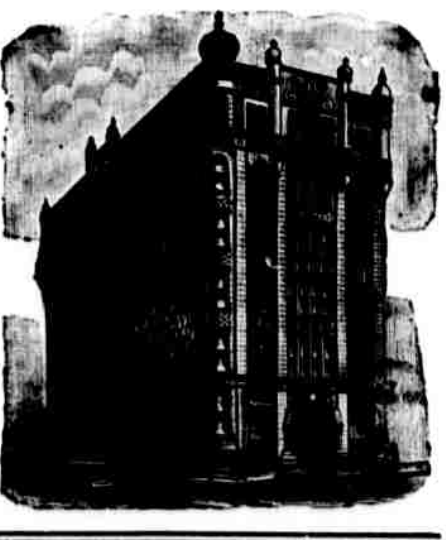
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