

SOCIAL CIRCLES

Moore-De Motte.
A beautiful home wedding occurred Sunday afternoon at the home of Rev. and Mrs. M. De Motte, 647 North Fourteenth street. The contracting parties were their daughter Miss Lucile, and Mr. Fred E. Moore, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. C. C. Lashy, D. D., after the ceremony of the M. E. church. The young couple made a striking and handsome appearance as they entered the parlors, the bride attired in a beautiful gown of cream albatross, trimmed in pale lace, and supported by her maid of honor Miss Jeannette who looked very pretty in a suit of blue mull, trimmed in pale blue chiffon lace with gloves and slippers to match. The groom's best man was Dr. Bert Latta of Cotner university. The bride is a charming young lady and has a large circle of warm friends in this city and the groom is a prominent young business man of Kenosaw, where he is a member of the firm of Moore & Son. After the ceremony an elegant supper was served after which the guests spent some time in inspecting the presents which were unusually pretty and valuable, many of them coming from their future home. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Moore, Mr. Frank Moore, Miss Pealie Moore, father, mother, brother and sister of the groom, from Kenosaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cottle and Mr. H. E. Cottle from Edgar, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. William Walker of Seward, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Pierce and daughter, Miss Edna, Mr. Ollie Atkinson, Mr. William Kirk and Dr. Bert Latta of Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will be at their home to their friends after July 16.

Nichols-Garland.
Miss Ella M. Garland and Mr. Charles W. Nichols, of Omaha, were quietly married Tuesday morning at the home of the bride's parents, 1944 G street. The house was beautifully decorated, and promptly at 10:30 the bridal party entered preceded by the bride's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Redish. The bride looked very charming in a handsome gown of white silk with facings of pink silk, and her sister also looked very pretty in a handsome tan silk. The young couple were joined under the arch by Rev. C. B. Newman, who performed the impressive ceremony, after which an elegant wedding breakfast was participated in by the immediate friends and relatives of the family. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents. The bride is well known in Lincoln, where she has a large circle of friends, and the groom is a popular young man of Omaha. He is in the employ of the Central Church of Christ. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Garland, Mr. and Mrs. L. Van Wie, Mrs. A. U. Healey and daughter, of Crete, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Redish, Mr. and Mrs. Longstreet, Miss Stella Longstreet, Miss Ira Longstreet, Miss May Wilson, Miss Lillie Wilkinson, Miss Tucker, Miss Bertha Fletcher, Miss Hattie Fletcher and Miss L. N. Rieve.

A. O. H. Hall Dedicated.
The A. O. H. hall was formally opened Wednesday evening under the auspices of the lodge. The new hall in the Halter block, and presented a fine appearance abundantly decorated with the national colors. On each side of the hall was a row of seats, which were well filled, and at the end of the hall on a raised platform profusely decorated, the Nebraska state band was seated. First came the address, delivered by Mr. James A. Condon, that dedicated the hall and welcomed the strangers. In the course of his address Mr. Condon said of the A. O. H.: "Its objects are the promotion of friendship, unity and true Christian charity among the members of the Irish race; to mutually assist each other in our battles through life, in sickness and distress, and to lighten the grief of the widow and orphan when the Divine Master calls the bread-winner of the family to His heavenly home." The orchestra played and all present joined in the grand march. The dancing continued until a late hour, and a number of good times was enjoyed by all present under the management of the following four committees: Messrs. James J. Condon, Thomas McGovern, Roger Ryan, John Barton, Dennis Dugan, Dr. D. D. O'Gorman, Charles McGlave, P. J. Cosgrove, John Cunningham and Dennis Merriman.

Spent the Fourth at Woodlawn.
An all day picnic at Woodlawn, about eight miles northwest of the city, was the Fourth of July diversion of a number of young people under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nisley and Mrs. T. W. Griffith. The party drove out between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, well supplied with edibles and hammocks, etc., and the day was spent in true picnic fashion. The young people returned in the cool of the evening. Those present were: Mrs. T. W. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nisley, Misses Jeannette Wilson, Grace Oakley, Anne Funke, Bertie Clark, Bertie Burr, Olive Latta, Fay Marshall, Nellie White, and Margaret Cook, of Omaha; Messrs. Lew Marshall, George Woods, Beman G. Dawes, Dan Wing, John T. Dorgan, Mattson Baldwin, Frank Burr, Harry Krug and R. M. Joyce.

Society Notes.
Mrs. C. L. Eaton entertained a few friends at tea Thursday evening, at her home, 200 South Twenty-ninth street.
Mrs. F. M. Woods entertained a few friends on the Fourth.

Special ladies' ice cream parlors have been opened over Brown's Royal Cafe, 124 North Tenth street, where the most delicious ices and creams are served by courteous and trained attendants. Private dining rooms for small parties.

Miss S. E. Blakelee, fine dressmaking, at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.

A fine line of canned soups, 25 cents per can. Miller & Gifford, grocers.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

Misses Boggs & Caffyn, dressmaking parlors, F. no stamping, 1311 M street, telephone 519.

Visit the New Students' gallery and be convinced that the work is first-class. 1034 O street.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

OBSERVATIONS.

One more Fourth of July has come and gone with its usual number of accidents, incident to use by the small boy of a certain combination of powder and matches. The usual number of bandaged eyes are to be seen, the list of thumbless boys are increased, and the small boy turns from his last giant cracker and sighs that he has not more thumbs to lose, and that for further damage he must wait one whole year.

Now if the small boy would confine himself to putting his own eyes out, shooting off his own fingers and setting fire to his own clothes, we who have outgrown such means of characterizing our patriotism, would not find so many objections to the present way of celebrating on the anniversary of our freedom; but a large number of boys have become accustomed to amusing themselves on the Fourth by throwing lighted fire-crackers under the feet of horses passing, to see them frighten and run. Last Tuesday I saw a number of occurrences of this kind which came near being serious runaways, and heard of a number that I did not see. This dangerous sport was not confined alone to the Fourth, but several days before and after, which certainly should not have been allowed. If there are laws and ordinances against this sort of thing, they should be enforced, and if there are none, it is time to make some, and put a stop to such recklessness on the part of boys who handle fireworks.

A few years ago a law was passed by the Nebraska legislature, giving the governor, attorney general and supreme court the right to pardon two convicts each Fourth of July, who had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and who had served ten years of good time. This law was gotten up for the immediate relief of a man who had then served ten years of a life sentence, and who had a friend or two who lobbied the bill through the legislature. The act is thought by many to be in conflict with the provisions of the constitution, and it is, to say the least, unjust to others confined in the penitentiary. A man sentenced for ten or twenty years must serve the sentence imposed upon him, while a man convicted of a crime, which under the laws of Nebraska, is punishable by life imprisonment, is released after ten years of good time. The bill providing for this should never have become a law. The motive for its introduction and passage is very plain. If it had not been a special law for the special release of a life prisoner at the time it was enacted, it would have included in its provisions a clause working equal benefit to criminals who were not imprisoned under life sentence. The indiscriminate release of criminals does not have a tendency to reduce crime, and it is clear this act should be repealed. LVNS.

Jeckell Bros. new tailoring establishment, 119 north Thirtieth street near the Lansin? is the popular resort for stylish garments.

New Imported Swiss Cheese. Miller & Gifford, grocers, opposite Burr block.

Never give a party or order ice cream, ices or lunches until you have first seen Mr. Brown at the Royal Cafe, 124 North Tenth street.

For Sunday dinner supplies call at Halter's market, opposite Lansing Theater. Phone 100.

Furs stored for the summer insured free from moths and theft at F. E. Voelker's, practical furrier, Y. M. C. A. building.

L. S. Gillick, Fashionable Tailor. Latest novelties in gentlemen's spring goods. Gillick still caters to the wish of the public. Call on him and be suited. 1019 O street, room 10.

Ask your groceryman for the "Wilber Rolling Mills" Flour, Chas. Harvey, proprietor. Inquire for "Little Hatchet," "Nickel Plate," and "Bakers' Constance." Every sack warranted.

WANTED—Nursing by a thoroughly experienced and competent nurse. Have nursed ten years in the east. Inquire 1035 F street.

His Conclusion.
The scene was a third class smoking compartment, five on a side. The speaker was stout, florid, with short cut gray hair and very self satisfied. The effeminate degeneracy of modern young men was his theme. "Look at me! Sixty years of age—never had a day's illness in my life and can do my five miles an hour!"
"Why? Because from when I was 20 to when I was over 40 I lived a regular life. No delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9, got up at 5, lived principally on porridge, worked hard—hard, mind you, from 8 to 1, then dinner, then an hour's walking exercise and then—"
"Beg your pardon, gov'nor," interrupted a young workman sitting opposite, "but wot was you in for?"—Tit-Bits.

German Gutturals.
Hostetter McGinnis—Have you spoken with the herr professor yet, Miss Uppercrust?
Miss Uppercrust—No. The German gutturals are so decolate that they offend my ears.
"Er—decolate?"
"Yes. So low in the neck, you know."—Texas Siftings.

The Correct Thing.
"Are you going to take a rest this summer?"
"Oh, yes, I suppose so, in the usual way."
"How is that?"
"I'll take a vacation and fish and hunt and put up with poor accommodations. Then I'll come home and rest."—Washington Star.

The Only Safety.
Housekeeper—I don't see why a big, able-bodied man like you should be begging for a living.
Tramp—To tell yeh th' truth, mum, folks is becomin' so hard hearted that a gent has got ter be big an' able-bodied to beg without gettin' hurt.—New York Weekly.

His Wish.
Kindly Old Gent—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?
Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothin to do but walk around and ask questions.—Tit-Bits.

A Great Sound.
"Did you advise Howler to cultivate his voice?"
"Yes."
"Oh, mercy! What for?"
"A rain producing machine."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

They'll Be Safe.
First Burglar—Here comes a policeman. How can we get rid of him?
Second Burglar—Let's pretend to be fighting.—Truth.

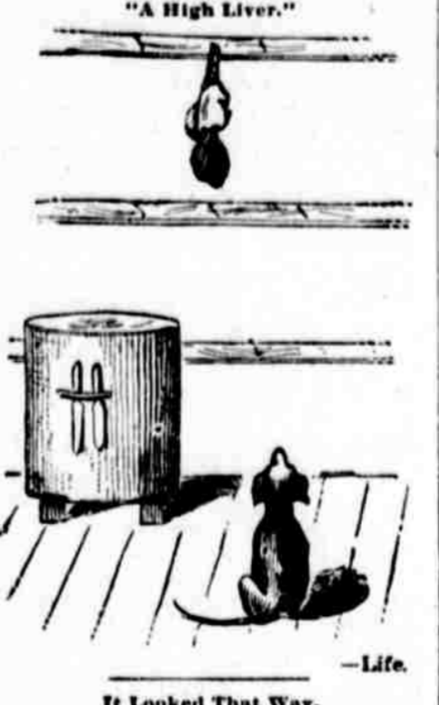
Something of a Paradox.
A schoolboy the other day, being told to describe Jacksonville, Fla., said, "It is a great summer resort in winter."—New York Tribune.

Before the Flag.
In a certain New York mission is a bright street fellow, who, if this incident may be taken as an indication, bids fair to develop the brains and the patriotic sentiment of a good American citizen.
A gentleman announced his intention of delivering an address on political reform in the neighborhood of the mission, a particularly disorderly district. He and his friends were informed on good authority that if the speech were made the speaker would be pelted with rotten eggs.

It seemed that the proposed address, which, it had been believed, would exert an important influence, must be given up. A small boy, between whom and the speaker a friendship had developed at the mission, solved the difficulty by an ingenious expedient.
"I tell you what to do," said he; "hang the American flag back of the platform, and you stand before the flag. The roughs won't throw eggs at the stars and stripes."

A Precious Mineral.
Schoolmistress (just beginning a nice improving lesson upon minerals to the juniors)—Now, what are the principal things we get out of the earth?
Youthful Angler (aged 4, confidently)—Worms.—Tit-Bits.

Power of Influence.
Traveling in England I was one day walking along a country road gathering wild flowers from the lonely hedgerows. Presently I was overtaken by a burly old farmer, who, with his pretty daughter and two large barrels of beer, was being drawn up a steep hill in a market cart by a stout little pony.
The farmer saluted me jovially, and seeing that I was puffing up the hill to catch the coach he offered me a seat on his trap.
"Thank you," said I, "but it seems to me the pony has rather a tough job as it is."
"Aye, yes, yes!" he said. "I should 'a' got down myself, but we be so heavy behind! But you're welcome to ride if you like."
"I am really very much obliged to you for your politeness in asking me," I returned, "but I prefer to walk."
The first part of my sentence evidently went to the spot.
"Well, ye see, sir," said he, "I be used to meet a many gentles up about these hills, and that's how I learnt to be so polite!"—Youth's Companion.



It Looked That Way.
He seemed to be all right when he sat down at the table, and the waiter busied around getting him in shape for his dinner while he studied the bill of fare. He was rather unsteady possibly, but he had not eaten anything for 18 hours that was not surprising.
"Well, sir, what will you have?" asked the waiter.
"Tock turtle soup and coiled bodfish," he replied, holding up the bill.
The waiter was disturbed.
"What, sir?" he asked.
"Tock turtle soup and coiled bodfish," he repeated, and the waiter snickered and went out.
He came back in a few minutes with the order, and the guest took up the bill again.
"Bring me," he said slowly, "some meg of lutton with saper cauce, some bibs of reef and hoiled ham, pashed mot-toes, pried farnips, punch feas, bima loams, and, waiter, wind her up with some pince mie, pagosudding, ruts and nainsins and a cof of cuppie."
This time the waiter was almost thrown off his feet, and he stared at his customer in amazement.
The guest returned the stare in hazy consciousness and shook his head slowly.
"Don't seem to sound right, does it?" he asked. "I'm sure something's wrong with it, but it looks that way on the bill, and I've got to eat it or starve," and the waiter turned away hesitatingly and moved off to the kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the Other.
Up in the hills of western Massachusetts, where the "higher education" and the "higher criticism" alike have not yet penetrated, there lived in a small town an eccentric old man named Hawkins. Brother Hawkins was a regular attendant at church "meetin," and his voice was often heard in prayer and exhortation. On one occasion the congregation met under the shadow of a general bereavement. A prominent man in the church had been suddenly transported from the scene of his earthly labors to the better land. A hush was upon the meeting as Brother Hawkins arose and said, "An now, my brethren an sisters, let us remember in our pra's the family of our dear Brother D—, who is now in Belz'ub's bosom."
"Brother Hawkins," interrupted the deacon, "ye didn't mean Belz'ub, did ye?"
"Belz'ub, waa, lemme see," said the old manslowly, "Belz'ub, waa, if 'tain't Belz'ub 'twar one of 'em ole pat'archs!"—New York Tribune.

His Trouble.
Old Gentleman—What's the matter?
Little Boy (crying)—Papa gave me a penny to buy a school pencil, and now—boo, hoo, hoo!
Old Gentleman—Well, here's another one. How did you happen to lose it?
Small Boy—I—I didn't lose it. I—I spent it for candy and—lost the candy.—Good News.

Her Scheme.
"Do play something, please, Miss Piano-thump!" said the hostess, advancing to her music loving guest. "It's getting pretty late, but not half the guests are gone yet."—Chicago News-Record.

His Need.
"You must have perseverance," said the young physician's friend. "No," was the reply, "what I want is patients."—Washington Star.

Illustrations.
When the barber talks too much, his stories are generally illustrated with cuts.—Texas Siftings.

A Relapse.



"What! Smoking, Fred? Thought the doctor said you it would kill you!"
"So he did, and I quit. But at the end of a week I wanted to die, so I'm smoking again."—Life.

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The LADIES TURKISH DEPARTMENT will open Monday, July 3.

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To THE WORLD'S FAIR you should begin at once to inform yourself on the subject, so that you may use your time there to the best advantage. You will not be able to see everything—you may see what you are specially interested in if you go there informed at the beginning.

If You Are Not Going

To THE WORLD'S FAIR you should do the next best thing—know as much as possible about it. If you can't see it you can at least read about it.
In either event you imperatively need a daily paper from the World's-Fair city—you need a Chicago daily, and

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