Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kelly's Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

The fiftieth wedding anniversary of 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

đ

ないのやりだ

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,

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 fitty 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 Descrive 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.

Whitebreast WHITEBREAST Coal-Lime Co. COAL and LIME CO.

OUR DELIVERED RETAIL PRIGE LIST

Penn Anthracite	Canon City Nut Colo 86.65
Ruby hard Colo 7.75	Excelsior Nut Colo 5.65
	Rouse
	Maitland Nut Colo 6.00
	Rock Springs Nut Wyo 6.65
	Hanna
	Smoky Hollow. Nut Iowa 3.40
	Keb. Ottumwa Nut lowa 3.40
Du Quoin Lump III 5.60	
Cyclone	Weir City Nut Kans 4.40
	Canon City Pea
	Hanna
	Smoky Hollow Mine run.lowa 3.40
	Keb. Ottumwa Mine run.lowa 3.40
	Gas House Coke
	Oak wood, sawed and split
Sheridan Lump Wyo. 5.50	
Pueblo	

Office 109 South 11th St,

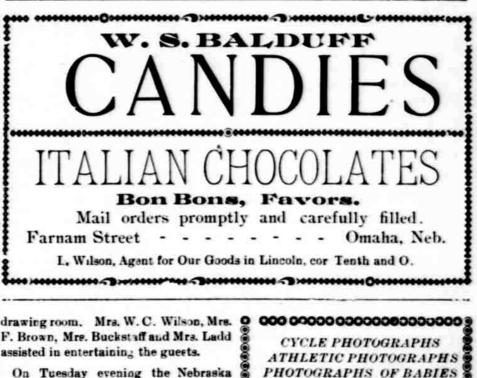
no, T. Dorgan, Mgr Telephone 234,

7

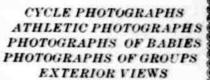
SOMETHING NEW Italian Chocolates Sutton's

Made of finest bitter chocolate and best cream. Four kinds: Fruit Nut, Maroon and Plain Manilla. Most Delicious. Al solutely Pure.

SETTON & HOLLOWBESH 1145 0 St



Traveling Men's Bryan c'ub gave a ban- 🙎 ouet at the Lincoln for "The foremost 2 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, ar d 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 ut-of-town guests were expected some came, others sent letters of greeting and encouragement. A musical program ple will be confemned. This fault was rendered curing the banquet. At should be overcome at the primaries. welve o'clock Mr. T. F. Lasch greeted the guests on behalf of the club, th n of Mr. Bryan, and promised loy a ty to introduced Mr. Manahan, the toastmaster. Several good points were brought following toasts were responded to: out in the speeches. Mr. W. H. Thompthe afternood. The house was lighted Politician," was especially strong. He gether." Psalms III: 14. room where Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Leon- who take a hand in politics. The poli- "S death! I'll print it and shame the



Homen

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 fitty 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;

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 hugdred and fifty guests were present during | son of Grand Island, who spoke on "The and beautifully decorated. The dining denounced the regues and faithless men ard served, was beautiful in its decora- tician should not be a sort of man which fools." Pope. tions of white and green. The lily being good society will reject. The good men

THE PHOTOGRAPHER 129 South Eleventh Street.

00 000 0000000000 0000000



All present were loud in their praises him, predicting his election in 1900. The

"Since the Campaign of '96"-George W. Berge. "We took sweet counsel to-

"The Press,"-G. M. Hitchcock.

"Nebraska,"-Gov. Holcomb. "What the flower used. Mrs. Wright and Mrs. should not stand aloof from politics, for constitutes a state? Men who their Robinson received the guests in the these rogues will rule and honest peo- duties know; but know their rights, and