

SOCIAL CIRCLES

More people are spending the summer at home than ever before in the history of Lincoln; but there is much less social activity than usual.

Camping Out in Wyoming. The following party returned from Sheridan, Wyo., and the Big Horn mountains Wednesday afternoon: Mrs. A. B. Clark, Miss Clark, Miss Bertie Clark, Miss Bessie Wing, Miss Maude Remick, of California; Miss Sarah Harris, Mr. George Wing, Mr. D. G. Wing, Mr. Beman G. Dawes and Mr. W. Morton Smith.

Several families from the vicinity of Eighteenth and M streets, and a few of their friends enjoyed a delightful outing at Lincoln park Wednesday afternoon and evening. The ladies went out early in the afternoon and at 6 o'clock had prepared an elegant luncheon.

Lincoln Normal Commencement. The commencement exercises of the normal class of the Lincoln Normal university were held in the chapel Tuesday evening, the following program being rendered.

Organ Solo—"Hymn of the Nuns".....Wely Deeda Delavan. Invocation. Rev. E. H. Chapin. Oration—"The Effect of Puritanism in the United States".....Julia W. Ostera. Oration—"Heretics and Apostates".....Barri. Vocal Solo—"Shadow of the Cross".....Barri. Oration—"The Dreams of One Are the Realization of the Next".....D. L. Killen. Oration—"You Cannot Dream Yourself Into Character".....Lou Graves. Music—Whistling solo.....H. E. Wilson. Oration—"Americanism".....H. H. Wilson. Piano duet—Soprano.....Rosalia. Solo—Thompson, Sadie Berkley.

Drama at the Western Normal. The faculty and students at the Western Normal gave a very successful dramatic entertainment in the college chapel last evening to a large and enthusiastic audience including quite a number from the city. The program was as follows:

"LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS." Mrs. Mary Phobbs.....Miss Lucia W. Raines. Mrs. Captain Phobbs.....Mrs. A. M. C. Train. Captain Phobbs.....Mr. S. C. Wilson. Captain Spruce.....Mr. A. M. Craig. Lordland.....Mr. J. G. Perkins. A waiter.....Mr. E. J. Gleson. Mr. Gollygity.....Mr. W. J. Kinley.

DELICATE EXERCISES. Arm movements and studies in attitudes, Miss Louise Anderson.

TABLEAUX. 1. Sacrifice of Iphigenia. 2. Death of the Bride. 3. Toilet of Virginia. 4. Dance of the Muses. Noble and her daughter presented by



OTTO VON BISMARCK.

Misses Anderson, White, Westover, Eveland, Sleszer, Davies and Openheimer, Lawn Social. The beautiful lawn around the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Helmer, Thirteenth and J streets, was brilliantly illuminated with colored lanterns Wednesday evening for a lawn social, and presented a very striking appearance.

Minor Mention. The Tuxedo mandolin club left yesterday for Sterling Neb., at which place they gave a concert in the evening. Several small parties went out to witness the "Bohemian Girl" by the Ideal opera company at Lincoln park during the week.

An interesting matrimonial rumor now current concerns a very popular and talented young lady and a prominent young druggist. A handsome residence is in course of erection on D street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, that will in a few months receive a newly wedded pair.

It will be of interest to the many friends of Miss Katie Miller to learn that her engagement to Mr. Franklin Pierce, of Lafayette, Ind., is announced. Miss Miller is well known in this city. She is a sister of Mrs. Beeson and Mrs. Green, and has visited here on several occasions. A meeting of persons interested in the boys' and girls' society of Lincoln was held in the First Congregational church Sunday evening. A brief history of the society was given by the president, Mr. A. J. Sawyer. Rev. G. W. Martin of Kearney, made an address. Short addresses were also made by Rev. John Hewitt, Rev. E. H. Chapin and Mr. C. A. Atkinson. Officers were elected as follows: Dr. A. H. Dorris, president; Mrs. F. M. Hall, vice-president; Mr. Bennett, secretary; Mr. J. H. Leavitt, treasurer; Mr. J. W. Dewoese, secretary.

The finest grocery store in the city, Miller & Gifford.



Mr. Mulemby returned the other day after an absence of six months. His appearance, which was quite unexpected, caused Mrs. M. to turn pale.—Truth.

A GOOD SCHEME.

Farm & Wiggins' Splendid Idea About Keeping a Diary. "Well, mother," said Farmer Wiggins on Saturday morning, with his diary opened before him, "what did I do last Monday?"

"Dear me, John," answered Mrs. Wiggins, "I do wish to goodness you'd write in your diary every night! Now we've got to go thinkin and thinkin agin, as we always do. There ain't no need of puttin things off so. Let's see. In the mornin you went to Lanesboro and bought the new heifer of Johnson, didn't ye? Or was that the mornin you went to the village to git the potato seed you sent down to Maine for?"

"I—don't—know," said Mr. Wiggins, dejectedly scratching his head. Then he brightened a little and exclaimed, "But I know I went somewhere that mornin, 'cause when I was hitchin Molly I see a rip in my pants leg and come in for you to sew it, and you was washin." "Well, 'spos you say you went for that seed that mornin," said Mrs. Wiggins. "It'll be near enough."

"Well, what else did I do Monday?" asked Mr. Wiggins in a helpless tone. And so the dialogue went on. One evening James Sidney and his daughter Mary called on the Wigginses. "I was settin in the house alone," began Mr. Sidney, "me and Mary, and as the chores was done and I'd writ in the diary for three days ahead!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins. The old man turned his beaming face to his daughter, as though asking her permission to explain. She seemed a little troubled, but said: "You see, to begin with, father never kept a diary and doesn't care much about it, but I was anxious for him to do so, thinking he would find it a pleasure. So he does, and yet he also seems to look upon it as so much work, and in spite of all I can say he often persists in writing ahead!"

"But how kin he when things ain't happened?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins. "Oh, I jest kinder think of what I'm goin to do, and write it down's if I'd done it," said Mr. Sidney. "And if I don't do it, I write across the leaf, 'Didn't do it,' or something like that." When the visitors had gone, Mr. Wiggins said, with a little chuckle: "Say, mother, why ain't that a good idee, writin ahead? It 'ud save lots of bother for you, and I guess I'd git things about as near right as I do now."

"Yes, sir," said the city editor, "there is a sort of convention at Saddler's hall in the next block. You may go and report the proceedings. Write the speeches out in full." The applicant for a place on the city editor's staff took his notebook and went away. And he never came back. When he got to Saddler's hall, he found he had been sent to report the proceedings of a convention of deaf mutes.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATE STYLES

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—"Look a-here, mother; here's two girls with a nanker on their dresses. Are they sailors' wives?" "Oh, no, I guess not," replies the mother absent, continuing her conversation with another lady. "Well, I think they would like to be, don't you?" These remarks were made by a tot of 5 at Manhattan Beach the other day, and they were called forth by seeing two very fashionable seaside gowns, more fashionable than refined, I think, but many persons will no doubt find them perfectly lovely—"so very stylish, don't you know?"



SEEN AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

One of them was of hairline linen blue and white striped, with three rows of white serpentine braid at the bottom of the skirt and three more just above the knees. The blouse was of wide blue and white stripe. The jacket was of the linen, and so were the sleeves on the forearm part, while the balloon puffs were of white duck. A white collar and dark blue tie made it rather masculine. A red anchor was worked over the left breast. The hat was a rough and ready pork pie straw, with a lace fall all around the edge, and a big alsatian bow of cream colored lace sat on the top for sole trimming. A red anchor was also worked in at the foot of the dress.

The other was of blue and white striped serge, with a band of white serge at the bottom and a zigzag braid around the middle of the skirt. The blouse waist and balloons were of the same, with the belt, forearm and enormous cape collar of the serge, that part in the front being barred with blue ribbon of the same shade as the darkest part of the blue in the dress material. There was a glazed sailor hat with a dark blue band. The anchors on the collar were worked in black, picked out with gold. The hair was worn loose and bouffante.

This manner of wearing the hair loose and flowing is gaining fast. Those whose hair is naturally curly have the greatest satisfaction now, but others curl theirs the best they can and stuff it out as much as possible. Little girls wear long curls now, as far as it is practicable, instead of the waved strands. Curls in general where natural are beginning to be looked upon with a favor that has not been accorded to them in a long time. But the young lady whose hair is curly comb it out loosely and lets it curl up into rings and tangles as it will, and the thicker and fluffier the mass the better. It has a picturesque effect that catches the eye at a glance.

I saw two little girls playing in the sand and among the seashells at Manhattan, and as they are the daughters of families who are called leaders in style I give a description of their outfits. One, a little brown eyed beauty, had a black pongee silk frock, with the baby waist smocked at the neck and waist. On the skirt and around the arms was a trimming of white lace over orange silk. The puffed sleeves ended at the elbow, leaving the plump arms bare, and the neck was also cut out square. The hat was of black straw, with a bow of maize ribbon and two shaded plumes from maize to brown. She looked a very picture.

The other wore a white serge dress with three founces to the skirt and each scalloped out and bound with baby ribbon in blue. The waist was bebe, with a full sash of baby blue surah, reaching once and a half around, ending in front under a rosette. The sleeves were short and the neck half low. On her head she wore a regular mob cap of white muslin and blue ribbons. Her thick mass of bronze brown hair fell loosely down, curling up in natural tendrils wherever it chose.

Black and maize or orange is a favorite combination for little girls under 10 and over 8, and there is no fabric for such children more satisfactory than black pongee, plain or figured, as it keeps clean, always looks refined and dressy and can be washed like calico. White gowns for afternoon wear now require white shoes or very light gray ones, even when walking quite a distance. Many ladies who wear the pretty Eton suits with white accessories wear white shoes with them. They are pretty, but not very durable, and they make the feet look larger. Tan shoes are rarely seen with really handsome outfits.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS. under a rosette. The sleeves were short and the neck half low. On her head she wore a regular mob cap of white muslin and blue ribbons. Her thick mass of bronze brown hair fell loosely down, curling up in natural tendrils wherever it chose.

GEORGE ELOPES.

He and Mary Green Leave Home and Friends Behind.

deer editur—last week I maid up mi mind I eood not live ani longer without marie grene, so on wensda nite I askid marie if she woud be mi wife.

ho, gorgie, she sed, wat a funnl way 4 u 3 ask. wy dont u get down on yure nees an talk hold or mi hand an luk up in 3 my blushin eyes an say, deer marie, I kant live without u.

so I got dou on mi nees an sed it, an then marie sed: ho, this is so sudden, u must give me time.

then u dont luv me, I eride. say not them crool words, sed marie. I luv u with mi hul hart. I am yures.

then she put her alaboster head on mi bosom and she was mine 4 ever.

ho, the pangs that shot thro mi hart, they was like the pangs that shot thro mi pants wen pa laid me on his lap last weak an I had 3 listen to the pater of the shingle. but the shingle dident pater as fast as mi overflowin hart. I think mi hart must halv overflowed rite in 2 mi gizard.

then marie sed that if we was gone 2 git maried we wite as well eloop. She sed she woud met me the next mornin down bi the scule house.

I stold in 2 pars room that nite & tuk his poket book out of his pants, it had 3 dollars an 10 cents in it. then in the mornin I met marie, she had on her sundia close an a loked swete. we went down 2 the stashun an I sed the sign wot sed children half fare, so I bote 1 full ticket 4 noo york—half 4 me & half 4 marie.

the conductor didnt want 2 talk the ticket—he sed we both orter have 3/4 tickets. so I tore the ticket in 3/4 and give marie 1 and I kept the other. the conductor sed that woudent do, and I sed I woud tel the president of the road about him, so heuffed an tuk the 3/4 tickets.

wen we luff in noo york a man sed, do u want me 2 talk u 2 the astor house. I sed I dident no mister astor and may b he woudent want us.

we walked along a strete, an I bote sum plums 4 marie, an she sed she luvud me moir evri minit. I sed if she should leave me I woud die.

then we had sum beef an beans in a restarant next 2 the mercuri ofis. Wen I asked 4 them the waiter sed: beef an.

I asked him beef an wot, an he sed dont get fresh, so I dident say nothin else. then I sed I wanted sum cofee with no milk in it an the waiter sed: draw 1 in the dark.

marie sed she was afrade 2 stay in thare in the dark an I wished I had mi pistil with me. fear nothin, marie, I sed, wile I am with u.

marie sed, I am brave enoff 2 fale the wurld with u, mi brave. the waiter brote the cofee without the lites gone out.

then after marie wanted 2 ride on the cabul cars we red about in the papurs an I askid a man wans the cabul wot.

he bode me a lilel silt along the ground an he sed the cabul was down thair. So I askid him how we eood get down thair, he sed the cabul was down thair, but the car run on the strete.

Just then I herd a gong ringin an I sed 2 marie: thay is a fire, here cums the engine. I found out the gong was on the cabul car, the car woudent stop 4 us. we had ter wait 4 the 4th car bi I woud stop. moir later. gorgie.

—New York Mercury.

Actions Louder Than Words. They sat iste by the flickering firelight. Her head was nestled on his heaving and many bosom, and softly his arm stole round her yielding waist.

The law takes no cognizance of this class of stealing. Nobody does, if proper precautions are observed, except the two interested parties. Oh, love!

Oh, rapture! He had told her the sweet words over and over again, and she coyly cooed them back to him.

A step was heard in the hall. That is to say, it was heard by the girl. The young man heard nothing except the beating of a fond heart.

"George," she murmured, "what would you do to show your love for your little Ethelreda?"

"Dearest," he responded fervently, "anything, everything. I would willingly—oh, so willingly—suffer any pain for you."

"Are you sure, George?" she asked with the insistence of doubt.

"Sure as the stars do shine, darling." Again that step.

"Then, George," she said, with a little sob, "get ready, for papa's coming."

And the craven coward skipped.—Baltimore Telegram.

Barred Out. "As what character does your husband go to this 'ancestral hall?'"

"He will go dressed as his grandfather." "Then the servants and police will never let him in."—Life.

Accommodating. "Y-a-a-a," said young Mr. Gilgal, "I sang foh them. They didn't seem to care foh popular music, though."

"Liked something with more depth to it, eh?" "Y-a-a-a. That's what they said. So I gave it to them."

"What did you sing?" "Down in a Coal Mine."—Detroit Free Press.

A News Average. Hustling Editor—How many murders did that man commit?

Assistant—One reporter says three, another says five, and another says nine.

Hustling Editor—Three, five, nine, eh? Oh, well, we'll have to strike an average. Make it 250.—New York Weekly.

Considerate. "Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Younghusband. "I'm not myself today."

"Then I won't speak to you or smile at you. It might make you jealous," said Younghusband.—Harper's Bazar.

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