

THE ANNUAL MAY SALE BEGINS HERE MONDAY, MAY 8th

This sale will prove a boon to graduates, coming as it does right at a time when preparations for graduation are at their height, and enabling people to secure graduation necessities at prices far below the regular.

MAY SALE--LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS	MAY SALE--GLOVES AND CORSETS	MAY SALE--DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
Fans for Graduates —Beautiful line of fans in Vienna style, decorated sticks and bone, gauze and silk, plain and handsomely decorated, at59c, 63c, 75c, \$1.00, and upwards to \$7.50	Odd lot silk mitts, in blue, red and pink, long and medium lengths, pure silk, worth as high as 65c, this sale [while they last], a pair19c	Fancy mixtures, new patterns and colorings, double fold, regular 150 values, this sale, per yard9c
Ladies' and Misses' embroidered yoke effects, suitable to wear with plain, wash dresses, worth \$1.50 to \$3.50, to close during this sale, each50c	What we have left of our Kayser patent finger-tip gloves, worth up as high as \$1 go during this sale, a pair47c	All wool novelties in very desirable patterns and colorings, worth up to 35c, this sale, per yard20c
Muslin Underwear —Ladies' drawers, trimmed with hemstitched umbrella ruffle, a pair25c	Good summer corsets, well made, perfect fitting, this sale21c	42-inch all wool novelties in plaids, new colors, regular 49c values, this sale, per yard25c
Same, trimmed with torchon lace, a pair32 1-2c	50c corsets, summer net, perfect fitting, this sale, each39c	Bicycle suitings, regular \$1.10 values, this sale, per yard79c
Same trimmed with torchon lace and insertion, per pair65c		Handsome colorings in tailor suitings, plain and plaid, worth \$1.00, this sale, per yard69c
Skirts trimmed with torchon and insertion at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00		Silk and wool novelties, latest color combinations, 98c values, per yard60c
Corset covers in plain and full style, torchon lace and insertion trimming, each50c		Black satin Duchesse, 27 in. wide, per yard87c
		Short lengths China silks, satins, etc., worth from 48c to 75c, per yard30c

May Sale—Ribbons, Purses, etc.	May Sale—Jewelry and Silverware	May Sale—Underwear	May Sale—Laces	May Sale—Hosiery
25c and 35c ribbons, fancy patterns, new shades, per yard19c	Gold Sterling filigree spoons, forks, sugar shells, and other novelties, Russian enamel trimming, this sale at a discount of30 per cent	Ladies' fine Egyptian cotton vests, high neck, long sleeves, light weight, 25c quality17c	Imitation Torchon laces, large variety of patterns and widths [insertion to match], prices range, per yard1c, 2c, 3c and upwards to 10c	Ladies' Black cotton hose, seamless, spliced heel and toe, double sole, a pair10c
Ribbons in fancy plaids, worth up to 15c, this sale, per yard10c	Shoe horns, button hooks, nail files, ink erasers, tooth brushes, letter openers, seals, wax holders, etc., etc., all in Sterling silver, during this sale at a discount of 30 per cent	Ladies' shaped vests, ecru, low neck, sleeveless, 19c quality, each13c	Imitation Torchon laces, in red and white, and blue and white, per yard1c, 2c, 3c and upwards to 7c	Ladies' imported real maco cotton hose, velvet finish, extra high spliced heel, double sole and toe, 35c quality, a pair29c
Fancy neck ribbons, worth up to 10c, this sale, per yard5c	Porcelaine clocks, fancy shapes, worth \$3.75 to \$4.00, this sale each \$2.50	Ladies' fine merino union suits, long sleeves, ankle length, regular \$1.00 quality, each75c	Valenciennes laces, in narrow widths, doz. yds. 18c and 25c	Boys' cotton bicycle hose, 2x1 rib, seamless, spliced heel and toe, double knee, a pair14c
Fancy neck ribbons, worth up to 10c, this sale, per yard5c	Silver plated statuettes, during this sale, at1-2 off	Children's low neck, sleeveless union suits, white and ecru, 25c grade, each19c	An exquisite showing of finer grades in Valenciennes and Mechlin laces. All come with insertions to match.	Misses' fine imported fancy striped cotton hose, 1x1 rib, double heel and toe, 35c quality, a pair25c
Small coin purses, solid leather, well made, this sale, each3c			Platt Val. laces in assorted widths and patterns, at 3, 5, 6 and up to 15c yd	
Ladies' kid and chamois shopping bags, assorted colors, this sale 1-2 off				
Chatelaines, half alligator and half moire silk, jeweled oxidized trimmings, very handsome, this sale1-2 off				

HERPOLSHEIMER & CO.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Guy D. Talbot Wins the Fourth Place for Nebraska. Given First by W. J. Bryan.

The men who in the last and best analysis of character truly merit the name of great are those who have not only made their genius felt in the times in which they lived, but who have left a larger freedom or a broader knowledge as their gift to the future.

We must distinguish between men who are great because circumstances have made them, and men who are great because they have made circumstances; between men who have espoused an unpopular cause when it was slowly but surely gaining strength in a people's heart, and men who fathered its first basic principle. It is not often in the world's history that we see such a man. He is not a leader of men so much as he is a prophet of God. The world advances from the night of barbarism to the Millennium's dawn by slow and painful steps, and at each step there is but one prophet.

The world has seen but few great epoch-making changes; but few men who, with their faces to the rising sun, have dared in the simple night of righteousness to stand for eternal truth though the world opposed, since the Greatest of Reformers, in the hills and valleys of Palestine, by His words and life, sowed the seeds of all reforms.

When some great wrong is to be righted God sends the man. But it is seldom in the world's history and more seldom yet in a nation's life, that such an occasion comes.

Such a time did come in the sixteenth century, when Catholicism ruled the world and could strike terror to the the credulous heart alike of prince or peasant, and no dissenting voice was heard. Then came Martin Luther. The world of blind belief with all the inertia of ignorance was against him. He said: "Here I take my stand." He did not stir. The world came to him and the bandage of blind superstition dropped forever from the eyes of men.

Such a time came again in the eighteenth century. The world was a world of sovereigns and subjects. No one questioned the divine right of kings. But Patrick Henry roused a people's latent thought and feeling with his "Give me liberty or give me death." The prophet had heralded the dawn of liberty's new day, and the world saw the birth of a nation—a nation where every man is a monarch, where the humblest is of royal blood.

These are two of the most striking scenes in the drama of human progress. The last and greatest of all, with its leader the most heroic of all, remains for us to trace.

Nothing is grander than to break chains from the bodies of men; nothing is nobler than to dispel the darkness of the mind. Nothing is so heroic as to fight for the liberty of others. To fight for yourself is natural; to fight for others is grand. To fight for your country is noble; to fight for the human race, for the liberty of hand and brain, is nobler still! And to do all of this with no reward for the present, but poverty and curses and danger and no hope for the future but victory in another's cause and the consciousness of having faithfully done one's part in the world's great work—is sublime.

And all of this is but the tale of



G. D. TALBOT.

the life work of William Lloyd Garrison—the greatest, tenderest soul that the Great Republic has seen since the days of Washington.

He was born in one of the lowliest of lowly New England homes. He grew up almost without an education in Boston's historic suburb, Newburyport. No sight or sound of slavery was round his boyhood home. There was nothing in the peaceful, quiet landscape on which he looked, nothing in the low hills, the cultivated and undulating fields where ambition was labor's only goad, nothing in the murmur of the Atlantic's tide upon his native beach to stir his sympathy or to prepare his mind and heart for the sublimest life of unselfish toil and self-surrender that our history records.

Let us pass over his early history, interesting as it is, until at the age of twenty-three, when life's future, lit by hope's radiant star and picturesque

with ambition's beautiful mirage all lies before him, inviting him to claim his share of wealth and happiness and worldly honor.

He went to Boston and worked for a time as type-setter. In a few months we find him editing a little paper. There was practically no issue before the people. The only question that Garrison could find was one which grew out of a claim of Massachusetts for indemnity for some injury caused by the war of 1812.

The people's conscience slept. All the conditions existed as they did years later, when Lincoln, in the emancipation Proclamation, gave expression to that conscience aroused. Four millions of human beings were governed by the lash, human flesh quivered under the strokes of cruel whips; hounds tracked women through tangled swamps. Babies were sold from the breasts of mothers. Four million bodies were in chains, four million souls in fetters; all the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. But the people's conscience slept. There was no eye to pity and no hand to save. But one man awakened. It was William Lloyd Garrison. All the unspeakable cruelty and infinite outrage of slavery rose up before his mind like a hideous dream. He saw 'the slave in chains.' It was enough. Slumbering pity woke. He would aid in the process of the sun. Another step was to be taken toward the goal of ultimate right. Divinity had spoken its message of duty to the waiting heart of another prophet.

He resigned his editorship, and, going to Baltimore with no present capital but his love of freedom and nothing to expect but opposition, he established "The Genius of Universal Emancipation." Here at the age of twenty-four he raised, for the first time in America, the standard of immediate and universal emancipation. He was utterly alone. Wendell Phillips had not yet been heard. For more than a decade Sumner's eloquence was silent and Illinois' rustic statesman was still learning in the university of nature the homely wisdom that was at last to fit him to be the instrument through which destiny consummated that which Garrison began. His was a solitary voice crying aloud in the wilderness of a nation's iniquity.

From the abstract statement that slavery is a crime, he deduced the concrete application that slave-holders were criminals. With the fearlessness of conscious right he asserted that every man who takes by force the fruits of another man's labor is a criminal before the law of God. The grand jury indicted him for libel. He was tried, found guilty, was too poor

to pay his fine, and at the age of twenty-four, when few men have fixed beliefs, was in jail for his convictions. Here he stayed until a generous friend animated not by hate of slavery, but by love of free speech, paid his fine and Garrison was once more free. He had no money. The paper, never profitable, had during his imprisonment, sunk under its load of debt. He was without a weapon. For the moment his voice was silenced, but the fire still glowed unquenched in his heart.

He went back to Boston, and after working a short time at his trade, he rented some type, borrowed a press, and friendless, penniless and alone, began to publish the "Liberator." The Liberator, fourteen inches by nine, as large as a modern handbill. A financial failure at first, a financial failure all the thirty-five years of its life. But it was not born to die. It heralded a new evangel. In its pages Wendell Phillips read the alphabet of eman-



J. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

ipation and Charles Sumner's heart first learned to beat in sympathy with a race oppressed. Like a halo round the brow of holiness shone its motto: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind." Stern as the angel of judgment, brave as the defiance of Martin Luther, is his introduction: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be, shall be, heard." And ah! how he was heard! The strength and resources of his mother tongue seemed inadequate for his needs. All the harsh, the stern, the terrible and the tremendous energies of English speech he drew upon and launched at slavery. The Liberator radiated thought that glowed, couched in words that burned. A pillar of fire in the night of the nation's sin.

And yet amid all the excesses of the enthusiast was the calculating mind

of the philosopher. He saw that the national apathy could be overcome only by firing the national anger. He knew that he himself must feel part of the force of the explosion. But fearing nothing but his conscience and his God he bent to his task. He felt and knew that there is a law more potent than any enactment of state. Higher than statute or decision of court, he set the principles of eternal right. He felt that the fugitive slave law was a crime against humanity. He denounced the legislators, the legislation and all who obeyed it. His rebukes cut deep. His insolence was no longer to be borne. The fanatic must be silenced. Then came the twenty-first of August and the "bread-cloth mob," and before a single one of the great men whose names were afterward so closely linked with the anti-slavery cause had learned the first great principles, Garrison had well nigh died for his convictions. For denying that it is a crime to feed the hungry, to give water to lips that thirst, to shelter a woman flying from the whip and chain, William Lloyd Garrison stands with garments torn and tattered, the bruised and bleeding victim of a Boston mob, in the boasted land of freedom, a martyr to freedom's cause.

But after eight weary years of toil and conflict he had reached the turning of the long lane. Friends and supporters came clustering round. Phillips on the rostrum and Sumner in the senate brought their eloquence to aid his cause. We know the rest. We know how that cause grew stronger in the power of its righteousness until the nation trembled in the throes of civil war, how the tiny seed which Garrison had planted when he said 'I will be heard,' grew until it budded in the election of Lincoln and blossomed in the Emancipation Proclamation.

William Lloyd Garrison—first of reformers in the greatest of reforms, more than a martyr to his cause, as a life of toil and striving is greater than the dreamless sleep of death. He lived to fight liberty's battles from its first to its last. He lived to see the victory of the cause he had spoken into life. He lived until his name and liberty were united forever. He lived to be showered with roses and jasmine where years before a price had been set upon his head. He did not retreat—a nation came to him. He lived until the history of his deeds made music in the hearts of a liberated race, until his name was written with Lincoln's on Columbia's calendar of worth and fame.

When wrongs are to be righted God sends the man. But it is seldom that we are permitted to see another Prometheus bring the fire of liberty from heaven's altar and kindle a people's hearts with its sacred flame.