

1021 1/2
1020 O Street
Lincoln, Nebraska

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FITZ GERALD DRY GOODS CO.

An Opportunity Unparalleled

In all bargain history of buying dress goods for below cost.

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Next week we sell dress patterns in black and colors, some of which will be displayed in our east show window, at the exceptionally low price of

49c per yard.

Consisting of . . .

Broad head checks, 38 in. wide, worth	65c	Black mohair, 8 circelian, 52 in. wide, worth	85c
Silk and wool stripes, 38 in. wide, worth	75c	Black mohair and wool figured, 46 in. wide, worth	83c
Silk and wool, Persian pattern, 38 in. wide, worth	75c	Black solids, figured, 46 in. wide, worth	75c
Crochet checks, 38 in. wide, worth	75c	Black and navy blue clay serges, 52 in. wide, worth	75c
Pure worsted checks, 40 in. wide, worth	75c	Black mohair Etamines, 40 in. wide worth	75c
Covart cloths, 42 in. wide, worth	69c	Black all wool and mohair grenadines, 40 in. wide worth	75c
Glasse Serge, yarn dyed, 46 in. wide, worth	75c	Black all wool imported crepon, 40 in. wide worth	75c
Scotch mixed novelties, 40 in. wide, worth	75c		

Do not fail to look at these goods.

BLACK SILK LACE and GRENADINES.

Black all over lace, 44 in. wide per yard	\$ 50	Black mohair grenadine, 46 in. wide per yard	75
Black all silk lace, 44 in. wide per yard	75	Black mohair and silk grenadine, handsome design, 46 in. wide per yard	98c.
Black all silk fishnet lace 46 in. wide per yard	1.35	All silk grenadines, 44 in. wide per yard \$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.89, \$1.98 and \$2.25.	

We can show you an elegant line of spring novelties, the like of which has never before been seen in Lincoln.

STORIES BY AMY BRUNER

ARTIFICIAL VIOLETS.

It is the fashion now to wear artificial violets—bunches of them on your coat, or hat, around your neck, or on your cape—anywhere. Blue and purple flowers, and green leaves in the winter!

There can be nothing more striking than a girl dressed in furs, walking through the snow, with a wreath of violets around her neck, and knots of purple blossoms on her sealskin muff. It is a pretty sight, but is it altogether pleasant?

I cannot say. It is hard for me to decide whether the violets blooming on winter hats and fur caps, by their suggestiveness of springtime, soften the cutting wind, or whether by the false vision of green violet haunts, they make the winter seem by contrast, all the more cold and bleak.

Perhaps someone else may have decided.

NOTHING.

His heart was beating fast. He was so dizzy he could hardly stand. He had not been so a few minutes ago. It was broad daylight—most certainly, for dinner was over but a half hour before. The room he was in was small and scantily furnished, the typical cheap hotel bedroom. There were no secret panels in the whitewashed walls, no stuffed sofa in the corner, no long curtain about the bed,—there was no place where ghosts might hide. A mouse could not escape without being seen, and yet he was trembling, and cold, and doubted his senses. He had seen a creature—there was no such a thing in existence,—it had touched his hand with its cold, soft—surely it was not a hand? It had eyes,—it had a form, but not an animal's—then it was gone. The sun shone through the narrow window. The castile soap on the washstand look-

ed like a striped red stone. He had seen something. It was gone. He believed it was true. No one else would think so. He prayed he would never see that thing again.

STUDIES FROM THE MODEL

It was a very hot day. The sun poured down on the pavement and the stone sidewalk. A dry, dusty wind came from the south, blowing in a most exasperating manner and growing stronger and hotter every minute.

I stood on the corner waiting for my car. The car is always late on disagreeable days, and the shade is always on the opposite corner.

"Ought to be here now," I grumbled. And hasn't even gone up yet."

I leaned against the telephone post and stopped trying to keep cool. Little rills of perspiration rolled down my dusty cheeks. My hair, loosened from the invisible hairpins, flew wildly about; all the curl in it gone. My hat was tilted gracefully on one side of my head and my veil had become loosened and was waving frantically. Altogether, I was very uncomfortable. I closed my eyes lazily. Suddenly I opened them very wide and turned at the sound of excited voices behind me.

An Italian, standing before his fruit stand was waving his arms wildly aloft, and talking in his own language at the top of his voice.

Beside him, equally excited, was a woman, evidently his mother.

She was very stout and in her exertions to keep up with her son both in flow of words and rapid gesticulations, she made me more uncomfortable than ever.

They were too busy to notice me and so I had the benefit of their quarrel all to myself, and although I could not un-

derstand anything they said, their gestures were enough to keep me amused.

Finally he stopped for lack of breath, and she, taking advantage of this, said something in a loud, emphatic tone and extended her fat, pudgy hand. He looked at her in despair and then reaching into his pocket dropped some small change into her hand. A slight look of triumph came over her face and she deliberately held out her hand for more, first dropping the money into a huge pocket in her apron.

Then the quarrel began all over again. And once more, in great wrath, he gave her half a dollar.

"More," her looks, hands and words said. He gave her a dollar and some small change. But this was all. She insisted, but he shook his head decidedly and finally, with an impatient gesture, turned his trouser pockets inside out.

Satisfied, and with one parting look of triumph, she waddled off, jingling her hard-earned money.

He drew a long breath and mopped his face slowly with his red handkerchief. Then assuring himself that she was out of sight, he smiled slyly and with a look of victory after a struggle, took from his waistcoat pocket a little roll of bills and gazed upon them lovingly.

And I almost missed the car.

Everyone remembers the Columbus day celebration and what a success the school children made of their part of the programme.

Indeed, they deserve much more praise than they received, for they really worked very hard in preparing it. They had a good deal of fun, too, and for weeks before the eventful day, lessons were a secondary consideration.

Twice or three times a week the elocution teacher came. She was short,

stout, homely woman, with a face set like a tragedy mask.

She came first to the four higher grades in the large upper hall. She stalked slowly to the middle of the floor, cleared her throat and began the exercises in a deep, loud voice that could be heard all over the building. The more advanced pupils succeeded very well and caught the patriotic spirit, but when she came to the little ones the elocution teacher was forced to lift her voice and to enter into lengthy explanations.

Then the exercises began. The little ones stood still and paid strict attention, awed by the solemn face and deep tones of the pudgy elocution teacher. She carried the exercises straight through, and the children did their part as best they could.

Unfortunately, she had omitted to tell them about the salute. When she came to that part of the program she drew herself up, and throwing all her voice into the word, shouted

"S-a-y-lute!"

There was a breathless little pause. Then one hundred shrill voices screamed

"Lute!" HARRIET COOKE.

OUT, BRIEF GANDLE.

QUESTION.

"Rotted June's roses, so, what can'st thou do—
"Thine Autumn-days past thee fast flying?"

ANSWER.

"Dust—mire of the road, plod patiently through,
"And die when the serene year's a-dying."

—IDYLL.

MY UMBRELLA.

I've hunted for it 'round and 'round,
And found my time misspent.
For, when it's nowhere to be found,
I know for sure it's Lent.