

# FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

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Lincoln, Neb.

## The scales Will Fall

from every one's eyes after once looking at our overflowing stock of black dress goods.

## THE FACT THAT WE ARE SELLING GOODS AT SUCH LOW PRICES

lies in a nutshell. We bought in such immense quantities that we can afford to.



Black dress goods have reached their zenith of approval for never before in all the past seasons have they been so popular as at the present time. To meet the demand, we have laid in an immense stock of black dress goods which we are confident will meet the approval of all who see them. Black dress goods in plain and fancy weaves are in high favor and the black figured goods hold their own. B. Priestley and co.'s black dress goods are known the world over. Their name is stamped on the selvedge of every 5 yards of goods. They guarantee their goods to be perfectly satisfactory to the wearer in every way. We carry a full line of B. Priestley and co.'s goods. It will give us great pleasure to show our lines to you at any time.

### The Courier Dresden Letter

Dresden has long been famous for the beautiful old gallery, but this year it startled the art centers of Berlin and Munich by a superb exhibition of modern paintings.

The building in which the pictures are exhibited is constructed after the Spanish style, with long rooms opening into a central court in which the statuary is arranged among the palms or in relief, against a bank of green. The effect is most cool and restful.

As at the World's Fair each school is distinctly marked and interesting by comparison. Naturally the Germans have contributed the largest number of paintings; all of them painted in heavy, rich colors and with too much sacrifice to the imagination. One longs for realism now a days.

Lenbach of Munich has four perfect portraits. His style resembles Rembrandt more than any modern painter. His subjects are generally men and as he actually refused the order for a portrait of a beautiful, wealthy American girl he won the name of a woman hater. However his divorce last winter from one wife and his marriage a few months later to another, ought to acquit him of that charge.

Arnold Boecklin is a realist. His sea-maidens have drenched straight hair, not a mass of waving ringlets. The ocean he paints looks so deep, blue and cold it chills the beholder. He is sometimes disgusting in his truthfulness, but never uninteresting. Unfortunately his best work is not in Dresden, but one conception "The Mountain in the Sea," has a bit of the wonderful blue ocean that only Boecklin can paint.

From the German school to the French is a leap. Boldini has sent two pastels. One of Verdi, the composer and the

other of a typical French lady returning from the opera. There is something so aesthetic and fascinating in this artist's long straight lines and slim maidens of the world of fashion. In this same room is a very small picture of a Breton woman by Dagnan-Bouveret which critics have pronounced the gem of the whole collection. There is nothing to be said about it, it is so simple and so perfect. The coloring is clean, delicate and subtle. Paris has gone mad over Dagnan-Bouveret's work. Young students worship, and women flock to him for their portraits. His work has "that indefinable something, that inestimable nothing," that is necessary for a great picture.

The Americans are represented not by quantity but by quality. Only one room contains their pictures but they are all acceptable. The work that George Hitchcock has been doing in Holland of late years is beautiful. His painting of a young girl, standing with her brocaded skirts carefully raised in order not to hurt the white t. lips which surround her, has been purchased for the Royal Gallery. "The Flight into Egypt" is another composition of his which has received special notice. Around the white veiled figure of Mary is a soft white light which blends like rhythm into the blue and white flower sprinkled field through which she is passing.

If one grows tired of looking at the pictures he may wander into the garden and listen to the music or amuse himself in some lazy fashion.

Life is what you wish to think it, and the Germans are pleased to think it is happy.

Not long since, while stopping at an English country house, where the young Duchess of Marlborough was also a guest, I was witness to a charming incident. While standing in the hall one evening, just before dinner, the frou-

frou of skirts was heard. I looked up. Descending between the palms that line the great staircase came the youthful Duchess, splendidly dressed, her dark hair and slender throat glittering with jewels. Just behind followed a tiny, white haired old lady, the wife of a London East Side clergyman, who chanced to be spending the night there on business connected with his work. In her shabby black silk and cheap laces she was in obvious contrast to the brilliant young figure before her. Evidently she, too, felt the difference, for she stepped softly, hoping to escape observation.

When the Duchess reached the door she felt the presence behind her and turned, just as the servant, gorgeous in plush and silk stockings, obsequiously held aside the portiere for her to pass through. She instantly stepped aside, and with a gesture motioned Mrs. — to pass before her. The old face flushed with astonished embarrassment, and she diffidently shrank back. But the Duchess, with pretty insistence, motioned her forward, saying: "Madam, you are older than I."

The flunkey, accustomed to strict precedence, with difficulty repressed his supercilious amazement, as the shabby little "nobody," in her poor dress, preceded Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough.

It is by such gentle manners and charming tact that this admirable type of an American girl is winning love as well as respectful admiration in England, and we are fortunate in having such a one to represent us where American women are often justly criticized.

The Queen, I hear, is taking to crochet with great activity. She used to prefer knitting. The autumn is always an industrious time for her, as she makes comforts for all her favorite cottagers at Balmoral and Osborne, besides much

work for the Duchess of Teck's Needlework Guild and quilts for the hospitals. Except when she is out driving, she is never idle for an instant.

From crochet to croquet is an easy transition, and it is a coincidence that both should at the moment be basking in the sunshine of royal favor. The Princess of Wales has "taken up" croquet with enthusiasm, and so have both her daughters. Quite exciting contests have been fought out at Osborne or in the gardens of various friends, so now we may expect to find lawn tennis completely outside from public life before very long, unless the Prince's fondness for watching it keeps it going. If, however, he obeys his doctors and gives up Homburg this year in favor of Marienbad or Carlsbad—a piece of advice which has made him quite cross—he will miss his favorite little tennis parties, of which Countess Adda Merenberg was one of the stars.

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