

"The sale came off with a big crowd in attendance and lots of stir and noise. I was kept busy going after things and bringing up stock, and I wasn't able to keep much run of how things were going, but I got the impression that the horses were selling mighty well. Bringing more than anybody had expected, and surprising all the nearby neighbors who had seen them. I was feeling a little elated over my work when I was sent for to come to the house. What do you think I found when I got there. I was told that father had bought that miserable old gray plug,—had bid him off at seventy dollars. He had put on so much style that he had captured the old man's eye. I had made him look so nice that father had been roped in sure enough. That wasn't the worst of it. Father said that he had promised that I should sign the note with him. I protested against it, told him he didn't need him—that he had horses enough, which was true. I explained in a mild way that the horse wasn't worth the money,—mild I say, for the proprietor and his family were present and I couldn't say very much against the old beast. They were all against me and finally I signed the note, as father seemed to be on his mettle about it, and his old army pride was wound up.

"Well I had to pay that note. Father never was able to do it. It took all I could save out of a year's work to meet it. That's the start I got when I was twenty-one. But, as I said before, perhaps it was just as well. I had to learn what it costs to sign notes some time and it may have saved me a good deal of money in these later years."

—HARRY G. SHEDD.

Fashions of the Day.

It would be manifestly uninteresting and in grossly bad taste, to attempt to impart instruction for cool autumn costumes to a public not yet recovered from the effects of the broiling, sizzling, seething mass of heat with which September doused us all last week, as though in derision at being included in the fall months.

A few days of goose flesh, a few days of huddling around the fireside, accompanied by an ever-insistent conviction that our clothing is incompetent for the duties required of it, these will bring us face to face with the question of autumn wardrobes, and so, deferring for a time the discussion of matters of exterior clothing, I propose to cast an eye over the lovely exhibitions or seasonable *lingerie* to be found by those who know where such quests should be directed.

Certainly each season our women devote a larger and still larger proportion of their expenditures to this matter of interior decoration, and as many, in fact most, of the innovations are in the nature of improvements, they are worthy of encouragement, while as for attractiveness—well, my lady's collection of cobwebby linens and laces, and ruffles and ribbons, are dainty simply to the point of despair.

One of the most ingenious, practical and serviceable of the new devices is in silk-skirt construction. It consists of the usual good petticoat with the single pinked ruffle, but instead of the pink ruffles and chiffon frill, now we have the novel arrangement of deep flounces of exquisite lawn or even mull, with lace or embroidery, which are to be buttoned on to the silk petticoat. These of course are easily removed, laundered and replaced, the skirt itself remaining clean and retaining the all essential silken "awhish" or "frou frou."

Not all the daughters of Eve are so fortunately placed in life that they can afford to own a number of silken petticoats, but most of those whom I address can fit themselves out with at least one, and then the many changeable flounces of silk, wash materials and laces offer all

the advantages of a seemingly endless variety.

A lovely petticoat I saw was of magenta taffeta silk, with adjustable flounces. One of these latter was of black net, edged with black lace, bands and rosettes of black velvet.

Eugenie, at 7 West Forty-second street, is, if not the originator, at least the first to introduce these charming petticoats, and has them on exhibition in all shades and varieties of material. Who cannot there be suited must be hard indeed to please.

At this same attractive *atelier* I saw also such exquisite corset waists as I do not remember to have met with elsewhere, not even in what I may call "private collections." There is also a bewildering, fairy-like assortment of dressing sacques, wrappers, drawers and night dresses, for grown folks, while for children the department is equally complete, and in its way equally elaborate.

I am tempted to allude more specifically to a christening robe for an infant, beyond question the handsomest I have ever seen (the robe, not the infant). It is of cobweb cambric, lace of an exquisite design, resembling the three feathers of the Prince of Wales, numberless tucks, all put in by hand, down the front, and alternating with lace insertion—soft ruffles about the throat, and puff sleeves with white satin bows and a satin sash with ends at the back. This dream of a robe is the work of Eugenie's skilled artist, and I can easily foresee the proud triumphant smile of the happy mother whose "pride and joy" thus appropriately decked out in the matchless garment, shall, by unconscious proxy, forswear forever the "poms and vanities of this wicked world."

Here, too, are to be seen the children's gimpes and school dresses, denims in blue and brown, made low-necked, with revers, and lap stitched, without embroidery. The gimpes to be worn with these frocks are of red linen and ecru linen, are awfully smart, and in very latest and most excruciating agony.

I hear mutterings of rebellion against the advocates of the overskirt. Some women declare they "just won't" wear them, which declaration will hold good until rescinded—perhaps. I am not much given to prophecy either as to weathers or fashions, but I would almost venture to predict another year's reign for the plain seven-gored skirt. Some of the ultra-fashionables, no doubt, will adopt the overskirt, if only for the luxury of producing a sensation and outdoing their more conservative sisters, but these extremists are vastly in the minority.

There is a particular shade of red, I do not know the trade name, if, indeed, it has one, worn for tailor suits. It cannot be copied in the cheaper materials. Maroons and blues are to be favored, with the new browns, while greens seem to be for the nonce out of my lady's good graces. As to materials, the edict has gone forth against all rough surfaced goods, and in favor of smooth, even satin finishes. I like the broad-cloths very much, and consider them generally becoming, as well as *chic*.

Street costumes will be very much toned down, and it is hardly necessary to recall how much they needed it. Black will be the very "swellest," but a black suit must be of the very best of materials. Cheap black is an offense against good taste which carries its own punishment with it.

A curious new fad prevailing in both Paris and London is that the women who, by chance or natural selection, or by family ties, appear in public together, are dressing in pairs. It was a conceit here, of a score or more of years ago, that sisters when near enough of an age, should be sent out like a pair of Dresden china images, but it was often sadly det-

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imental to the plainer one, and unless the likeness between the two were very startling, one or the other was sure to suffer in effectiveness, exemplifying the adage that "what is meat for one is poison for another."

The English, who are, as a people, much better versed in the laws of custom than in matters of abstract tastefulness, have always maintained, and no doubt, with British pluck, will always maintain, against the most hopeless odds, that the children of one family should be dressed—or perhaps I should make a distinction here and say "clothed"—alike, the girls after their kind and the boys after theirs. In parish schools and abnormally large families, there are, doubtless, advantages in this nefarious practice. Goods may be bought by the piece, buttons by the gross and ribbons by the box, thus obtaining wholesale prices, but alas! producing retail effects. When, too, a large family of this homogeneous variety is traveling about the continent, it may be more easily assembled at critical moments than would be possible were individuality permitted. I have in mind an English family in this country whose four girls are garbed in precisely similar attire both indoors and out, and, as they bear a very striking likeness to each other, I am fain to address to them only general remarks concerning the weather and such matters of breathless interest; for the reason that I can never be quite sure whether my listener (English girls listen admirably) be Mary, or Susan or Jane or Gwendolin.

Gray gowns and gray taffeta skirts will be much affected this autumn and this wrinkle I predicted away back in the early spring.

Chiffon waists will be just as dressy as ever, and the latest things in silk waists are tucked, in clusters of three tucks, from the neck to the belt. It is a

very pretty style, and, being elastic, fits almost like the jersey. They are made in one color of taffeta silk, and with them is worn a mull tie edged with lace and insertion. I saw three lovers, one in black, one in lilac and one in white. They resemble the accordion pleated waists, but are more substantial and durable. The sleeves are very plain and cuffs tucked and reversed.

Fur garments are to be softened in effect by ruffles of lace, both at the throat and cuffs. The Russian blouse will be an autumn favorite, with jeweled belt or belt of jet or leather.

The *Recamier* waist has the French back with bias front and is draped. Long waisted effects will be in favor. There can be no doubt that the redingote has come to stay, for a while at least. It was bravely fought against in the spring, but has succeeded in re-establishing itself.

Many of the autumn waists will be so plainly severe in construction that they can be worn quite late in the season—up to the advent of cold weather in fact—as they have a decidedly out-of-doorish appearance. Coats, as hinted before, will be of smooth finished cloths, some models being belted in with black velvet. Every well-dressed woman must possess one of these coats. They go with everything and are always smart.—Town Topics.

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