

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1028-1029 O St.

Lincoln, Nebr.

A SENSATIONAL SILK SALE

Commencing Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. This sale will be a boon to economical people, for on every purchase made here money will be saved. We do not carry goods that no one wants to buy. Come to the store and see how well we back up our advertisements.

19c a yard. SILKS. SILKS. 19c a yard.

Never before has there been such a reduction on good silk. In this sale we offer no old goods. Every yard having been purchased this season. At the regular price they are as cheap as any house in the United States sells the same quality of material for. The price we have made on this lot is without doubt the lowest ever made on good desirable styles. The entire lot of 1,000 yards is on exhibition in our large east window. We will sell it in waist patterns only and but one pattern to a customer. These are all \$1.00, 75c and 50c silks. Remember only 19c a yard.

Besides this lot a reduction has been made on every yard of black and colored silk in the house. Some have been reduced as much as 33 1-3 per cent, others at 25 per cent, and still others at 20 per cent. If you want a silk dress, skirt or waist, you can now buy one at an extremely low price at our great silk sale.

Fitzgerald
Dry Goods
Co

**Mail Orders
Promptly Filled**

1023-1029
O Street
Lincoln, Nebr.

(DDS AND ENDS.

Argenteuil is not known in the traveler's category, and, indeed, I am unable to offer it as an oasis to that much-to-be-pitied mortal who has been everywhere and seen everything. There is no lost academy of Michael Angelo or Raphael that has been secluded here; no old chateau with "ivy-clad" walls; no broken fragments of a Roman fortress; and not even the ashes (so far as is known) of some of those very old time warriors, although across the river we see the spot where Charlemagne was first crowned.

Argenteuil is but a prosaic town relieved by its red-tiled roofs and the Seine, which adds peace and—yes, prosperity to the landscape. There are even a few of what foreign countries consider as monstrosities—wooden houses.

Possibly you would like to be bounded by Baedeker, at least, on the north, if not on the east and west. It gives one such a substantial feeling to quote this very correct individual: "Argenteuil is thirteen and a half miles from Paris, has a population of 1200 and is justly celebrated for its asparagus. "Voila" its epitaph in the sojourner's Bible.

Yet in spite of all this plain, depressing information this little town can safely say, "Search me and you shall not be disappointed."

It was the abode of the Mirabeau family. I cannot help admiring soil that has produced an offspring with such a magnificent intellect as the Mirabeau of the Revolution, a man who has not yet had his full share in the world's distribution of glory. An inscription on the outside wall of the church makes

known the resting place of Mirabeau and his mother. How gladly would I have placed one of those hideous, un-gainly immortelles against this slab had I thought that it would have brought peace to his ashes!

Here, too, is the old convent of Heloise. After those dismal years of love and then of scandal she came here to start her ill fated convent. There are still remnants of an underground passage between what was Abelarde's abode and the convent. The disappointed lover, with poetic justice, may fitly promenade here and sigh over the mighty "Might Have Been."

I must not forget, however, that Argenteuil is well known to the Catholic world. In its church is preserved "Le Saint Tunique," the supposed seamless robe of our Saviour, presented to it by Charlemagne. Since its whereabouts have been known and the clergy have declared its authenticity thousands of pilgrimages have been made for a single glance at the holy garment. One father, who was shepherd of the flock, during Argenteuil's great pilgrim era (which was not long ago) sold a great quantity of souvenirs, such as pictures, even manufactured shreds and I know not what precious remembrances of the Tunique, until he amassed a great fortune to the scandal of the church.

I met the postmaster who was very fond of relics no matter what their denomination might be. One day, after he had shown me his wine cellar and his ardor was somewhat dampened by my lack of appreciation of a wonderful bottle of wine that was older than the great Revolution, Madame said: "Let us show Mademoiselle our clois-

ters."

With a Nansenian thrill at the thought of discovery I clasped Madame's hand and descended into darkness. I was first presented to a most luxurious bed of mushrooms.

"Eh bien n'est-ce que vous y-pensez, Mademoiselle?"

"It's merveilleux I assure you, Monsieur."

Our feeble candle power soon brought out dimly a vaulted roof supported by sturdy columns. My breath came quicker for was not a "Great Unknown" now before us?

On we went around a noble curve in the massive wall and then we were face to face with nothing but Mother Earth. What was beyond? Had these people no curiosity?

"Oh, Monsieur, what a shame that we can't go any further," I exclaimed.

"Mais oui, oui, oui, Mademoiselle."

I stumbled against something—a rusty spoon or two and a queer old shovel. And there in the corner, by Monsieur, a rude bed hollowed out in the rock.

"It is here, Mademoiselle," said Monsieur, "that the postmaster of 1871 took refuge from the Prussians. Dame but they made lively work of Argenteuil. Let us go, do let us go! Uuh! this darkness, this dampness is terrible!"

Filed with the mystery of the place I was loath to leave, notwithstanding Monsieur's melancholy expression. Were there any old parchments hidden away beneath these walls? What order lived here? Wore those searchers of salvation black robes, white or gray? The candles flickered a moment and then the darkness grew. Once those cloisters looked out on to a court opened to the

sky and only the moon and the stars were curious enough to peer down at the vigils of the monks who dwelt there. How often had some poor mortal paced to and fro, lacerated in soul and body, seeking some new contrivance of torture in order to make sure the peace of his life hereafter? I crossed a web-wound pillar in hope that it might take pity and include me in its secrets, but no, stone is as unresponsive as marble.

"Madame," I said, "I'm coming some day, tomorrow, with a pick and shovel and go to work."

"I'll go with you. Often I come down here with a small spade and prowl around."

"Tient, tient, tient, c'est amusantca," murmured Monsieur.

I left Argenteuil soon after, but if I ever return I mean to present myself at Madame's door with the afore named instruments. These memories already seem far away and fanciful but, nevertheless, they are adorned with the spirit of truth.

HELEN HARWOOD.

Legal Item.

"What is a vested interest?" asked one of the lawyers who was examining a candidate for admission to the bar.

"Well—er—I suppose you have a vested interest when you are compelled to pawn your vest," replied the candidate, who was somewhat impecunious.

The Floss of Notion.

Aunty—So you took your first dancing lesson to-day? Did you find it difficult?

Wee Nephew—No m, it's easy 'nough. All you have to do is to keep turning 'round and wiping your feet.