

FitzGerald JULY CLEARING SALE

DRY GOODS CO.

The Great Semi-Annual Event that all the people of Lincoln look forward to—the great Bargain Sale that all the people of Lincoln attend.

COMMENCES HERE MONDAY MORNING JULY 9.

Here are a few sample prices. See Yellow Circulars for full particulars.

All summer wash goods; 50c and over values, yard.....20c
 All summer wash goods, 25c and 35c values, yard.....10c
 All summer wash goods, 15c, 18c and 22c values, yard..... 5c
 All summer lawn, yard..... 2c

6c Light Dress and Shirting prints, yard.....2 7/8c
 6c Dark Dress and Shirting Prints, yard.....3 1/2c
 6c German Blue, yard.....4 3/4c
 8 1/2c Apron and Cheviot Gingham, yard.....4 3/4c
 9c Bed Ticking, yard.....5 3/4c
 6c LL Nublea Muslin, yard.....4 7/8c

Canfield Dress Shield (seconds) firsts worth 25c and 35c, pair. 8c
 Pulley Stock Collars, slightly soiled, worth to 75c, choice.. 10c
 5c Silk Hair Nets.....2 for 3c

Our Usual Semi-Annual Silk Sensation.

1,500 yards of Corded Kai Kai Silks, etc., value regularly 50c.

500 yards on sale Monday, 8 A. M., yard..... 15c
 500 yards on sale Tuesday, 8 A. M., yard..... 15c
 500 yards on sale Wednesday, 8 A. M. yard..... 15c

Summer Dress and Fancy Waist silks, values to \$1.00, yard... 50c

Summer Dress and Fancy Waist Silks, values to \$2.00, yard... 75c

Fancy Parasol Slaughter.

All Fancy Parasols in the House, regular price \$6 to \$10.....\$3.00

All Fancy Parasols worth \$4.50 to \$6.00.....\$2.00

All Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$4.00.....\$1.50

All Fancy Parasols worth \$1.50 to \$2.50.....\$1.00

All Summer Colored Shirt Waists, worth to 75c.....49c
 All 98c Colored Shirt Waists....75c
 All \$1.50 Colored Shirt Waists..\$1.00
 All \$1.98, \$2.25, \$3.00, \$3.50..\$1.50

Denim Homespun and Linen Dress Skirts, worth \$2.00.....98c

12, 18, 22 in. stamped Linen Doylies, worth to 25c 5c

Wash Emb'y Rope Silks, odd shades, skein 1c

25c Tapestry Cushion Tops and backs 10c

25c Fancy Taffeta Ribbons . . . 15c

50c Fancy Taffeta Ribbons . . . 25c

75c Fancy Taffeta Ribbons . . . 35c

Embroideries, widths to 7 inches, mostly short lengths, values to 25c 7 1/2c

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THE AFFAIR AT GROVER STATION.

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head of a plaster cast of Parnell, Larry's hero. His dress suit was missing, so there was no doubt he had dressed for the party. His overcoat lay on his trunk and his dancing shoes were on the floor, at the foot of his bed by his everyday ones. I knew that his pumps were a little tight, he had joked about them when I was down the Sunday before the dance, but he had only one pair, and he couldn't have got another in Grover if he had tried himself. That got me to thinking. He was a dainty fellow about his shoes and I knew his collection pretty well. I went to his closet and found them all there. Even granting him a prejudice against overcoats, I couldn't conceive of his going out in that stinging weather without shoes. I noticed that a surgeons case, such as are carried on passenger trains, and one which Larry had once appropriated in Cheyenne, was open, and that the roll of medicated cotton had been pulled out and recently used. Each discovery I made served only to add to my perplexity. Granted that Freymark had been there, and granted that he had played the boy an ugly trick, he could not have spirited him away without the knowledge of the train crew.

"Duke, old doggy," I said to the poor spaniel who was sniffing and whining about the bed, "you haven't done your duty. You must have seen what went on between your master and that clam-blooded Asiatic, and you ought to be able to give me a tip of some sort."

"I decided to go to bed and make a

fresh start on the ugly business in the morning. The bed looked as though some one had been lying on it, so I started to beat it up a little before I got in. I took off the pillow and as I pulled up the mattress, on the edge of the ticking at the head of the bed, I saw a dark red stain about the size of my hand. I felt the cold sweat come out on me, and my hands were dangerously unsteady, as I carried the lamp over and set it down on the chair by the bed. But Duke was too quick for me, he had seen that stain and, leaping on the bed, began sniffing it, and whining like a dog that is being whipped to death. I bent down and felt it with my fingers. It was dry, but the color and stiffness were unmistakably those of coagulated blood. I caught my coat and vest and ran down stairs with Duke yelping at my heels. My first impulse was to go and call someone, but from the platform not a single light was visible, and I knew the section men had been in bed for hours. I remembered then, that Larry was often troubled by hemorrhages at the nose in that high altitude, but even that did not altogether quiet my nerves, and I realized that sleeping in that bed was altogether out of the question.

Larry always kept a supply of brandy and soda on hand, so I made myself a stiff drink and filled the stove and locked the door, turned down the lamp and lay down on the operator's table. I had often slept there when I was night operator. At first it was impossible to sleep, for Duke kept starting up and limping to the door and scratching at it, yelping nervously. He kept this up until I was thoroughly unstrung, and though I'm ordinarily cool enough,

there wasn't money enough in Wyoming to have bribed me to open that door. I felt cold all over every time I went near it, and I even drew the big rusty bolt that is never used, and it seemed to me that it groaned heavily as I drew it, or perhaps it was the wind outside that groaned. As for Duke, I threatened to put him out, and boxed his ears until I hurt his feelings, and he lay down in front of the door with his muzzle between his front paws and his eyes shining like live coals and riveted on the crack under the door. The situation was gruesome enough, but the liquor had made me drowsy and at last I fell asleep.

"It must have been about three o'clock in the morning that I was awakened by the crying of the dog, a whimper low, continuous and pitiful, and indescribably human. While I was blinking my eyes in an effort to get thoroughly awake, I heard another sound, the grating sound of chalk on a wooden blackboard, or of a soft pencil on a slate. I turned my head to the right, and saw a man standing with his back to me, chalking something on the bulletin board. At a glance I recognized the broad, high shoulders and handsome head of my friend. Yet there was that about the figure which kept me from calling his name or from moving a muscle from where I lay. He finished his writing and dropped the chalk, and I distinctly heard it click as it fell. He made a gesture as though he were dusting his fingers, and then turned facing me, holding his left hand in front of his mouth. I saw him clearly in the soft light of the station lamp. He wore his dress clothes, and began moving toward

the door silently as a shadow in his black stocking feet. There was about his movements an indescribable stiffness, as though his limbs had been frozen. His face was chalky white, his hair seemed damp and plastered down close about his temples. His eyes were colorless jellies, dull as lead, and staring straight before him. When he reached the door, he lowered the hand he held before his mouth to lift the latch. His face was turned squarely toward me, and the lower jaw had fallen and was set rigidly upon his collar, the mouth wide open and was stuffed full of white cotton! Then I knew it was a dead man's face I looked upon.

"The door opened, and that stiff black figure in stockings walked as noiselessly as a cat out into the night. I think I went quite mad then, I dimly remember that I rushed out upon the siding and ran up and down screaming, 'Larry, Larry,' until the wind seemed to echo my call. The stars were out in myriads, and the snow glistened in their light, but I could see nothing but the wide, white plains, not even a dark shadow anywhere. When at last I found myself back in the station, I saw Duke lying before the door and dropped on my knees beside him, calling his name. But Duke was past calling back. Master and dog had gone together, and I dragged him into the corner and covered his face, for his eyes were colorless and soft, like the eyes of that horrible face, once so beloved.

"The black board? O, I didn't forget that. I had chalked the time of the accommodation on it the night before, from sheer force of habit, for it isn't customary to mark the time of