EASTER BUYING HEADQUARTERS.

Fitz Gerald DRY GOODS CO.

Suit Headquarters.

Ladies' Tailor-made Suits—Venetian, Covert and Cheviot cloths, silk lined jackets, belt and dip front, latest cut skirt, 7 gore flare or flounce, all colors, all sizes; special..$16 50

Ladies' Tailor-made Suit of Pebble Cheviot, blouse jacket, silk lined throughout, 7 gore flare skirt, black only; special.....$18 50

Other special values.....$8.50, $12.50, $15.00 to $35.00

SILK WAIST HEADQUARTERS.

Our line of silk waists is now very complete. All the prevailing colors and styles now so popular at all prices.....$4.98, $5.98, $6.98, $7.50 and $9.98

Ladies' Silk Jackets in all the newest cuts and designs, in tucked and corded taffeta and peau de soie silks, wool satin lined.....$9.98, $12.48, $15.00, and $19.98

Ladies' Black Taffeta Skirts at.....$9.98, $12 50 and $16 00

Very Special Values—Ladies' Wool Skirts, flounce and flare effects, great values.....$3.50 to $15 00

In our showing of Cotton Shirt Waists we claim the largest assortments to be found in any store in the state—the celebrated Griffin brand—the most perfet shirt waist made.

MILLINERY HEADQUARTERS.

Our millinery opening the past week was a grand success. Thousands of ladies visited the department, admiring and buying the beautiful hats on display. Hundreds of beautiful hats were purchased. Hundreds of orders were taken for Easter delivery. Our trimming force has been doubly increased and we are prepared to take your order at any time for Easter delivery—only—the sooner the better. Anyway we guarantee the finest work in the city, whether your order be in for one or ten days.

An exquisite line of ready trimmed hats for.....$2 50, $3 50, $4 50 and $5.98

Ready-to-wear hats at.....98c, $1.49 and $1.98

Children's hats at.....98c, $1.49 and $1.98

EVERYTHING IN FLOWERS

WASH DRESS GOODS HEADQUARTERS.

The most popular and stylish material for summer wear is the new Chee Fou foulards; come in all colors; has the same effect as a Foulard silk. Ask to see them; yard.....25c and 43c

Mousseline de Soie, plain and dotted, sold everywhere for 50c yard; our price, per yard.....39c

Egyptian Tissues, in all the new colorings, sold everywhere for 25c a yard, our price, per yard.....18c

Best Irish Dimities and French Tissues, beautiful new patterns, elegant quality, per yard.....25c

Hundreds of bolts of Lawns and Dimities....15c, 12½c, 10c and 7½c

Scotch Lawns, per yard.....3¾c

SILK HEADQUARTERS.

A Great Special—All colored Taffeta Silks, fast edges, 75c and 85c grades, full line of all light and dark colors; very special, per yard..52½c

Flannel Taffeta, 24 inches wide, guaranteed not to crack and warranted to wash; a good weight. This grade is only to be found at this store; per yard.....98c

Fancy Silks—Handsomest assortment we ever attempted to show; per yard.....49c, 75c, 98c, $1 25, $1.49 and $1.75

DRESSMAKER'S SPECIAL TAFFETA.

Another shipment just received—guaranteed to wear; full 36 inches wide, good, finish, weight and quality.....$1.49

27 inch for.....$1.25 and 24 inch for 98c yard

This is exclusive with us in Lincoln.

DRESS GOODS HEADQUARTERS.

Waistings—Largest line of new Waistings in the city. All wool, with silk stripes, colors, old rose, cadet, cardinal, helio, turquoise, navy and national, yard.....69c

All Challies of imported qualities, satin stripes, French designs and Colorings, worth to 98c, yard.....69c

Best grade of all wool Challies, good colorings and designs, yard.....43c

Satin stripe, ½ wool Challies, new designs and colorings, pastel shades, yard.....33c

Fitz Gerald DRY GOODS CO.

OMAHA LETTER.

Omaha, Nebr.,
March 23, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

Rusticity and suburbanism are delightful, when assumed—when the part is well dressed, and gracefully carried out. The real article is "smelly" to a degree and is apt to tread on one's toes with hob nailed shoes, and generally in one's way in a large bovine style, which is calculated to exasperate the denizen of cities to a degree that makes him want to pick its pocket, fleece it in any style—in order to enlarge the horizon of its mental understanding—and send it about its business a wiser if somewhat damaged commodity. You aren't the real thing; but your poses are pretty. I actually can fancy you sitting among the lush grasses of a meadow land—stringing buttercups or plucking the petals of daisies, your hat hanging down upon your gingham back. I can even imagine the upward timorous lift of your eye lids as you would look at any glittering temptation to doubt, any unholy longing after "other things." I fairly hear those trembling tones, as you say, "Go away, Monsieur, I am very happy with the things I have—besides I do not understand you." I use the Monsieur advisedly, since the masculine element stands for all things it were best simple country maidens should not understand. Heaven bless your sweet Rusticity! Long may the aroma of such be abroad in the land.

There is something delightfully bracing in the idea that I am fascinating. My fascinations, are, I am afraid, of a brand which has not been particularly successful, in impressing the general public. In fact, you may have the proud distinction of being their discoverer. I must be essentially unpatriotic. I cannot hate Lincoln altho' its fretful porcupine disposition amuses me sometime. Why should the denizens of that green embowered nest reach out their antennae to scratch the battle scarred face of Omaha?

"Oh! sharper than a serpent's tooth," etc. Lincoln did not have to be hewers of wood and drawers of water when there was no wood to hew or water to draw. Omaha blazed the way. Omaha planted, Omaha watered, and Lincoln reached out her dainty fingers and plucked of the increase. She has her seats of learning—you, Mr. Zehrung, Jack and the Legislature. What, indeed has Omaha, that she has not, except more people—and people are not always an unalloyed blessing. Omaha has all her hundred and two thousand pair of eyes fixed upon Lincoln at present. We are a rulerless people, waiting with bated breath the news that an heir is born to the throne—and when one remembers that the heir should be twins in order to properly uphold the dignity of the dynasty, no wonder local interests are crowded to the wall.

That poor much squabbled over toga. Verily it would seem that nothing could be left of it but melancholy fluttering rags, after the frantic efforts to adjust it to so many diverse shoulders is over. Which would be most amusing Eleanor—the man for whom the toga shall be much too large or him who shall find it much too small? The thought reminds me of the gentleman, who was showing me pulley belts in the Boston store: "You see, lady—this can be pulled in if it is too small or let out if too large." Blessed be the faculty of adaptation!

In our moments of relaxation, when we are forced into remembering that the daily sequence of breakfast, dinner and supper will go on even though the body politic is threatened with heart failure, we amuse ourselves drawing Auditoriums on paper and having visions wherein Patti dedicates this glorious structure with another farewell performance. It gives our brilliant little contemporaneous weekly papers with which we are prodigally blessed or bored—a chance to swell to the point of spontaneous combustion with civic pride and loyalty, which chiefly revives itself by thrusting among the millionaires with its caustic pen-points and indignantly demanding "for to know" why they so persistently adorn the rear ranks of subscribers. If there is any place where the unselfish and progressive newspaper fraternity is willing the modest millionaire should flaunt himself, it is at the head of subscription lists. Millionaires are getting scarcer than hen's teeth, and their offerings appear anent that most misleading of all pseudonyms—"Cash." Modest offerings, they are, too. You know it's bad taste to make a vulgar display of one's riches. The millionaires proving such a lamentable failure, we have instituted an Exposition to the same laudable purpose. The Exposition—well, the less said of it, the better. There evidently was a spieler or two left over from the Midway, and they needed a "job." Not an unworthy reason for an Expoeition! Come up and I'll take you there. We'll buy a number; you may drop it in the slot, and, who knows—you've always been lucky, you may draw a package of pancake flour. That would be hard on Jack; but he would suffer in a worthy cause.

The Lenten musicales have been a great treat. The one given at Mrs. Poppleton's a week or two since was especially fine. Miss Bishop and Mrs. Learned gave Ethelbert Nevin's Song Cycle—ah, me! that he, so pure an exponent of modern life, should so soon have finished his own melodious cycle. Miss Bishop's great organ-like tones satisfied one's musical intellect, although the sacred fire has not yet burned deep enough. The waters have never yet rolled quite over her soul, and we dare not wish the tempest should rage. Mrs. Learned, with tones less firmly anchored than those of Miss Bishop, did not lack the temperamental passion which burns its way through the thought of the poet and the "wanderful melodies" of the composer. The musicale was well attended and was "swell" to a degree. Coupes and carriages ornamented the sides of the square where the Poppletons' beautiful family residence stands and only lacks the mellowing touch of time to be a fair representation of an English country house. In fact, the array of vehicles was so imposing that Mrs. Jones on a side street looked at it with awed interest, saying, "My! I wonder who kin be dead at the Poppleton's—there's a terrible big funeral over there."

We have a mate for that beau-ideal of a bachelor of yours—to-wit, Frank Zehrung—in one Hon. Richard S. Berlin of various fame. I see the local press has taken to putting on the title very diligently of late. He may not be quite so good looking as your Mr. Zehrung, but he is just as big hearted and unattainable as a domestec appendage. He is Dick to all the older girls, not excepting myself, and Uncle Dick to the rising generation from my infant prodigy of a brother to my debutante sister Gertrude. And that title seems to fit him as well as to please him—much better than the stately one of honorable. You must see him these days on your own streets, for he as well as several other victims of blighted hopes spends a good deal of his time in your midst. Well, this fun-for-the-boys-and-death-to-the-frogs game will soon be played to a finish, and it looks as if all the warriors would be compelled to go home on their shields.

Have you bought your spring bonnet? This would be hardly an essentially fem