

SUMMER CORSETS



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Erect Form corsets, ventilating, a good fitting, well made, carefully finished corset, the special price is..35c

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Wire hip forms, excellent for warm weather, the present price is..... 49c

SKIRTS, WAISTS. WRAPPERS.

There's a big collection of interesting values in this stock, the result of purchasing manufacturers' samples and taking advantage of makers overburdened with merchandise. A small profit suffices, hence such as these:

A lot of golf skirts, comprising \$8.50, 10.00 and \$12.00 goods, on sale now, each..... \$6.00

Women's suits in black, Oxford, brown mixtures and navy blue, various styles, all new, but an incomplete line of sizes; they're worth a whole lot more, as an inspection will prove, but to close the line we offer them.....\$6.75

Taffeta Silk Waists in various colors and black, different styles; we fit these without extra charge, each.....\$4.85

Percalé wrappers with flounce, dark colors, all sizes, each..... 65c

A. Herpolsheimer Co

LINCOLN, NEBR.

from whom derived.

2. Family life.
Resume of study 1900 1901,

At the annual meeting of the Platts-mouth Woman's club on May the third, the officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Mrs. Elizabeth Travis; vice pres., Mrs. Mary Herold; rec. sec., Mrs. W. C. Smith; corr. sec., Miss Edith Buzzell; treas., Mrs. Fanny Elson; auditor, Mrs. Mary Rawls. The president appointed a committee of three, consisting of Mrs. Tolliff, Mrs. Cole and Miss Arnold, who could select two others, to report at the next meeting upon department work and present nominations for leaders of the departments. On Mrs. Sleeth's motion a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring president, Mrs. Followz, for her two years of faithful work in that capacity. Mrs. Herold announced a review of "Quo Vadis," by Mrs. Rawls, for May the tenth.

The Columbus Woman's club held the last meeting of the year at the home of Miss Beesie Sheldon on May fourth. Mrs. C. Kramer was elected delegate to the state federation, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. L. Gerrard, pres.; Mrs. L. C. Voss, first vice pres.; Mrs. J. G. Reeder, second vice pres.; Mrs. A. J. Baker, rec. sec.; Mrs. H. D. Musser, corr. sec.; Mrs. F. W. Herrick, treas. The department leaders are: Musical, Mrs. Geer; art, Mrs. Herrick;

literature, Miss Minnie Becker; household economics, Mrs. Gietzen; parliamentary drill, Mrs. Snow.

BRIEF CHAPTERS.

BY FLORA BULLOCK.
For The Courier

It was not until several Sabbaths had passed, and fashionable women had ceased to be affected by the millinery problem, that Aunt Sylvia took down the green box from the closet and wore the bonnet which Uncle had brought home before Easter. I am not sure that she would have worn it then if Uncle had not said: "Come, Ma, let's put on our new bunnet and go to church." She was surprised. Uncle could never be coaxed to go to church. She hustled around and got out his clean clothes and helped him "wash up," with something of her old cheriness. She had to hurry to get ready, then, and so, when she came to put on the bonnet, her cheeks were flushed prettily and her hair was not so smooth as she wished.

"Come on, Ma, that hair's alright. Suits me just to a T. And that bunnet's more becoming to you than it is to me, so I'll be real unselfish and let you wear it. See?" She had to laugh at him. And she was amused in spite of her housewifely vexation, when Uncle, after the sermon, went up and asked the

minister to dinner. Her mental agitation on the way home, as she pieced and patched a bill of fare—fit to set before a king, you may be sure, but not suiting her idea of a Sunday dinner for the Minister, was apparently neither noticed nor shared by Uncle. He laughed at her after the repast was over and the minister had gone, and said: "Why, Ma, I thought I'd give you something to worry and stew about for a whole week now. I 'spose you think that lean young chap 'll starve because you didn't feed him enough, don't you. Better invite him again and just fill him up to the brim. I'd like to know where he'd get a square meal."

Before she was through with the dishes, John, their son-in-law, came in with the two boys and little Ruth, and for the rest of the afternoon, Grandpa and Grandma were happy as only grandparents can be—with the joy of loving and being loved, and only a very distant shadow of responsibility.

Uncle was a silent man, in spite of his fun-loving ways, so he did not voice his thought. Yet I know he felt glad, when he went to sleep that night, that Aunt Sylvia had been so drawn away from the bitter heartache which seemed to darken and benumb her cheery nature—or was it that she was cheerful only by a reflected light? Who could be gloomy long with Uncle near? Yet perhaps the same heartache was his; he endured it in silence but he could not comfort, except by the little devices he contrived to bring new anxieties or trivial problems.

...

People thought that Delia, Aunt Sylvia's eldest daughter, had "done real well" when she married. Her husband was a prosperous merchant in a neighboring state, he had a good property, and seemed very fond of Delia, etc., etc. Her home would be so near that she could often run over to see the old folks, or they could come to her. There were many thoughts like these to comfort Aunt Sylvia as she sat alone with Uncle the night after the wedding. Yet she knew it would be long before she could be reconciled to the loss of her daughter. Uncle did not seem to care—partly, perhaps, because he was one of those dumb animals who are not without nerves, though they cannot tell their sufferings. Still he had never thought as much of Delia. He used to get up from the table hastily, take his hat, and slip out of doors sometimes when she put on her school-girl's airs and ridiculed the old-fashioned notions of her parents. Occasionally he broke this accustomed silence, and then the sharpness of his reprimand was awful. Her real name was Adelaide; she took to writing it so when she grew up, and tried to make him call her that instead of "Delye." He had never liked the name—Aunt Sylvia got it from a novel—and he said once, that if they had named her Mary maybe she would have been more affectionate and helpful. But it was seldom that he said anything. It only roused Aunt Sylvia, who had slaved for Delia ever since she was a baby and loved her—well, as a mother loves her first-born.

So it was natural that after Delia was married, Aunt Sylvia should feel very lonely; the other children were so much younger, and were no "company" for her. Uncle suddenly seemed to take a great interest in Delia and talked about her jokingly, drawing amusing pictures of her early efforts at house-keeping and cooking. No woman on earth could have made in reality the awful concoctions Uncle imagined Delia as attempting to bake or stew. After the first loneliness wore off, he ceased doing this and gradually there came a time when she was hardly spoken of. Her letters were uncertain, and though the years rolled on she never ran over to see them, nor

sent for them to come to her. She wrote to tell them about the first baby when it was two weeks old, but if it had not been for Aunt Sylvia's grandmotherly keenness, they would never have known when the other babies came nor how many there were. Aunt Sylvia knew there were five, and that the oldest was named after "his" mother. She had written and asked once for their names and ages, but probably the letter did not reach its destination, for Delia never said anything about it. From the letters which did come Aunt Sylvia made out—she was very sure it was so—that Delia's husband was a sort of tyrant, that she could never come to see them because he could not bear to be left alone, and "could not spare the money," and so on. Aunt Sylvia was very forgiving, though secretly she mourned a great deal and knew that the truth was that Delia did not care to come home. Uncle would say nothing when she complained about it, for he would not increase her heartache, but his keenly sensitive soul knew all and felt all. If the neighbor women asked about Delia and if she were coming to see them, it was always Aunt Sylvia who answered, with what pretense she could. Only a few sympathetic friends knew the bitter sense of neglect that Delia's name stirred; they did not ask.

Mrs. Martin, a quiet woman who had known Uncle and Aunt for many years, was roused so by the ingratitude of their eldest daughter that she often said: "I tell you, I'm going to write her a letter and let her know just what we think of her." This she did at length, when she and other friends were secretly planning the golden wedding anniversary for the old people. It was to be a gala day, and Mrs. Martin thought that Delia and all her children must be there. Perhaps too much of her righteous indignation crept into the letter she wrote to Delia. The answer she got—telling her to mind her own business, and not be meddling with her neighbor's affairs—fairly overwhelmed her. And that was not the worst. Just on the same Saturday afternoon before Easter, Aunt Sylvia received a letter from Iowa.

She showed it to Uncle, when he asked her what was the matter. After he read it he tore it up very, very slowly and put it in the stove. "Don't cry so, Ma; it won't do any good," he said, in a very shaken voice.

"But, Pa, I don't see what she means. I never told anybody she was cruel to us."

"No, no, Ma, she doesn't mean anything." I do not know what was in the letter. But it must have been something very hard to bear; and Uncle felt it, too, for the next morning when Aunt Sylvia came out to go to church with her old faded bonnet on, he never said a word.

"Who's that nervous old chap over there, who looks as though black care had roosted permanently between his shoulder-blades?"

"Oh, he's the richest man in this town."

"What gives him that worried, hunted look, then?"

"Why, he's scared to death for fear Andrew Carnegie will give us a library, and the taxes will be increased to support it."—Town Topics.

"Did you ever visit a lunatic asylum?"

"No. But I once spent a Sunday at a house party where everybody talked golf."

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