

# ARMSTRONG CLOTHING COMPANY

Open evenings 'till 6:30 o'clock. Saturdays 11:30

OUR merchandise must be right; proved right, as we give you a guarantee which is "your money's worth or your money back." Anything you buy of us, if it is not exactly as you want it, for any reason or no reason, do not hesitate to bring it back and get your money if you like.

FASHIONABLE, seasonable good clothes, that have that peculiar something which distinguishes the well dressed man. Piles and piles of wonderful fine Suits. Thousands of extremely beautiful Overcoats; some of the garments made from the richest imported materials. The usual magnitude of our great stock of HIGH MERIT MERCHANDISE makes it an interesting display. Just compare the style and fit of our Clothing! We say it emphatically, there are none to equal them, and yet with all their peerless elegance and their high character, you will see by inspection that we sell cheaply.

## MEN'S FINE FALL AND WINTER SUITS AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

**1,200 Men's Suits,**  
In round and square sacks, made of Cassimeres and Cheviots; honestly sewed and good fitters. Regular value, \$7.50. Go at..... **\$5.00**

**1,300 Men's Suits,**  
In single and double breasted sacks; come in black Clay worsteds, handsome cassimeres and fine chevots. They are lined with Italian cloth. Splendid fitters; some have double breasted vests, others single breasted vests; many of these suits are \$12.00 values, but to make them cheap we price them at..... **\$7.50**

**1,500 Men's Suits,**  
Materials are fine, all wool blue serges, gray and black Clay worsteds, Washington chevots, cassimeres and fancy worsteds; some are made double breasted, others are made single breasted with double breasted vests. They are excellent fitting garments, equal to made to order suits at \$20.00. Special price..... **\$10.00**

**1,000 Men's Fine Suits.**  
Come in a variety of this season's most fashionable patterns of all the most popular fabrics, smooth finished serges, fancy worsteds in stripes and checks, gray, black, and blue rough weaves. These garments are tailored equal to, and in most instances better than, the made to measure kind at \$25.00 and \$30.00. Our price..... **\$12.50**

**Men's Finest Tailor Made Suits**  
Come in all the latest style fabrics, in imported worsteds and Scotch goods, in stylish stripes and checks, also plain blue serges and black Clay worsteds. These suits are cut in double and single breasted sacks, cutaway frocks and Prince Albert styles. They show all the tone and style of the finest custom made productions worth upwards of \$35.00. Our price..... **\$15.00**

**Men's Top Coats.**  
Here is where we surpass all our former efforts. We are showing five times as many of these top coats as any other season. These coats are cut a little shorter than the regular winter coats, and are a very desirable coat for a man to wear. They come in light and dark shades. You can save here easily \$2.00 on the purchase of your top coat.

**100 MEN'S** Top coats in tan shades of covert cloth, are well lined and trimmed, regular wholesale price \$5.00; regular retail price \$7.50. Our price..... **\$5.00**

**Men's Top Coats** In light and dark shades of covert cloth, lined with Italian cloth, and finely tailored, regular wholesale price \$8.25; regular retail price \$11.50. Our price..... **\$7.50**

**Men's Fine Top Coats,**  
A great variety to select from in coverts and whipcoats, made with velvet collars, or with collars same as body of coat; some are silk lined, others Italian lined, others have fancy backs with silk shoulders. Tailored in a thorough manner. Regular wholesale price \$11.50; regular retail price \$15.00. Our price..... **\$10.00**

## Phenomenal Overcoat Selling NEVER AGAIN TO BE EQUALED.

**Men's** heavy weight beaver Overcoats, lined with good quality, black, twilled linings, velvet collars; all sizes, 34 to 44; worth \$7.00; go at..... **\$4.95**

**1200 Men's** All wool Kersey Overcoats, come in black, blue and brown shades. Also in that ever popular fabric, Vicuna, in oxford and cambridge gray shades. They are made long or medium lengths; have silk velvet collars, extra good Italian linings. Positively good value at \$11.00. Special sale price..... **\$7.50**

**1360 Men's** fine overcoats; blue, black, brown and olive Kerseys; light medium, and dark gray Vicunas; also blue Chinchillas. All made with silk sleeve linings, some with silk shoulders, pocket all stayed, silk velvet collars, all seams sewed with silk, edges raw or turned, fine Italian body linings; thoroughly made and best fitting, worth exactly \$15. Our price..... **\$10.00**

**500 Men's** Stylish overcoats, more than 10 styles to select from, splendidly made and trimmed, regular \$15.00 value. Go at..... **\$12.50**

### Men's Oxford Gray Overcoats

The most popular and stylish overcoat this season is the Oxford and Cambridge gray. We are showing more than fifty styles of these particular garments, and can furnish them in all wool grades at \$5 7.50, 8.98, 10.00, 12.50, 15.00, 18.00 and 20.00.

They come in medium, long, and extremely long lengths, and may be had in regular cuts, raglan, surcoat, box, or gown raglan style.

We call particular attention to our special garment in this line. It is a fine, pure wool, Oxford gray, vicuna coat, half lined, showing fancy back. It is made with silk sleeve linings, velvet collar, or with collar of same material as coat. It is silk sewed and has been as carefully tailored as a garment can be.

It is union made, and bears the union label, and is guaranteed to be the best garment ever sold at \$12.50. Our price..... **\$8.98**

### MEN'S ULSTERS

**A Good Ulster** Which will fully protect the wearer from the storms and will do honest service; worth \$5.00, go at..... **\$3.75**

**Men's Black Frieze** Ulsters, full cut, full values, strongly made and very sightly, worth \$7.50, go at..... **\$5**

**Men's Ulsters** Come in black Irish Frieze, extra heavy weight, fancy worsted lining, and well made. Regular wholesale price \$8.00, regular retail price \$10.00. Our price..... **\$7.50**

**Men's Finer** Ulsters come in blue and black Kersey, black and Oxford gray 36-oz. Irish Frieze, lined with extra heavy worsted and double warped Italian cloth; extra well made and trimmed. Regular wholesale price \$11.00, regular retail price \$15.00. Our price..... **\$10.00**

**Men's Finest** Ulsters come in Chinchilla Friezes and Kerseys. Are equal in every respect to the tailor-made kind at \$30.00 and \$35.00. Regular wholesale price \$16.00, retail price \$20.00. Special price..... **\$15.00**

### SEND IN YOUR XMAS ORDERS AT ONCE.

..... Mail Orders Promptly Attended to. ....

# THE ARMSTRONG CLOTHING CO. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

### The Fire at Simms'.

It was late in December and 100 degrees below zero. The frozen footed fowls crowded together in the old hen-house, and if a glint of sunlight shot across the pen the old hens fought to stand in it. The rooster sank into himself until his hackles looked like an Elizabethan ruff; when he crowed, it sounded raucous and cold, and the hens shook their heads at each crow, as hens have done since time began. They stood on alternate feet and seemed to envy Mrs. Sims her coarse shoes.

She, poor woman, was on her way out to the barn to milk 40 cows before sunlight should fall. The dull, flat, hopeless, dreary, dismal, bitter, sour, doleful, hard, inevitable, disheartening condition of life on a Garland county farm was imaged in the bleak landscape and in her weary, haggard face.

She walked as if she had several cobblestones in the tops of each shoe, and she wished that she had a millstone about her neck. Jim, her husband, was drunk again, which meant that until he returned from town she must sack 1,000 bushels of buckwheat a day, feed and water 700 stupid fowls and provide meals for seven pairs of vicious, quarrelsome twins of her own raising.

She entered the low doorway of the hideous barn and seated herself on her haunches beside the first of the 40 scraggly, half frozen cows. She was an experienced milker, but the deftest fingers in the world cannot guard against a sudden bovine flank movement, and she saw 33 pails of steaming milk overturned by 33 suffering and fractious beasts.

Something like an oath issued from between her thin, bloodless lips, and she audibly wished that the day that saw her birth might be blotted from the calendar.

In the house she could hear the seven pairs of twins shooting at each other and throwing kerosene lamps about and slaughtering the cat; but she did not care a bit. Time had been when pretty Eliza Simms would have cared a good deal, but that was a score of years ago, before the twins began to come so frequently.

"If the house burns up I won't have no more meals to get."

Poor woman, she did not realize that another house would take its place and the eternal round of ill cooked, greasy, uninteresting, indigestible meals would continue as before. She had lost the faculty of thinking, like all farmers' wives in Garland county.

A couple of odd twins came out to her—Buck, one of the oldest pair, and Jen, next to the youngest.

"Jake has set the house afire again," said Buck.

He would have kissed her if he had been some sons and she some mothers, but the very name was unknown in the Simms family. A kick and a cuss they knew too well, but the union of the two sounds meant nothing.

"Belle has killed the cat again, and Luce has torn your wedding skirt to smithereens," said Jen, with a malicious grin.

A grim smile sank into the tough, leathery face of the despondent toiler, and she milked two vicious streams into the fire's eye. Jen did not know whether to laugh or to cry, but the crackling of the flames turned the thoughts of all three into another direction.

"Ain't yeh go'n ter put out the fierr? The insurance ran out last week. I heered pap say so."

Mrs. Simms rose to her feet. It was true. She must save the house if it took the rest of the milk.

"It's a wonder your pa can't stay to burn when the house is liable to burn down any day with them youngest twins."

It was the third time in two weeks that they had set the place afire, and milk was high that year. Of course the pumps were frozen hard.

"You bring a couple of pails apiece," said she, taking a pail in each hand and balancing another on her head, but the children only jeered at her and began to fight in the hay.

She toiled toward the house, overweighted and cold. The flames were pouring out of every window, and the sun was just setting, a red ball that looked as if the dwellers beyond the patch of pines on the horizon could warm their hands on its glowing surface.

The squawks and squeaks of the fowls, fighting for the warmest place on the roost, broke the frosty stillness of the air, and the dull, black smoke of the burning house floated in long, trailing streamers to where the upland was crowned with an orchard of young peach trees. It was all beautiful if she had but known, but this sordid woman was bent only on putting out the miserable fire that had attacked the house.

What do farmers in Garland county know of beauty? From their birth onward the grindstone whets their noses down to the bone, and, look as they may, there is nothing but a whirling grind before their eyes.

A creaking farm wagon toiled along the road, the wheels making a cranking music in the frozen ruts. Jim was coming home from his seven day jag, singing in a raucous voice that jarred harshly on the winter quiet of the night. He saw the flames of the burning building, but he did not hasten his pace.

"I never saw the thing that Liz couldn't down from me to a spread oak. The twins has ben at it again."

And they were still at it. The flames had driven them out of the house, but they had all gone into the barn to quarrel, leaving their mother to fight the fire single handed. As Jim drove into the barnyard the flames succumbed to her efforts and the watery milk. She came out to the side door and looked at him under singed eyebrows.

"What yeh got fer supper?" he asked.

"Smoked beef an' b'iled milk," said she. "I wish I'd 'a' burnt up," she added in a harsh voice.

"Gad, I wish yeh had. Your life insurance ain't lapsed."

It was a brutal jest, but she did not perceive its brutality any more than she would have admired a nocturne of Chopin's or an etching by Whistler or a statue by Phidias.—Criterion.

Cheap Water In Glasgow.  
In Glasgow a £15 householder obtains for 7d. per annum a continuous, never failing, unrestricted stream of the purest water in the world, delivered right into his kitchen, washhouse and bathroom. It is calculated that 380 gallons of pure water are delivered to the citizens of Glasgow for every penny paid. And it is water of such peculiar softness that the householders of Glasgow can pay their water rate out of what they save on soap.—Engineering Magazine.