

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1886

N. B. FALCONER,

Combination Suits.

We are receiving in this department choice novelties every day. We make it a rule never to buy two suits of a style and color, which is something ladies will appreciate.

Combination Suits in all prices from \$10 to \$50.

There is no trimming material made that will give that soft, elegant and rich effect as is produced by combining velvets with other materials. At no time has there been so many velvets worn as this season. They come in plain, in all colors, in stripes, and in endless combination of coloring; also a few plaids that are gorgeous in their rich colorings. All are used as trimmings. Some use them as panels, others for fronts, etc. No dress is complete without some velvet or plush.

We have a stock of these goods such as few western houses can carry.

Plain Velvets, all colors, 16 inches wide, at \$1.

Plain Velvets, all colors, 19 inches wide, at \$1.25.

Plain Velvets, 19 inches wide, at \$1.50.

Plain Velvets, 19 inches wide, at \$2.

Plain Velvets, 20 inches wide, at \$3.

All Silk Plain Velvets at \$5.

STRIPED VELVETS.

19-inch Striped Velvets at \$1.25.

19-inch Striped Velvets at \$1.75.

19-inch Striped Velvets at \$2.

Striped Velvets at \$2.35, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$9 per yard.

These velvets comprise some very choice novelties, and cannot be found in any other store in this city.

PLUSHES.

19-inch Silk Plush, a full line of colors, at \$1.50.

24-inch Silk Plush at \$2.50, all colors.

SILKS! SILKS!

New Goods.

New Goods.

BLACK SATIN RHADAMAS

Very Stylish and Make Up Elegant.

21-inch Black Satin Rhadama at \$1.

22-inch Black Satin Rhadama at \$1.17 1-2.

22-inch Black Satin Rhadama at \$1.37 1-2.

22-inch Black Satin Rhadama at \$1.75.

Colored Satin Rhadama.

21-inch Colored Satin Rhadama at \$1.35.

22-inch Colored Satin Rhadama at \$1.65.

Black Gros Grain Silk

At 85c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.

All guaranteed to be the best value in this market, and to give satisfaction to the wearer.

Will place on Sale the Second Shipment of G. H. Gilbert's Dress Goods at 50 Cents on the Dollar.

There are only 4 styles in this lot: all new, desirable goods. Every piece has Gilbert's original ticket and brands, which is a guarantee that every yard of these goods are first class in every way.

Style 1, is a 54 Inch Camel's Hair Serge

All new desirable mixtures and very stylish; at *

At 65 Cents, worth \$1.35

Note the extra width

Style 2 is a Camel's Hair Canvas Cloth

In mixtures, with Fancy Bourette side band for trimming. This lot is 44 inches wide, and our price Monday is 65c.

Style 3 is a Fancy Striped Serge,

44 inches wide, all good colors, and in such demand that we could have sold every yard of the lot to a jobber at the price we ask for them

Which is 65 Cents per Yard.

We have only one case and would advise our friends to come early if they want some of this lot; 65c, worth \$1.25.

Style 4 is a Solid Colored Cavas Cloth,

44 inches wide with Bourette side band, in self colors; a great seller, and will be in great demand Monday, at the price 65c, worth \$1.25.

'LOUIS' CLOAKS!

VELVETEENS.

N. B. Falconer is sole agent in Nebraska for these celebrated velveteens. We take great pleasure in introducing to the people of Nebraska this world-famed velveteen. No velveteen manufactured has that soft, rich, elegant finish as the "Louis." A dress made of these velveteens has a richer look than a silk velvet. A guarantee of wear accompanies every yard of the genuine "Louis" from the cheapest to the best qualities.

"Louis" Velveteens.

24-inch Black at 85c.

24-inch Black at \$1.

25-inch Black at \$1.25.

27-inch Black at \$1.65.

"Louis" Velveteens, Colored.

24-inch Colors at \$1.

25-inch Colors at \$1.45.

Venice Velveteens.

19-inch Black at 50c.

21-inch Black at 65c.

21-inch Black at 75c.

Venice Velveteens, Colored.

19-inch Colored Velveteens at 50c.

22-inch Colored Velveteens at 65c.

21-inch Colored Velveteens at 75c.

On Monday we will open our Cloak Department, and will show a line of

Jackets, Short Wraps, Plush Cloaks, Newmarkets.

Also a full line of CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' Jackets, Cloaks, and Newmarkets.

Plush Cloaks at \$2, \$2.5, \$3, \$3.5, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75, \$80, \$90, \$100.

We ask all our friends to come and see our stock of Cloaks, as we know there has been nothing like them shown in this city.

NEW Jersey Flanne's,

Eiderdown Flannels, Plain Grey Flannels, Scotch Mixed Flannels,

BLANKETS.

N. B. FALCONER,

WOMEN'S WAYS AND WORK.

The Fancies, Follies and Fashions of the Gentler Sex.

SONG OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A Pointed Letter from an Omaha Lady—Unemployed Women—Too Much Time for Style—Feminine Notes.

A Criticism from a Lady.

To the Editor of the BEE: In looking over the columns of last Sunday's BEE, an observing reader will notice how much space is devoted to femininity. Clippings from various other papers show that these amusing caricatures are by no means original with the Omaha "knights of the quill." Some of them are exceedingly funny, and of course all of them are exceedingly truthful. Any one with the slightest appreciation of satire could not repress a smile at the graphic description of a woman trying to throw a brick. Literally and figuratively, throwing stones belongs to the sterner sex, and it is really of no consequence to a woman so long as she has a broom. It is a great pity, however, that those Cincinnati gentlemen, who have so much time for amusement, and who recognize no claims upon it, except such as their own selfishness dictates, should have been created with a clavicle "like a toboggan slide," thus depriving them from one of the most essential and scientific pursuits known to modern civilization. Kunning the risk of seeming impertinent—was not "the gray brain matter" of their Creator "really do feel very much humiliated that we cannot appreciate "mint juleps" and "the early morning cocktail," and regretfully admit a defective organization in this respect. A breath untainted by them or villainous tobacco is certainly an evidence of depraved taste, and open to the severest criticism. Then, too, it is mysterious that we should prefer to gossip over a cup of tea about the infamities that we do, to canvassing present or prospective candidates for the next big steal. But suppose we try to rectify these mistakes in our creation and education—will our husbands and brothers respect and admire us any more? Will they help us?

Women are struggling under every disadvantage to fill honorable and independent positions, and in spite of almost insurmountable opposition, they are filling the ranks side by side with their brothers. They are not a success, perhaps, as base-ball catchers, nor in the brick-throwing act, but many a woman, by a patient perseverance under difficulties which would overwhelm a man, keeps the wolf from the door. And not only that. She can and does edit newspapers with a discriminating intelligence that does not devote all its columns to "pitching into people," nor deem it necessary to exclude all advertisements but "liver pads" or "hominily and gridlike flour." Allow us to hold up to ridicule a man trying to work up the same note the liver pads) into cakes. Let us take a sly peep at an old or young bachelor in the privacy of his dressing-room, trying to thread a needle or sew up an aggravating rent. Let us sneer at his several weaknesses which we find there. "Shoes that are too tight" and possibly "a corset," and even if he has hair should all his own, we confess to a feeling of contempt for the "brain matter" under it when we see him part it in the middle.

If either sex wishes to find peculiarity and weakness in the other, alas! 'tis no hard thing to do. If we are looking for terrorism, violence, self-denial, and pure, undefiled religion before God and man, neither man nor woman can claim it all. The world is full of shining examples, but women always lead the van.

EMMA M. T.

OMAHA, August 30.

Woman the Balance-Wheel of Society.

Washington Post: Were men to confide more in their wives they would be better. Women have a finer and more exact sense of honor than men; their ideas of right and wrong are not perverted by motives of expediency, and they will be just as happy without our carriage or our summer cottage." A woman instinctively shrinks from the thought of wrong-doing. The man, a self-deluded fool, easily persuades himself that the money is on a loan; he has a sure thing, and no harm can be done by his "borrowing" what he needs. No such Jesuitical sophistry beguiles the wife. She knows it is theft, and cannot be made to see it in any other light.

Now and then we hear of a man falling because of the extravagance of his wife and daughter. Now and then we hear of a man who can say in the words of Owen Meredith:

When they asked me about it I told them plain Love it was that had turned my brain. How should I live when my hand had been, When my heart was dreaming of Celestine?

True, now and then a man steals for his Celestine, but how often? Woman is society's balance-wheel, and the man who does not confide in his wife leads a life which cannot admit of the light of day being turned on it.

The Good Housekeeper.

Let her clean, How can I tell her? Cleanly shives and whitened wall; I can guess her. By her dresser, By the back staircase and hall. And with pleasure Take her measure, By the way she keeps her brooms; Or the peeping. Of her "keeping." Of her back and wash room. By her kitchen's air of neatness, And its general completeness, Where, in cleanliness and sweetness, There's of order blooms.

Unemployed Women.

Ella C. Lapham in the Forum: To the thoughtful woman the question recurs again and again, what can be done with the purposeless, untrained women willing to work for wages, but unable to find it? It is a device of those who are earnestly seeking to help their fellow women, and not a natural outgrowth of the law of supply and demand. The training school begins at the foundation. It fits a girl to hold her own, asking no favors. A woman's duty begins with the woman nearest to her by ties of blood and affection, and stretches out to those accounted less fortunate than herself; but it does

not end there. There are women far above her in the scale of wealth, perhaps, who need a wider outlook and broader sympathies; who need to be drawn out of themselves and their exclusiveness; who need to be interested in the great, busy, struggling world outside of their circle, and to feel that upon them rests, in part, the responsibility of making it better and purer. In some ways they are more restricted than the woman who sews for them. The wife of a teamster, if she have the time, can take up any remunerative employment, and her friends neither question nor repudiate her. The wife of a millionaire, possessed of unlimited leisure, must be idle, for "he also is idle who might be better employed." If she can endure the epithet of "peculiar," she may give her life to the investigation and improvement of tenement houses or devote herself to a particular line of study; otherwise her work for her fellow-men and women will be confined to charitable balls and fashionable bazaars. To do aught which would bring her a return in money is not to be thought of for an instant.

And from the wife and daughter of the millionaire to the girl who starves behind a counter rather than go into a comfortable kitchen, the same power is at work. Alas! how weak we are. Women may say that all honest work is ennobling, and all voluntary idleness belittling, and that, in comparison with the woman who never lifts a finger to serve another, nor has a thought above her own adornment and her social conquests, the woman who does the work of her kitchen, if she do it well, is worthy of all the honor; but the conviction has not yet become a part of them.

How Is It at Home.

Philadelphian News. Well I know, She moves with quiet grace, "Tis love is low, She has eyes of softest blue, Teeth like pearls; Wealth of hair of golden hue, Wanton curls. But her heart, is it kind, Tender, true? Is she modest and refined, Gentle, too? Fairer vision I may never meet, She is surely very charming on the street. How at home?

Young Women Who Give Too Much Attention to Fashion.

Brooklyn Magazine: The newspaper wit aims his shafts of humor at no object with such keen pleasure and delight as when he directs them at the modern young woman, her caprices and tendencies. And it must be acknowledged that he does so not without cause in many instances. While there are thousands of young women who represent what is best and highest in young womanhood, whose purposes in life extend beyond the frivolities of dress and outward adornments, there are, on the other hand, a large percentage that look upon life "as a joke that's just begun," to borrow an expression from a popular opera.

These young women live under the delusion that social distinction, beauty of person and richness of apparel make the woman. They are slaves to custom and fashion, and revel in external attractions. They accept the glitter for the gold, the heraldry and trappings of the world for the priceless essence of woman's worth which exists within the mind. Their highest attainment is not the possession of a true womanhood, but that their position in society may be of a conspicuous order, and thence they bend all their energies. Hours are spent over the latest fashion plates, while days are given over to the making and perfecting of new apparel. They forget that a true woman exists independent of outward embellishments, that dress is regarded by many as only the ivy that encircles the oak, and is never mistaken for the thing it adorns. It is not the queen of fashion that

wavers the sceptre of influence or authority over men. It is in the hand of the true, noble, sensible and virtuous woman that authority is placed, and where she dwells there may be refinement, culture, intelligence and moral power be found. The influence of such a young woman upon society is of the most salutary kind. But what is that of the reigning society belle? Men may admire her for the moment, when, in brilliantly lighted parlors, her beauty and charms dazzle the eye; but what are the after conclusions? "Silly creature, wrapped up in herself and the world," was the comment of an apparent admirer upon a young belle after an eventual social occasion in New York only a few weeks since. Fashion she folly never gave up the streets of St. Paul, but the possession, and never will. Young women, alas! too often mistake adulation for respect, only to find at the end of it, that it was but hollow mockery, and, like it, a pyrotechnic display, prepared for the occasion.

A true young woman's ambitions stretch beyond the ball-room and the milliner's establishment. She wisely strives to make her life glow with the virtues, and by her example inspires others to secure the same priceless crown of womanhood. This is the woman that commands the respect and admiration of the world, not temporarily, but permanently. In her, friends recognize a rich store of practical good sense, and a beautiful harmony about her character that at once inspires sincere respect, which soon warms into love.

The Coquette.

Her pleasures are in lovers' eyes; When hers she gives them not a thought, But, like the angler, takes more joy In fishing than in fishes caught.

Woman's Best Friend.

Chicago News: A hairpin is a woman's best friend. She never without one. If her hair is short you can depend upon it that in a recess of her purse or a pocket of her reticule you will find the hairpin. If she buttons her shoes, she uses a hairpin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? If her head itches does she scratch it with her fingers? Nonsense. She whips out a hairpin and gets it. Certainly not. Out comes the hairpin and the coin is lifted out without trouble.

If her shawlpin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hairpin? If she coats a nut does she take a nutpick? Most assuredly not. The hairpin again. It is with the hairpin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book or magazine; it is a hairpin with which she marks the progress of her favorite book; if a trunk key is missing a hairpin opens the refractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton key would; with it she cleans her finger-nails and, if it is a clean one, even picks her teeth. And the feats of hair securing that she will make a simple bow-legged hairpin accomplish nearly surpass the belief of man. Altogether, it deserves to be classed among the great inventions of the world, and the grave of the original man who created the first one could have no prouder epitaph than this: "This is the kind of a hairpin he was."

Selling Maidens at Public Auction.

Court Journal: A singular custom obtained in this city in some of the towns on the Lower Rhine, namely, that of "selling" maidens at public auction. For nearly four centuries, on Easter Monday—day—the town clerk or clerk of St. Goar called all the young people together, and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year. The fees flowed into the public poor box.

How Women Board the Open Cars.

Boston Gazette: Board a woman's mind

as she approaches an open horse car for a ride! She first thinks she will take the empty seat in front, but suddenly remembers that people on the front look very conspicuous, and she once heard of a woman getting ill in the head with a brake. She then turns her eye to the middle slip, only to conclude that she isn't going to climb over that wheel-box, any way. There is another seat in the slip behind, she sees, but that hateful Mrs. Smart is in the one behind it, and she should have a fit to feel that she was looking at her back all over all the way down town. Just as she is wondering if that fat man on the rear seat will throw away his cigar if she sits there the conductor calls: "Here, lady," grabs her by the arm, and inserts her in a space she hadn't noticed at all, but which she occupies serenely all the remainder of the way, unconscious of vituperative travelers about her who will just miss their trains.

Criminal Use of Corsets.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: I believe there are more slim-waisted women to be seen in the streets of St. Paul than in any other place I have ever in. Speaking of this, a gentleman said to me: "Do you know, every time I see a woman going along the street looking so tight, the first good puff of wind would blow away the upper half of her or break her right in two. I feel as though a law against the criminal use of corsets would be a good thing."

Women of the World.

Miss Kate Field is lecturing in Michigan. Mrs. Lew Wallace has written a book for children. Marie Van Zandt is recovering the use of her paralyzed limbs. Mrs. Gladstone is a woman of infinite resource. It is said she durns her husband's stockings.

Jenny Lind's daughter is coming to this country, and she has not inherited her mother's marvelous voice. Miss Bessie Hatton, daughter of Joseph Hatton, novelist and correspondent, is about to adopt the stage as a profession. Mme. Patti will bring her husband with her during her next American tour, but only as a companion. He will not sing. Annie, having conquered the English language proper, is turning her attention to its slang. She is said to be making rapid progress.

There are over 20,000 women "artists" in Paris, including painters, sculptors, engravers, wood-cutters, designers, actors, singers and musicians. According to the correspondents, Mrs. Cleveland has reduced hand-shaking to a fine art. She looks a person straight in the eyes before she offers her hand, and then shakes as though she meant it.

Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, widow of Captain Calhoun and sister of General Custer, victims of the massacre of 1876, is giving readings at the summer resorts in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Interest in Captain Howgate is revived by the appointment of his daughter to a clerkship in the office of the secretary of the treasury. She is a graduate of Vassar college, and is highly esteemed by her associates. At least one of the women of the Vanderbilt family is mistress of a trade, which places her above the vicissitudes of fortune. It happened in this wise: Some lesson papers were required for a mission school in which she is much interested, and the funds in the treasury were exhausted. Mrs. Vanderbilt took the matter in her own hands, bought a small printing press, and in a remarkably short time turned in the lesson papers—which were, by the way, beautiful specimens of typography—free of all cost to the mission school. Since then she has printed a lot of cards and letter-heads for her favorite charity.

SIGHT-SEEING IN ITALY.

A Trip from Milan Into the Country—A Visit to a Favorite Summer Resort.

PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS.

The Cave of Bocca di Piombino—Beautiful and Bashful Italian Maidens—Silk Manufactories.

MILAN, Italy, August 15.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—At 9 o'clock in the morning, on one of the most glorious days imaginable, we found ourselves seated in the rear carriage of a train bound for Erba, a favorite summer resort of northern Italy. Our destination was not the little town itself, but the Bocca di Piombino (Mouth of Lead), a good-sized grotto high up on one of the mountains surrounding the beautiful valley of Brianza. For the first half-hour we were whirled through fertile plains, fields of corn and groves of shapely mulberry trees, and each little station we passed seemed prettier than the last, with its vine-covered windows and porches, and old-fashioned flower gardens filled with oleander and azalea bushes, and surrounded by hedges of sunflowers or different varieties of china-asters.

Beyond Rosario the country became more mountainous and beautiful villas and country places in shady valleys, picturesque towers on the hill-tops, and rapid torrents from the gorges above, passed us in swift succession. We found the lovely little town of Erba hanging on a ledge of the mountains, as it were, and overlooking the country for miles around. The panorama from the terrace of the Caffè del Grotto Rosso was magnificent beyond description. At the left, through a gap of the hills, was visible the little village of Lecco, on the lake of the same name. On the right we were hoisted in by the heights of Piedmont and Breganza, while before us, as far as the eye could see, was a stretch of plain and groves, dotted here and there with beautiful lakes, quaint old towns and luxurious summer palaces; whose parks and vineyards are the pride of the neighborhood. The old Caffè del Grotto Rosso was most curiously built, with a small tunnel running through the lower floor and leading one right into the heart of the mountains back of the inn. To the right, on the second floor, projected the balcony where we had lunch under an awning with a marvellously painted stone wall for a background. At noon we passed through the tunnel again, and found at the other end a merry group of peasants dancing to the music of an antiquated hand-organ. Then we took the rugged little mountain path and climbed steadily for two hours, occasionally stopping to exclaim over the beauty of the scenery from some prominent ledge or boulder. Wild flowers grew in the greatest profusion, bushes of blackberries (not yet ripe) and of the poisonous gineprelle grew dangerously near the path, and the chestnut trees, covered with burrs, seemed to be waiting for the advent of September, shook a few of their prickly balls at us. The Bocca di Piombino we found to be

A GLOOMY LOOKING CAVE, with high rocks overhanging the mouth. A crowd of Italians with torches were going in and out, and when they had satisfied their curiosity we proceeded on an exploring tour. A little stream flowing through the cave dampened our ardor as well as our feet, and suddenly put an end to rambling by joining another side rivulet and forming a small lake. The formations in the grotto were not as interesting as we had hoped to find them; in fact, they were quite ordinary, so we turned our way to the sunlight and rested a while on the summit of the mountain, drinking in the beauty of the scenery and feeling like to go down into the valley, as beautiful as it was. We picked immense bunches of wild flowers of all varieties, delicate mountain pinks, corn-pansies (purple bells), forget-me-nots, daisies, and a lovely white flower called by the natives "Fiedmont heather." At a spring, where we stopped to drink, four or five bashful Italian girls stood around to wait on us. They were all

with quick, bright eyes, rich color and lovely mouths. In fact, in northern Italy a traveler would find it almost an impossibility to find a homely girl or young woman. They are very few and far between, especially among the peasant class. By 3 o'clock we were back at the cafe, and after dinner had time for a short ramble, and then a cup of black coffee at the little station inn before the train carried us to Milan. A day or two later we visited

THE SILK MANUFACTORIES of Erba and Rosario. Milan is rapidly becoming the greatest silk market of Europe, and it is certainly only a question of a few years before the city will to the world what Lyons has been until very lately. The silk establishments at Rosario are said to be as large as any in northern Italy, and the process of drawing the silk from the cocoons, cleaning, separating and then twisting it on large reels or spools, is so interesting that columns might be written about it, and the subject in no way exhausted. We were rather struck by the management of the place into a large room, where immense reel shelves, placed one above the other, were piled high with cocoons, white and yellow principally, though at one side other shades were to be seen. The cocoons were separated and then twisting it on large reels or spools, is so interesting that columns might be written about it, and the subject in no way exhausted. 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