

# REINSON BROTHERS

1519 and 1521 Douglas Street

## \$25,000 Worth of Carpets and Curtains

In our carpet department. We are bound to close these goods out in the next 60 days and you can furnish your house now at an nominal cost. Remember, we bought these goods for spot cash, and we will show you we can save you money. Take the elevator and inspect this department. You will find gentlemanly salesmen, who will show goods with pleasure. We want everybody in Omaha to know that we make a specialty of making shades and laying and refitting carpets. Only thorough and experienced workmen employed.

## GREAT ATTRACTIONS! SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS!

In every department. We are obliged to acknowledge that we have more goods than money, and we are determined to unload, and if you will inspect our unloading prices. You can soon see that we can save you money on first class dry goods.

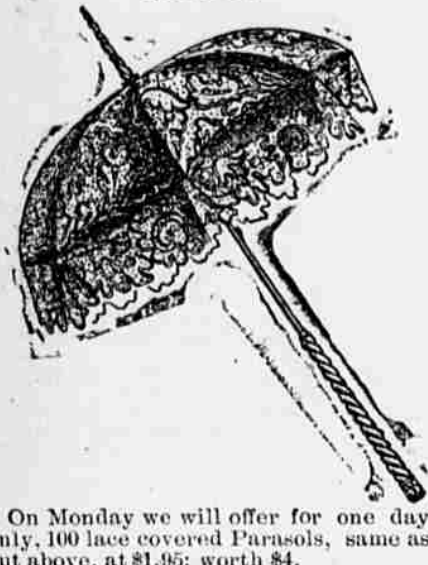
**Dress Goods, 27c.**  
50 pieces fine wool Dress Goods, on sale Monday at 4 price; fancy mixture, pin head checks, dress flannels, etc., all at one price Monday, 27c yard; worth double.

**Fine Dress Goods, 75c**  
150 pieces fine all wool Dress Goods in fancy novelties, plaids, stripes, checks, serges, alpaca, etc., etc. We put this price on these dress goods simply to reduce stock; they have sold at 98c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Choice of the lot Monday 75c yard. Don't miss this bargain.

**Satin Rhodamas, 89c**  
Only 50 pieces left of these elegant black Satin Rhodamas. We will give you one more chance to buy a fine Satin Rhodama dress at 4 price; remember the price, 89c yard; would be cheap at \$1.50.

**Colored Satins, 19c.**  
80 pieces colored Satins, one day only; not more than 20 yards sold to any one customer. One sale Monday, 19c yard.

**Face Covered Palasols \$1.95.**



**Fancy Silks, 37½c.**  
48 pieces fancy Foulard Silk, fancy Brocade Silks, fancy Stripe Satins, all colors; your choice Monday, 37½c yard.

**Silk Velvets, 65c.**  
50 pieces Silk Velvets, in all colors; also evening shades. Your choice next week, 65c yard; worth \$1.

**Great Hosiery Bargain 19c.**  
200 dozen Children's Fine Ribbed Hose full regular made French heel and toe, in navy, seal, brown and wine. These Hosiery were bought at a forced sale at about ½ their original value. Come in and get them Monday at 19c pair. They are cheap and you will say so.

**Ladies' Hose, 15c.**  
100 dozen Ladies' Fancy Stripe Hose on Monday 15c pair, 2 pair for 25c.

**Dress Form Corsets, \$1.35.**



On Monday, again we will offer our Dress Form Corsets, just to induce to the trade, at the low price of \$1.35 a pair fully worth and retailed by others at \$1.75.

**PRIME Kid Gloves, 87c**

60 dozen fine Prime Kid Gloves all sizes, all styles, all colors, odds and ends to clean up stock, on sale Monday, 87c pair, worth up to \$1.50.

**Lisle Gloves, 19c**

50 dozen Ladies' fine frame brilliant Lisle gloves in black, tan, brown, etc., on sale Monday only 19c, worth 40c.

**LADIES' Handkerchiefs, 12½c**

100 dozen Ladies' fine Linen Handkerchiefs in lace, stripe and black effects. These handkerchiefs are worth 25c. On sale Monday at 12½c each.

**Silk Veilings, 8c**

100 pieces fine Silk Veiling in every color you may desire; Monday only 8c yard.

**Fine Satines 6½c.**

1 case extra fine Satines; worth 15c yard; on sale Monday at 6½c yard.

**FIGURED LAWNS, 3½c.**

1 case fine figured Lawns on sale Monday 3½c yard.

**French Organdies 9¾c.**

Monday, 1 case fine French Organdies 33 inches wide, worth 15c yard, on sale Monday, 9¾c yard.

**PRINCESS LAWNS 7c.**

Monday, 1 case Princess Lawns in; solid colors only, black, brown, Pink, blue, buff, 7c yard, worth 12c.

**CRINKLED SEERSUCKERS 11 Yards for \$1.**

Monday, 1 case extra fine quality Crinkle Seersuckers, worth 18c yard. Come and get your Mother Hubbards Monday 11 yards for \$1.00.

**BEADED WRAPS \$8.**

20 Ladies' Beaded Wraps, on Monday at \$8.00 each worth \$15.00. Now is the time to buy a Spring Wrap cheap.

**Ladies' Jackets, \$2.**

50 Ladies' Street Jackets tailor made in medium, dark colors, fancy stripe and on Monday \$2.00 each, worth \$3.50.

**Ladies' Jackets, \$3.50.**

25 Ladies' black all Wool Street Jackets, tailor made and has sold all season at \$5.00; on Monday, \$3.50.

**NOTINGHAM CURTAINS, \$2.98.**

On Monday we will show one of the handsomest and finest line of Nottingham Lace Curtains ever brought to this city at a low price of \$2.98 pair. This Curtains would be cheap at \$5.00; ask to see this Curtains.

**MADRAS CURTAINS \$1.58.**

46 pairs Madras Curtains in electric blue, old gold and red; on Monday your choice \$1.58 pair, worth \$3.50.

**Curtain Shades 49c.**

200 Holland Curtain shades and spring fixture complete, only 49c each, worth 55c.

**MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, 50c.**

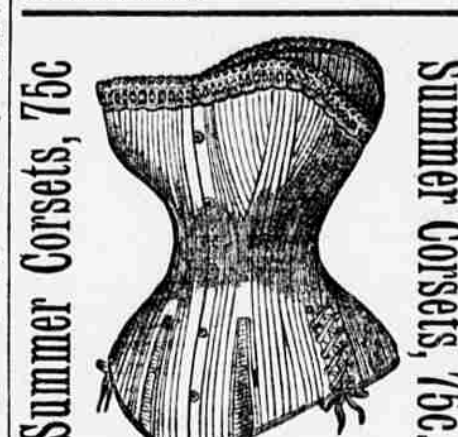
We will place on sale Monday a new invoice of Ladies' Muslin Underwear at reduced prices. Lot 1, consisting of Night Gowns, Chemise, Drawers, Corset Covers, Skirts, etc., all on one counter at 50c each. Would be cheap at 75c.

**MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, 98c.**

This lot at 98c each is the greatest value ever offered in Omaha, consisting of Night Gowns, Chemise, Drawers, Corset Covers, Skirts, etc. Don't pass this line. Remember the price, Monday, 98c each.

**CHILDREN'S DRESSES, \$1.48**

150 Children's Plain Chambray Dresses, handsomely trimmed with all over embroidery in pink, blue, red and white. These goods were bought at 50c. on the dollar, and we will close the lot Monday at the low price of \$1.48 each. Ask to see them.



50 dozen Summer Corsets, made of a double thick net, and every pair warranted. Same as cut above at 75c; fully worth \$1.25.

**HASSOCKS 25c.**



1,000 fine Hassocks usually sold at 50c each. Same as cut above on sale Monday, 25c each.

**Fancy Crinkles, 4½c.**

1 case fancy stripe Crinkle Seersucker Monday only 4½c yard.

**BROWN MUSLIN 15 Yards for \$1.00.**

Monday, 1 case extra fine Unbleached Muslin, 36 inches wide. We will sell just 1 bale Monday—15 yards for \$1.00.

**CHECK BEIGES 7¾c.**

1,000 yards English Check Beiges Monday 7¾c yard; worth 15c.

### SOME FEMININE FRIVOLITY.

**Interesting Facts and Fancies for the Fair Sex.**

**THE PARISIAN LADIES' FADS.**

**A Woman's Fight With a Ram—A Girl's Adventure—A Woman's Code of Honor—Mollie Green's Heroism.**

**Two Fishers.**

One morning when spring was in her teens,  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,  
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,  
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;  
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped vice versa.

I with my red and reel and hooks,  
And a hamper for lurching recesses;  
She with the bait of her comely looks,  
And the shine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dikes,  
Where the white pond lilies teeter,  
And I went fishing like a young old fish,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited,  
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,  
The bag was flat as a flounder;  
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—  
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

**A Woman's Fight With a Ram.**  
Mrs. Plimpton Marcy, of Sturbridge, Mass., while attempting to drive a flock of sheep from her house, was attacked and knocked down by a large ram. She was somewhat stunned, but fought for her life, and at the same time screamed for help. No assistance coming, she at last succeeded in grasping the buck by the wool of his neck, pinned his head down by the weight of her own body and the strength remaining in her right arm and hand, and with the left pounded his head with a stone until she supposed he was insensible. Then she let go her grasp, but he sprang to his feet again and the struggle began anew. After several more attacks, and when Mrs. Marcy was nearly exhausted from the struggle and from her wounds, she succeeded in again holding the buck down, and this time she pounded him with a stone till she was sure he would not arise very soon. Just then she saw her son's team going by, and, on being called, he came to the rescue and took her home. At last accounts it was feared that her injuries might prove fatal.

**Parisian Ladies' Fads.**  
The personal effects of Marie Regnault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini have just been sold at public auction at the hotel Drouot, says a Paris letter. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of blue silk corsets brought \$37. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed brought \$25; the blue silk stockings which she had on when she was killed were purchased by a Russian countess for \$5. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his

hands after the murder brought \$15. A chignon, on which are to be seen the marks of bloody fingers, brought \$85. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent tulle has been put over the finger marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of common silk garters brought \$5 each. One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid \$32 for a pink silk undervest, considerably worn, and at once stripped off the half dozen buttons and sold them for \$2 a piece. A toothbrush brought \$4, and a shoe-buttoner \$3, though neither cost over 50 cents when new.

A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gallows made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her as soon as he was dead. As is well known the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned, and the tanned hide made up into pocketbooks, card cases and other souvenirs, which are highly prized.

**A Strange Adventure.**  
London, Telegraph: A young married woman has just met an extraordinary adventure. As she was leaving the horse shoe at the Palais de l'Industrie she was accosted by a person of gentlemanly appearance, who after apologizing for his intrusion, told her that he had been asked by her cousin, who was his intimate friend, to give her some letters. It seems that about two years ago the lady was in love with this cousin. Her parents objected to the match and married her to somebody else. She had not set eyes on her cousin since—she had gone off to the Congo with M. Brazza. Interested in his career, the lady told the stranger that she was desiring to the Bois de Boulogne, and suggested that he should follow her in a cab. The couple met in a wood and proceeded down a sidewalk, the stranger talking most affectionately of his friend, and explaining that he had no difficulty in recognizing her. At last the lady asked for the letters. The man rummaged in his pocket, but instead of the letters he drew out a handkerchief and stuffed it into her mouth. The lady struggled violently in the arms of her assailant, who, unfortunately, was armed with a dagger, and succeeded in removing the handkerchief, she cried loudly for help. Sounds of footsteps approaching put the stranger to flight, and the police are now engaged in an active investigation of this extraordinary affair.

**Courtesy Most Rare.**  
Two ladies made their way toward the centre of the crowded car to a vacant seat, says the New York Telegram. The lady who reached it first was about to take it, when, noticing the lady following her, and who was evidently disappointed, she instantly relinquished it, and, turning to her, said, "I am so sorry, but I must give it to you." The other lady dropped thankfully into the offered place in a daze of mingled gratitude and amusement.

But it was a Brooklyn woman who finally overthrew the opinions of a lifetime. The woman-hater was comforted by a crowd of admirers in a corner of a crowded Greene avenue car. Seated near him was a little woman in costly but not faultlessly tasteful attire; one hand loaded with heavily-jeweled rings was left ungloved purposely, of course—so the man in the corner musically commented.

Presently a lady entered and, unable

to secure a seat, stood clinging to a strap, immediately in front of the little woman with the rings. The latter in a few moments rose and quietly offered her seat to the other.

"Going to get out," thought the cynical reporter; but no, for many blocks the little woman stood, holding onto the strap for which she had voluntarily exchanged a good seat, so long that the recipient of her kindness began to feel uncomfortable, and softly murmured against retaining the place.

The patient sweetness of the smile with which the little lady met the other's protest transfigured her somewhat worn face and made it beautiful with the gentle grace of a loving spirit.

**Are Women Curious.**  
Philadelphia Call: So you think women are curious, do you? Well, suppose they have a "what's there to you?" It's a free country. But don't you let this fact get blue-moulded in the forget corner of your alleged brain. They haven't a monopoly of the curious business by a wide majority. What does a man do when he rounds up to a fence with this leg?

In the foreground? What does he do? Does he take the word of the legend and go his way believing in the legend's truth, or does the demon of doubt get a hold on his faith and yank the curious in his nature to the surface, yes, even to his finger tips, so that he must feel for himself whether it is paint or only a painted imitation of paint?

We'll bet a four-dollar horse, and we're not a betting man, either, that the next time you fall up against the above legend, William, you'll answer this question to your entire satisfaction.

**A Woman's Code of Honor.**  
New Orleans Times-Democrat: A woman may say what she likes of any one else, but she must be true to her own chosen friend. If she tells her secrets of the heart, of make-up, of family trouble, of anything that should be kept behind sealed lips she is pronounced a traitor and avoided, as one. Judgment is as silent as in the secret tribunals of Venice, but as sure.

If a girl have a "fiance" and another deliberately and of malice pretense take him away, the treachery follows her like an ugly shadow all her life long, and it is the unwritten law that the story should be told as often as possible.

If a woman know the address of a good dressmaker or a good place for bargains, and won't tell it, she is mean. Shopping is one of the great tests, and the woman who snaps up a bargain under her friend's nose is called dishonorable. This is considered a very strong adjective.

To duplicate your friend's purchase is bad taste.

To copy your friend's individuality in style, dress, furniture, jewels, manner or speech, is most shocking bad form. Bad form among fine women, by the way, using the word in its metaphysical sense, is quite as objectionable as bad form among men.

To talk of servants is quite admissible, but to brag of horses is only allowed among men.

The woman who does not stand up for her husband, though he be the epitome of all the vices and vulgarities, is considered to bear watching.

The bearer of a compliment must retail it to the complimentee, or she is envious.

Women must tell each other they do look well when they do, and must not tell each other when they look badly. Women must not rub each other the wrong way.

Women must, and generally do, scrupulously repay the smallest debt of service.

**Wanted Cold Facts.**  
Boston Courier: "Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You should not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course, I did, but—"

"And it is no longer theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minceva, if you only knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature adorns a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light—"

Let the curtain fall.

**She Saved Her Dog.**  
The New York Times says: A lady of about twenty-two summers, tall, elegant, and handsome, and clad in a garment which betokened an absence of the creaking cares of poverty, was yesterday afternoon sauntering along the lower end of Fifth avenue. She was enjoying the balmy air of gentle spring and the society of an ugly, impudent, aristocratic side-walker, which trotted along at her side attached to a silk string. The companionship of her canine friend was all-sufficient to occupy her thoughts, hence she took no notice of the fact that she was pursued by a grimy little bootblack, who creeping up stealthily behind, deftly clipped the cord which confined the terrier and, making a grab for the dog, started on a run for safe quarters. So started under her friend's nose is called dishonorable. This is considered a very strong adjective.

But this was sufficient. The picture of astonishment which the young lady made when she discovered she was leading only a string was quickly turned into one of bold determination to recapture her pet at all hazards. Gathering herself together she sped along after retreating boy and dog, who were now in Washington park, like a fleet-footed goddess, and soon began to close the distance between her and the object of her chase. The boy twisted and turned, but long before he had reached the middle of the park he decided it best to drop his prize and try to save himself. This he did in no gentlemanly manner—another surprise to doggie—and was soon lost to sight. The panting mistress gave up the pursuit as soon as she recovered her much-abused pet, and after daintily dusting the contaminating dirt of the gambo from his fleecy wool lavished kiss after kiss upon

his injured head. When both had recovered their equanimity they proceeded on their way confident in each other's love.

**A Teacher's Heroism.**  
Miss Mollie Green is the heroine of a story which comes from Perry county, Tennessee, where she teaches in a country school. One day, a correspondent relates, the children were busy with their lessons, when a shaggy dog, foaming at the mouth, snapping and biting, dashed in at the door and made toward one of the little ones. The brave woman thought only of the children in her care, and, springing between them and the intruder, told them it was a mad dog. She then kicked at it, her skirts protecting her, and by the aid of a heavy ruler, kept it at bay until all the children had fled. The infuriated animal repeatedly sprang at her throat, but she was too agile to be caught, and resolutely held her ground. When all the little ones were gone she desperately fought off the dog until she reached the door, which she pulled to after her, and fell fainting outside. The children had in the meantime run to the nearest house, and, although a mile distant, and given the alarm. Two men came up and after reviving the teacher, killed the dog. The animal had been terrorizing the neighborhood for two days. The grateful parents of the children took up a subscription and gave the young lady a fine saddle horse.

**HONEY FOR THE LADIES.**  
We stepped behind the draperies to rest. The walls were done. The lace upon her breast.  
With gentle little quivers rose and fell,  
And ah! my courage came and went as well.

Her dainty cheek was very near my lips; I took her chin between my finger tips; She caught her breath; a little sudden sigh—  
"Please wait a minute, Jack is going by."

The maiden has doffed her seal saque, For the bright days of spring have come to us.  
And she wants her papa's cheque  
Her person to dequite.

If his funds will sustain  
A jar of open work silver is the latest toilet-table ornament.  
If you write advice for a new bonnet this spring just give her a poke.

For a plain ring, dull gold in rope pattern is quite as stylish as anything.  
A black pearl bee, with diamond wings, is a new brooch simply ravishing.

Women may not have the right to vote, but no one questions their right to veto.  
Bric-a-brac shelves of oxidized silver have just made their appearance. What next!

The state of Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of \$3 on every baby born within its limits.  
Perfumed linings for tea-gowns are among the newest developments of luxurious fashion.

Striped moire and grenadine, either black or white, is much chosen for watering-place wear.  
A Tam O'Shanter of colored gold, with plume of precious stones, is the very latest in brooches.

A cottage is all very well, but it isn't to be compared with love in a brown-stone front.  
In St. Louis there are thirty girls who will in time be millionaires. Go west, young man, go west!

Green in all shades, from apple to olive, is a favorite hue for the trimming of black straw or Neapolitan hats.

The best possible alleviation of a décolleté corsage is yard after yard of illusion draped high about the shoulders.

Small mantles of black embroidered cashmere, or of sheer white muslin, can be worn with gowns of any material.

In cotton goods for summer, checks and stripes of all widths appear, and pink and pale gray are leading colors.

After years of abeyance, the pretty fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair is sanctioned by high authorities.

Striped and cross-barred crape and sewing

silk grenadines are the preferred material for summer evening gowns.

In silver jewelry the rock finish, etched in quaint designs, is rapidly superseding the hammered patterns so long worn.

A moonstone spider, with gold legs, crawling up a gold needle to a watchstone globe, is the pattern of a very new hat pin.

Fine Milan braid is a favorite material for spring bonnets, with split English straw and French chips a double good second.

Old fashioned lace mitts reappear for wear with empire gowns, and are differentiated only by jet embroidery of the backs.

At Cairo, Mich., a young woman mistook for her hair dye the family blue bottle, and now she sports a head of azure hair.

An emerald rose and bud, with diamond centre and stems of flexible gold, is the very handsomest flower brooch of the season.

A silver dog house, with two ball dogs snarling at the front, is shown as a paperweight for gentlemen of sporting tastes.

The capote and small Nanon are the shapes often chosen by good dressers of middle age, though by no means confined to them.

Braiding combined with embroidery, enriched with beads, is very largely seen upon imported costumes of silk, velvet and wool.

"You are a jewel," said the gushing young man to his girl, "and I'm going to have you set." And then he quietly took her in his lap.

For a mourning pin, choose either a bar of onyx set with pearl forget-me-nots, or else a geranium leaf of that stone with one brilliant at the edge.

London Truth asserts that if a woman paints her face and a person who has been eating cloves breathes upon that paint, it will turn black.

Pretty gowns for misses are of white cambray, striped with gold galloon or of white cashmere, striped with velvet in blue, brown or scarlet.

The bride who can afford it has a lace matinee made up for midsummer wear, over a white silk slip, with the addition of bewitching bows.

Grasshopper green and periwinkle pink are the names of two fresh spring colors daintily introduced in the adornings of a Parisian round hat.

"Butterfly wing" is the very latest point for skirt draping, and the insect is further imitated by weaving them in fours—two at front and two back.

Rosettes of crepe lace are among the loveliest bonnet trimmings, and a cluster of violets or blue lilies is often nestled between two or three of them.

Many of the best tailors send home with spring gowns of light, pale-hued wool, vests of white embroidered or pique, whose flowers match the dress in color.

Good form now requires loose gloves for women as well as men; in consequence, fashionable ladies have gone up at least two sizes in their spring purchases.

The indolite, shadowy broche patterns produced by the Jacquard looms are noticeable in many of the beautiful semi-diplomatic textures imported for midsummer wear.

The conglomerate neckwear of lace and ribbon is decidedly passe, though thin folds of ribbon alone, and soft untroubled clouds of lace, are more in vogue.

Pelouse and princess gowns are worn now by all women save those who must walk twice to make a shadow, who, by consequence, can not spare the amplitude of drapery.

A Maryland woman has been granted a patent for a bonnet holder. We have often felt that we should like to act in that capacity ourselves, at public entertainments.

A Louisville young woman is said to have been made insane by dyeing her hair. She was found in her room, seated among broken mirrors, crockery and pictures, a raving maniac.

Black toilets still lead all others, and for evening gold-embroidered black silk, combined with gold-colored moire, is the acme of elegance.

Clustered rows of ribbon, or ribbon-like braid, are seen above the hem of many new gowns, while clustered tucks, with ribbon between, fairly run riot in the bodices of the summer.

</