



SPECIAL AND EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF BLACK SILKS.

Barr's Immense Purchase of \$30,000 in BLACK SILKS, Manufacturer's Stock, closed out at a Great Sacrifice.

BLACK SILKS to be Almost Given Away. Remember, We Guarantee Every Yard.

These Silks are the Finest Manufactured, Extra SOFT-FINISH CACHEMERE Sublime. Warranted in Every Particular.

BLACK SILKS.

NOTICE PRICE LIST.

- Lot 1-5 pieces, regular price \$1.00; sale price, 69c.
- Lot 2-7 pieces, regular price, \$1.10; sale price, 78c.
- Lot 3-5 pieces, regular price, \$1.15; sale price, 80c.
- Lot 4-7 pieces, regular price, \$1.25; sale price, 93c.
- Lot 5-6 pieces, regular price, \$1.40; sale price, 99c.
- Lot 6-8 pieces, regular price, \$1.50; sale price, \$1.09.
- Lot 7-9 pieces, regular price, \$1.65; sale price, \$1.19.
- Lot 8-5 pieces, regular price, \$1.85; sale price, \$1.27.
- Lot 9-6 pieces, regular price, \$2.00; sale price, \$1.38.
- Lot 10-7 pieces, regular price, \$2.25; sale price, \$1.59.
- Lot 11-6 pieces, regular price, \$2.50; sale price, \$1.69.
- Lot 12-3 pieces, regular price, \$2.75; sale price, \$1.87.
- Lot 13-3 pieces, regular price, \$3.00; sale price, \$1.98.
- Lot 14-2 pieces, regular price, \$4.00; sale price, \$2.25.

Full Line of Surah and Gros Grain Silks, 50c yard; worth 90c.

We invite all to come and examine these bargains in Black Silks on our silk counters Monday. Study your own interests and save money. Now is your time.

Country orders for goods or samples will receive prompt attention if addressed to the Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co., Omaha, Neb.



Great Central Dry Goods Store, fronting on 16th and Douglas Sts. In the retail and street railway center of Omaha.

MILLINERY.

Stylish Connelly Turbans, in all shades, at \$2 each. Airy felt turbans and salons, beautifully trimmed for \$2.50 each. Can't keep at anything like this under \$5.00 anywhere else in this town.

UMBRELLAS.

Bargains in Umbrellas which have never had their equal. 3-inch "Gloria" silk non-cutting silk woven for the purpose, silver and gold mounted handles, at \$1.50.

CORSETS.

French Woven Corsets, filled with bones, em-broidered bust, and broad bones on the hips, only \$1.00.

COMFORTS.

6 bales Comforts at 85c. 4 bales Comforts at \$1.25. 5 bales Comforts at \$1.47.

CLOAKS.

A SPECIAL CLOAK EXHIBIT THIS WEEK AT BARR'S. All styles in Jackets, Opera and Street Wraps, Plush, Cloth and Fur-trimmed Cloaks, Russian Cloaks, the Janney Three-quarter Tailor Coat, Cashmere Coats, Navy-wraps, plain and fancy; and an endless variety of plain every day cloaks for every day use, and elegant novelties for the "novelty" sort.

INFANTS' WEAR.

The new stylish Falles and Embroidered Silk Hoods, with ruche and strings, a little beauty, \$1.50.

SHAWLS.

A great job purchase of Shawls. All kinds, sorts and descriptions. Reversible Velvets, Scotch Shawls, Paisley and Broche and Black Cashmere; in fact, we can give you a Shawl worth \$5.00.

GLOVES.

Will offer this week a bargain in Kid Gloves. Will close out 400 pairs Constantia at \$1.15 pair. These gloves have always been sold by us at \$1.50, and considered good value at that. Full line sizes.

Men's Furnishings.

Below we quote a few of the many bargains offered in Men's Furnishings Goods. Natural Wool Suits and Drawers, worth \$125 each, for \$81.

Handkerchiefs.

An occasion of significant importance to all who need Handkerchiefs. Medium and popular grade Handkerchiefs. 4c for a Hemstitched Colored Bordered Handkerchief, for which you ordinarily pay 15c.

HOSIERY.

EXTRA SPECIAL. We shall sell this week a large line of Children's extra heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, seamless, guaranteed fast and stainless, sizes 7 to 10, at 25c pair.

KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' fine Swiss Ribbed Jersey Vests, high neck and long sleeves, in white and natural, drawers to match, worth 75c, at 45c.

LITERARY WOMEN AS WIVES

Fair Dwellers on Parnassus Who Are Also Model Home-Makers.

NOT THE TREAD OF GODDESSES

Some of America's Charming Daughters Walk Very Awkwardly—Dancing Girls of Java—New York Ladies of Fashion.

Literary Women as Wives.

I have often been surprised how deep-rooted is the general impression that literary women make but moderate successes as wives and mothers, writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is certain that the facts do not substantiate this belief. Let any one take the roll of American literary women, and name will follow names that represent all that is best in wifehood and purest in motherhood. No one, for example, would say that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a failure as wife or mother, in educating three daughters, the one more talented than the other.

have, through the season, often fifteen invitations for one day. Such a life creates the necessity for order, system and good management, to even meet half their engagements. The type of the lazy, indolent, voluptuous Countess Castiglione, is wanting. There are no lazy women in polite society, who are of the least importance.

The greater number of New York fashionable women are doing their part in society honorably and well. They bring up their daughters carefully. They make their girls healthy, accomplished and well bred. They tame down the too exuberant spirits, and the New York girl is a model.

Perhaps they have not had as good luck with their sons. Some critic calls the young man of fashion "selfish and impolite, either cold and polished cynic, or a mixture of the dude and the cad." This is too exaggerated and too absurd. All New York young men may not be exactly glittering prizes, but some of them are. The debutantes of small stature, bronzed complexion and beautiful almond-shaped black eyes. Their features are distinctly of the Mongolian type, less pronounced in character than those of the Chinese and Japanese, and one of them, at least, is extremely pretty.

The Dancing Girls of Java.

A Paris correspondent, describing the dancing girls of Java to be seen at the exposition, says: "The performers are tall, slender, bronzed complexion and beautiful almond-shaped black eyes. Their features are distinctly of the Mongolian type, less pronounced in character than those of the Chinese and Japanese, and one of them, at least, is extremely pretty. The most curious portion of their costumes is their head-dress. Two of them wear old combed-shaped coiffures in black fur, set in a gold band and going across the head from ear to ear, instead of from back to front. The other two wear extremely picturesque diadems in gold filigree, with a pointed piece covering the back of the head, and rounded side-pieces with close-fitting bodices in dark silk webbing worked with gold and silver and mother-of-pearl, and long scarfs in this silk draped around the waist, complete their attire. The dance, which, like all the other Oriental dances, is not a dance at all according to European ideas, consists of a slow, gliding motion around the platform, the slender arms and dainty little brown hands of the performers playing the part usually assigned to the lower limbs of a dancer. They writhing, they wave, they flutter, the slender fingers catch up and unfold the ends of the long floating scarf, the supple waists curve backward, and twist and twine till they actually seem to form a single continuous line. The description may not sound attractive, but the performance is really charming, owing to the grace and winning looks of the dancers. And it is perfectly modest, too, which is more than can be said of most of the eastern dances in the exhibition.

Who "The Duchess" Is.

"Who is 'The Duchess'?" is a question often asked by the thousands who read the novels of this remarkably popular writer. And perhaps never has a name been more completely screened and the identity of its owner. "The Duchess" is really Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, residing in a home of comfort and beauty in Ireland's famous county, Cork. She is an industrious woman, and writes a complete novel with more

case than many of us would exercise in writing a short article, says Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. She is domestic in her nature, and dislikes to talk about her work. Her modesty is proverbial among her friends, and many of her neighbors in the little Irish town where she lives are ignorant of the fact that "Madame Hungerford," as she is called in her novels, is not a middle-aged, but a young woman. She rarely associates her personal self with her literary nom de plume in her correspondence with friends or strangers. The authoress, in years, is not middle-aged, but retains a youthful appearance. She is fond of children, and their little characteristics are often incorporated in her stories as she sits writing at her window, watching them at their play on the lawn beneath. It is estimated that more copies of her novels have been sold than those of any living writer. Any new story by her is always sure of a wide reading on both sides of the water. She is generally regarded as her most popular story, Phyllis, more than a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Her literary work brings her a neat income, enabling her to live in comfort. She has been twice married, her present domestic relations being of the happiest nature.

Jean Incelow at Home.

Jean Incelow, whose "High Tide of the Coast of Lincolnshire" everyone was quoting during our recent storm that sent the tide up into all manner of unexpected places, lives in an old-fashioned, green-colored stone house in Kensington, set in the midst of extensive grounds, with handsome trees and many beautiful flowers and shrubs, says a writer in the New York World. At least, this is her home in summer; her winter quarters are in a little cottage in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean, covered with vines and smothered with flowers. She is nearly sixty now, but does not look half her age, her eyes are so bright and her cheeks as rosy and rounded as a girl's. Of late years she has written very little, and even what she does she rarely publishes, for her theory is that a poet never writes any immortal verse after he or she has passed fifty, and she may very justly rest on the laurels she won for herself before she reached that age. Contrary to the general belief, there never was any such tide in Lincolnshire, and there never was any such tune as "The Brides of Maria Esterdy," which the ringers rang to warn the Boston folk of the coming tide.

The Home Life of Lew Wallace.

Of the more prominent writers who are singularly fortunate in their domestic relations, the author of "Ben Hur" is a striking example. Himself a writer of more than average ability, and possessed of an accurate literary judgment, Mrs. Wallace is an invaluable assistant to her husband in his work. She is a tireless worker, rapid yet very painstaking, and is an expert at proof-reading. General Wallace is himself his severest critic, and after an incident or chapter has been written, re-cast probably a dozen times, and criticized from every standpoint, it is given to Mrs. Wallace and runs the gauntlet of her critical judgment. There is a singular harmony of tastes between the two, and in this wise the literary partnership is productive of the most satisfactory results. The home of the Wallaces is in Crawfordville, Ind., and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens, and are destined to make much more. Almost anything General Wallace chooses to write is assured success, and he can therefore command

high prices for his work. The sales of "Ben Hur" alone have brought him over \$30,000, and its success has also made the domestic market for his book. For his "Boydell of Christ" and his biography of President Harrison, he received very large payments, while for his new novel, he will be paid the fact that "Madame Hungerford," as she is called in her novels, is not a middle-aged, but a young woman. She rarely associates her personal self with her literary nom de plume in her correspondence with friends or strangers. The authoress, in years, is not middle-aged, but retains a youthful appearance. She is fond of children, and their little characteristics are often incorporated in her stories as she sits writing at her window, watching them at their play on the lawn beneath. It is estimated that more copies of her novels have been sold than those of any living writer. Any new story by her is always sure of a wide reading on both sides of the water. She is generally regarded as her most popular story, Phyllis, more than a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Her literary work brings her a neat income, enabling her to live in comfort. She has been twice married, her present domestic relations being of the happiest nature.

October Brides.

A dainty costume that would seem appropriate for a bridesmaid at an autumn wedding can be made with an accordion-plaited skirt of magnolia white, an especially good material should be used, with a director's coat of ottoman silk, the same delicate shading, writes Telle Forney in Table Talk. A good quality of silk mull can be obtained for \$1 a yard as it is about one and a half yards in width, about eight yards would be required to form a properly full accordion skirt, which would be seven yards wide before being put through the plaiting process. An excellent quality of ottoman silk could be bought for \$2 a yard and shabby the look of the bodice could be cut low and bound with silver braid.

New York and London Society.

With all the talk about exclusiveness in New York, there is no exclusiveness, writes a correspondent from the metropolis. There may be a few modest people of real merit who are sometimes slighted, but they will get it. It is not true, that because some leaders of fashion are exclusive, all are so. Ladies of high character are just as apt to be found in the realms of the highest fashion, as in any other walk of life, and they have many virtues. The ideal society would be to find out the well-bred and the well-educated, and to invite them only, no matter to what shade of fashion they may belong. But that has been sought in vain—that ideal society. There will always be a Mrs. Milkandream with the manners and appearance of a fish-wife, in the highest and best society, who must be invited. Visitors to London are shocked by the pitiable traits of nineteenth century unreserve, and by the talk and the manners of certain fashionable women. Books full of scandalous anecdotes, calling women by their names, are published and publicly sold. It is an exploded idea that good birth, old blood, even good breeding, is the guardian angel of a woman. So much for London, the ideal city! What can we expect of New York, its copy?

An Absolute Cure.

THE ORIGINAL BLENDING OINTMENT is only put up in large two ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles, and is Crawfordville, Ind., and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens, and are destined to make much more. Almost anything General Wallace chooses to write is assured success, and he can therefore command

Out of Practice.

Life: Lady of the house (to tramp)—You eat as if you never had seen a meal of victuals before! Tramp—Madam, you must excuse me, I can't do eat awkward, but the fact is I hadn't had much practice lately.

SAYINGS OF THE FUNNY MEN

Some of the Waits From the World of Wit and Humor.

BOTH BY THE SAME ARTIST.

Mrs. Gushy Carrots as a Connoisseur—The Wisdom of Babes—Found a Model Juror—Genevieve and Algernon.

His Businesslike Way.

Chicago Tribune: Young Mr. Bizz (briskly, to fair proprietor of photograph gallery)—I've dropped in, Miss Frame, without much preparation, in the style I usually do when I make up my mind I want anything. Can you take me just as I am?

A Hard Request.

Time: Little Elsie (who with the remainder of her family is dining at the Venecers)—After dinner, Mr. Venecer, will you show me the skeleton?

When Greek Meets Greek.

Terre Haute Express: Mrs. Tattall—"Don't you know what Mrs. Brown said about you yesterday?" Mrs. Gowzie—"No, nor I don't know. But do you know what my old man said about you the other day? He says when you get two or three years older, an' that pryn' nose of yours meets that vaggin' chin, that there'll be the doggondest time on record. What? You ain't going? Well, call again soon, won't ye?"

Their Wh-remnants.

Clothier and Parasher. The clothes that he wore, As at tennis he played, Or walked by the shore, And talked to some maid, Are now near the door Of his uncle's display.

A Serious Mistake.

Judge: Enraged Father—Well, that's the last time I'll be fool enough to give one of my daughters a wedding check. Mother—Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope.

Enraged Father—Yes, but there is.

That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.

A Judge of Art.

Rome Sentinel: Bobby (to his sister)—Is Mr. De Luncheon your beau, a judge of fine arts?

American: Bagley I hear that Mrs. Mosenthal has presented you with twins, Solomon.

Mr. Mosenthal—Yes, it was a fact, twin boys or I'm a liar. "Must be quite an expense, eh?" "Yes, but dere's vone good ting I

thought of. De same photograph will do for little Ike or little Jakey; dey look so much alike."

Ready for Remotelling. Life: Jawkins—Well, Jack, the cool weather's coming on now.

Jack Borrower—Yes, and I'm glad of it. One more washing and my flannel shirt will go for a chest protector.

Needs an Am-nidman.

Time: Client (in Chicago)—I want a divorce. Lawyer—For what reason? "My wife can not make good coffee."

As He Knows Them.

Punch: School Teacher (to boy at head of class, the lesson being philosophy)—How many kinds of force are there? Boy—Three, sir. "Name them."

Rather Risky.

Yonkers Statesman: "What you doing now?" "In with the greatest show on earth."

A Model Juror.

Chicago Tribune: The mindreader who had been engaged by the eminent attorney as an assistant in securing a jury whispered in his ear: "I can't tell you what this man thinks about the case," he said. "His mind appears to be a hopeless blank."

A Cutting Remark.

Judge: Algernon—You must not think, dearest, that because you are rich and I am poor I am anxious to marry you on account of your money.

The Wisdom of Babes.

Philadelphia Record: Ministerial Friend (on a visit)—I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day? She is singing around all over the house.

Connoisseurs.

Once a Week: Mrs. Truo Gentle—Good morning, Mrs. Carrots. Going to New York to do a little shopping?

Mrs. Gushy Carrots (whose husband has hit standard oil and acquired sudden riches)—No, I've just returned. I bought a nice Rubens this morning, and I declare! when I called at my husband's office he told me had bought a Rembrandt by the same artist yesterday afternoon.

Downed by Whiskey.

Arkansas Traveler: "Do you see that poor fellow?" said a saloonkeeper to a temperance lecturer, pointing to a gray-haired convict.

A Special Inducement.

Texas Siftings: Canvasser—Can't I induce you to subscribe to this comic journal? Smith—No, I get more papers now than I have time to read.

pledge ourselves not to publish a joke about the Brown-seedling elixir."

Not Subject to Surgical Treatment. Lowell Citizen: Surgeon—Anything happened while I've been away?

Office Boy—Nothing but a broken joint. I guess you wouldn't have attended it if you'd been here.

An Appropriate Costume.

Drake's Magazine: "My friend," observed Mr. McCrackle to the living skeleton in the dime museum, "your attire is not altogether appropriate."

Inconstancy.

Sum S. Stinson. Like the song of a bird that has suddenly ceased in the midst of its melody, frightened away.

The Ruling Passion.

Texas Siftings: Highwayman (to pawnbroker)—Put up your hands. Pawnbroker—How much will I get on them?

Few People, Indeed.

have any idea of the value of stimulants, if properly used. There are in Europe several establishments owned and conducted by monks under the direct control of the pope, which devote their entire energies to the manufacture of cordials or tonics. Their business has been so extensive that a short time ago twenty million francs were offered for one of those plants by an English syndicate, and refused. It only demonstrates the value of tonics, because their business could not have flourished so unless their manufactures contained considerable medicinal value. A good tonic, as for instance, Keredy's East India Bitters, which are guaranteed to be distilled with the finest of spirits and from choice roots and herbs, is better than adulterated whisky or wine.

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