S. P. MORSE & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR Guaranteed 0

Men's Undershirts, Ladies' Underwaists, Ladies' Crawers, La dies' Union Su'ts, Childrens' Underwear. Ladies' Nightgowns. Mens' Nightshirts.



The genuine article imported direct from the factory to our store. These goods are far superier in quality to those known "DR. JAGERS" at one fourth the price.

S. P. Morse & Co.

Ladies Sanitary Grey Skirts

SPECIAL SALE. Boys Overcoats, \$1.50

worth \$2.50. Boys' Overcoats, \$2.50, worth \$3.50. Boys' Overcoats, \$3.75, worth \$5. Boys' Overcoats, \$5.35, worth \$7.50.

 Π

All wool, worth \$7.50,

on sale Monday. 10 Pieces

Black Silks

Next week we shall make a specialty of a Black Silk worth \$2 a yard; we closed them out from Mergroz, Portier, Grose & Co's closing sale, New York

BLACK SILK

ted by Mergroz, Portier, Gross & Co., to sell for \$3.50, our price next week \$2.50.

Ly ons Colored

Silk Peau de Soie Faille Française

New blues, browns, gobelins, riseda, ox-blood, slives, etc.,

Magnificent Quality

Actual value \$3.50.

SURAH SILK

S.P. MORSE & CO S. P. MORSE & CO

LADIES' FAST Black Hose,

with white merino soles, warm as wool, pleas anter to Wear, worth 75c, at 35c, 3 for \$1

LAWN

Embroidered Kdkfs.

300 dozeh ladies' purelinen lawn embroidered handerchiefs closed out by our buver in Helfast last mouth. Usual price, 5,c and 75c, in one

Initial Hdkfs, 16 2-3C.

worth a5c, reduced to 16%c.



With best spring fixtures, worth 90c. S. P. MORSE & Co., Sole agents for Butterick : Paper Patterns.

Colored Faille

IRISH POINT

Curtains \$5 Per Pair.

Only 2 and 3 pair lots; actually worth Heavy Portier Curtains worth \$7.50.

Heavy Portier Curtains \$6.50 Heavy Portier Curtains \$8.50 worth \$12.50.

Chenille Silk Curtains worth \$15.

Chenille Silk Curtains worth \$25. Chenille Silk Curtains worth \$40. All the above are special bargains for next week's sale.

Real Brussels Lace Curtains Hand made. Our own importation through the Omaha Custom House last week.

Vindow Shades 50c Furniture Coverings.

Brocatelles, raw silk, ramies, petit points; etc., at great reductions next week.

Is the most complete in Omaha; we carry full assortments of the best carpets, Royal Wilton, Axministers, Gobelins, Body Brussels, Tapestries and Ingrains; we can and will UNDERSELL CARPET HOUSES

Who depend on nothing but Carpets for profit. S. P. MORSE & CO.

BARGAINS IN

PLUSH CLOAKS

We shall make a specialty of Ladies' Plush Cloaks next week of-fering a garment at \$23, actually worth \$35; we make no money on this quality, it is exactly the cost to make.

CHILDREN'S IMPORTED

\$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$7 up to \$12.

We received through the Omoaha Custom House last week di-rect from Berlin; they are very desirable and stylish, and prices very

LADIES' SUITS \$10

Next week we shall offer

BARGAINS, BARGAINS,

In a lot of Ladies' Suits that we closed out in New York last week they sold for \$18, \$20, \$22.50 and \$25. One price, \$10.

P. MORSE & CO.

Bargains!

We closed out from the auction sale of the San Francisco Pioneer weelen factory, August 13, 1889, 6 qualities of their celebrated blankets, and as the price was much

LESS THAN THE COST TO MAKE. \$5

Per Pair. 6 pounds, sold before the auction sale

Per Pair.

scarlet. The finest colored blankets made by the San Francisco factory, worth \$18, sale price, \$10.

California Swansdown Blankats

Per Pair. Beautiful fine, soft Australian wool, full size and weight, formerly sold for

Every thread pure wool, warp and

S.P. MORSE & CO S.P. MORSE & CO S.P. MORSE & CO

filling, full 10x4 size. These sold in

42-inch, all wool, wide Wale diagon ls, in nice, full colors, worth 90c a yard,

CHOICE COLORS French_Wool Surah

We have a beautiful line of colors in Paris wool surnhs-one of the best dress fabrics known-on sale Monday.

ittle Plush Bonnets 50c

\$1, \$1.65 Surah Silk Quilted

Lining.

Monday morning a stupendous bargain in hand made braid passementeries, worth \$1.50 to \$3 a yard. Black and

One of the finest qualities made in all

MORSE & CO. S. P. MORSE & CO.

LADIES'

to buy-a whole case of ladies' merino ests and drawers, winter weight, worth 50c, next week 29c.

LADIES'

SAXONY WOOL YESTS

Hand knitted colors, light blue, pink, carlet, white, etc., reduced from \$2 to

Little Children's CASHMERE GLOVES

Jersey fitting, very clastic, waists—all black and easy to put on price, 35c, worth 50c.

Pozzoni Powder, 29c. Pozzoni Powder, 29c. Pozzoni Powder, 29c.

The very best real Pozzoni Powder Monday, only 29e a box-none sold to gentlemen. Mail orders filled.

BOYS' HOSE Heavy Cotton,

With Merino Feet.

35e for 5 to 7 inch; 40e for 7 and 71 inch; 45c for 8, 81 and 9 inch; as warm wool and will wear twice as long.

FOLLOWED WHERE LOVE LED

He Forgot His Sacred Vows For a Pretty Face.

THE STORY OF MANON LESCAUT.

Remarried After Forty Years-Cupid As an Evangelist-Engaged Wedded and Widowed in One Short Hour.

Little Romances. Gath thus tells the story of Nanon Lescant for the readers of the Cincinnati Enquirer: Far back in the eighteenth century a priest of the Roman church, the Abbe Provost, who wandered from his brethren in the monastic life to consort with Cyprians, wrote classical story, which is still being printed, and which owes its longevity to its fidelity to human nature. He is supposed to have taken the story from an incident in his own career,

as Goethe took the story of "Marguerite and Faust" from an amour of his own middle life. The story of "Manon Lescaut" by this priest relates how a young man intended for the church was traveling from home to his monastic school when he saw a beautiful girl in the yard of an inn in care of her family servant, she was bound to another school. Instantly, from a wantom disposition, she began to ogie the young man and make signs to him. His nature feil down in an instant, and he sought her acquaintance, and within the hour these two, whose paths had thus accidentally crossed, were traveling toward Paris in a carriage, and before they reached that city their folly was completed. Abandoning his family, the young man takes up his abode with the girl, having mutually seduced each other, and they come to the privations of such people, whereupon the woman discovers her innate want of fidelity and breaks the young man's heart. She leaves him, and his parents find him; he returns to the study of divinity, and perseveres in that line until his piety, tinged with the wound in his heart, has made him a most precocious neophyte, whose preaching is the wonder of the monks. He stands in the pulpit upon the eve of taking boly orders to preach his trial sermon; attracted to the

church by the announcement of his elo-quence, Manon Lescaut comes. As he looks down upon her while preaching the wound in his heart bleeds anew; his sermon is dissi-pated. He leaves the sacred desk to upbraid who he so tenderly loved. In her turn, affected by her first passion and by pity, she leads him off afresh, and again they fall late privation, and she again renews her predatory schemes to make money out of old nd rich men, and one of these who has influence in the government has her arrested for attempting to rob him, and she is thrust for attempting to rob him, and she is thrust into prison. There her behavior was not unlike that of Mrs. Hamilton, so called, at Atlantic City but yesterday. When her lover visits her in person she throws herself into his arms and sobs from the bottom of her heart: "Oh, get me out of here! If you love me, do not leave me!" He hears the cry in his deepest emotions, and attempts to get her out of the prison, and being interrupted by a guard he draws his ready sword, which the young men of the period wore at rupted by a guard he draws his ready sword, which the young men of the period wore at their sides, runs the guard through, and he falls dead. Erratic love and its fervor have made a murderer of the Chevalier Grieux. His family, however, have influence enough to spare him a prosecution by paying money to the surviving family of the slain person, but the girl Manon, who has caused all this suffering and expense by her wantonness, is coademned to be sent to Louisiana among the criminal prostitutes, there to be sold as a wife to any person whom her charms will attract and who will buy her. The young man, still sym-

pathizing with his mistress and believing her not to be sinful at heart, follows the train of prisoners from town to town, and even follows her to Louisiana, where the nephew of the governor, smitten with her attractions, wishes to possess her, and bids for her as for some quadroon slave. Terrified at the pros-pect of becoming the wife of such a brute, the poor girl flies to the swamps and dies it the arms of her first lover, who continues faithful to the last. He, with a broken heart, turns from the corpse, to fall into the arms of his friends—for friendship sometimes accompanies men who do these reckless things. The friend has followed from France to Louisiana to redeem his companion from environment, and finds that the denouement of the intrigue has become complete by the female's death. He leads his wretched friend back to the city and the ship, and takes him

to France to resume his place as a clerical and friend of sinners. Such is the story of Manon Lescaut—the belief that there are women who fall from virtue without criminal intention, continuing to the present time, has kept this little story alive, so that it has become a subject of opera and painting, while all the other writlegs, hundreds in number, of the Abbe Prevost have fallen into inocuous desuetude, as an erring president once phrased it.

John Keel, who lives on the edge of Tennessee, not far from Louisville, courted pretty Lucy Walker, a neighbor's daughter, and married her in 1846. The couple lived together for thirty years and raised a family of four children. All the children married and moved away. The old couple became , and they got a young lady Jane Hunter to come and live with them. Miss Hunter was about twenty, bright and attractive. It was soon evident that Mr. Walker was much attached to young Miss Hunter. His wife grew jealous and accused him of falling in love with the girl. He frankly admitted it and said that he would marry her if he did not have a wife already. Mrs. Walker left her husband and soon afterward obtained a divorce. The old man and the young woman were then mar-ried and came over the line into Kentucky to live. They bought a farm about three miles from here and lived together apparently happy for twelve years. At the end of that time they disagreed and separated, the second Mrs. Keel, like the first, obtaining a divorce. The old man went back to Tennessee where the wife of his youth had remained faithful and alone. His heart turned again toward her when they may be add he again toward her when they met, and he proposed that they be remarried. She agreed. The other day the wedding occurred, and they have returned to the farm upon which they began life when they were first married, forty years ago.

The death-bed marriage of John Lawton past vational supreme ranger of the Foresters, has invested the closing scene of his life with a touch of romance, says a Providence, R. I., dispatch. Lawton was a man of considerable means and had a big and generous heart. Touched with the devotion of Clara Louise Etinora Fogg, his house keeper, he offered her his hand and heart as he lay dying, with but an hour of life to live. The person to whom he offered to devote the remainder of his existence (about sixty-nine minutes) did not ask for delay nor toy with
the offer. She was ne coy maiden, but a
matron of thirty-five, who had passed
through a period of miserable matrimony
years ago. She had aursed him with tender solicitude and with unselfish devotion,
and had refused to be relieved of duties
trying enough to prostrate the most robust
woman. He appeared to be so desirous
of being accurately informed as to
his condition that he created an impression
that if there had been any hope of recovery
he would have reserved his hand for some
other woman, to whom romor says he was minutes) did not ask for delay nor toy with other woman, to whom romor says he was engaged in New York, But the medical men were positive nothing could save him. His housekeeper had gone into the bed chamber housekeeper had gone into the bed chamber with a tray containing deficacles, when Mr. Lawton beckoned her to his side.

"I want you to do me a favor," he said.

"I want you to marry me. I have but a few hours to live and I want to make you some return for all your goodness and attention.

Will you have me?"

Half an hour later the Rev. Mr. Plummer read the meant the result of the process of the said.

Widow Lawton and her husband was being epared for the grave. Mr. Lawton's estates, which goes to the widow, is valued at \$50,090, but his relatives will try to get it on the ground that Mrs. Fogg. having a husband living, was not legally free to marry. A trial involving circumstances of an ex-ceptionally romantic character will come be-fore the Tribunal of Ragusa. About twenty

years ago a peasant of the neighborhood of Rugusa, being no longer able to support his wife, emigrated to the United States, leaving his better half in charge of the village priest. From the first luck smiled on him, and he was able to send the priest fifty floring a month for his wife. As his position im-proved he increased the amount of his monthly remittances, but the rascally reverendo only handed five florins a month to the woman. This went on for fifteen years, when this worthy clerical gentleman forged a certificate of the husband's death, and placed it in the hands of his wife, whose death he likewise certified in a forged document and sent it to the husband in America. Shortly afterwards he piously betook himself to Corfu, where he hoped to spend the remain der of his days in peace, rejoicing in the re membrance of his good works. Fate had de cided otherwise. The unfortunate woman his victim, was forced to get her living by begging from the bassengers of the Lloye steamers that touched at Ragusa, and her husband sought consolation in remarriage with a rich American lady, by whom he nad two children. After twenty years' absence he resolved to make a tour in Europe with his family. He visited Paris, Vienna, Trieste and finally Ragusa. On landing at that har bor a beggar woman accosted him and asked for aims. They recognized each other simultaneously. The beggar woman was his wife, whom he believed to have been dead for several years. The priest has been arrested and will be tried.

Dr. Peter Brumund, mayor of Idaho Springs, died suddenly of heart trouble at the St James hotel in Denver recently. Dr. Brumund came to Colorado fifteen years ago from Burlington, Ia., and located in Idaho Springs. He was then far gone with consumption, and his demise was expected daily. But he grew stronger and had been able to attend to his profession. Three months ago Mrs. Katherine E. Gore, a handsome and attractive blonde, who had but recently buried her first husband, came to Idaho Springs from the east. Dr. Bru-mund met and loved Mrs. Gore, and suc-ceeded in winning her affections and be-came betrothed to her. The doctor's old disease had, in the meantime, again mani-fested itself, and a few days ago he became nlarmingly worse. At his request Mrs. Gore consented to marry him at once, and accordingly a minister was called to the dying man's bedside and united the twain in the holy bonds of wedlock. He continued ta grow worse and died. He leaves a fortune of \$30,000.

George F. Davis, of No. 21 Batavia street New York, was a complainant in the Tombs police court recently against John F. Chirvie, of 207 Front street, whom he charged with getting married with malice aforethought to Davis' wife. The story of Davis marriage has a pecular tinge of East Side romance in it. He met his wife some years ago and knew her as Miss Mamie Humphrey. She was gentle, kind and true, according to his story, and when she proposed marriage he accepted, and, accompanied by Chirvie, who was his most intimate friend, went with his sweetheart over to the house of the Rev. Mr. Schneider, at 109 Second avenue, where they were married. Mr. Chirvie acted where they were married. Mr. Chirvie acted as best man. After the marriage cere mony Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned to No. 246 Cherry street. There Mrs. Davis suggested that the marriage be kept a secret, as she was afraid her mother might object to Davis. Davis stood on his dignity as a husband for a while, but his wife was so obdurate that he finally took his departure and continued to be only a necessimal caller upon continued to be only an occasional caller upon his wife. This arrangement suited him well enough until he learned that his wife had pawned her wedding ring. He redeemed the ring and replaced it on her finger, at the same time telling her that it was a wicked thing for a young bride to do. She agreed with him, and promised to reform, but the fact that Davis subsequently redeemed the read the marriage service at the side of that deathbed and Mrs. Forg became Mrs. Law-ton. In less than another half hour she was

same ring three times is evidence tending to show that Mrs. Davis could juggle with the truth. Davis parted could juggle wife after a stormy interview and with his wife after a stormy interview and Mr. Carvie took his place as an occasional caller. When Davis learned that his friend had married Mrs. Davis he had him arrested. hirvie's position was nothing if not unique. He said he and Mrs. Davis had been invited to stand up with Timotho O'Brien. He was yery drunk at the time, but he managed to keep on his feet while the Rev. John A. Hass, of St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran church, read the marriage ceremony. Mrs. Davis suggested that Chirvie marry her at the same time. Chirvie said that he was so drunk that he did not know enough to object and he supposed he was married, although he did not know anything about it. Justice Hogan held Chirvie without bail.

AN INFANT THIEF.

A Youngster of Six Years Arrested for theft and Vagrancy. When the case of Ciyde Collins, charged with vagrancy, in the police court of Louisville, Ky., Wednesday morning, was called, says the New York Sun, Judge Thompson leaned back in his chair waiting for the criminal to come from the dock and appear before him. He waited for two minutes and saw nobody. He grew impatient. He likes promptitude in his court.

"Why don't you bring out the prisoner?" he said stoutly to the marshal, "I have, your honor," returned the marshal, submissively. "You have? Then where is he?"

"Standing before your desk, your onor." The judge looked and saw nobody. He adjusted his glasses, leaned over the edge of the desk and took a second look. A little boy five or six years of age stood before him. What on earth has this baby been brought here for?" asked the judge. "It is true he is very young, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "but he is a confirmed vagabond and petty thief, and the police had to arrest

The youngster's name was Clyde Collins, and his age six years. The charge of vagrancy had been preferred against him by the agent of the Charity Or-gunization society. While waiting among other prisoners in the dock he created a sensation among them by asking one of them for a chew of tobacco, and, when a twist was handed him, biting off a piece big enough for a man. On trial he was as cool and collected as if he had been a criminal of forty years' standing. He was sent to the House of Refuge.

THE STORY OF TWO DOGS.

Swapped Cow Meat For Hog Bones.

About three miles out on the Leestown pike, near Lexington, Ky., there resides a gentleman who owns a pure white buildeg, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enginer. The dog, in spite of his unusually large head and lighting look, is devoted to the children of the family, and has shown a marked degree of intelligence. Everybody owning smart dogs will have to let out another link or be behind, for Dick, as he is called, has broken the record for martness by his performance last week. He had a partner in the business, how-ever, who deserves high creditable mintion. The story of the two dogs, which is true, mind you, is as follows: On last Saturday an aged cow died on the farm. After being skinned a hole was dug and she was buried. All the time of the skin-ning process and burial Dick stood a little distance off a silent observer. On

the second day after the burial a stray

black and white spotted bound came nosing about the grave, but was promptly driven out of the lot and onto the pike. He was observed to stop, however, on the pike, and Dick clambered upon the rock fence, and they kept up a pow-wow for a few minutes, when the strange dog disappeared, and and Dick was left master of the situation. Now, close by is a slaughter house, and the spotted hound lives near it, being only next door, and has the privilege of gathering in all the stray bits and bones. On the second day after the two dogs had quarreled the hound was observed coming up the pike with two or three bones in his mouth. He came over the fence, laid them down

and uttered a yelp or two. Dick promptly put in an appearance. He went up to the hound and took a look at the bones, and after a little time took them up in his mouth, and, carrying them to a thick lilac bush, hid them. All the while the spotted hound remained sountted on his haunches. Diek came back again and joined the hound. The two dogs went side by side to the grave, and Dick, giving him one end took the other, and both commenced digging for the carcass, and have been sharing the meat ever since. It was evident that this was a square trade, in which Dick swapped some cow-meat for hog-bones, and so had a variety. Now,

who says that dogs have no sense? A KENTUCKY IMITATION. Bourbon Mulhattons Discover a Du-

pheate of the Nebrask : Giant.

A strange story comes from the Sequashie valley, forty miles from here, says a Chatanooga special to the St. Louis Republic. It is given on the authority of good men, and is believed in that section. Some three weeks since an Indian appeared there claiming to be from the Cherokee tribe and sent by them to look after the grave of Loweny, a chief buried at Wall View, an old res ervation. He was exceedingly well posted as to the geography of this singular valley, a Yosemite in miniature, and could tell wonderful tales of wealth hidden in the mountains. He gave forth hints, based on a chart in his possession, of the location of a silver mine in what is locally known as "Betsy Pack Branch Hollow." Following his directions, a party of gentlemen, including M. V. Wyhck. Major J. C. Wall, Colonel H. L. W. Raulston and two younger men started on the hunt. They failed to find the mine, but as they say discovered a cave or a small hole near where the Indian told them to hunt, and after moving loose rocks found them-selves in a large cave. Lights were procured and an exploration be gan Following a narrow passage for a distince they entered a cavern 200x75 feet, with walls beautifully carved and decorated with hieroglyphics. In the center, on a stone table, lay the petrified body of a giant, wrapped in a rope of stone, showing its former texture. The recumbent statue was 8 feet 2 inches tall, looking as if in life it weighed at least three hundred pounds. On each finger were elegant gold rings set with jewels, and at his feet was a gold three-pronged candelabra, weighing at least ten pounds. This was brought away by Major Wal. Arrangements are making to remove the pretrifled giant, which will be a difficult matter owing to the roughness of the country. The gold was brought to this city and deposited in a bank. A thorough exploration of the cave is to be made.

Call, see and investigate the "KIN-DERGARTEN ART EDUCATOR," room 939 N. Y. Lafe building.