

# ANOTHER GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE.

## The Backward Season Compels Us to Dispose of Our Immense Stock Which Was Bought Recently at Panic Prices.



### Special Sale on Bedding.

Blankets worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 90c.  
 Blankets worth \$5, clearance sale price \$1.90.  
 Comforts worth \$2.50, clearance sale price \$1.  
 Pillows worth \$1, clearance sale price 35c.  
 Pillow slips worth 35c, clearance sale price 17c.  
 Bed sheets worth 90c, clearance sale price 55c.  
 Bed Spreads worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 85c.  
 Sham Holders worth 75c, clearance sale price 20c.  
 Feathers, per pound, worth 75c, clearance sale price 45c.  
 Sham Pillows worth \$1, clearance sale price 40c.  
 Bolsters worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 75c.  
 We have Springs that are luxurious.  
 Mattresses that are sumptuous.  
 Pillows that are ravishing.  
 Fluffy Lamb's Wool Blankets that are delicious.  
 Eider Down comfortables that are almost ethereal.

### Special Sale on Drapery.

Table scarfs, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price \$1.45.  
 Lamberquins, worth 50c, clearance sale price 25c.  
 Lace curtains worth \$2, clearance sale price 90c.  
 Table curtains worth \$2.50, clearance sale price \$1.45.  
 Chenille portieres worth \$10, clearance sale price \$5.50.  
 Chenille portieres worth \$6, clearance sale price \$2.65.  
 Silk curtains worth \$12.50, clearance sale price \$5.75.  
 Window shades worth \$1, clearance sale price 24c.  
 Curtain poles, worth 30c, clearance sale price 5c.  
 Tapestry covers, worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 90c.  
 Verona Plush, worth 75c, clearance sale price 24c.  
 Couch Covers, worth \$10, clearance sale price \$4.75.  
 Couch "Throw Overs," worth \$15, clearance sale price \$6.50.  
 Heavy Draperies, worth \$15, clearance sale price \$6.50.

### Special Sale on House Furnishing Goods.

Bird Cages, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 68c.  
 Umbrella Stands, worth \$4.50, clearance sale price \$1.65.  
 Haviland Milk Sets, worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 90c.  
 Haviland Sugar and Cream Sets, worth \$3, clearance sale price 95c.  
 Chocolate Pots, worth \$3, clearance sale price 75c.  
 Haviland Chocolate Sets, worth \$15, clearance sale price \$7.50.  
 Flower Pots, worth 10c, clearance sale price 2c.  
 Shaving Mugs, worth \$1, clearance sale price 40c.  
 Toilet Sets, worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 95c.  
 Vases, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 60c.  
 Glass Water Sets, worth \$3.50, clearance sale price \$1.65.  
 Tumblers, worth 5c, clearance sale price 2c.  
 Salts and Peppers, worth 10c, clearance sale price 3c.  
 Syrup Cans, worth 50c, clearance sale price 19c.  
 4-piece Glass Sets, worth \$1.25, clearance sale price 48c.  
 Water Jugs, worth 50c, clearance sale price 24c.  
 Berry Bowls, worth 50c, clearance sale price 19c.  
 Fruit Bins, worth \$1, clearance sale price 45c.  
 Jardeniens, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price \$1.  
 China Cuspidors, worth \$1, clearance sale price 48c.  
 Hurler's Sifters, worth 35c, clearance sale price 19c.

### Special Sale on Silverware

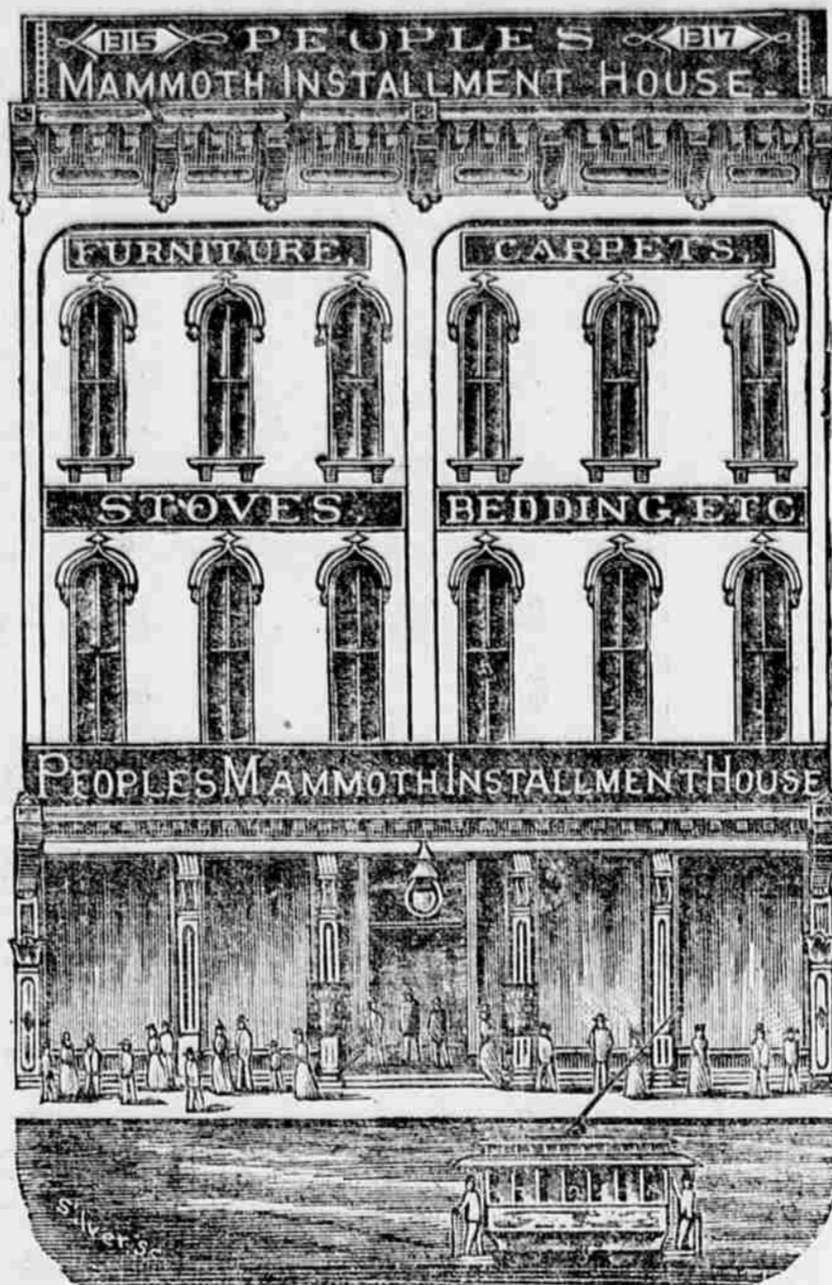
Silver-Plated Castors, worth \$10, clearance sale price \$3.75.  
 Silver-Plated Pickles, worth \$4.50, clearance sale price \$2.45.  
 Silver-Plated Napkin Rings, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 85c.  
 Japanese Pin Trays, worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 90c.  
 Bread Knives, worth 50c, clearance sale price 18c.  
 Butcher Knives, worth 75c, clearance sale price 25c.  
 Oriental Paper Knives, worth \$2.50, clearance sale price 95c.  
 Scissors, worth \$1, clearance sale price 45c.  
 Silver-Plated Butter Knives, worth 75c, clearance sale price 35c.  
 Silver-Plated Nut Crackers, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 75c.  
 Silver-Plated Orange Sets, worth \$10, clearance sale price \$4.85.  
 5 O'clock Coffee Spoons, worth \$7.50, clearance sale price \$3.65 per set.  
 French Plate Mirrors, worth \$3, clearance sale price 75c.  
 Silver-Plated Cake Stands, worth \$4.50, clearance sale price \$2.25.  
 Silver-Plated Baskets, worth \$3.50, clearance sale price \$1.75.  
 Silver-Plated Butter Dishes, worth \$3, clearance sale price \$1.45.  
 Silver-Plated Water Pitchers, worth \$15, clearance sale price \$7.50.  
 Silver-Plated Cups, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 75c.  
 Onyx Clocks, worth \$3, clearance sale price \$1.50.  
 Nickel Clocks, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 75c.  
 Albums, worth \$7.50, clearance sale price \$3.50.

### Special Sale on Tinware

Wash Boilers, worth \$1.50, clearance sale price 65c.  
 Dish Pans, worth 40c, clearance sale price 15c.  
 Bread Pans, worth 15c, clearance sale price 5c.  
 Soup Ladles, worth 20c, clearance sale price 5c.  
 Sauce Pans, worth 20c, clearance sale price 5c.  
 Mrs. Potts' Irons, worth \$2, clearance sale price 85c.  
 Pie Tins, worth 5c, clearance sale price 1c.  
 Tea Kettles, worth 75c, clearance sale price 35c.  
 Coffee Mills, worth \$1, clearance sale price 45c.  
 Steamers, worth 40c, clearance sale price 20c.  
 Preserving Kettles, worth 50c, clearance sale price 20c.  
 Coffee Pots, worth 40c, clearance sale price 15c.  
 Tea Pots, worth 40c, clearance sale price 15c.

### Special Sale on Parlor Furniture

Parlor Suits, worth \$60, clearance sale price \$29.75.  
 Parlor Suits, worth \$45, clearance sale price \$19.25.  
 Parlor Suits, worth \$75, clearance sale price \$38.50.  
 Parlor Suits, worth \$100, clearance sale price \$55.00.  
 Lounges, worth \$9.50, clearance sale price \$3.90.  
 Lounges, worth \$15.00, clearance sale price \$7.50.  
 Chenille Couches, worth \$22.50, clearance sale price \$11.40.  
 Plush Chairs, worth \$5, clearance sale price \$1.90.  
 Gilt Chairs, worth \$10, clearance sale price \$4.50.  
 Solid Mahogany Parlor Suits, worth \$125, clearance sale price \$62.50.  
 Plush Easy Chairs, worth \$12.50, clearance sale price \$5.75.  
 Tufted Couches, worth \$25, clearance sale price \$12.50.  
 Turkish Easy Chairs, worth \$15, clearance sale price \$7.50.  
 Gilt Rockers, worth \$15, clearance sale price \$6.25.



A miniature picture of an institution built up on honest business principles, honest goods, honest prices.

## GIVEN AWAY TO ALL

### Purchasers This Week Handsome Presents.

- With every purchase of \$4.00 and over  
A Handsome Imported French Panel.
- With every purchase of \$5.00 and over  
A Beautiful Fancy Cup and Saucer.
- With every purchase of \$10.00 and over  
A Very Nice Symrna Rug.
- With every purchase of \$25.00 and over  
A Fine Rug 30x60 inches.
- With every purchase of \$50.00 and over  
A Pretty Table Scarf.
- With every purchase of \$75.00 and over  
A Pair of Lace Curtains.
- With every purchase of \$100.00 and over  
A Nice Rocker.

### MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Attends to your wants just as well as if you came to our store.  
 Write for 128-page Illustrated Catalogue.  
 Write for Special Baby Carriage Catalogue.  
 Write for Special Rattan and Reed Catalogue.  
 We pay freight 100 miles and pack goods so that they reach their destination in the very pink of condition.

Complaints Heeded,  
 Satisfaction Guaranteed,  
 Just Claims Allowed,  
 Courteous Treatment,  
 Small Profits,  
 Enormous Business,  
 No Misrepresentation,  
 Cash or Credit,  
 Bed Rock Prices,  
 Easy Payments,  
 No Interest Charged,  
 No names on our wagons.

# THE PEOPLE'S MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE,

BANK OFFICE, HOTEL AND HOUSE FURNISHERS,

## 1315-1317 Farnam St.

Open Monday and Saturday evenings only | Daily deliveries to South Omaha, Fort Omaha and Council Bluffs and Florence | Special inducements to parties just starting Housekeeping.

### CITY SKETCHES.

An interminable gloom seems continually to hover over the corner where lies in the stillness of death the blackened ruins of the old Farnam Street theater. What a short time ago was one of the busiest, merriest and brightest spots in the city is now a dark and dreary waste of crumbling brick and mortar. The average pedestrian shuns the place and takes the opposite sidewalk, and the man who had nerve enough to set himself up in the business of selling homemade molasses taffy directly in the shadow of the demolished south wall would do better with a bargain counter in a graveyard. Even the newboys, with whom it was a favorite location, are affected by this strange solemnity, and although they still linger fondly around the dismantled wreck, their voices are pitched at an octave lower than in the days when, in fortissimo tones, they stirred up the echoes around the block with:

"Get your Hyphenated Hiccough and the Weekly Hoorbach h-e-r-e, wid a full account of the nightcap s-e-n-a-t-i-o-n."

And other cries equally as startling. Every one who had occasion to be in that vicinity at night has, since the fire, been pleasantly impressed by the absence of the tomato man and his nectural shrieks, and the hair-lifting vociferations of the "kid," who, between puffs of his cigarette, sold "Gaslight on Killynary,"

"Three Little Wads of Greenbacks," "The Old Man's Drink Again," and all the latest songs for a dime." What is, perhaps, a gratifying result of the fire, if such a thing is possible, was the breaking up of the gang of callow youths who hung around the theater entrance and divided their time between ogling the strolling girls and passing unadvisedly upon the chromo fairies that usually adorned the front bill boards.

Speaking of newboys brings to mind a certain member of that profession who, from his prodigious vocalization, has acquired local fame for cyclonic verbosity. When it comes to making a human noise he is an easy winner, and the other newboys usually allow him at least half a block of atmosphere on which to stamp animated jawprints all by himself. He has no regular corner, but his tin-lid lungs are oftentimes relieved of their burden in the vicinity of Douglas and Fifteenth. His voice is deep, classic and far-reaching; it flows up through his esophagus in heavy, measured intonations, beats with awful force against the brick buildings and occasionally gets tangled up in the telephone wires. His special delight is a "sensation" or a "bloody murder," and with the slightest intimation of anything of that kind in the papers he will let loose a loud and soul-stirring yelp that would draw a chorus of stabled hynas. Several methods of utilizing for commercial purposes the tremendous power of this voice have been suggested, among which are the following:

Give it to Senator Allen for use in silver debates and populist conventions.

Use it for an automatic rain machine and try it on in western Kansas.

Elect a deep, classic and far-reaching voice the owner of it as president of the City Council.

Bottle it and sell it as a sure relief in violent cases of intermittent jar.

Room No. —, Bachelor's quarters, 8 p. m.: "Come in," said the ever-cheerful bachelor in response to a knock at his door by his friend, a young married man.

"I will if I can," replied the caller as he stumbled over a full set of boxing gloves and fell against an easel that had been planted unconsciously in the middle of the room.

"Oh, don't mind that," remarked the bachelor. "Just let the pieces go; the porter will pick them up in the morning. If you are tired sit down on the bed at our chairs are out in the billiard room and as the lounge is the only convenience I have for a book rest, I have utilized it for that purpose, as you will see. There, blame it, you have stepped on my pipe, but—hold on, don't sit down there till I get some of that rubbish out of the way."

Thus warned the young married man held his base while the cheerful bachelor swooped down on the bed like a Roman eagle, gathered in his arms a pile of soiled linen, a lot of torn newspapers, a rumped smoking jacket, a night robe, two hats, a whisk broom, an overcoat, a four-pound box of smoking tobacco, several pairs of cuffs and a rubber boot, and dumped the whole of it in the only corner that was not already occupied by a similar outlay.

"Well, I should think you would get married, just to have some one take care of your effects if for nothing else," ventured the young married friend after settling himself on the edge of the bed. "Don't you ever feel the need of a wife, or have you become a self-sufficient virtuoso, content to be a collector of antiquities?"

"Now that's a good one," answered the

room renter. "A woman could never tame me or reform my habits. What could a wife do, for instance, with that dresser in the condition it is in? I am bound to have it that way, because it is handy, but by all did in choosing a name for my first baby had received the full discharge of a galling gun loaded with a department store."

And so it did. There were collars, neckties, perfume bottles, photographs, cigarette pictures, a shaving mug, gloves, cosmetics, combs, handkerchiefs, brushes, cigar stumps, wine glasses, poker chips and several different kinds of jewelry mixed together in the most reckless confusion.

"I just called to see how you were getting along," timidly remarked the married youth as he rose to leave.

But here his discourse was broken off on account of his getting one foot in a basket of grapes and the other tangled up in a laundry bag. "I was just going to say," he continued, after extricating himself and making a desperate plunge for the door, "that my wife would like to have you come out to dinner Sunday and take a look at the baby and—"

This time the poor married man's left eye came in contact with the small end of a billiard cue that gracefully reclined over a card table at an angle of forty-five degrees. "Open the door and let me out," he yelled, "and don't forget to come Sunday."

"I won't. I always enjoy seeing a true picture of simple domestic felicity such as is exhibited in your home. But," closing the door on his visitor, "I wouldn't be a married man for a barrel of Pottery Sec."

"Open the door and let me out," he yelled, "and don't forget to come Sunday."

"I won't. I always enjoy seeing a true picture of simple domestic felicity such as is exhibited in your home. But," closing the door on his visitor, "I wouldn't be a married man for a barrel of Pottery Sec."

"Open the door and let me out," he yelled, "and don't forget to come Sunday."

"I won't. I always enjoy seeing a true picture of simple domestic felicity such as is exhibited in your home. But," closing the door on his visitor, "I wouldn't be a married man for a barrel of Pottery Sec."

keeps a fashionable boarding house in one of the best residence districts to a select coterie of her boarders. "That I have experienced more worry in trying to settle upon a title for my boarding house than I did in choosing a name for my first baby. You see it is quite proper now for boarding houses to be known by some special appellation such as, for instance, 'The Hawthay,' 'The Elvium,' 'The No Plus Ultra,' 'The Prince Bismarck,' 'The Lobengula,' etc.; but as for me, I have a decided antipathy to such titles and commonplace figures of speech, and prefer something more tasteful and aesthetic. The old English inns were named after the different animals, which custom, although it appears picturesque to us in memory, indicates a coarse and depraved conception of the uses of a polite hostelry. Now I think I shall inaugurate a nineteenth century custom of naming boarding houses after the more delicate varieties of flowers, like the lily of the valley or the rose of Sharon. And now that flowers are our theme, I don't see why the orange blossom wouldn't be an appropriate emblem for a nice boarding house. Sakes alive, but wouldn't the place become popular with young people if I should call it the 'Orange Blossom.' That is, indeed, a happy thought, and I believe I shall carry it into execution at once."

"Don't you do it until you get our suggestions," considerably remarked the star boarder. "If you are determined to select from the flowers a name for your house, allow me to here register a big kick for 'Only a Pansy Blossom.'"

"What's the matter with 'Sweet Violets'?" chipped in the occupant of the back parlor. "I appreciate your suggestions very much, and I believe I shall carry it into execution at once."

"Do you know," said an elderly lady who

the best. The "Orange Blossom" suits me exactly, and it goes."

And the poor old bachelor in the front hall bedroom, who said he could not afford to expose his delicate pericardium to the perils of a boarding house and matrimonial agency combined, the next morning packed his trunk and stole away.

CHILDREN.

The worthy Sunday school superintendent in Buffalo was illustrating the text, "What soever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of turnips, what sort of seed must I sow?  
 Children—Turnip seed.

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of tomatoes, what kind of seed must I sow?  
 Children—Tomato seed.

Superintendent—Very good. Now if you want to raise a crop of good manhood, what kind of seed must you sow?  
 And an observer who kept tally reported that the school on test vote was a tie between turnip seed and tomato seed.

"Got a new choir in our church," said one of Senior Alley's neighbors.  
 "Good one?"  
 "Fair."  
 "I heard them as I was passing the other night. I've heard better singers, but one of the members told me that the tenor is a mustached beauty, and that he and the soprano don't speak to each other. Is that so?"  
 "I believe it is."  
 "Then you'll fill the church."  
 At Ascension church, in the choir, Dr. Elliott was preaching. The tenor was sleep-

ing peacefully, says the Washington Capital.

"Sopranos if you canticle his neck a little," the soprano suggested.  
 "I wouldn't do it," came from the first bass.  
 "If I can't make a better pun than that, my name ain't 'Pain,'" said the boy who pumps the organ.  
 This once said it so that none of them quarrel.

"It is a common saying, brethren," observed Rev. Dr. Furthly, increasing for a moment from the consideration of his text, "that we should not mix politics with our religion, but if some of the members of our congregation, beloved, have no more politics than they have religion they can mix the two freely without the slightest injury to either. Coming now to the discussion of the third clause of the text, let us note that," etc.

Tastes differ, we admit, says the Congregationalist. When we see an evangelist advertised as possessing the fervor of Moody, the characteristics of speech of Sanborn Jones and the nervous energy of Harrison the boy preacher, and when it is said that "while gentle as a lamb in his private life he is a son of thunder in the pulpit," we, for our part, are inclined to keep on the other side of the street.

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher:  
 "Janey, why did you enter the ministry?"  
 "Because I was called," he answered.  
 "Janey," said the old lady anxiously, she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"