

# AN ORIGINAL SALE

## Previous Sales held by us, have astonished the merchants of our city as well as our customers. On Monday we will startle the populace and make our store Town Talk.

**P**PROMPTLY at 10 o'clock we will sell in our Dress Goods Aisle 47 pieces of dress goods at 29 cents per yard. This is a mixed lot, not one yard of which is worth less than 50 cents, and a large portion of the lot sold as high as 85 cents—would you know the object of this remarkable pricing? Our answer is, we want to introduce our New Spring Stock of Dress Goods to every woman in this section—one Dress Pattern only to a customer. We call attention to our Silk stock by offering 200 yards only of the very latest style Foulards. All silk 24-inches wide goods which are sold in some stores at 75 cents—for Monday 39 cents per yard—One pattern only to a customer.

### At Our Glove Counter—

We will sell 33 dozens only of Kid Gloves, 4-button and four-hole, in all colors, whites and butter. The latest heavy stitched back, at uniform price—69 cents per pair. Gloves which will sell everywhere at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

To keep our linen department beyond the reach of competition, we will sell 13 pieces of Bleached Damask, ranging in width from 64 to 70 inches, actual measure, all at 50 cents per yard, worth from 75c to 85c per yard—and, indeed, some are offered elsewhere as high as \$1.00—never worth that price, however, in our store.

A lot of Towels, Huck and Damask, elegant in quality, hemstitched and knotted fringed, your choice at 19c each; you have paid 35c each for poorer goods; six only to a customer.

One case of Satin Marcellines Bedspreads, a few of which are slightly imperfect, sold as high as \$4.00 each, for Monday's sale \$1.38; 2 only to a customer.

27 pieces of 36 inch Percale, the best goods, will go like snow before the sun-

### At Handkerchief Counter

120 dozen of Ladies' Fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs, used as a leader, at 25c each—if you can reach the counter you can buy them on Monday at 12 1/2c—not more than six to any customer.

### THE PROPHETS PREDICT A WET SPRING—

We will sell on Monday—rain or sun—protectors in the shape of 84 WEAR WELL Umbrellas, beautiful goods, all kinds of fancy handles, at \$1.98. WORTH as high as \$3.00.

56 all silk Umbrellas, most beautiful goods, artistic handles, silk guaranteed to wear—worth as high as \$4.00, for this sale \$2.39 each. Mark the emphasis on worth as APPLIED to these two items.

### LET US VISIT THE SECOND FLOOR—IF YOU PLEASE.

We should interest you with our muslin underwear offerings.

For instance, Drawers, umbrella shape and straight, with embroidery on plackets, sold for 50c—85c—will close this lot Monday at 25c.

OR, MAYHAP, YOU THINK OF GOWN'S—

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### 75c to \$1.25, at one price—50 cents.

SKIRTS—A VERY SPECIAL OFFERING—

50 dozen of homespun skirts, especially adapted for spring and summer wear, one to three ruffles, some of our friends would call them cheap at 75 cents each, an absolutely unqualified bargain at 29 cents; not more than 3 to any customer.

CORSETS—Known as the Vassar and well named—in black or drab—long waisted, perfect fitting, extra value at 50c—On Monday 29c each.

White Dresses for papa's or mamma's darling, 1 to 3 year sizes, fine cambric, trimmed with embroidery, were cheap at 50c—now 30c each.

We will positively refuse to sell any of these special items to dealers—nor can any one buy any article advertised before 10 o'clock Monday morning.

BOOK WORMS—Attention—On Monday we will give a discount of 25 per cent from all copyright works. The Astor edition 40c per volume. Box containing 4 quires paper, two packages envelopes, "Royal Belfast Linen," at 50c per box.

Let us advise our good friends and regular customers to be on hand promptly at 10 o'clock—We have never offered more genuine bargains and we would not have any of our patrons disappointed—Extra help engaged for this sale.



### BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS

Joyous Festival of Spring Celebrated on the Riviera.

### PAGEANT OF BEAUTY AND BLOSSOMS

A Moving Panorama of Variegated Fragrance Canopied by Heaven's Rainy Blue with a Background of Sea.

**SANNES, Feb. 16, 1897.**—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—The garden spot of the Riviera! Such glorious weather! Sky and sea an expanse of blue and the little town in gala attire, for it is carnival time and today is the Battle of Flowers. We arrived from Nice just in time to leave our baggage at the hotel and make our way to the tribune, where seats had been secured for us before the procession began. And lucky we were to get them, for every train brought fresh crowds to see the pageant. Two bands, one in the grounds of the Cercle Nautique, the other at the west end of the esplanade, took turns in adding gaiety of sound to gaiety of color, and the tribunes, shaded by awnings of striped red and white and decorated with flags of every nation and great masses of palms, made a brilliant background for the lines of spectators in their bright summer attire. The procession had already begun when we took our places, but as yet few carriages showing any great originality of decoration had passed. The peasant girls in their short skirts and queer flat hats of straw, embroidered with wadded flowers, had not driven a very thriving business with their baskets of violets and primroses, anemones and stocks all tied into little bouquets ready to be hurled as missiles when the fun really began. They wandered up and down calling upon the visitors in their soft southern patois to buy their sweet flowers—only 5 francs—5 francs for this whole beautiful basket! But soon the line of carriages became denser, the designs richer and as friends on the tribune greeted friends in the procession or were surprised by a sudden and unexpected volley of flowers the interest grew and the flower girls had no longer to offer their wares in vain.

A pretty sight, one first to arouse enthusiasm along the line, was a huge haywagon drawn by four white horses ridden by jockeys in white and violet. Long before we caught sight of it we knew something special was coming from the clapping and excitement and the ceaseless shower of flowers back and forth that accompanied its advance. And truly it was a very pretty sight. The great lumbering vehicle—wheels and all—was entirely covered in soft white folds of tulle, the houses' harness likewise, and their great ropes of violets hung in festoons all around. The three young men in the high seat in front wore their suits of white duck with just a dash of violet around their waists, while the wagon itself held a veritable flower garden of girls all in white—five dark-haired maidens on one side, with great bunches of deep-colored Russian violets in their white shade hats; five fair-haired damsels on the other, with the paler Neapolitan violet among the soft white folds of their headgear. All the floor of the wagon must have been filled with baskets of missiles, for never for a moment did the shower of flowers cease back and forth and many a long coil of paper rose was thrown in the hope of securing the attention at least of one or other of the fair passengers.

Then came by a very graceful device. A low, two-seated carriage, had been transformed into a perfect fair simile of a basket of Mediterranean heather on a giant scale. Wires of bamboo or reeds had been laced back and forth across the sides, and a huge arch formed the handle, which was covered

### too, with great sprays of heather and tied with a淡 satin bow of the same color, as the dainty flower bells. It looked just like a great basket of spots from the moors, for the heather had been gathered by no sparing hand, and fairly covered every niche, so that no vestige of the carriage was to be seen.

### A SCOWL AMID FLOWERS.

A carriage of mimosa bore somewhat the same appearance, only the handle had been omitted, and everywhere it passed it was greeted with shouts of applause and a perfect hail of flowers. The solitary occupant was a man of most lugubrious aspect; his hat crushed over his eyes and the sternest expression of disdain in his whole bearing from the top of his grizzled head to the point of his firmly planted toe. What could have induced him to enter the procession was the question we all longed to settle—for not a flower did he throw. He received the ovation accorded him without the least acknowledgment, and seemed in truth, rather as if he were following a funeral procession, than joining in the special fête of springtime on the Riviera.

Perhaps the most costly carriage there was that of a lady dressed in the richest purple velvet, who, with her two little girls in little yellow frocks sat in a regular border of roses and orchids—great masses of pale yellow roses, relieved here and there by branches of those delicate lavender orchids. I don't know their names, only their costliness in the florist's windows. A great sunburst of roses was tied, too, to the pole of the carriage, and ribbons of lavender hue hid the harness from sight. It was rich and beautiful, and the fragrance of the roses could be perceived long after it had passed.

Many of the less costly vehicles were equally lovely. The army officers, who, despite their military uniforms, seem to form the major part of every French town, were not to be outdone by the civilians. The officers of one regiment appeared in a great array, and on either side, with delicate gray gauze between and loops of violets hanging from every point. They brought laughter and joy to all with whom they came in contact, and stranger alike were treated to the shower of bouquets, and sometimes the missiles were sent with such accuracy as to find their way to the recipient of bewilderment to the recipient of the flowers.

**THERE WERE OTHERS.**

One very pretty little cart that finally carried off one of the flags of honor was covered with heliotropes, another resembled a basket filled with its pendant wreath, while a third was drawn by two oxen led by a peasant in costume. Oxen and wagon alike were wreathed in flowers. But to my mind the prettiest, daintiest turnout among them all was a little cart drawn by two tiny white donkeys, harnessed tandem fashion and covered with white flowers, every line of cart and wheels and harness hidden beneath sweet-scented white stocks and carnations, while a huge white umbrella made of the softest net, fringed and garlanded with flowers, shaded two small boys in little white suits, who drove by delighted, yet half embarrassed by the ovation they received. All the while the bands were playing the sun-shining, as it only can shine on the Riviera, and beyond us the blue of the Mediterranean and the soft plash of the waves on the shore. It really was one of the loveliest sights I have ever seen. I don't wonder that every one who can possibly spare the time and the money, flock to the Riviera, and that the fests of Paris and the chill of Vienna to find sunshine and pure, sweet, invigorating breezes on this delightful coast.

Gladden me, the duke of Cumberland and Cambridge. The emperor and empress of Austria are at Cape St. Martin, and the king and queen of Saxony, with their little harbor along the coast is filled with the yachts of visitors who have come hither to escape from the cheerless skies of the northern February.

**GERTRUDE YOUNG.**

### AMUSEMENTS.

### At Our Glove Counter—

The story of "My Friend from India," the new farce which will be presented to our theater-goers by the Smyth & Rice Comedy company at the Creighton tonight, opening a two nights' engagement, is based on the attempts of Erasmus Underholt, a retired millionaire pork packer from Kansas City, who has taken up his residence in New York, to get his family into society. At the end of three years he appears to be no nearer the goal than at the start, when the desired opportunity is furnished. One night while out on a lark his son Charles makes the acquaintance of a stranger, earlier named A. Keene Shaver. In the morning he is unable to tell where he picked up the stranger, or what his name is. To ascertain the latter a search is made through the man's clothes while he is asleep. Nothing is found but a book on theology. The barber, awakening and finding his garments missing, wraps himself in a yellow silk spread and begins to search for them. He makes his appearance before the young man just as the latter's father enters and calls him to account for his youthful wildness. As way out of his embarrassment the young man introduces the stranger to his father as an old friend from India, who is learned in theology and is a distinguished member of the "Yellow Robe." The old gentleman immediately seizes upon the idea that by judicious advertising in the society columns of the papers that a genuine theologian from India is a guest at his house he will doubtless be able to land his family among the "409" in New York society. A series of amusing complications and hilarious situations ensue, which make up the fun of the play.

To those who have in mind but little of the career of Mr. James O'Neill save that which relates to his appearance in his wonderful success of "Monte Cristo," and his elaborate productions of "The Dead Heart" and "Fop-i-tellico," this actor's selection of "Virginia," as a departure from the romantic drama is not self-evidently wise nor manifestly consistent. Mr. O'Neill was for a time the illegitimate son of Edwin Forrest, in some respects the greatest impersonator of the dramatic stage. His career is not apparent, however, in Mr. O'Neill's interpretation of the character, since he has subordinated the passions to the requirements of current fashion. He has made a man of business out of the traditional business employed in the drama. In the former scene, for example, he has no gruffness butler's stall, with its ready knife, but kills Virginia with the sword of Calus Claudius, who stands guard at the throne of Appius. In the last act the scenes are transposed, being placed in an inverse order, and ending with the forum scene, whence Virginia has dragged Appius from the prison and strangled him. The public may renew its acquaintance with O'Neill in this role by going to Boyd's theater on Wednesday evening, when "Virginia" will be played, and on Friday, when "Monte Cristo" will follow on the second night. Mr. O'Neill's performance of Dumas' hero is as familiar to all theater-goers as Joe Jefferson's "Big Van Nostris" for O'Neill's company is said to be excellent, and both plays will be mounted in a magnificent manner. A handsome souvenir is promised to each woman holding a coupon for a seat on the lower floor on Wednesday evening.

The latest romance of Ople Read, "The Juckins," has been adapted to stage purposes by Daniel L. Hart for Stuart Robson and will receive his first production in this city at the Creighton on Saturday and Sunday, March 26 and 27. It is said Mr. Robson has found a new and interesting character in Lem Juckins, the quiet old North Carolina farmer, whose sole failing is cock fighting, and who believes in the Book "from kiver to kiver," but consoling himself for every disturbance and frequently for none at all with bouts between his chickens, Bob and Sam. The part is said to offer Mr. Robson exceptional opportunity to display that quaint and original humor that has won him distinction in "The Henrietta" as Bertie the Lamb. The play, like the book, is a true picture of nature; it is on the order of

### CRIME OF SELF-MURDER

Ingersollian Theories Concerning Suicide Briefly Reviewed.

### ESCAPE FROM RESPONSIBILITY IMPOSSIBLE

The Theories of Annihilation, Long Sleep and Instantaneous Admission into the Hereafter—The Right of Suicide Denied.

In the Sunday edition of The Bee of March 14 there was an interesting article on "Ingersoll and Suicide," signed by "X Rays," who was deeply interested in this article, and while I realized that the power of the X Rays had been turned upon the subject of "Ingersoll and Suicide," I, nevertheless, felt there were some things in regard to the subject which were not revealed. There are reasons other than those expressed by X Rays why suicide, be it the work of the man or of the insane, is perfectly futile.

Let me say at once that while I believe Ingersoll has a mission to perform in this world, and is accomplishing his mission, still I do not believe all that his system of philosophy teaches. And especially do I repudiate his doctrine of the right to commit suicide. Why I repudiate this doctrine will be seen later.

I ask first of all, why does man commit suicide? What is his object in thus trying to end life?

Obviously, it is to try to get rid of something; to get away from something. Man commits suicide either to rid himself of some bodily torture, either real or imagined, or else to escape some real or imagined calamity. He knows, or thinks it may be but the thought of an insane man—that he has some bodily disease of torture or calamity from which he can only escape by death. He therefore commits suicide. Or his life is evil and his soul is degraded. He is tortured by remorse and not the sunshine of life. His mind has become weakened. He is in torture.

### THE THEORY OF ANNIHILATION.

Allowing that the object in view, in the case of suicide, is to get away from something, either real or imagined, bodily or spiritual, or perhaps both, I ask, Will suicide accomplish this object? Whether or not it will accomplish its object entirely will depend on what one will find in the hereafter. There is but one theory wherein the suicide finds any assurance that his attempt will meet with success. That is in the theory of annihilation. If it be true that death ends all, if death the body returns to the earth and the soul becomes dead, and neither shall ever arise or come to life again, then, the man who commits suicide surely makes a complete escape, and therefore accomplishes his object. This is the only theory wherein the suicide finds any assurance that his act of suicide will place him beyond the reach of all bodily or spiritual torture or calamity.

But this theory is one that is held by but a few, and is far from being the accepted theory in regard to the hereafter.

There is another theory which has been very popular and is still held in some extent by the masses, and that is the theory of the "long sleep." It is only necessary to say that the man who commits suicide surely makes a complete escape, and therefore accomplishes his object. This is the only theory wherein the suicide finds any assurance that his act of suicide will place him beyond the reach of all bodily or spiritual torture or calamity.

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### FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, moisty skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and body blemishes prevented by CUTICURA Soap, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

### Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR FROM PIMPLES TO ECZEMA CURED BY CUTICURA SOAP.

### RHEUMATISM

Relaxing, weak backs, pains, ful kidneys, uterine pain, sore lungs, relieved quick as an electric flash by Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters.