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************ THE RISE OF PEGGY.

The Romance of a Little Girl Who Bugged Potatozs. BY EMMA M. WISE.

to get her to bug potatoes.

in flerce rebellion. If there was any one thing Peggy disliked more than another it was bugging potatoes. She sighed and began to read, with interse interest, where she had left off a moment before.

"Lady Alfreda's beautiful golden hair was crowned with a tiara of sparkling diamonds. Her slender white wrists were-" "Peggy, Peggy," called Mr. Hibbard, per-

emptorily. "Her slender white wrists," resumed Peggy, "were clasped with many bracelets, each of which was set with precious stones amounting in value to many thousands of dollars. Her taper fingers were-"

around behind the smokehouse, whence he presently returned with two old tin pails and say.

As for Peggy, she was too busy with day As for Peggy, she was too busy with day as for Peggy.

工业水水水水水水水水水水水(0000000)水水水水水水水水水水水水水 Peggy knew, when she saw her father felt that she had put it pretty strong. And burrying up the path, that he was coming she certainly had. At least, so it seemed to

This knowledge caused her heart to swell tremblingly on her shoulder.

The hurries tremblingly on her shoulder.

"Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afeard "Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afeard to swell "Peggy," he said, anxiously, "Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afeard to swell "Peggy," he said, anxiously, "Peggy," he said, "Peggy," he said, "Peggy," he said, "Peggy," he said, "Peggy," He hurried forward and laid his hand

Ve inaugurate

Mammoth Spe-cial Sale which means a saving of meny dol-lars to all who take ad-

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Solid Oak Sideboard— worth \$16.00 Large Antique Chiffonier, worth \$12.50

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And hundreds of other items too numerous

Go Carts-very stylish-worth \$6.00

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worth \$17.50 ... 9 50 Book Case and Writing Desk com-bined, solid oak. French plate mir-ror, worth \$24.00 ... 4 75

bressing Table—mahogany— 17 50
Couch—elegantly tutted velour— 9 25
India Stools—mahogany finish or 150

30c

9 50

1 50

9 50

35 00

4 90

2 98

1 25

place on sale hundreds of items-

each of which are money savers to all

who wish to take advantage of this sale.

van age of it.

extraordinary degree, it would have been melted by the tender solicitude in his voice and manner. As it was, she drew back unresponsive and regarded him coldly, "No," she said, "I'm no: at all sick father, and I'm ready to help you. Come

She gathered up the paddle and pall allotted to her, and led the way to the rearby corner lot, where the hard-shelled black and ach of which was set with precious stones mounting in value to many thousands of ollars. Her taper fingers were—"

"Peggy, do you hear?" called her father Neither Peggy nor her father referred to the momentous subject again that day. Peggy gave one more regretful glance at the paper, with its half-page illustration, of his little daughter's nature. Hibbard's heart and head were filled with uncasy speculations on the newly revealed side of his little daughter's nature. He was then arose and stalked out into the yard laboriously revolving her words in his some with sullen slowness. Mr. Hibbard went what dull mind, and striving to comprehend their meaning. Until he arrived at a solution of the problem he would have nothing to

two narrow wooden paddles, which he set down at her feet.
"I guess you'll have to help me a little while again today, Peggy," he said, "but it won't be very hard on you. The sun's gone



I'M GOING TO HAVE A RISE IN THE WORLD, MY NAME IS NOT "PEGGY HIBBARD," AT ALL.

Peggy looked disconsolately at the pan and the paddle. Her father took up his own implements of potato bug torture and began to retrace his steps toward the potato patch. But Peggy did not follow.
"I don't think," she called out bitterly

"do you think has got a right to ask

For an instant Peggy hung her head, guiltily. Then, being highly incensed by the painful contrast between her own hard lot and that of Lady Alfreda, she looked pockets and blushed for very shame.

up and said, with considerable spirit: "My own father, sir." There was a moment's silence. "Her own father," echoed Mr. Hibbard, at length, still directing his conversation to the invisible third person. "Now, will you kindly tell me who is her own father, if I ain't?"



"I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO ASK ME TO DO SUCH WORK."

not feel equal to an explanation of the mat-

not know, sir," she returned, firmly, "but I shall soon find out. You are not he, I am sure. Where you found me, or how you obtained possession of me I cannot tell, but of this much I am positive you are doing me a great injustice by grind

Peggy paused then in some confusion. She was not quite sure whether these were the exact words Lady Alfreda had used when declaring to her captors her intuitive knowledge of her noble birth. Peggy had long thought that when she proclaimed her identity to the people with whom she lived and who to be her relatives she would repeat verbatim, and it flustered her to think that

down in this manner, and it will

ugh she might have made a mistake, she

elieved by a warm bath with Curr CURA BOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (cintment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood



under a cloud an' I don't b'leeve the bugs is , propertty. That was what happened to Lady Alfreda and other lovely heroines of whom looked disconsolately at the pall she had read in the weekly illustrated papers, and it was but a natural conclusion that she was destined to enjoy the same good fortune. To be sure, there were many striking differences between herself and Lady Alfreda. For instance, it would require a He turned and looked at her in unbounded surprise. "She don't think," he repeated, blankly, "that I've got a right to ask her. Now, who," he continued, addressing his remarks to some invisible third per lively stretch of the imagination to trans-

Peggy unceremoniously dropped her pall, much to the discomfiture of the caged colony of potato bugs, when she realized this and stuck her unprepossessing hands in her

Before breakfast next morning Peggy finished reading the adventures of Lady Alfreda. She had grown quite bold by that time, in consequence of her talk with Mr. Hibbard on the preceding day, and when washing the breakfast dishes she enlarged on the subject with enthusiasm to her

cousin George.
"Never mind," she said, with grandiloquent air, when he refused to empty the coffee grounds as requested, "I won't be here for you to quarrel with.

Where you goin'?" asked George, non chalently. 'I'm going to have a rise in the world. My name is not Peggy Hibbard, at all. Bah, what an ugly name! I've tried my best to smooth it out into something pretty and in-teresting, but I can't do it. It always remains just plain Peggy. I don't know what my last name is, but I'm eure I was chris-tened Queenie or Edith or Elaine or same-thing like that My own parents are coming

for me scott."
"Huh!" eaid George, in derision. But he emptied the coffee grounds and was quite obedient for almost an hour afterward, all of which Peggy regarded as unmistakabl evidence that he had more had more or less faith in

Peggy was kept unusually busy in those ays. She and her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, die all the housework, and as a sick neighbor who had been a life-long friend of family, required a great deal of her aunt's attention, many new duties devolved upon Peggy. This additional work was not extion was delightful. Peggy was left alon more than she had been heretofore, and the unusual solitude gave her ample opportunit to converse with her relatives undisturbe-when they chould come to claim her.

The next day, when carrying in an armfu of stovewood, with which to cook the noon-day meal, she heard the sound of wheels front gate, and Peggy, peeping furtively around the corner of the house, beheld a sight which drove every drop of blood in her veins with a rush to her heart, and made her arms so limp and lifeless that the load of wood fell with a crash on her bare

A carriage had been driven into the shade of the apple tree that grew near the road-side. Undoubtedly it was the carriage. It was not exactly what she had expected, for there were only two horses, instead of four, and the harness was not made of gold, but it was a very stylish turnout withal, and Peggy thought she could be satisfied with it. A middle-aged woman and gentleman alighted and came rapidly toward the house

alighted and came rapidly toward the house. Peggy went forth to meet them, looking shame-facedly the while at her bare feet and little red hands.

"Ah," said the gentleman, kindly, "I believe we have her here, Susan. My child, are you Peggy Hibbard?"

"No, sir," returned Peggy, promptly. A shadow of disappointment passed over the faces of 'the lady and gentleman.

"That's too bad," said the lady, "but perhaps you can tell us where to find her."

Peggy plaited the corner of her apron nervously for a moment, then, looking up courageously, she said; "I am called Peggy Hibbard."

"My goodness, and are you not she?" ex-

"My goodness, and are you not each claimed the lady.

"No." said Peggy, gitbly. "I must have been changed when I was a baby, or something, and the mistake has never been rectified. I have never been able to find out what the name of my father really is. I hoped, sir, that you were be. Are you not, and have you not come to give me a rise in the world and take me home to your palace?"

But the middle-aged couple were extremely matter-of-fact people. They felt rather dubious about taking under their protection a child who taked in riddles, and

Misfit Ingrain Carpet— worth \$12.50 Misfit Brussells Carpet-worth \$15.00 2.000 Brussells Rugs-elegantly fringed-worth \$3.50 Moquette and Body Brussells Rugs-worth \$3.50 Smyrna Rugs—large size—slightly solled—worth \$5.00 198 Jute Art Squares-6x9, worth \$4.50, for Ingrain Art Squares-2-1 2x3-Chenille Rugs— worth 50c Sakal Rugs-Oriental effects-Sakai Rugs-Oriental effects-Fur Rugs-lined-extra large size- 2 50 And hundreds of other items too nume Draperies-4th floor-Nice new goods just received from the manufacthfers and importers-Rope Portieresworth \$5.50 Genuine Japanese Bamboo Por-tieres-worth \$4.00 Nottingham Lace Curtains-worth \$1.50 Nottingham Lace Curtains-worth \$3.75 Irish Point Lace Curtains-Brussells Net Lace Curtains-very handsome-worth \$5.00 Ruffled Mu*lin Curtains-very pretty-worth \$3.50 Chenille Porticres-choice patterns worth \$5.00 Tapestry Curtains—good quality— nicely fringed—worth \$4.00

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econd week in our new store shows a long list of bargains—We want to state right here that although

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than ever-also to offer the same easy terms as heretofore, which we adjust to suit your convenience. Glocks, Si verware and Cutlery-1st floor-These are three of our leading departments-which we could not show to advantage in cur old store-they now occupy a prominent place on our main floor-Note these prices. Clock-very handsome-worth \$15.60 Tea Spoons-heavy plated-Knives and Forks-heavy plated-Butter Knives-plated-worth 56c Syrup Mugs-plated-worth \$5.00 Spoon Holders-plated-worth \$6.50 Berry Bowls-plated-worth \$8.50

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e inaugurate

Mammoth Spe-cial Sale which means

a saving of many dol-lars to all who take ad-

vantage of it.

China Tea Cups and Saucers-worth 35c 16c China Cream Pitchers-China Individual Sugar and China Pie Plates-China Olive Dishes-10c China Sauce Dishes-12c China Nut Plates-China Mugsural colors, stippled gold, all to match. China Sugar and Creams—Cobalt blue, beautiful decoration, gold trimmed, very fine—worth \$1.50.... China Cream Pitcher-gold trim-med-worth 50c..... Oat Meal Set-nicely decorated, gold lined-worth 90c Cordial Set-nicely decorated on glass-worth \$2.00

Above items are finely decorated in nat-75c **45**c Water Set-satin finish, complete with embossed tray-worth \$2.00... 4-piece Glass-worth \$1.00 55c 160 piece English Dinner Set. deco-ration underglazed-worth \$15.00... Toilet Set-brown or pink decoration-worth \$3.50 Glass Tumblers-nicely engravedworth 40c-per set of 6. Vinegar Cruetworth 35c tions-worth \$15.00 Jardinere— worth \$1.50 75c Banquet Lamp and Globe-No. 2 3 60 Rochester burner-worth \$7.60..... 3 60 Imported Night Lamp-worth \$2.75 Moorish Lampworth \$4.00 Globe-gold decoration-worth \$1.00

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\$1.50 per week or \$6.00 per month \$2.00 per week or \$8.00 per month \$2 25 per week or \$9.00 per month On a bill of \$100.00 \$2.50 per week or \$10.00 per month On a bill of \$200.00 \$4.00 per week or \$15.00 per month

Reoble's Furniture & Carpet

she had dreamed over this phase of her life after due deliberation they returned to their so much that she had come to believe in its reality. The lady and gentleman stared girl who was unable to help herself. bewilderment. "I don't understand what you mean," said

the lady, sadly, "We have no little girl. Our granddaughter died, too, a few weeks After we have seen Mr. Hibbard perhaps g'sy eyes They drove away down the dusty turnpike and Peggy threw herself down on the gar-den mold and wept bitterly. "Even they have gone back on me." she sobbed. "They have left me here and I'll have to go back

into that hateful kitchen and cook some thing for father and the boys. I can't do But she did, and her father praised be effort by saying he had never sat down to In the meantime the lady and gentleman,

all unconscious of the grief their visit had occasioned, were wending their way thoughtfully back to Squire Hopper's house, whence they had started out an hour before "I don't see what you sent us over there entered the sitting room. When we told you pick out a bright little girl whose parents deserves and wishes we were in earnest who is worthy. But that Hibbard girl is

a regular little lunatic. She said her name is not Hibbard; that she is the child of wealthy parents who will give her a ris in the world, and all that sort of tommyrot. We were so surprised and disappointed we came away without seeing Mr. Hibbard "I don't know what to make of it," sighed Hopper. nah Morrison, down the road, row. I'll call

her in and consult her."

"It's the very thing that's been worrying her father to death yesterday and today," said Mrs. Marrison, when the quest of the middle-aged couple had been explained to her. "I'm afraid her mind's been upset by reading so many impossible, sensational stories. I can't watch her all the time, having so much to do, and she will borrow

home without having made any arrange-ments for the education of a bright little

granddaughter died, too, a few weeks. But they came again a year later. "We But we will think over what you have are looking for Peggy Hibbard," said the old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his

Peggy had learned many things during those twelve months. She had come to realize that a "rise" had come in her way, which, although not the kind she was looking for, was the best "rise" that can come to a person in this world, and she deeply regretted having lost it. In view of all this, she answered, modestly, "I am she." When they went away Peggy accompanied

with gold harness and "an unlimited wardrobe," but for all that Peggy was very
happy. The next summer, when she was
home during vacation, she voluntarily
hunted a tin pall and a wooden paddle, and went with her father to the potato patch.
"I don't really like this kind of work she said, "but I've come to the conclusion that I can't have everything my own way, as did Lady Alfreda. Somehow I've lost all interest in her golden hair and slender white wrists."

father brought out the big family Bible and opened it at the record of births. "See," he said, pointing told the top line. "Peggy, daughter of Hiram and Alice Hibbard, Born December 12, 1881." There it is as plain as life; every-day, commonplace 'Peggy.' Have yo' give up tryin' to make somethin' flow-ery out of it?"

Peggy blushed to the roots of her hair which was still carrotty and stringy. "Long "An' vo' b'leeve the record in the Bible, tow, don't you, dear child?" he asked, anxiously. "Yo' b'leeve that 'm your sure

enough father, an' you ain't expectin' any great rise, are yo'? Yo' aint ashamed o' me an' my name?" held his hard hand in hers, and when she saw a teardrop glistening there, she did not know whether it had fallen from his eye or her dwn.

"Father, dear father," she said, softly. Ugly Faces. Mile. Rose Bonheur, the great painter cuce knew a little girl who had a very had habit of amusing herself by "making faces." She was a pretty child and loveable, and Mile. Botheur was very fond of her, but she distiked these dreadful grimaces, and knew that they would in the end permanently burt the child's looks, but the little maid

out her cheeks, and, painful to relate, even imes; she finished these drawings very care longed to them. The misguided little girl had a birthday, and one of ber gifts was an handsomely bound, containing all

But the President's Thoughtfulness

Made a Boy Very Happy. 11-year-old lad, while studying hi history lesson last week, learned that Saturday would be President McKinley's birthday, and thought it would be a nice thing to send the chief magistrate a birthday card, relates the Washington Star. The one he secured and mailed contained the following

"In whatever station you are God hae called you to fill the place and you should do your duty."

Saturday's mail brought the boy a White been directed by the president to acknowledge the receipt of the birthday token and to convey the president's thanks for the re-membrance. The youth was delighted with the attention but was disappointed that the president should think he was a man and

was anxious to rectify the mistake.

The president was to leave for Philadelphia at 10 o'clock Monday moreing, but notwith-standing the pressure of official and private matters the youth was admitted to the pres-ident's room when he presented himself about 9 o'clock that day.

that audience. The president thanked him for his thoughtfulness and presented him with the rose that he wore in his buttonhole. It was a happy boy who returned home and told of his success.

The Price of Success. General Letebyre was one of Napolson's generals who rose from the ranks. It was the peculiarities of his wife that suggested the play of "Mme. Sans Gene." Lefebyre was made at last marshal duke of Dantzirk. After this elevation he met an oid comrade, who congratulated him in rather a sucering

was in this one thing incorrigible; she was Dantsick"-he never either spelled or pro- present during a conversation the other day constantly putting her fingers in her mouth counced the name of his duchy correctly—and stretching it as far as she could, puffing "I am a marshal while you are a poor clerk. out her cheeks, and, painful to relate, even sticking out her tongue in her determination to make herself bideous. She thought all this was amusing, but she got a present one day that changed her mind. Mile, Broheur and the contortions many roar than there are stitches in my uniform. roar than there are stitches in my uniform. I will just place you in the courtyard of fully, made the likeness clear and gave them my hotel and expose you to the chances of at the same time all the ugliness that be 20,000 shot and shell at 100 paces. If you escape alive, well, you shall have my saher, plume, scarf and orders, all my honors shall be yours when you have bought them as I these dreadful pictures of herself. She made

BEAR THAT SAVES LIFE.

Walks Into Town Carrying Lost Child in Its Mouth. Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, when the 4-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, relates the New York Press, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted father and his

neighbors joined in the search. While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer incarrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer in-spection proved to the terrified searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though un-armed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally untrotted toward them as though totally un-concerned, and when a few yards away care-fully laid own the child it was carrying by

and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the hear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a nearby barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenetrick of carrying the little ones.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"That's pape's picture." explained the ittle girl to the caller, who was looking at a framed photograph on the piaco. "You wouldn't know it unless I told you, 'cause it's got a smile on the face."

counced the name of his duchy correctly—
"I am a marshal while you are a poor clerk, but if you wish to change places with me I'll accept the bargain at cost price. Do you gossip happened to call at the house while chicken, mamma."

Even the small boy feels the war spirit. says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Pa," said a Cleveland youngster, "B there's war can I go, too?"
"You go?" cried his father. "Not much.

Whom do you think you could fight?"

The youngster drew himself up. The spirit of "76 gleamed in his eye. "Well," he proudly cried, "you just bet your life that I can knock the stuffin' out of that Spanish boy king any day!"

Mrs. Bombazine Black is an attractive widow with a host of admirers, says the New York World. She is also the of a bright little girl, Famile, to whom a gentleman who thinks he is going to marry the widow said: 'You will love me, won't you, Fannie

when I am your papa?"
"Oh, go 'way!" said Fannie, peevishly; "that's what every gentleman that has ever been engaged to mamma has said, and none of them have married her yet."

The mother of a cute 6-year-old, says the Pontiac (Mich.) Times, was away from home a few days last week. On her return she inquired of the young hopeful if the had said his prayers every morning and evening, as was his custom. He admitted traving concerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid own the child it was carrying by
its dress.

When the men approached and took up
the little one the bear did not show fight,
and a closer investigation proved he had a

"don't you know you ought to ask God to

take care of you during the day as well es "Why, mamma," he replied, "I'm getting so big now I can take care of myself in the ment, where he was allowed to play with the ing God any more mornings asking him to children, and it was there he had learned the do it."

Indianapolis Journal: "You," said the man who had kept his mouth shut and kept his job, "you are the person who called me a

framed photograph on the place. "You wouldn't know it unless I told you, 'cause it's got a smile on the face."

A bright little girl, who sees and hears everything that is going on around her, was