

100-piece English DINNER SET—Beautiful decoration—price this week—

8.95

TEA SET—fine Austrian China—delicate decoration—price this week—

7.75

TOILET SET—Choice of three colors of decorations—price this week with etop jar—

3.50

Japanese Bamboo and Bead Portieres—price this week—

1.80

CARPING SET—3 pieces—good material—price this week—

1.45

Gasoline Oven—very substantial—price this week—

1.05

ODD PARLOR CHAIR—very pretty—price this week—

3.75

OFFICE DESK—highly polished—very fine—price this week—

9.50

500 SHAM HOLDERS—worth \$1.00—on sale this week—

44c

TABOURETTES—Very stylish and good looking—price this week—

98c

KITCHEN CHAIRS—worth 50c—price this week—

32c

BOOK CASE—highly polished—price this week—

9.50

MIRROR—nicely framed—price this week—

48c

HIGH CHAIR—price this week—

1.25

64 CHENILLE TABLE COVER—Price this week—

98c

SPECIAL BARGAIN

Large Cane Seat Rocker

Finished in antique—height of back from floor, 3 feet 6 inches—width 18 1/2 inches—depth 18 inches—well made—price this week—

\$2.24

Draperies.

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS—New design—very pretty—good edge—price this week—

3 85

IRISH POINT LACE CURTAIN—Genuine beauties—price this week—

1 68

ROPE PORTIERES—Just arrived—late designs—price this week—

2 30

TAPESTRY CURTAINS—Fine colorings, and patterns—price this week—

2 30

HEAD RESTS—very pretty—price this week—

40c

SPECIAL BARGAIN

Cook Stove

Very fine boiler—smooth castings—nicely trimmed, including 1st joint of pipe, water boiler and tea kettle—price this week—

\$10.60

Furniture In buying furniture is it not better to come to a furniture house where home making has been and is a study, and carefully, judiciously and economically select articles made on honor. The accompanying goods are exactly as represented.

- DRESSER—White enameled, commoious drawers, beveled mirror—price this week— **9 75**
- COUCH—Elegantly tufted in velvet, full spring, well made—price this week— **9 35**
- HALL TREE—Plano polished, very stylish, big value—price this week— **6 90**
- BED ROOM SUIT—Consisting of 7 pieces, bed, dresser, commode, 2 chairs, 1 rocker, 1 center table; all finished in antique and well made, the biggest value ever offered—on foreign basis for the remarkable low price of— **19 60**
- FOLDING BED—Prettily designed, nicely finished, equipped with fine spring—price this week— **13 00**
- BED LOUNGE—Well upholstered—antique frame, pretty pattern—price this week— **9 60**
- COBBLER ROCKER—Solid oak, exceptionally good value—price this week— **2 90**
- EXTENSION TABLE—Very nice—finished, antique, good design—price this week— **4 80**
- SIDEBOARD—Solid oak, piano polished, beveled edge—price this week— **9 65**
- IRON BED—White enameled, trimmed in brass—good value, worth \$9.50—price this week— **4 90**
- CENTER TABLE—Solid oak, very pretty, highly polished—price this week— **1 60**

HOTELS AHoy!

While we are, first of all, housefurnishers, we would remind all hotel, restaurant and boarding house keepers that there is no establishment this side of Chicago better prepared to provide you, instantly, with an outfit. No order too small, none too large to receive immediate and entirely satisfactory attention.

DRESDEN HOTEL, CHINA—HOTEL RANGES—HOTEL CHAMBER SUITS—HOTEL STAIRS—HOTEL EVERYTHING—

Prices right. Terms right. Everything right.

Furniture at Wholesale Prices

The prices affixed to the articles mentioned on this half page are what the average dealer pays to the manufacturer. We are enabled to quote them because we purchased in quantities such as smaller dealers do not order in a whole year. As we are building homes for thousands of families, we are forced to buy of, of course, the entire output of a factory. Because of this the manufacturer is only too willing to cut his prices. This cut we turn to the advantage of our patrons. These facts, important to the home-maker, is what makes ours the most popular furniture-furnishing establishment in the west.

OUR EASY TERMS.

On a bill of \$10.00—\$1.00 per week or \$4.00 per month

On a bill of \$20.00—\$2.00 per week or \$8.00 per month

On a bill of \$30.00—\$3.00 per week or \$12.00 per month

On a bill of \$40.00—\$4.00 per week or \$16.00 per month

On a bill of \$50.00—\$5.00 per week or \$20.00 per month

On a bill of \$60.00—\$6.00 per week or \$24.00 per month

On a bill of \$70.00—\$7.00 per week or \$28.00 per month

On a bill of \$80.00—\$8.00 per week or \$32.00 per month

On a bill of \$90.00—\$9.00 per week or \$36.00 per month

On a bill of \$100.00—\$10.00 per week or \$40.00 per month

IN THE SPRING

The heart of woman gently turns to thoughts of **Carpets** and thinking of carpets in Omaha means thinking of "The Peoples"—Good carpets and "The Peoples" store being so closely interwoven in the minds of the public that the mention of one naturally suggests the other. These prices speak for themselves.

- ALL WOOL INGRAIN—Good weave pretty pattern, rich colorings—price this week— **47c**
- TAPESTRY BRUSSELS—Very heavy, long wearing carpet—price this week— **59c**
- VELVET CARPET—Beautiful designs and soft effects in this grade, a big bargain—price this week— **89c**
- AXMINSTER CARPET—Exquisite patterns, dainty effects, beautiful colors—price this week— **75c**
- MATTING—Closely woven—in an extremely good value—price this week— **19c**
- MISPLIT INGRAIN CARPET—Good pattern, big rug—price from \$1.00— **6 35**
- ART SQUARE—Jute, 6x9, big bargain, worth \$4.50—price this week— **1 50**
- SAKAI RUG—Beautiful oriental patterns—price this week— **1 75**
- FUR RUGS—Lined, extra large size—price this week— **2 50**
- CARPET SWEEPERS—Large size—price this week— **1 10**
- HASSOCKS—price this week— **48c**
- STAIR CARPET, extra heavy—price this week— **18c**
- OIL CLOTH—Nice small figure, worth 25c—price this week— **19c**

SPECIAL BARGAIN

Amxminster Stair Carpets

Slightly soiled—beautiful patterns—rich colorings—worth regular \$1.00—price this week—

75c

Stoves.

QUICK MEAL GASOLINE STOVES—price this week— **6 80**

OIL STOVES—Heater—works per— **2 90**

LAUNDRY STOVE—Good smooth castings—price this week— **3 95**

COOK STOVE—With reservoir—price this week— **17 50**

RANGE—Elegantly nickel trimmed—price this week— **21 50**

STEEL RANGE—Asbestos lined—thorough out—price this week— **25 00**

SPECIAL BARGAIN

Parlor Suit

Solid oak frame—upholstered in beautiful tapestry—full spring—very pretty—price this week—

\$32.50

BABY CARRIAGE—
"Heywood" make (sole agents)—worth \$10.00—price this week—

5.90

DINING ROOM CHAIRS—
Very well made—antique—price this week—

74c

BANQUET LAMP and
CLOCK—Very handsome—guaranteed—price this week—

3.90

PARLOR SUIT—
5 pieces—massive solid oak frame—full spring—price this week—

32.50

Peoples' Furniture & Carpet Co.

16th and Farnam Sts.

BUILDING FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MORSE DRY GOODS CO.

PATTY'S PERCESSION.

The Circus That Did Not Fail.

BY ROSALIE JONAS.

"I see it comin'!" shouted Patty, excitedly.

"No you don't," contradicted Jim, with despairing calm, "cause that makes a thousand million times you've seen it 'comin' eready, and it ain't come yet."

There was a disappointed silence after this, which proved Jim right; and the rain continued its aggravating drizzle down on two eager little faces and restless forms which bestraddled the "paling" fence of a corner lot in a deserted village street.

"I don't care," cried the irrefragable Patty again, in a moment; "I don't care if the ole circus don't never come! but if I'm a grown-up I'd be ashamed to promise lions an' tigers and barebacks, an' a whole percession of slow-ow-owns with a tragio howl, an' then tell 'em an' keep 'em away for a little bit of nasty ole rain that wouldn't hurt a cat."

This was too much for even Jim's calmer nature, too, collapsed, and mingling his stubby brown hairs with Patty's two little yellow pigtails, likewise lifted up his voice and wept.

Suddenly the very abandonment of their grief brought its own consequences, for crash! the rotten old palings gave way, landing the two mourners in the very mud-puddle of "Oud."

"Oud!" yelled Patty, but catching sight of townsman, looking after them sympathetically, "his special hard lines on that you'rascal."

As they walked slowly homeward, Patty and Jim was inexpressibly cheered to find such a small circus along the route still ignominiously awaiting the procession.

"Yonder's Maissy, an' Johnny, an' that smart 'Tom Jeff Rogers, an' Caline 'Lia-Ras," whispered Patty, with a sidelong grin, and she plucked Jim to keep him quiet, as Tom Jeff Rogers called out excitedly: "Say, Jim, Pat! Where you goin'?" "Don't you know the circus?" "I'll be along in a minute," "Oo, me and Jim have fell into a mud puddle, an' we bound to go on home an' change our clothes responded Patty easily, "but I guess we'll be in time for the show, an' all same."

And she waved her hand airily to the spectators, "Tom Jeff Rogers," who had never before known mud or anything else stand in "Pats' way when she wished to see or hear a show."

"Spoken we speak into the chicken yard so's mammy won't catch onto the mud?" suggested Jim prudently as they neared home.

"Mammy won't see us," said Patty, with a chuckle. "I saw her down there in the crowd, a-waitin'."

"This was foolish to think of 'mammy,' sharp, 'always find you out,' mammy, waiting and watching all this time for 'nuthin'."

"Look a-here, Jim," said Patty, struck by a sudden brilliant idea. "What's the matter with our havin' a percession an' makin' mammy an' those poor children that a-waitin' an' a-waitin' believe we're the 'cute 'nough show?'"

Jim was used to Pat's general unexpectedness, so this proposition was a shock even to him.

"Where you goin' to get the lions an' tigers, an' barebackers?" he stammered breathlessly.

"O, mammy, where I'm goin' to get 'em," replied Patty, with a suspicious shyness; "all you got to do is to sneak into the house an' bring me all the shavin' an' crocheting things you can find hangin' round."

Jim sped away to do her bidding, and Pat walked thoughtfully toward the chicken yard, a great, populous weed-grown, limitless lot the camping ground of innumerable poultry, pigeons, dogs, cats, kids and little darkies.

"Dat's Pat," cried a chorus of pickaninies rapturously, and at sight of her all the other creatures about seemed to take up the joyous welcome and cackle, neigh or bark, "Dat's Pat!"

"Yes, it is me," said Patty generally; then she demanded innocently: "How come you all chillen got back from the show so quick?"

"Mammy sent us," the chorus explained indignantly, "she say: 'G'long home, niggers, they ain't goin' to be no show today, an' if they is it'll be after you all's bedtime,' she say."

"Hurrah!" shouted Patty, "she's the one! get 'er!" "cause I'm goin' to have a percession right away an' fool her an' you all can be in it and get even, if you'll hurry up an' do jus' like I tell you, an' b'have."

II.

An hour later the tired children still waited along the route of the delayed procession and mammy sat down with dogged dignity, to rest upon a doorstep.

Drum beats coming up the street at last. "Hear she is!" cried "Tom Jeff Rogers," shouting triumphantly up his tree again.

And with an ear-splitting be-dim of toots and bangs and squeaks Pat's percession is upon them.

"De Lawd," says mammy simply, as she looks.

"Golly!" remarks Thorn Jeff Rogers, with even more emphatic brevity.

Then suddenly from astonished silence the crowd breaks into wild laughter, prolonged all the way down the street as the spectators realize the brilliant originality of the spectacle.

First came the "ban" of four tiny black

"mascioners" seated in the time-honored "family carriage," drawn by "ole Gray."

A wreath of flowering myrtle adorned each kinky little black head, and red and yellow "fascioners" were draped scarf-like across the breast and over one shoulder, entirely concealing the twine "galluses" on that side.

Then came the "Joey" or "Joey" waggin, attached to a bear-eyed mule, profusely decorated with big leaves, and containing a yelping and mewling menagerie, which, whatever its other deficiencies, was certainly "wild" enough.

Pat had prudently planned white paper labels upon the black cloth flap of the wagon, telling the name of the animals therein contained.

For if some of the small spectators had not read that the white wood was a "polar bear," the striped cats "cool taggers," and the tiny kittens "trot kubbas," they might have mistaken these fierce and terrible foreign beasts for old familiar playfellows.

After the wagon, and directly behind a small boy with a long pole bearing the device, "tame elephants," came the two meek cows, with garlands round their necks.

Next came Jim, as clown, with his face very imperfectly chalked over the mud stains. A pointed red cap, a short red "waist" of mammy's, and a pair of baggy white trousers made up his costume, and as he drove a very uncelestial pair of "Billies" in his little goat wagon he made a most in-

little niggers," gushing derisively, "lak so many chassycats."

With a bound she was in their midst, and flinging both bread and, was preparing to chastise the startled "barebackers," as they stood temptingly in pairs, when suddenly she perceived Patty on her donkey, and, throwing both arms around her mammy's neck, bent her fair little face to the furious black one, whispering coaxingly as only Pat could: "Mammy, don't be mean to your baby an' spoil her percession, do an' sit in the Joey waggin if you're tired, an' play 'Pat Lady,' an' we'll carry you on home."

"Now, g'long," cried Pat, closing up ranks triumphantly as mammy turned and walked quietly to the Joey waggin, and with her fat sides shaking, climbed fearlessly in, between two wild animals, that seemed singularly calm by her presence.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom Jeff Rogers, carried quite off his feet by this focal exhibition of Pat's pluck and diplomacy. "I'm blessed if ever I did see such a feller! Bah! all of yer, rah! rah! rah!"

"Rah! rah! rah!" echoed the crowd, enthusiastically. "Rah! rah! rah!"



resting and complicated "living group" of himself.

Then came Pat's triumph—the six "barebackers," in calico skirts and Turkish shawls of most brilliant hue, with shawls draped gracefully in front, but leaving their shiny, mahogany colored backs entirely bare.

Last and most remarkable of all came Pat, upon her little donkey, with a real India cashmere stawl of her mother's draped over her saddle and trailing the ground superbly.

The train of her low-necked, sleeveless white muslin dress, also her mother's, was pulled around and hung over the side in a sliding baby sort of way, the effect of which was slightly marred by the short dark skirt and little bare legs showing distinctly underneath.

She had unwinded her two tiny pigtails, and her yellow hair touched her chubby shoulders, and framed her rosy face and great wicked eyes, as she bowed and smiled and kissed her hand to the petricked spectators.

"It's Pat! It's nuthin' but Pat!" yelled the children on the sidewalk, not knowing whether to laugh or cry at the spectacle she had foisted upon them.

"Course it's Pat," cried Tom Jeff Rogers, thrilled with generous enthusiasm for his "dearest foe," "there ain't a nuthin' feller in this town could have thought of such a show, much less got her up."

But mammy was outraged. She'd been fooled by Pat, grieved by Tom Jeff Rogers, scouted and jeered at by "a lot of no 'count

as the stamp system. All advertising matter, books, cards of instruction, etc., were furnished by the bank.

"I think the best work was to explain to the teachers in the four schools the purpose of the undertaking, and the methods to be used. Each pupil was then given a card setting forth the details of the scheme, in the simplest language possible; this card, of course, be taken home, and its contents discussed. The teachers of the several departments were also provided with a sufficient number of 'folders' so that each pupil could have one. These folders, of convenient size, and made of manila paper, and bear upon the outside simple directions in an attractive form.

The inside is ruled off into fifty squares for the work of a teacher boy, and the folders have printed for their special use. The teacher is given 500 of these stamps at a time in a little pocketbook made for the purpose. All that she has to do is to sell the stamps at whatever time or place she may specify to the pupils, and put the pennies into a little bag, also furnished for the purpose.

There are no accounts whatever to be kept; she has merely to put into the bag a slip of paper stating the number of pennies she has received. The clerk of the bank calls later, and the bag is turned over to him. He counts the money, verifies the statement of slip, and gives to the teacher the same number of stamps that there are pennies, so that she begins every week with 500 stamps. It would be impossible to simplify the work of a teacher boy, and this pocketbook is put down in red ink. To every new depositor is carefully explained the processes of depositing and drawing. The children are not limited to their school, if they have amounts that come to them in gifts or otherwise, above \$1, this may also go on to their bank books and draw interest.

At the end of six months he brings back his book and the interest upon his savings is put down in red ink. To every new depositor is carefully explained the processes of depositing and drawing. The children are not limited to their school, if they have amounts that come to them in gifts or otherwise, above \$1, this may also go on to their bank books and draw interest.

The children may buy 1 cent, 5 cents, or even \$1 worth of stamps at a time, but they must themselves perform the mechanical part of putting them into the folders. As the squares are the exact size of the stamps, they can hardly make mistakes, and the process is calculated to teach order, neatness and exactness. When a folder is filled, its proud possessor must take it to the bank on Saturday. It is, of course, good for 50 cents. If a child wants his money he can have it; if, on the contrary, he wishes to open a bank account, he receives a little bank book in return for his folder, and has it credited with his entry, and is to all intents and purposes a banker.

Some rather pathetic circumstances connected with this work of the school children occasionally come to light. The little school fostered with such tender care has to go for taxes—but it carries the family through a crisis. In several instances the little fund saved has helped to make up the interest due on a mortgage, and thus prevented foreclosure, and the bank personally knows of two cases where the wage-earners have been thrown out of employment, and the premium of the father's life insurance fell due at a time when there was no money with which to meet it. Except that the children had been able to come forward with their bank accounts and pay the premium, the savings of years would have had to go by the board.

LOST ON A BATTLEFIELD.

Babies Found at Ansterlitz and Waterloo.

After the Great French victory of Ansterlitz, Napoleon's troop found, while pursuing the enemy, a boy of 2 or 3 years old, lost or deserted by his parents. The child was brought before General Bernadotte, who ordered that diligent search should be made through the neighborhood villages and farmhouses for some trace of its parents.

No relations coming forward to claim this waif of war, however, Bernadotte placed him in charge of one of his vivandieres, and soon the little fellow became the pet of the army. Napoleon, retiring for the first time in days, at the castle of the Baron Von

Kaunitz, heard of the boy and commanded that he should be brought before him. The result was that the great emperor practically adopted Johann, for the child was just able to lip that his name was Johann, without ceasing any further light on his identity.

Napoleon conferred upon him the full name of Jean de Laguerre, or "John of the War," and Jean was sent to Paris to be educated. When the emperor was exiled to Elba, General Bernadotte, who had in the meantime been elected king of Sweden, brought Jean de Laguerre to Stockholm and gave him a commission in the army. He eventually became Swedish minister to Germany and a count of Sweden. The family which he founded is still well known in Scandinavia, but Jean or Laguerre never succeeded in discovering who his parents were or how he came to be left behind on the field of Ansterlitz.

Such discoveries of babies amid the scenes of war and death, are by no means uncommon. During the American civil war a notable instance occurred. A baby, beautifully dressed, was found by the Confederate troops in the debatable region along the Potomac, during the heat of the strife. There was nothing to identify the infant, or to tell the side to which its parents had belonged. Eventually a Confederate soldier obtained leave to adopt the girl—for a girl it happened to be, and, at the earliest opportunity she was sent by means of a nurse transport corps to his wife's home in Georgia. After the war, advertisements were inserted in northern and southern newspapers regarding the child, but nobody came forward to claim her. She grew up into a handsome and clever woman, and, a few years ago, married Thomas B. Watson of Georgia, who was the popular candidate for the vice presidency in the last election. Mrs. Watson believes that her parents were Confederate sympathizers and that they perished during the war.

In the revolution a somewhat similar incident occurred. A baby was found by the British soldier Colonel Taitton, now could its identity be discovered. It was brought up by a family named Gibbs, and rose to fame as Lieutenant Colonel Peawick.

Waterloo, but in this case the child's father and mother were known. The mother had died a few days before in Brussels, while the father, a soldier after a skirmish with the Cameron Highlanders, fell in the great fight. Little Donald Cameron managed to escape from the transport wagon, where he had been crowded and lay prone into serious danger before he was noticed and caught by an officer in an Irish regiment. Whether the terror of Waterloo was an evil impression upon little Donald or not, he steadfastly refused to enlist, although his ancestors, for generations, had been soldiers. Instead he became a guard on the London & North-western railroad and died a member of the Peace Society in Birmingham last summer.

Two years ago a Russian officer of good family was married to St. Petersburg to a young lady whose parents nobody knew, but who had no less than 500 foster-fathers. Her foster-fathers were the soldiers of a regiment which had found her as a baby lying abandoned by her relatives on the road from Plevna to Constaninople. The soldiers put together a handsome purse for the young girl's dowry.

To come down to our own times, a little African baby was found by the British troops in northern India after a skirmish with the hill tribes about one month ago. The British did not wish to leave the little fellow on the field of battle, and took him with them to the march. Later on, when returning, they left it on the exact spot where it had been originally found. They were rewarded for their pains. After an hour or two had passed, a hand of Afrelis descended from the hills and carried the baby away. Probably the dusky urchin, in view of his strange experience, will prove to be the pet of his tribemates and become a great leader and a thorn in the side of his British preservers.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Hostess (at a party)—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?

Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—No, ma'am.

Hostess—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?

Willie (confidently)—O, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie.

There is a little Piety Hill girl who is devout in her religious observances and opens each day's campaign of her busy young life

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

SPRINKLE CURS TREATMENT FOR itching, dandruff, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp disease with loss of hair. Warm baths with CURSURA SOAP, gentle application of CURSURA TREATMENT, and full dose of CURSURA BROTHERLY.

Aticura

RED ROUGH HANDS