

FITZGER'LD DRY GOODS COMPANY

Summer Dress Goods

Are being slaughtered

This for Monday morning
10 yards for 10c

40 pieces cotton Challies—the regular 5c ones. On Monday morning for 1c yard.

This for Saturday morning for 5c yd. All the 10c summer dress goods in the house; all the 12½c summer goods in the house; all the 15c summer dress goods in the house—go in one lot on Saturday for 5c yard.

10c Yard
The best we have at this price. All the fine summer dress goods, imported and domestic lawns, organdies and dimities. Some worth 35c. On Saturday for 1½c yard.

Big reductions in

Black Silks

20 inch all silk satin duchess, regular price, 85c, clearing sale price, 63c yard.

24 inch all silk satin duchess, the \$1.25 quality, clearing sale price 87c yard.

24 inch all silk satin duchess, the best we have—our \$1.50 quality, clearing sale price \$1.05 yard.

24 inch black brocaded India silk, regular price 85c, clearing sale price 49c

On Saturday any child's hat or bonnet in the store at half the marked price.

Lincoln, Neb.

The first week of the great

MIDSUMMER CLEARING SALE

Was a hummer--As it should be

When honest, reasonable merchandise is sold for less than cost of production, people ought to respond with all the cash they can spare. Remember every yard, every article and every made up garment of this spring and summer purchase has been cut in price, some 50 per cent, some 33 per cent, none less than 25 per cent.

These for Saturday and when gone more added, equally as good

Ladies' muslin

Underwear

At a big reduction during the clearing sale.

32 dozen Ladies' muslin and cambric gowns, beautifully trimmed with lace and embroidery, sizes 14, 15 and 16. This lot consists of ten styles. Some are slightly mused. The lowest priced garment in the lot was one dollar, the highest, one seventy-five. On Saturday your choice for 75c each.

Ladies' fast black sateen skirts, full width, double ruffle, sale price 69c reduced from 98c.

Rustle Percaline skirts, extra wide, double Spanish flounce, sale price 83c; reduced from \$1.25.

Ladies' Laundered Shirt Waists

We are cleaning them out regardless of cost. On Saturday another lot of \$1.25 waists for 49c.

A clean up in the linen department. 500 remnant cotton and linen crash 1c each.

500 remnants fine huck and Damask crash, 2 ½c each.

500 remnants fine turkey red table damask, 1c each.

1,000 remnants fine unbleached damask. Worth from 40c to 75c a yard 7½c each.

100 dozen fringed white napkins. Regular price 10c and 12½c each. 10c.

500 extra fine satin Damask dinner napkins. Worth up to \$5. a dozen.

The above items are all manufacturers' samples. Price 10c each.

25 pieces large check white dress geos. Regular price 10c. Now 5c.

Powers and Howard

Many people in Lincoln will remember Judge Powers, who is spoken of in a Chicago paper as follows, as one of the leading lawyers in the Irvine divorce case.

One of the prominent delegates is Orlando W. Powers of Utah, who has been pictured, interviewed and handshaken with great volubility and abandon since his arrival a few days ago. Judge Powers is a character, and the name of the thing he characterizes is politics. That is his meat and drink, and the fact that he is a very thin man who looks as though one of his lungs might be lame, should not be taken as an indication that his meat and drink do not agree with him. To Powers a ward caucus is a feast and a county convention is a great banquet of good things. Powers, who is now opposing with all his strength the money policy of Grover Cleveland, was appointed by that same Cleveland as a federal judge for the territory of Utah about ten years ago. He left his Michigan home and went out to the land of the latter-day saints to take possession of the job, but a low-lived and ignorant senate did not gather the full value of the judge's services and so refused to clinch the nomination. Powers was there, however, and they could not drive him away, even had they been so disposed, which they were not. He opened a law office and very shortly became the leading member of the bar of the territory. But his heart was in politics, and, although he had hardly become acclimated to the Utah irrigation ditches and gravelly valleys he became affected with the thirst for reform and took the leadership of a newly organized anti-mormon party, which, under the name of the "liberals," set in to clean out the mormon sovereignty. Powers revealed himself as a politician of the result getting order, and after a campaign of unparalleled ferocity he had the pleasure of seeing the whole "liberal" ticket elected, from Mayor Scott down to the bottom man. It nearly killed the old mormons of Salt Lake, who had denominated Powers and his followers as "carpetbaggers," but it immensely pleased the gentle residents, and they clubbed together and gave the clever attorney and central-committee chairman an outright present of \$10,000. Powers was afterward known as the "\$10,000 beauty of the Wahsatch." The name of carpetbagger was quietly and cheerfully accepted by the mormon

fighter, and he caused an enormous triumphal pole to be erected on a prominent corner of the city, and on the top of this pole was placed a gilded representation of a carpetbagger, which forever afterward taunted the bishops and seventies and other mormon folk.

If the long man and the short man were to rob Judge Powers they would find as the thing which he values greatest a golden carpetbag with a diamond setting, which was given him for a watch charm, and which he delights to show as a product of Utah mines. The judge is a pretty smooth product himself, and his share in the present convention is going to be great. He has already been accepted by the various high priests of silvra as a man whose help is more than worth asking for.

Among the delegates now in the city is Edgar Howard, a young man with a Roman face full of sweet peace and benignity, who runs a paper in Papillion, Nebraska. Mr. Howard has been in politics for only a few years, but he has learned many things in that time. He was once a candidate for the legislature, and in making his rounds struck a family of refugees from Indiana who had taken up a residence in the Sarpy county bottoms. Mr. Howard made himself agreeable and was invited to supper, and the squatter put up a pretty fair meal.

As Mr. Howard was preparing to leave the Indian said to him:

"Kin ye rassel?"

"Not very much," responded the politician.

The other looked troubled. "That's disapp'intin'," he said. "Kin ye fight?"

"I try to keep the peace," was his visitor's reply.

"But ye kin fight some?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Soyoun need not fear for my safety, I know thsee bottoms thoroughly and am afraid of nothing."

"Ye can't rassel an' ye kin fight some" the other mused. "Well stranger they ain't no help fer it. Peel off an' come on."

Howard remonstrated. It was no part of his politics to fight every voter on the bottoms. He begged to be excused. The other was obdurate, however, and, attacking Howard, the aspirant for office could do no less than pitch in and defend himself. He warmed up, indeed, and, finally, as the other man pressed him too seriously for foolishness, he went at it earnestly and pounded his opponent with great vigor, finally getting a grapevine twist on him as they clinched and rolling

him on the sod. The voter, both eyes being blacked, yelled a lusty "enough," and on being released from his recumbent position cordially thanked his conqueror.

"Friend," said the Indiana party, "ye don't know what good ye done me. In Indiana I was a pretty brisk man and whopped most everybody in the county. I allowed when I moved out here I'd do the same thing, but thought it'd be better to try the kind of people they is here. Ye say ye can't rassel an' ye kin only fight some, an' yit ye pound me all over the place. 'Cord'ngly I calculate that the people that is here an' that kin an' kin fight enough to talk about is too fast fer my kind of fightin'. I had expected to go in town tomorrow an' git drunk an' clean out the place, but I guess mebbe I better stay right here an' oil up my harness. I'm much obliged fer your information. These here black eyes'll git well, but a busted backbone or a caved-in head or a lot o' broke ribs is too serious a risk at my time of life."

The Indiana acquisition is one of the most pacific residents in Sarpy county and is one of Howard's strongest supporters, and predicts that he will some day be president of the United States if he only takes advantage of opportunity and learns to "rassel."

BRYAN IN CHICAGO.

Even the sedate Associated Press acknowledges that Mr. Bryan set Chicago on fire Thursday. It is given to few men to achieve the personal triumph that was Mr. Bryan's on that day.

HELPING A BASHFUL LOVER.

It was only a two-room log cabin, and after supper Mrs. Coots and I sat down in the front room and left her daughter Sue, a girl about 18 years old, to clear away and tidy up. She had just finished when a young man slipped into the kitchen. His headgear was a coonskin cap, the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into his boot legs, and he was awkward and ungainly as a cow on ice, runs a story in Truth.

"Howdy, Joe?" saluted the girl, as he entered.

"How—howdy?" he replied, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and fumbled with his cap.

"That's her beau," whispered Mrs. Coots to me over her knitting. "Joe's peart 'nuff, but powerful shy. Bin coting Sue fur nigh a 'af now, but

hain't dun axed her to marry him."

The girl took a seat on the far side of the room, and for ten minutes not a word was spoken between them. Then she finally queried:

"How's b'ars, Joe?"

"Hain't seen a b'ar in three months," he replied.

There was another painful interval, and then Sue asked:

"How's coons, Joe?"

"Coons is plenty," he replied, as he avoided her glance.

"That's the way it goes!" whispered the mother. "They jist sot and sot, and talk 'bout b'ars and coons and sich, and I do declar' I'm gittin' all upso!"

Five minutes later, just as the young man seemed on the point of leaving, Sue kindly inquired:

"Killed any 'possums lately, Joe?"

"Nary one," he replied, as he stared at his boots.

"I can't abide that no mo'," muttered the mother, as she laid aside her work and rose up.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Git 'em together or skeer him off."

She walked out into the kitchen and stood before the young man and sternly demanded.

"Joe Skillman, did yo' dun cum over yere to borrow an ax?"

"N—no, mum," he stammered.

"Did yo' dun cum to cote Sue?"

"Y—yes, mum."

"Sue, do yo' want to be coted?"

"Reckon I do," answered Sue.

"Then yo' all jist listen to me. Joe, yo' git over on t'other side. Sue, yo' snuggle up to him. I'ze gwine to blow out the candle and leave yo' in the dusk, an' me'n the stranger's gwine to sot on the fur side of t'other room and talk loud. I'ze got mighty tired of this fussin' 'round, and yo' all has either got to fix or unfix things this very night."

An hour later, when Joe went home, Sue called her mother out and held a whispered conversation with her, and when Mrs. Coots returned to me she smiled grimly and explained:

"They all ar' gwine to be married nex' week"

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

"Queen Victoria," Ladies' Favorite Her Majesty's Perfume, is the most lasting and perfect Perfume. Ask eggs' the Druggist, for a sample.