

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023-1029 O St.

Lincoln, Neb.

Once Upon a Time

the same qualities of dress goods, silks and trimmings could not be bought anywhere for half what we are now offering them and to convince you of this fact we extend to you a most cordial invitation to visit our store and look at these lines.

Dress Goods

Jamestown novelties, 40 in. wide, fast colors, handsome patterns; will wear well.

All wool novelties, checks, tweeds etc., 38 to 40 in. wide; all of these will be sold during the week at, per yard

43c.

Our line of imported novelties, 40 to 46 in. wide, of English and French manufacture, is very large. All new designs and latest colorings, a regular 75c cloth, at

55c.

Do not fail to see our novelties at 75c, 83c, 98c and \$1.25. The foreign markets afford no better lines than we can show and no house in the United States can give you better value.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

We have some excellent qualities in French serge.

French Serge, 46 in. wide, per yard... 36 1/2 c
 French Serge, 46 in. wide, per yard..... 45c
 French Serge 46 in. wide, per yard..... 50c
 French Serge, 48 in. wide, per yard..... 55c
 French Serge, 50 in. wide, per yard..... 59c

This is really a great reduction from the regular price as you will see after once looking at the goods.

Silks.

We just received our new silks for waists. New designs, new fall shades of figured silk that are most desirable, at

75c and 89c a yard.

This is a great value.

New changeable taffetas, the newest shades, at

75c

We have a very large line of black brocade silks, 21 in. wide, all silk, new fall designs, large and small and at the price which we sell it makes it one of the best values in the city, per yard

75c

DRESS TRIMMINGS AND GARNITURES.

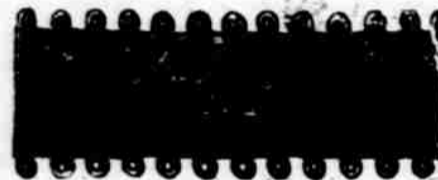
We carry the finest and most complete stock of trimmings in the city. Do not fail to look through this department and when you make a purchase in this line kindly give us your patronage.



Fancy silk braid garnitures, worth \$1.25 at 75c.

Mohair tabular braid, 1/4 in. wide, all colors, per yard 4c.

Mohair braid sets composed of three frogs for front of waist, bands for back seams and the tabs for sleeves, worth 98c a set for 50c.



Mohair braid, 1/4 in. wide, with fancy loop edges, black and all colors, worth 15c a yard, at 10c.

STORIES IN PASSING.

Mr. James Samuels had been a sailor during all his early life, but at forty he gave up the sea and came to Nebraska. He bought a farm close to a thriving town, and after twenty-five years he is in thrifty circumstances with part of his children married and settled near him. He is a man of influence, an elder in the church, careful and correct in his habits. Whether he ever won the title or not, he is known all over the county as Cap. Samuels.

One day not long since a brother came out to make him a visit. The brother had followed the briny deep all his life and they had met but once or twice since they had parted a quarter of a century before. So it was a pleasant reunion, and there were many old adventures to be talked over.

The day after he arrived the visitor mentioned to the Captain that he had an express package ordered to the town and wished he would stop and see if it had come. He said that as he was a stranger he had directed that it be sent directly to Capt. James Samuels so there would be no inconvenience in getting it out. The express office was in the depot and so the Capt. as he drove in that afternoon stopped to enquire if any express package had come for him. It

had not arrived. The next day he stopped and the next, but still it did not appear.

"Cap. seems to be in a hurry for something," said the express agent.

"Probably he has broke something in his reaper and is wanting the repairs," said the telegraph operator.

Then for two days the Captain did not appear, as they were off on a little trip until Saturday night. On Sunday he drove to church as usual with his wife and two younger children, the visitor choosing to remain at home. His hearty, whole souled way of doing things always made him welcome at church services as well as other gatherings. On his return home as he was driving by the depot the agent happened to be standing in the door.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I'll bring you out that package. Its been here since Friday. I tried to get a chance to send it out, but the neighbors I spoke to didn't happen to find it convenient."

The agent and operator brought it out, set it in the front of the buggy and, with half expressed smiles, were gone in a jiffy.

The old Capt. was a little dazed at the speed with which the package had been loaded on to him, and on Sunday too. He drove on slowly and a little uncertainly. He looked down at the pack-

age, then at his black Sunday attire, at his daughter with the bible and hymn book in her lap. All the appointments were serious and of a Sunday character except the package. The perspiration started on his forehead when he thought that some of the neighbors had had their attention called to it. Probably a lot of the loafers around the depot also had been looking it over and commenting on it. The bluff and self-satisfied air of the Capt. was thoroughly subdued as he looked down at the package again and more carefully read the address. Yes, there was no mistake about it.

CAPT. JAMES SAMUELS,
 Jamaica Run,
 2 gals.

"I got a good send off when I was twenty-one," said a man who had been fairly prosperous in his farming operation. "I'll tell you about it. A great many young men get something from their father when they come of age—a team or a little money, or even a piece of land once in a while. But I'll tell you what my father gave me. Perhaps it was all right in the long run and did me as much good as money. Father went to farming over in Iowa after the war, but he didn't get along very well. He wasn't a good manager and kept get-

ting behind a little more every year.

We boys had to shift for ourselves, so after we were sixteen we worked out by the month and paid our own way. We would generally be at home awhile in the winter, but most of the time we were away at work. One February, just as I was coming twenty-one, a man about eight miles away sent for me. I had worked for him the preceding summer and he had learned that I was very skillful in fixing up horses and making them look well. When I got down to his place I found that he was to have a sale in about two weeks and he wanted me to fix up his horses and make them look nice for the sale. So I spent the next two weeks in treating those horses. I fed them all kinds of stuff and rubbed them and handled them until the owner himself hardly knew them. There was one old gray plug in particular. He didn't seem worth bothering with. He had been stove up and crippled and lamed and really wasn't worth a dollar. But I worked on him a good deal and doped him with all the horse truck I could think of, and it was surprising to see how the old fellow came out in his appearance. He carried his head well up,—he must have been a good looker in his youth—and I calculated that we could hold him up till after the sale and make him bring something after all.