

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023-1029 O St.

Lincoln, Nebr.

OUR PRICES SELL OUR GOODS



And the Courtesy with which all customers are waited upon make this store the Shopping Emporium.

KINDLY CALL AT THE STORE AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER.

SHIRT WAISTS

Be Thoroughly Satisfied or
Else Refuse to
Buy.



SHIRT WAISTS

Bargains That You Do Not
Profit By We Do Not
Seek.

The sun is coming out and all of those who have not a good supply of comfortable knobby shirt waists on hand should call here. We can show a complete line in colors and white, all kinds of material and of the very latest style at 98c, \$1.49, \$1.98, \$2.49 and \$2.98.

Fitzgerald
Dry Goods
Co

**Mail Orders
Promptly Filled**

1023-1029
O Street
Lincoln, Nebr

earth wobble on its axis. The easiest way out of it is to drag your weary limbs around and get a spade and under his personal supervision dig a ditch "as is a ditch." As soon as it is large enough to carry off the tears you are shedding by this time it will do.

When he is out of sight and hearing you may retire and rehearse a few of his expressions in a low tone of voice. Never give way to your feelings and land on your superior's proboscis, munch his ear and ram a few teeth down his throat. This has been tried twice before and both privates now slumber in graves two sizes too large for them.

After completing a few hundred other odd jobs, you are commanded to "Fall in for mess." This order you obey with a great deal of expression and a tin plate, knife and spoon. As you march by cook No. 1, hold out your plate for a boiled potato. If you have ever played first base well enough to please the average audience you get the potato, otherwise the man behind you drops his plate, grabs his eye and lights out for the hospital. Cook No. 2 dashes a ladle of cold canned tomatoes at your pan. Part of these remain and the balance is equally distributed over your

person. Cook No. 3 has a few pieces of boiled swine sticking on the end of a pronged fork. One of these pieces he shoves off with a finger that wants soap and water almost as bad as you want home and mother. Cook No. 4 supplies you with hard tack and says "move on." You then seek some secluded spot at the foot of a large tree and prepare to insult your interior. After seating yourself you rise almost instantaneously and are grieved to learn that you have entirely ruined a cunning little cactus. It is well to sit upon a cactus the first day in camp as it tends to make one more observing. In practising, if unable to sit upon a cactus borrow a pin cushion.

After placing the plate upon the rail fence at a convenient height, hold an inquest (on the supper.) Perhaps you have never noticed it before but now it is proven to your satisfaction that the average pig grows hair. When thoroughly convinced of this you may throw it away or take it to the cook and remark carelessly that he might "shave it." I would not advise the latter course, however. You may also use your own judgment as to whether you eat at all or not. Most of us wait until it is a question of eating or winging our way

to the golden shore, and then eat. The balance of the time we damn the commissary department. Do you suppose that Hector, Achilles, Mark Antony, Col. J. Caesar or any of the great warriors of olden times ever went into battle with a stumick full of cold tomatoes and hard tack? Not on your tintype. Neither did Col. B. Fitzsimmons. But I am wandering.

After supper you are so tired that you flop down on a blanket and commence to sleep so hard that you almost have hysterics. Take about thirty-seven winks, then turn out hastily when you hear the corporal of the guard ripping around trying to find you. When found you will know enough next time to look at the "order paper" pasted at the head of the street and know when you are to report for guard duty. Hustle out with the relief and take a few more drags with your weary limbs for two hours. At eight o'clock you are relieved and at twelve you go on again, receive the same instructions about allowing suspicious characters to pass the lines, and above all things watch the mules and see that none escape. Then off you go with the detail, just enough awake to stumble off through the woods and

darkness to relieve some sentinel who has been faithfully snoozing at his post. After you have taken his place and are waiting for the relief to get out of range so you can sit down and take it easy, you notice some commotion among the mules. You say "Whoa mule!" This never fails to send about three government mules into spasms and in a moment they are winging their way through the woods. It now becomes your duty to entice these mules back to the fold. If you have ever had any experience in this line you will at once realize that it is about as easy to induce a good healthy adult mule to follow anything but his own inclinations, as it is to borrow money on antique collateral. If you do not realize it at once you will after charging around through the darkness for a few hours. One guard, night before last, captured a mule in a unique manner. He sneaked up behind Mr. Mule and nabbed him by the cute little nub on the end of his tail. If the guard hadn't had a most phenomenal grip we might not have recovered as much of him as we did. As it was the mule returned in the morning with a man's hand firmly grasping the nub. Upon following the trail in order to get