

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023-1029 O ST., LINCOLN, NEBR.

Those who want the best know by past experience that this is the place where full value is given. Extra good offers this week.

Fans



On Monday and continuing one week we will make special prices on an immense line of fans. This is a chance in which you may be a saver of one third in the actual value of these goods. That you can certainly not afford to pass by if you are intending to purchase.

These fans will be displayed and we ask that you take particular notice and convince yourself of the value.

SILK and GAUZE fans, spangled and lace effects, carved bone sticks worth \$1.50 at any time, special price

98c each

White fans in silk and gauze. A large WELL chosen line. Exceptional values from

25c up to \$4.00

Laces



Every fastidious and thoughtful shopper in Lincoln remarks at the wonderfully beautiful things to be bought here for almost a song. This department contains some remarkable values, and surpasses any like line in the state.

In wash laces we show necklins, all-over insertings and edges to match.

Valenciennes lace and insertings and a very large line of organdie puffing, Neckings and Yokings and many designs.

Kid Gloves



For several seasons this has been the best patronized glove department in the state, and that can mean but one thing—That the best value in gloves can be found here. Every glove that we sell is guaranteed to us and in turn we guarantee it to you.

Our lines are complete and if you want any particular make, style or shade you need look no further for we have it.

For the COMING WEEK we will make special prices on white kid gloves for

98c to 1.25

Graduating time is about here so buy your gloves now and have that task off your hands.

you know."

"You were going to tell me about the corbeille."

"Oui, oui, oui Mademoiselle: In the first place it is a beautiful basket and into it we put a dress or two, some real lace, and a necklace or some rings. It is, of course according to the income of the young man or his parents, but it is the groom's particular gift to his bride. There are very few French girls, even among the poor, who have not a corbeille of some description."

It is quite a charming idea, and still, Madame, it seems like a necessary, petit thank you for the bride's dowry."

"It is true, I suppose, but we never put it in that frank fashion. You shouldn't think of things in that light, Mademoiselle."

"Well, Madame," said Monsieur Roguet to Madame Rubere, "The dot was very satisfactory. Perhaps they will come out from Paris today. But let us take, Mademoiselle, L'Americaine now to see the church."

"It is as you wish," said his wife despondently.

The church was principally a Gothic affair, I remember, with incidentals of several centuries of other architectures thrown in, but its poise was majestic

and relieved by a certain buoyant gracefulness. As is so often the case the outside was much more pleasing than the inside.

Down below in the hollow of the town was an odd, round-like church. Its quaintness very appealing.

"Oh, Monsieur, do take us down there," I begged.

"Oh, no, no, Mademoiselle. It is too old, too dilapidated."

"But it looks so interesting."

"Je vous assure, Mademoiselle, that it is very commonplace. It is too old, je vous assure."

There are no modernities even in France. Some day I am going back to Pontoise all myself and see that church.

The others hastened on and Germaine and I came slowly.

"I hate everyone," said Germaine. "Madame Roguet was so afraid that her son might care for me. We saw much of each other as children, and she is so jubilant to think that he is married. You see as a child I had much more than her children. She thinks that I am pining away for Monsieur Edouard. Pensez donc!

"But Germaine you must remember that you have a vivid imagination. Perhaps Madame Roguet isn't as fiend-

ish as you think her."

"Monsieur Edouard did care for me. He is an engineer, too, you know. He was sent first to England and then to Scotland. He was gone two years and when he returned he wished to marry me. You see, he proposed to me, myself, the way the English do. He is terribly selfish though, like that," pointing to a flock of geese fighting over a few crumbs of bread that had been thrown upon the water. "I didn't like him, and I told him so. His people, however, don't know about it, and his mother wouldn't believe me, even if I told her; and I wouldn't be mean enough to tell her. But she makes me simply furious, and Germaine stamped her foot.

We had come out upon a height that looks off and down toward Paris, and here was just a corner of that chapel built by Saint Louis. The ivy literally preserving the memory of its saintly founder. The villagers were just going home from their days work, and in the distance rose the monuments of Paris. Nothingness and insignificance are monotonous, to say the least, that I know from personal experience. There is, however, scarcely a more efficient remedy for these irritable feelings than a bundle of centuries. In each century there are numerous people, little flies that are

larger and more important than the others, but they are gradually lost in the tout en semble. Only rarely comes a great big blue-bottle fly that buzzes, and buzzes, and people rise up and do homage to it, and then this big, blue, bottle fly is gone."

"Germaine, your France is a beautiful country."

"I don't know," she said, and then gave her hat—that sailor hat—a defiant jerk. I am glad, glad that I am going back to England next week. Glad to leave France. I even wish that I was not French.

The town clock rang out the hour, and Germaine's mother waved her parasol as a danger signal. The train would soon be going.

On the way to the station we passed some people, who glancing at our head-coverings, murmured one to the other "Les Anglaises. Les Anglaises."

Germaine scowled, gasping as we hurried along, "I am not English. Pas du tout, du tout, du tout. I am French, and some way I did not enjoy the English epithet.

But we must hasten. There was but little time and Monsieur, Madame, Cline and Nanquet must all be kissed whether we made the train or no, and the process is double, you know, in France. Even Algebra does not always hold true for I maintain that the following is false.

Embraces²: train time—train time; embraces².