

THE GREATEST SALE EVER HELD IN LINCOLN

FitzGerald LOOM-END SALE

THE SALE FOR ECONOMICAL SHOPPERS

50 Cases of MILL ENDS, Short Lengths and Odd Lots received during the past few days have been marked and will be OFFERED FOR SALE at extraordinarily low prices.

SALE COMMENCES SATURDAY, AUG. 10--

CONCLUDES SATURDAY, AUG. 24.

WATCH FOR CIRCULARS

HERE'S A SAMPLE ITEM.

Five cases of Wash Dress Goods in Loom Ends, Remnants and Short Lengths, all colors, all designs, worth regularly to 20c yd., all in one big lot, during our Loom End Sale. **3c Yd**

Hundreds of Other Such Bargains.

ONE OF THE NORTH MEN.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]
For The Courier.

III

When a man's whole life is devoted to the crucifixion of the flesh, what will he do with the arrant little animal which we call a child? When a woman devotes herself to the temple of her house, prostrating herself upon its bare floors before she will soil a snowy counterpane with crease or wrinkle, how will she welcome the dauby little fingers of babies? It depends.

If Reverend James Mathiason had not quoted Genesis to Eliza Ann, his wife, it might have been different. Even a less discriminating person than his reverence would have noted Eliza's preference for self-immolation, and would have forborne to exhort. But it was the vocation of James Mathiason to tell people of their obligations. When, at a "revival" meeting, word was brought to him that he was the father of twins, the same responsibility entered his soul as when word came, after a "last warning" that a member of his audience in hearing of the prophecy had fulfilled the same by dying. It was an unusual access of the feeling that he was a shaper of human destiny. Lines of patriarchs with their wives and flocks stretched out before his mind:—they marched through wildernesses, and their enemies fled before them. That night he preached with such fervor that many fell on their faces, though an old itinerant there shook his gray locks and sighed:

"Fishers of men," he said to his gray-haired wife beside him,— "fishers of men. You angler throws out his line, and says, 'Bite or be damned!'" And the two began to soothe a trio of round-cheeked little girls, who were crying at the shouts and groans around them and the fierce accents before.

All unconscious, the lean young rider stood, his sinewy fingers shaking man and woman and child over the fiery gulf of perdition, his voice gathering fixedness as the thought began to form within him that his own flesh and blood must now suffer the inevitable chance of a lost race.

The little twin was crying. Its mother heard it, as she lay quietly, with the strong-featured, healthy child at her side. The pale, thin little thing in the other room would not live, they had said. So they had left it there. The mother needed care, and the hearty child.

Eliza Ann lay very still, her eyes fixed on the unpainted door, one black braid slipping from under the white frill of her cap. Now and then she tried to push back the braid, then she lay still and listened. The wail was very feeble. It grew more and more faint, until it died away.

From the opposite door came confused sounds; moving of dishes, opening and shutting of drawers, stove lids clanged clatteringly, and voices talked together. Presently all became silent, and the kitchen door opened a little way.

"We're going to have prayers now, mother."

She did not turn her head, but closed her eyes. A steady intonation from the half opened door grew in distinctness.

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother," came word by word. Eliza could fancy every movement of the long, thin lips.— "Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him to the elders of his place—"

The child at her side stirred. For a moment she heard nothing.

"And all the men of the city shall

stone him with stones that he die. So shalt thou put evil away from you. And all Israel shall hear, and fear."

The unctious with which the last words were uttered, sent a deeper pallor for a moment into the strong face of the listener. She made a movement as if to pull the patchwork counterpane over her face. Then she shut her lips hard and listened, in the pause, for a sound from the bedroom on the other side. All was still. Not the thinnest little plaint. Dully her eyes rested on the door-latch, the tiny squares of the window pane, beyond which leafless apple trees were showing black streaks where the snow that lay in the crotches trickled down the grey bark.

Presently, in the kitchen, there was a shoving of chairs over the bare floor, and mechanically Eliza Ann closed her eyes. When the long prayer ended, the door was pushed quite open.

"Could you hear, Eliza Ann?"

"Yes." She did not turn her face, which was toward the unpainted door.

"Eliza Ann"—the man walked around to the other side of the bed, facing his wife, rested a Bible on the green headboard, and looked solemnly at the tiny face in its folds of flannel,—

"Eliza Ann, we've a duty laid upon us both, which the Lord will require at our hands. Better that this child be like the other, than that we should let it grow up in stubbornness and rebellion."

The woman closed her eyes,

"Take it away," she said slowly, as if looking through the unpainted door.

Her husband opened the door, which scraped on the threshold and stopped half way. He pushed through, and the mother heard him walk heavily across the room. He came back quickly.

"Sary!" he called. A red head was thrust in from the kitchen.

"Sary,—you'd better get another blanket, and wrap this one up, and look

after it. It's breathin' natural." He walked with the Bible out of the house.

"Sary" lifted the child, and looked queerly from the stern face of the mother to the retreating form of the father, as she passed through Eliza's room to the kitchen stove where an old woman sat. And the girl started, as she slipped the tiny bundle into the nurse's lap.

"I've seen a month-old baby with no humaner eyes than them, granny. It looks as if it knew."

"They does know," muttered the crone, holding the little bird-claws to the grate. "Them that leaves a infant to die, comes to it some day. That's gospel for him."

M. H. Wall, Helena, Montana, had to resort to a newspaper list of daily arrivals at hotels to learn where he was staying yesterday, says the Chicago Record-Herald. He walked into the Great Northern, and, approaching Clerk Arnold, said:

"Please give me the key to 840."

That room being occupied by a regular boarder, the clerk suspected that a mistake had been made.

"Why, I am sure this is my hotel," said the Helena man. "I took a 'bus when I arrived in town and came here by way of a boulevard."

Then the clerk scanned the list of arrivals in the newspaper and at length found "M. H. Wall" in the column of Auditorium guests.

"That must be me," said the man. "Thanks for helping me locate myself."

Young Husband—Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost a lot of money.

Young Wife—Dick, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?—Tit-Bits.