

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.

6c Silver Gray and Black Prints, yard,	25c Brooches, Stick Pins, Hat Pins, Cuff Buttons, etc., each,	8-4 Unbleached Sheeting, yd., <b>17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c</b>	10,000 Cakes 10c Quality Soap, Loom End Sale, ea.,	7c Blea. Muslin, Loom End Sale, yard,	25c Irish Linen Writing Paper, pound,
<b>3c</b>	<b>5c</b>	8-4 Bleached, yd., <b>18c</b>	<b>5c</b>	<b>5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>c</b>	<b>15c</b>

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.

### IV.

It is said that Merry England, the England of Arden and of Robin Hood and gay Queen Bess, never came back again, after the men of cropped heads and straight collars had followed Oliver Cromwell through her palaces and court yards. And certain it is that in our frontier posts and river stations, on the march between our two oceans, those places where the circuit rider passed, retained their touch. Fierce and vehement, it might be, as the railings of Elijah, tender and passionate often as the heart tones of the Prophet of Love, always with a mastery and an authority not often heard today, voices in our wilderness proclaimed their message.

What of these pioneers, of our social republics, the fathers of our religious democracy, the shepherds of the souls of our patriarchal period? We know what they did, for their works remain, a solid bulwark for the American Dreyfus and Stambuloff, a safeguard in the shelter of which the protected outcast becomes the privileged outlaw—so bountiful is the great brotherhood, so strong the kingdom of conscience founded by our grim forbears. A line of obituary record, a note in the conference minutes of some more or less obscure denomination, a song that rises to the lips and eyes when troubled times darken over,—these are the chronicles. What of the men?

The North Man who rode along the river in Illinois and Wisconsin and Michigan, sixty years ago, and lived in his own despite, and in the despite of Eliza Ann, his wife, was essentially a frontier preacher. When the settlements grew closer, when the roads were laid out, and the smoke of forest fires

began to sweep away to the north, James Matthiason put together his Napoleon and his Bible, and Eliza Ann packed the remainder of her Canadian domestic paraphernalia. The twins, with Charles, John and James, mutually packed themselves.

A great tide was setting toward a farther river, and in one of the white bonneted wagons, like Rebecca among her father Laban's goods, sat Eliza Ann with Adah and Zellah and Charles and John and James. James, senior, walked usually beside the caravan, with the wind catching his grizzled temple locks and the round fringe of his beard. He had never enjoyed mount or gig of any description since his last ride with Cromwell II., in Canada West. He walked by day, and was satisfied to let another ride at night around the circle of the camp. It was meet that others watch the slumbers of the Lord's Anointed. Moreover, he was made to feel even more patriarchal before the pilgrimage ended by becoming the father of Dorcas, also.

Not that Eliza Ann was fond of Biblical appellations, or the seraglies and concubines of Old Testament history. Eliza Ann was performing her duty as it was pointed out to her by Genesis and by the Reverend James Matthiason. If her children seldom saw her smile, they never heard her scold. The one difference she had, in the course of her life time, with James, senior, had been out of the memory of her children. It concerned the naming of the twins.

When it was clear that both her first-born should live, a great peace of motherhood entered Eliza Ann's heart. In the placid, painless moments that came—only after hours of pain, to the life of Eliza Matthiason—she threaded names together—names of her stately Canadian aunts whom she remembered in feathery Irish point, and fine old Irish courtesy.

She recalled the names in the stories of her aunt Margaret, and by and by she found the two members of a couplet whose cadence soothed her anguished nerves and filled her with content.

Caroline Amelia and Adaline Adelia were the names; the first was for the little twin that had been left to wail out its first faint cry; the first was a prettier name to Eliza, and she felt a sense of reparation satisfied in the adjustment.

But it needed a stiff Scotch person of the last half century to rediscover the implied arrogance which the Norman bride asserted in her double name. Double names were superfluous in the eyes of the Reverend James Matthiason. Noah and Abraham had none. Neither did Miriam nor Judith nor Joel have need for furbelows of nomenclature. The Book was filled with names good and holy. No Matthiason needed more.

And even the example of Eve and many more Scriptural mothers were unavailing for Eliza. "Wives, be obedient to your husbands," ended the Biblical discussion, and the mother shed a few tears of weakness and disappointment, and felt her heart turn from Adah and Zellah.

Meanwhile the white tops of the moving wagons grew grey with Iowa dust, and the eyes, weary of long rolling curves, saw the lines of prairie huddle into whiter bluffs, and they knew that the muddy river lay before.

Adah and Zellah with Charles and James respectively nestled in their small laps, sat close to the puckered oval at the rear of their wagon, and watched the pink sweet slide from under their trail, as the wagon moved over.

They wanted some of the flowers, but would as soon have asked the roadside itself to bend up and reach in some stalks, as make a similar request of the man who walked there. Little John,

driving, would stop by and by and climb out to loosen the bridles and let the horses drink. Then he would stoop down, drink long and deep, and hand in some flower heads, along with the dipper of water "for mother."

This time she did not answer quickly to the chorus, "Do you know these kind, mother?"

She drank the water, with two tears in it, and long after the answer which they choked had become a twin lullaby for Charles and James, she lay with closed eyes under the hot canvas folds, seeing the two beds of sweet williams in the old Canadian door yard. She saw the oxen come up to the gate, with a great load of long, straight, resinous, fragrant trunks. The yoke creaked as the load halted, and the driver came around to the kitchen door to ask:

"Where's that turn-over, 'Liza Ann?" watching "Liza Ann" more than the turn-over while he ate.

Patsy Kane had slipped suddenly out of Eliza Ann's life, on the day of Janet Matthiason's funeral, and his face returned now as part of a dim phantom of the dusty plain,—a mirage of cavernous forest and cool, dim snows, set in Canadian winter air. The vision floated along in the dusty bows of the moving wagon, as it slid lower and lower and lower along the edge of the Missouri.

To the man who walked beside the wagon, the voice of his mission was as strong and unequivocal as when first he heard it from the lips of his dying mother. While there were frontiers to pace and perilous ways to tread, he felt his spirit thrill with the glow of battle.

To the woman within, the helpmate of his perils but not of his conquests, the face of the west was vast and menacing, and her sole comfort the vision of the old home of the past.

B etter not be at all than not be noble