

## OMAHA LETTER.

The S Ranch, Wyoming.  
August 28, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

If there is one thing above another which a summer outing will show you, it is that you never do the things you plan to do, and the utter futility of planning at all.

I brought books galore up here, and numerous pieces of fancy work to do, and odds and ends of sewing to finish.

Not one book is read, no fancy work the richer for a single stitch, and the odds and ends are untouched.

I think if it were not for the fact that Mother is really a rather superior person she would feel inclined to go about with her head pretty well up in the air, saying, "I told you so!" You know she really did not want to come out here very much, but we overruled her a trifle high-handedly.

Well, we do not any of us like it so very much, save Rob, and although Papa tries to make out he likes it exceedingly, "Methinks he doth protest too much."

Turn a family in on itself this way, with neighbors and a postoffice seven miles distant, and I don't know what is to prevent its becoming monotonous.

Gertrude and her friend are the most maddening members of the dilettante, I ever came across.

They flatly refuse to go off on long tramps, or climb, or to go fishing. They do not intend to go home all scratched and burnt up, so they inform me.

That may be natural enough. Perhaps if I had a "bo" I would feel equally concerned about my hands and complexion.

The girls go off occasionally, well swathed, and do a little very amateurish sketching, and bring home painful-looking canvases.

Gertrude brought a sketch back one day and showed it to Papa. He adjusted his eye-glasses carefully, looked at it up-side-down, and then said heartily, "Excellent! daughter, excellent! Mountain sheep, aren't they?"

Gertrude simply took it away, rather forcibly, saying, "The idea, Papa!"

I had quite a nice trip yesterday which has left its mark in the shape of more sore muscles than I supposed I was owner of.

Rob was possessed with a desire to go up the trail, to a place where Jim said there was fine fishing, and Jim said he would take him, and "Oh! please, please, Mother, couldn't he go?"

Mother would not consider it for a moment unless I would go with them. "Jim" lifted his hat with a bow worthy of a Chesterfield and said "he thought Miss Mayfair might enjoy it, if she did not mind something of a climb." I did mind it, but Rob threw himself on me in an ecstasy of pleading which I had not the heart to resist.

There was a great skirmishing around to fix up the poles and tackle, and Phoebe fixed up enough lunch, it seemed to me, for a small army.

"You g'long, Miss Pennelly," said Phoebe, when I remonstrated about the load I was to carry; "You's liable to eat dat bull thing yo'sef, 'cordin' to the way you's been eatin'."

That was unanswerable, so I took my book and the basket, and we started. Rob was joy, sunshine and laughter incarnate. He was so unspeakably happy.

Jim said: "Go easy, little man; you will tire yourself out; it is a good long way to the pool."

"Oh, no; I won't, Jim. I never get tired when they let me do the things I want to. It's only when mama says 'no.' That makes me sick to my stomach."

Refreshing candor of youth! The trail wound gently up the slope, sometimes leading straight through the icy-cold water, sometimes around a narrow

rocky ledge that jutted over the restless, tossing waters of the river on its hasty downward way.

The sunshine fell in occasional trembling mosaics on rock and water. Some places the trees were knit together into such a close cover that no sunshine reached in, and the arms of the forest seemed to fold us in a cold embrace.

The pool was a round basin-like sheet of water, which looked like a huge emerald, and in whose depths shining fish darted or lay in jeweled beauty.

Jim found a mossy spot where I could sit in cool comfort with my book.

"Don't worry about Rob, Miss Mayfair, if we get out of sight. I will take care of him."

I heard him giving Rob instructions about not talking or calling in loud tones, and telling him in such a man-to-man style that I was quite sure he would have no trouble in managing the lad.

Oh! how vast and still it was! With a vastness and stillness that seemed to mock my very thoughts.

It seems puerile to say that these things mock at humanity. "These things"—these great, sorrowful pines. These rugged, uplifted rocks and pure, sparkling waters from some great riven heart, mock at nothing, even the poorest thought of God. They may be sorrowful over us, in our unworthy struggling, but I think if they could reach out their great, strong arms they fain would draw unto themselves all the bruised, the sorrowful, the world-hurt and give them balm.

I had turned but one leaf of my book when the snapping of twigs and a boy's gay laughter warned me that time had galloped withal, and the fishermen were returning, if not with fish, surely with appetites.

"Pen, Pen! look at our dandy fish! And I caught two of 'em, didn't I, Jim?"

His cheeks were veritable roses of fire, his cap off, and great rings of moist gold hair curled on his forehead.

The string of fish being duly admired, Jim went to leave them in the water while I opened and spread out our luncheon. Phoebe had not overestimated our capacity. Sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs went down with a relish which would be an inestimable blessing if it would only last.

Think with what a comparative indifference one could contemplate the possible inferiority of one's dinner with an appetite like that.

After we had finished Rob crept over and laid his head into my lap, and very soon the "Rock-a-by lady from Hush-a-by street, came stealing—came creeping."

I do not recollect just how it came about, but come about some way it did, and Jim was telling me his story with deep, deep breath, and sudden pauses.

He was obliged to come out here during his last year in college. That sounds a simple, bold statement, but it meant complete Calvary for him.

He built the cross and nailed thereon, in agony of soul, his hopes and all the fair promise of his life.

It meant the renunciation of career, honor, possible wealth. It meant the tearing out of his life the "one fair woman under the sun."

"But," I said, pityingly, "if she loved you, as you her, wouldn't she have come here and been with you? Surely anything would be better than life-long separation."

He threw his arm out as if to ward aside the blow, and a look of helpless desperation filled his eyes.

This, then, was "sorrow's crown of sorrow." She had not cared enough.

We went home rather sorrowfully. Poor little Rob was tired out and dragged heavily. Poor big Jim was remorseful. "I should not have told you all my troubles, Miss Mayfair. I am really ashamed."

"Don't, don't, I beg you, regret what

# FitzGerald

NEW FALL  
DRESS FABRICS.

are all opened and displayed for your inspection. Our assortments are larger, more complete, more beautiful than ever before shown by any house in this city. The Trading Public look to us for all the new things; we always show them first. We are showing very many strictly new effects now, although a little ahead of the season. We invite your critical inspection,

## PRIESTLEY'S BLACKS.

Always the largest stock to select from here. We are special selling agents. All the newest styles in the well-known Priestley Blacks will be found on our counters. The Priestley Blacks are guaranteed.

## VENETIANS, GRANITES.

New Fall Venetian Cloths in brown, gray, blue, red, reseda, castor, etc. A beautiful line, 55c to \$2.50 yd. New Granite Cloths in tan, blue, red, castor, reseda and gray; 49c to 98c a yard.

## NEW WHIP-CORDS, ETC.

New Fall Whipcords and Melrose Cloths—the correct thing for fall. We show them in rose, reseda, red, gray, brown, blue, castor and all the staple shades, 46 inches wide, 98c a yard. New Fall Suitings in immense variety, 43c to \$3.50 a yard.

## NEW FALL WAISTINGS.

Handsome exclusive styles in All Wool and Silk and Wool Fabrics. A soft, clingy cloth so suitable for fall waists. Beautiful colorings. Prices range 25c to 98c a yard.

## NEW BLANKETS.

75c tan and gray Cotton Blankets, a pair.....	49c
85c extra size gray Cotton Blankets, a pair.....	61c
\$1.20 11-4 gray and tan Cotton Blankets, a pair..	85c
\$1.75 11-4 gray and tan Cotton Blankets, a pair..	\$1.25
\$2.25 12-4 large gray Cotton Blankets, a pair....	1.50
\$3.50 gray and tan Wool Blankets, a pair.....	2.68
\$3.98 fancy plaid Wool Blankets, a pair.....	2.95

## NEW FALL JACKETS AND FURS.

An especially interesting line is being opened and placed on our counters. See Window. All the newest lengths in Automobile Coats and Jackets.

New Fur Capes and Jackets. New Scarfs. Garments for the little folks in great variety, including a splendid line of Reefers—the best and largest ever displayed here. We invite your early inspection.

## NEW FALL CHINA AND LAMPS.

Wedgewood Blue Plates—9 inches rim to rim—engraved on which are historic buildings, patriotic subjects, as the Boston Tea Party, Signing of Declaration of Independence, etc.; 35 different historical reproductions, only to be found here. Choice for..... 50c  
Just the thing for the plate racks.

## OLD ENGLISH SALAD BOWLS.

We opened this week a cask of specially imported 9-inch Salad Bowls, with the old willow blue decorations. There are 300 of them in the lot, worth 50c, on sale for, each..... 25c  
□ 2 lots of nicely decorated China Creamers and Milk Jugs—big variety of decorations. The creamers are worth to 25c, for, each..... 15c  
The Milk Jugs are worth to 35c, for, each..... 19c  
We are showing a new line of lamps—different to any ever shown in Lincoln before. The Cerise, with ten-inch lace etched globe—mounted in black trimmings, is a marvel for..... \$6.50