RIFLE RANGE AT BELLEVUE.

The Annual Rifle Competition of the Department of the Platte.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RANGE.

How the Shooting is Conducted—The System of Credits—Target Practice—Skirmish Firing—The Contestants.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.*]

It is many years since Omaha stood in danger, so to speak, like Birnam wood, of moving to Bellevue. Since that time the one has ascended to metropolitan greatness, while the other has maintained the commonplace level of rural simplicity. Since that time the greatest attention that has been directed to the little city over the Missouri, is that now occasioned by the forthcoming rifle competition of the department of the Platte.

To the uninitiated it may be well to state that this competition is an annual occurrence, and in it is centered the attention of almost every soldier in the department. It is not devoid of interest, however, to others who are not of the army, especially sportsmen who follow the scores as they appear from day to day in the public prints. Two years ago, when the competition was held but a few miles north of Omaha, the pleasant days brought to the scene the pretty features and beautiful eyes of many of our society ladies who professed the deepest interest in the target work. This interest was by no means decreased if the marksman was a handsome young fellow, and above all, if he wore a shoulder strap and had not yet been stranded on the shoals of matrimony.

The remoteness of the range from Omaha, however, need not be offered as an excuse for not attending the competition this year. There are two trains in the morning on the B. & M., at 8:10 and 9:20 o'clock, each of which stop within a short distance from the range. No trains, however, return until 6:20 o'clock in the evening. But, what with the attractions of the range, the neighboring river and the leafy woods about, there is sufficient to engaged a pic-nicing coterie until the approach of evening.

Besides this, there is a mail road which leads through South Omaha, by the industries lately established there, and then skirting the hills to the south, and finally rounding that upon which H. T. Clarke has erected Bellevue college, finally leads in a sinuous way through a leafy wood to the range. It is understood that a number of driving parties are to take this route during the contest, which commences on next Tuesday. There will be but one thing to destroy the pleasure of the drive, and that is the information which is likely to be imparted, that the wells which feed the Big "Papio," along side of which the road winds, are not of Cologne.

When you break through the last circle of the wood you enter upon a stretch of meadow little less than half a mile in length and about one-third of a mile in width. Here, while on all sides thick woods abound, not a tree is to be seen. A few did hold possession of the tract, but these have been sacrificed, and on this green hued meadow is the range. On the right is a little city of glistening tents, the first being those of the officers. Then comes an open space, in the middle of which stands a tapering tree denuded of its limbs, from the top of which the stars and stripes wave in the evening breeze. Facing this space from the east are the headquarters of the officer in charge. On the north side of the area are other officer headquarters. To the northward of these is the officers' mess. Then follow the privates' quarters, their mess, commissary, dug outs and other essentials. Still farther to the north is a frame building which, in the distance and surrounding foliage, suggests old Shiloh church. But closer observation leads to the discovery that it is the bakery of the camp.

THE RANGE,

practically speaking, extends from south to north. At the former extremity a row of posts have been extended across the meadow, the two end ones being one hundred and twenty yards apart. This represents the width of the range. Ropes pass through these, and forbid beyond them the intrusion of the stranger during rifle practice or competition. At the other extremity are two huge banks of earth, one higher than the other, and like two terraces, extending toward the east. Behind these banks are eight white squares, each with a black disc in the middle. These are the targets. On the bank in front of each of these targets is a large figure easily visible to the naked eye, running from left to right, and one to eight, each designating the number of a target. The targets are forty-five feet apart. Leading up to the banks in front of the targets, are eight rows of small, white posts, about a foot above the ground, and forty-five feet apart from east to west. Longitudinally, however, they divide the range at one hundred yards intervals, and six occupy each line between the two extremities of the range, thus making the distance from end to end of six hundred yards. Outside the ropes is a small stand for judges, spectators, ammunition and an officer to communicate with the men at the targets.

At the latter place the men are said to be in the "pits," that is, they stand behind the bank mentioned, which is braced behind with a frame revetment. The top of this wall of earth is four feet thick, while at the base it is about fifteen. The men behind are considerably below the narrowest part of the bank, over which all the bullets aim to pass, and are consequently almost beyond the reach of a deadly missile. Three years ago, at Fort Omaha, I was shown a jagged fissure in the top timber of the revetment, through which a low and miserable shot had ploughed its way, about a foot from the marker's head.

The targets, on closer inspection, are light pine frames, over which cloth is stretched to its utmost tension. On this is pasted a cream-colored paper, six by six feet. In the middle of this square is a black disc, and this is surrounded by a large circle enclosing a smaller one. This is the target for long range, or 600 yards. Two of these targets, one above the other, are set in frame, describing a perpendicular. The frame is adjusted to a bar, which may be easily turned. When in this perpendicular position, one target is visible above the bank to the marksman. When the latter shoots and strikes the target, the men in charge of the same turn the bar, and the struck target is turned below, while the other, at the same moment, appears above. The perforation made by shot is covered by a disc of gummed paper about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar. When repaired, the target is ready to be again turned to the aim of the marksman, because the one which took its place has by this time been treated to perforation also. The latter is brought down and patched up like that just described. And thus, the work goes, quietly, methodically, with careful attention and a thorough realization of the importance of the duty. Two men work each target, one to turn it and signal the shots made, the other to repair the rents made by the bullets. These men are always privates, but they are in charge of a commissioned officer. Neither knows who is shooting, whether friend or foe, and consequently cannot, if he would, be guilty of a favorable report for a bad shot. The pits, it is true, are connected with the spectators by telephone, but that is always in charge of the officer in command, and is never used to facilitate or accomplish an unworthy act.

Besides the target mentioned, there is one for short range, six by four feet in size, with proportionate circles surrounding the black disc. This is for 200 and 300 yards.

The pits are a peculiar place to be for a nervous individual. Eight men are always, during practice or competition, firing before them. Only a bank of earth is between the mortal and sudden death. And, as a consequence, many mortals cannot divest themselves of the fear that perhaps "a bullet may come through." In the stillness of the place the civilian hears a sharp rifle crack. There may be several in rapid succession, and several may be audible at the same instant. The volume of noise is conditioned upon these circumstances. He cannot see the flash, nor observe the marksman. The latter, too, is ignorant of the civilian's curiosity, and fires only with the intent of reaching a "bull's-eye." Simultaneously with the explosion of the weapon is heard a slight sound, akin to that of the snap of the fore-finger and thumb. The bullet has sped through the target, and buried itself in the wood or been drowned in the river beyond. And yet but a few inches are between the mortal's head and the bullet's course. The target is examined. The marker sees the hole and signals the judge at the other extremity of the range. This he does with iron discs, according to the number made by the marksman. If the soldier strikes the black center, he is credited with five. That is signalled by the marker running up a white iron disc upon a pole, above the bank. The circle outside the center counts four, which is marked by a red disc; the next counts three, signalled by a black cross on a white ground; the next circle counts for two, and is announced by a red flag, which the soldiers call a "flannel bull's-eye." Besides this target practice there is also what is known as

SKIRMISH FIRE.

For the first time, this part of the work will be conducted differently from what it has been heretofore. The targets have been discarded, and silhouettes of men in standing, kneeling and recumbent positions substituted. These silhouettes are made with a steel frame covered with cloth, upon which dark paper is pasted. They are placed at regular intervals. If the skirmisher hits the recumbent dummy, he is credited with five, if the kneeling one, with four, and the standing one with three points.

Skirmish firing is by far the more difficult feature of the competition, especially as above described. It requires celerity, quickness of perception and accuracy under vastly different circumstances from target work. The soldier is supplied with forty cartridges, one man being assigned to each silhoutte, at 600 yards. At the command, "skirmishers, attention," each man loads, and at subsequent orders he advances, breaks into a double time until the command to halt is given. Sights are adjusted to the distance and positions for firing assumed. Six seconds are allowed for this, when the command to fire is given. At the last note of the sound, firing is commenced and continued in the discretion of the competitor for fifteen seconds, when the command to cease firing is given by the commanding officer. The skirmishing lasts two days, an advance and a retreat being made each day by every competitor. This is by far the most interesting feature of the competition and well worthy the attention of visitors.

In the target shooting, each man on each day fires ten shots at each of the distances, 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. The shots at 200 yards are fired standing, at 300 kneeling or sitting, and at 500 and 600, lying down. In the latter posture, there is quite a number of attitudes, each man seemingly having a peculiar one for himself. Three years ago I saw Lieutenant Merriam assume his 600 yards position upon a wet sod, and remain immovable for minutes while making his shots. They went to the bull's eye, too, notwithstanding the difficulty. For the second time that year he stood at the head of the department team; later, at Leavenworth, he shot to the lead of the division team, and later still in the year, at the same place, he stood at the head of the army team, in which the best shots of the service competed. Now, with a breast covered with gold and silver medals, with gray hairs, yet a comparatively young man, he is barred from further competition, and the young men of this department have now an opportunity to emulate his example.

THE SOLDIERS

engaging in this competition come from every regiment in the department, one man from each company and two officers from each regiment being the representation. The regiments now in this department are the Second, Sixth, Seventh Seventeenth and Twenty-first infantry, and Ninth cavalry. From the competitors, the twelve men who make the highest aggregate score in both target work and skirmishing will be selected to compose the department team. The two men next in record to these twelve will be selected as alternates. The team meets the the other teams of the department in the division of the Missouri, at Leavenworth, on the 13th of next month, to form a division team, composed of the best shots in the division, and this division team will meet those of the other divisions at the same place to constitute the army team on the same plan. The man standing at the head of the army team receives a magnificent gold medal, which, last was won, as heretofore remarked by Lieutenant Merriam of the Fourth infantry.

Major Guy. V. Henry, of the Ninth cavalry, and inspector of rifle practice, is in command of this competition. His assistants are Captain James Ulio, Second infantry, commanding rifle camp and executive officer; Second Lieutenant Charles B. Cochran, Seventh infantry, adjutant and statistical and financial officer; Second Lieutenant E. H. Brooke, Twenty-first infantry, acting adjutant quartermaster and ordnance officer, and Second Lieutenant H. D. Styer, Twenty-first infantry, and commissary officer. The range officers are as follows: First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Seventeenth infantry; Second Lieutenant V. J. Brumback, Second infantry; Second Lieutenant E. F. Taggart, Sixth infantry; Second Lieutenant Charles H. Muir, Seventeenth infantry, and Second Lieutenant H. B. Benham, Second infantry.

To-morrow there will be preliminary practice, Tuesday the competition will begin, followed on Wednesday at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. On Thursday skirmish firing will commence, and on Friday there will be regimental team matches, bull's-eye firing and department competition and skirmish firing.

The officers in charge are courteous gentlemen who merit kindly consideration from our people, the more so because of their having recently come to this part of the world. I am satisfied it will be a pleasure to them to be able to extend their courtesy to the extent of making agreeable any visit of inspection which may be made them by our people.

E. A. O'BRIEN.

A Left Bower.

Yonkers Statesman.

I met a girl upon the street,
As pretty as a flower,
I tipped my hat; she did not bow,
But looked quite awful sour.

I felt just like the jack of clubs,
When spades are trumps, that hour;
Of course you know just how that is—
I felt like a "left bower."

CALIFORNIA'S LONG BRANCH.

Where the Placid Pacific Takes a Brighter Hue Than Elsewhere.

A SHORT VISIT TO MONTEREY.

The Most Beautiful Summer Resort in the State—The Drives and Walks and Baths Perfect.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Mr. William Wallace, of the Omaha National, said to me just before the Nebraska Editorial excursion left Omaha for the Pacific coast, "If you go to California, visit Monterey and the Hotel del Monte—even if you see nothing else in the whole state." With this injunction on my mind, I left the excursionists (whose itinerancy did not include Monterey) and took a run down there with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Dewey and Miss Belle Dewey, of Omaha. We spent yesterday (Sunday) in admiring the beauties of the place, its unequaled drives, its cosy hotel, and we urge upon other Omaha friends who may travel this way the same injunction that Mr. Wallace gave me.

The fastest train on the Pacific coast runs from San Francisco to Monterey, 125 miles south in three and one-half hours. It is through a beautiful country, the Santa Clara valley, past long stretches of cultivated fields and by suburban towns where the wealthy people of San Francisco have their homes—Menlo Park, Redwood and San Jose.

One feels at home as soon as he enters the spacious rotunda at the Hotel del Monte, especially if it be evening and the ladies are gathered about the big fire-place, where the logs burn merrily. For, be it known, the nights are always cool at Monterey and the days of such agreeable, delightful temperature that the difference between the winter and summer range of the thermometer is marked by but a few degrees. The hotel is roomy and comfortable, the dining room one of the most cheerful I have ever seen, and the cooking quite perfect, including glorious fish from the bay near at hand.

One runs over to the club house, if it is evening, and watches the belles and beaux play at ten pins; or lingers in the spacious parlors or the ladies' billiard room, reserving the walk around the grounds until morning. And when morning comes and you glance out at the artificial lake, with its geyser-like fountain sending up a cloud of water from the center, on which the sunbeams turn to violet and crimson and gold, and through the waving branches of the giant oaks beyond catch a glimpse of the turquoise blue of the Pacific, which bears a brighter color near Monterey, they say, then you exclaim, "This is indeed the resort of all resorts; if there be a paradise on earth it is here."

Then step out into the grounds, for which nature has done much, but for which a corps of forty gardeners is constantly doing more. A range of pebbled walks runs out under the trees through grass-plots of emerald greenness, bordered with flowers, such as one only sees in California, with a cactus garden here and a fernery there, and "hollyhocks all in a row," and hedges of foxgloves ten feet high, and roses without end! In shaded nooks are swings and teters and slides for the children, while the older young folks take delight in the croquet and tennis-grounds. There are three tennis courts made on meadows, the division lines being painted plainly and all surrounded in the high retaining nets of wire, making the most complete arrangement for the game I have ever known. Here is a trimness and a finish, about the improvements here that display a master hand.

The little town of Monterey, historically famous, lies about a mile away, and on the road is situated the immense bath house, on the decoration and improvements of which $75,000 has been lavished. There are two hundred and ten dressing rooms, and the four immense tanks are heated by steam. As for surf bathing, one can get that outside in the bay, a magnificent sheet of water twenty-eight miles from point to point, and the beach is considered by many the finest on the coast.

The sleepy old town is quite a study for the eastern bred who, for the first time sees a relic of the Spanish dominion here. It was in December, 1602 that Don Sebastian Vizcayus, acting under instructions from Philip III, of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of this bay and took possession of the country, which he named in honor of Caspar de Zuniga, Count de Monte Rey, Viceroy of Mexico and projector of the expedition. It was their intention to found a church there, but one hundred and sixty-eight years passed before a white man again trod that shore, when the good padre Junipero Terra, of whom we have all read in Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful novel "Romona," headed sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, and founded the Carmel mission, the second in California.

To reach this ancient building, now in ruins, but still showing its admirable design, one takes the celebrated seventeen mile drive, undoubtedly the most picturesque in America. It is through grand woods, full of wild flowers, every now and then emerging to skirt the foam flecked shore or climb some jutting promontory that gives a far-off view across the deep blue sea. Did I say blue? That is not enough; we see a prism here, a dash of sapphire now and then, and emerald, mingled with opal and cream white, all rising and falling and changing tones with every swell of the ocean or every passing cloud. On rocky islands near the shore seals and sea birds disport themselves, and at Cypress Point one comes upon a grove of trees that is worth crossing two continents to see—giant, ghost like trees, shrouded in moss and flecked with sunlight, all heavy topped with gnarled and twisted limbs and stumps.

A little beyond the end of this macadam road is Carmel mission, where lie the remains of fifteen governors of the state, and the tomb of the apostle of California, Junipero Terra, who died in 1784. Here the first potatoes in California were raised, in 1826, about the time when the mission was wealthiest, and the fathers possessed 20,000 cattle, 50,000 sheep, 3,000 horses, with merchandise valued at $50,000, and silver to the amount of $40,000, all of which were converted to secular uses ten years later by a decree of the Mexican congress, and the peaceful existence of the little community rudely interrupted. CLEMENT CHASE.

They Met by Chance.

They met by chance, the usual way,
Down in the meadow near the lane,
Where thrive the ferns and flow'rets gay,
And wild birds join in sweet refrain;
A most enrapturing retreat—
A calm, secluded trysting place—
A spot where lovers love to meet
And blend their souls in love's embrace.

The dew caressed the tiny flow'rs,
The moon rolled silently above,
And all throughout the hazy hours
The nightingale sang to his love.
Therer was the very dence to pay
Down in the meadow by the lane—
They met by chance, the usual way—
The cow and that 'ere railway train.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S HAREM.

Beauty and Youth the Only Perquisites for Entering its Portals.

St. James' Gazette: Under former reigns in Persia the rule was that no male person over ten years of age should be found on the line of route of a royal wife or daughter. It was death to disobey this order. Even now Europeans wisely avoid unpleasantness by turning down a side street when they hear the shouts of "Gitchin" (i. e., "Begone" in Turkish) from the eunuchs who accompany the palace ladies.

The late American minister, Mr. Benjamin, made a great mistake on one occasion by neglecting this plan. With true American simplicity, he was accustomed to ride through the streets with only one servant. Meeting the procession one day, he failed to turn out of its path. The result was that his servant was beaten, and he himself was hustled into a byroad. Next day he duly lodged a complaint of this treatment, and had to put up with the apology "that naturally, the royal servants would not recognize a one-horse minister.'"

General Gersteiger Kahn, an Austrian officer of engineers, many years in the service of the Shah, was wiser in his generation. He met the late queen-mother and the royal ladies when he was on foot, turned his face to the wall like a native, and, as each carriage passed, deliberately saluted from the back of his head. The ladies screamed with laughter, and told the shah, who persuaded him to repeat his novel salutes, and then congratulated him on his discretion.

A good deal is known of the royal seraglio from those who have had opportunities of seeing it; but these persons are few. A French pianiste, Mme Hadji Abbas, an aged French woman who passed forty years in the royal palace as interpreter to the royal ladies, and an Italian lady, the wife of Mastauful-Mamalck, were the only persons in Persia who could really speak on this subject with authority. During my long residence in Persia I only knew of one harem tragedy; in that case a black slave was pistolled and a lady died. But these accidents did not occur in the king's palace. I remember an unfortunate who, while he was engaged in excavating a watercourse, suddenly found himself in the royal harem, and nearly died of fright, but the king seeing how matters stood, pardoned him.

Fresh acquisitions for the seraglio arrive frequently, at times in batches. The mode of getting rid of those who have ceased to please is simple and yet ingenious. There is no sewing up in sacks, no casting from towers, no bow-string, no poisoning. Some provincial general is informed that he will be favored with a wife from the royal harem. To refuse is impossible: the disgusted lady arrives and is placed at the head of her new husband's household. She usually insists on his immediately divorcing his other wives, and in any case treats them as inferiors. One of my Persian friends was General F—Khan. He became the recipient of one of these royal favors. She led him a sad life, and her never alluded to her but (in a whisper) as "the old camel."

Beauty and youth are the few and simple qualifications for entering the royal harem. Various accomplishments, such as singing, playing on the hand drum, the tambourine, or the harmonica, are often acquired after the lady has been received into the seraglio. Every lady who becomes a royal wife has a separate establishment and servants of her own in the harem enclosure. Only the fresh arrivals, and those who have failed to please, live together in a sort of barrack, under the supervision of the Amin-i-Akdas, an old favorite who acts as a sort of "mother of the maids." Every Thursday there is a kind of review, the Shah personally inspecting the whole establishment other than the recognized wives and favorites. The throwing of the handkerchief is no invention, and has not gone out of practice.

The number of legitimate wives (or akdi) for every Mussulman is four. The head wife, the cousin of the shah, having the title of Shukues-Sultana, is the great granddaughter of Futteh Ali Shah, a monarch whose family was so large that 110 of his descendants were alive at his death. This lady is mother of the crown prince, or Valiad. Her marriage with the king was one of policy. The next wife in seniority is the daughter of a son of Futteh Ali Shah. She is only known to rumor as having a somewhat sharp temper. The third wife, and the actual favorite, is the Anys-u-Dowlet. She has been a legitimate wife nearly ten years, is very fat, fairly good-looking, and is said to be very good-tempered and attractive. She actually accompanied the shah as far as Moscow on his first journey to Europe; but the attempts to see her by the Russians of all classes were so pertinacious, that, to her great disappointment, she was sent back to Teheran. The Anys-u-Dowlet had immense influence, and yet she never takes a bribe. But her own family is well cared for. Three of her relatives fill important positions at the court where their reputation is not that of their royal kinswoman. The whole family were the children of a village miller who lived near Dimarvend, a nearly extinct volcano, which, capped with eternal snow, towers over Teherán, and may be seen at a distance of 200 miles.

Of the Seegahs, the mother of the Zil-es-sultan, the king's eldest son, is the senior. She looks well after the interests of her son. She was a poor Kurdi girl; her brother, who occupies the office of master of the horse to his nephew, is an extremely rude and rough kind of personage. The mother of the Naib-u-sultanen, a favorite of the shah, (whom he much resembles), ranks next. This lady also is not of royal blood, being the daughter of the maimar-bashi, or head architect.

The amusements of the ladies are tea parties, music, story-telling, the bath—in which they spend many hours—picnics, excursions in the royal carriages, smoking, and the eating and making of sweetmeats and confectionery and pickles. The honor of being selected to accompany the king on his hunting excursions is much coveted and jealously intrigued for. When in the large glass coaches of the king the ladies are not cruelly careful to conceal their charms from the casual European. Most o those who were in the habit of driving on the Gulahak road, the drive outside Teheran, have caught many glimpses of the royal ladies as their carriages passed the vehicles of the Feringhis at a gallop. These lights of the harem are much bedizened and much painted, and as a rule—and except for their magnificent eyes—ugly. Possibly the ladies do not go out till they have become a little passees or not, perhaps, till increasing obesity renders carriage exercise a necessity. It must not be supposed that all or even most Persian ladies are fat and ugly; that would be quite a mistake. Life in the royal harem tends to fatness, perhaps.

Formerly the king's harem was governed by the shah's mother, who has immense influence with her son. She was a stern monitress, and harem executions under her rule were frequent. This clever woman had her detractors, who made her out a sort of Catherine of Prussia.

It may be true, or it may be false, but it is related as characteristic of the appointments made in the New York custom house by Collector Hedden, recently resigned, that Superintendent of the Barge Office Whalen was asked a few days ago whether a certain steamship had been spoken, when he replied: "I ain't heard her spoken of."

Fresh cures of throat and lung troubles make Red Star Cough Cure more popular.

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And for the Next Thirty Days

GO THERE FOR BARGAINS

Ladie's Button Shoe, former price, $1.50; now 90 cents.
Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes, former price, $2.50; now $1.50.
Ladies' Fine Shoes, former price $4; now $2.50.
Ladies' Genuine French Kid Shoes, former price, $7.50; now $4.50.
Mens' Working Shoes, former price, $1.50; now $1.10.
Mens' Fine Shoes, former price, $2.50; now $1.65.
Mens' Good Calf Boot, former Price $3; now $2 20.
Men's Genuine Veal Kid Boot, former price $3.75; now $2.50.
Mens' Fine Shoes, former price $5.50; now $4.85.
Mens' Wool Hats, former price $1.00; now 55 cents.
Mens' Genuine Fur Hats, former price $1.50; now $1.
Mens Fine Fur Hats, former price $3.50; now $2.20.
Men's Working Shirts, former price 65 cets; now 40 cents.
Men's Fine Working Shirts, former price 75 cents; now 55 cents.
Men's Fine White Shirts, former price $1; now 59 cents.
Men's Fine Bosom Shirt, collar attached, former price, $1.25; now 80 cents.
Men's Overalls, former price, 75c; now 45c.
Men's Jeans Pants, former price, $1.50; now 73 cents.
Men's Good Working Pants, former price, $1.25; now 83 cents.
Men's Fine Dress Pants, former price, $1.50; now $1.10.
Men's Fine Dress pants, former price, $3.50; now $2.15.
Trunks, former price, $1.25; now 75 cents.
Trunks, former price, $12; now $8.
Good Zinc Trunks, former price, $5.50; now $3.50.
Thread Laces, former price, 10 cents; now 4 cents.
Thread Laces, former price, 15 cents; now 7 cents.
Thread Laces, former price, 20 cents; now 8 cents.
Thread Laces, former price, 35 cents; now 16 cents.
Torchon Laces, former price, 20 cents; now 11 cents.
Torchon Laces, former price, 27 cents; now 17 cents.
Ladies' Gauze Underwear, former price, 40 cents; now 25 cents.
Ladies' Gauze Underwear, former price, 50 cents; now 33 1-3.
Ladies' Gauze Underwear, former price, 65 cents; now 37 1-2 cents.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, former price, 50 cents; now 25 cents.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, former price, 65 cents; now 40 cents.
Ladies' Brilliant Lisle Hose, former price, $1.25; now 75 cents.
Laies' Kid Gloves, former price, 75 cents; now 50 cents.
Ladies' Kid Gloves, former price, $1.50; now 75 cents.
Ladies' Kid Gloves, former price, $1.75; now $1.10.
Ladies' Gossamers, former price, $1.25; now 90 cents.
Dress Goods, double width, former price, 10 cents; now 7 1-2 cents.
Dress Goods, former price, 12 1-2 cents; now 9 cents.
Dress Goods, former price, 15 cents; now 12 1-2 cents.
Fine Plaids, former price, 20 cents; now 13 cents.
Fine Plaids, former price, 50 cents; now 30 cents.
Brocaded Dress Goods, former price, 50 cents; now 35 cents.
Cashmeres, former price, 35 cents; now 18 cents.
Cashmeres, former price, 50 cents; now 30 cents.
Cashmeres, former price, 65 cents; now 45 cents.
Fine Frehch Cashmeres, former price, 90 cents; now 55 cents.
Fine French Cashmeres, former price, 85 cents; now 57 1-2 cents.
Fine French Cashmeres, former price, $1; now 70 cents.
Fine French Cashmeres, former price, $1; now 72 cents.
Fine French Cashmeres, former price, $1.50; now $1.

The prices given above are at and below cost, and will rapidly close out the stock. Our stock is large and complete and prices are all marked down as proportionately low as on the goods mentioned.

JOHN LINDERHOLM,

614 and 616 South Tenth Street. BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE.

MEN ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

Faces Which Belie the Characters of Their Owners.

CHARACTER READERS' MISTAKES

Some of Omaha's Men Who do Not "Size Up" According to the Principles of Physiognomy.

'Do you see that portly gentleman sitting over there?" said a commercial man to a reporter, as the two were enjoying a quiet after-supper smoke in front of the Millard hotel last evening. "Well, his hobby is character reading, and he calls himself a professor of phrenology and physiogomy. His title is Prof. ——, and he has achieved some notoriety in the east. Pump him—you may be able to write up a good article from what he tells you."

The "pointer" was sufficient, and the newspaper man, self introduced, was soon talking with the professor.

"Yes," said that worthy, gazing down upon the interviewer through a pair of gold-rimmed eye glasses, "man's face is to me an open and interesting book. The Creator has, in his infinite wisdom, printed every man's characteristics on his face. To read those characteristics requires a rare species of natural talent, keen discernment and large experience. Some men have typical faces, that to the student of physiogomy reveal the nature, occupation, and you might almost say, the history of their owners. I rarely or never make a mistake in reading them. Let me try it on some of these people passing by.

"Ah! There passes the self-satisfied man of the world. His eye, his face, his manner, all indicate that, to use a common expression, he 'feels his oats.' He is a man whose every action proclaims, 'I am successful.' Am I right?"

"Quite correct. That is William A. Paxton, one of Omaha's wealthiest and most successful citizens."

"Aha!" rejoined the professor gleefully, pleased with his first success. "Let me try it again. Ah, here comes another subject. See that ruddy, open face, that ponderous abdomen and that fatherly look. Surely they belong to the presiding elder of the Methodist church, or, possibly to a bishop. Only yellow-legged chickens and the society of confiding sisters give that bland, easy manner. Do you know him?"

"Yes," answered the scribe, "I do. But I am afraid you are slightly off. That man is C. S. Higgins, one of Omaha's best known saloon men."

This rather stunned the phrenologist, but he continued:

"Observe that tall, powerfully built man coming across the street. Surely his splendid build, muscular frame, and long easy strade, proclaim him to be a pugilist?"

"Wrong again. That's Rev. T. C. Hall, pastor of the Southwest Presbyterian church."

"Aha! See that gentleman now passing in front of you. There is no mistaking him. He is certainly a minister or a theological student. That pale, spiritual face, that sad, far-away look, all declare him to be to be a man whose mind is not on worldly things. Surely I am correct?"

"Well, hardly. That gentleman is Dr. McMenamy, a well-know physician. He is anything but a preacher."

Nothing daunted, the professor continued: "There is another typical face—that of a three card monte man. See that sharp eye, that heavy, black moustache, that hat pulled down low upon his forehead, that active, yet stealthy movement I cannot be mistaken. He is a card-sharp."

"No," said the reporter, emphatically, as the professor looked at him in an inquiring way, "that is Rev. C. W. Savidge, pastor of the Seward street Methodist church."

"Well," replied the phrenologist, "remember that there are exceptions to all rules. Ah! here comes another typical face. That gentleman I should take to be a capitalist of ample means with nothing to do but to invest his money. His look of self-satisfaction, his easy, careless walk are those of the millionaire."

"You are wrong again. That is Professor Patsy Fallon, the boxer and teacher of sparring. He would take it as a deadly insult were you to call him a millionaire to his face."

And so the professor rambled on, never discouraged by the mistakes he had made. Henry Hornberger and Dr. Mercer happened to be passing down the street and he immediately declared that they were Nebraska farmers who had wandered into town to see the sights. He gazed upon the thoughtful face of W. V. Morse and declared that it belonged to a professor of mathematics in some college. John Francis passed by and the phrenologist, taking his cue from the bland, persuasive smile, decided that Mr. F. was a typical confidence man. Rev. W. J. Harsha came dashing down the street behind his span of thoroughbreds, and it did not take the professor more than five seconds to make up his mind that he was a turfman. When Tom Murray passed by he broke out ecstatically, "Do you see that man walking with stately tread? There is one born to command, to direct and push any scheme which would fail in the hands of men possessed of less indomitable energy! The lines in his face indicate determination and steadfast purpose. Is it not so?" In a few words the reporter gently explained how sadly the professor had missed the mark. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The professor, with a look of disgust which no ordinary pen could portray, borrowed one dime from the reporter and walked away. When last seen, he was seeking consolation in the foaming depths of a "stein."

THE NEW BRIDGE.

Property Being Purchased for the Western Approach.

For some time past the Union Pacific has quietly been buying up land in the neighborhood of the west approach to the bridge. It was declared one day last week that the company had got about all the property it wanted, and that the recent purchases were for the use of the new union depot.

Upon inquiry of the proper officials this was denied, and the statement made that the depot site had not yet been determined on.

"Had it not been for the opposition of Tenth street property owners to a viaduct along that thoroughfare," said an official, "the union depot would have been practically completed, whereas we are at a loss where to put it. No," he continued, "the land we are buying now is for use in making an approach to the new bridge for wagons and the street car tracks. You may see the proposed course of the road by this map I have here. The route taken starts from a point near the corner of Sixth and Leavenworth streets, and without reference to the streets themselves runs in a south and eastern direction to the bridge, crossing to the east. The road will go through blocks 207, 208 and 215, most of which is now owned by the road. The roadway will be enclosed on either side by cut stone walls, and the entire work will be made as artistic and substantial as practicable."

Colored men propose to raise $1,000,000 to erect monuments in Washington to the benefactors of their race.

A CHAPTER OF EARLY HISTORY

Something About Scrip-Town, Now a Portion of the City of Omaha.

EARLY LAND SPECULATIONS.

The Present High Value of Lots Which Were Once Bought for $1.25 per Acre.

The growth of Omaha is so remarkable that few people stop to consider that it was once a small town. The city of Omaha proper was laid out in 1854, under the supervision of A. D. Jones, who is still a resident of the place. Expectation ran high, and in the ensuing year 1,000 acres of land lying north of the city limits, and running east and west along the north line, were laid out into lots, and called North Omaha or Scrip-town. It was joined on the north by Saratoga, which was then a rival to Omaha, and whose limits commenced on the south at a point near the present fair grounds.

SCRIP-TOWN

was a fruitful source of speculation, and a great deal of money was invested in its lots. The land was taken and occupied under the town-site law, and when it became of value a question was raised as to the legality of the title. A portion of it had originally been taken up by a man named Robert Shields, who soon afterwards abandoned it, when it was laid out in town lots. An old man named Beson bought Shields' right and squatted on it. A couple of Council Bluffs speculators named Cassiday and Test in turn purchased Shields' title to the land. Shields in the meantime had returned to Omaha and taken up his claim again. Cassiday and Test realized that the property would become valuable, and they endeavored to perfect a title. Some proceedings were gone through before the commissioner of the general land office at Washington and finally a sort of patent was issued. It failed, however, of being perfect and the Council Bluffs men despairing of making anything out of the land disposed of it to John I. Redick. The latter gentleman commenced to dispose of it to different individuals. There was a great deal of litigation arising out of it and there is a question to-day as to the title of a portion of what was known as Scrip-town. While Cassidy and Test were endeavoring to gain a title Dr. Gilbert C. Monnell, who was the mayor of Omaha, was selling lots in Scrip-town proper. He claimed title by purchasing from the government. After a doubt had been cast upon the legality of the city's title Monell filed the land for entry in the land office here and in due course of time purchased the land at government prices for $1.25 per acre. He then confirmed the titles to the land he had already sold, giving to each purchaser a warranty deed.

THE EARLY MAPS

of Omaha show the plat of Scrip-town and it makes a continuation of the city from Nicholas street north. The blocks and lots and streets conform to those of the city proper, only the lots are a trifle smaller. After the dispute over the land commenced the plat was left off the regular maps and it was marked in the names of those who took it up under the general laws. Harbach's, E. V. Smith's, Denise's, Paulson's, Lake's and Foster's additions, and many other parcels of land are located on what was then known as Scrip-town.

A number of Omaha men interested largely in the property, among them being Byron Reed who is said to have lost considerable money on his purchases. It is now nearly all occupied by houses, and is one of the most desirable portions of the city. Many of the lots have become very valuable selling as high as $2,000 and $3,500 each.