THE BICYCLERS OF OMAHA.

History of the Organization and Growth of the Club.

ITS EARLY STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Present Prosperity and Prospects—Roster of Officers and Members—The Many Recommendations of the Sport.

The Wheel Club.

Bicycling is a sport that is highly recommended by the medical profession as not only a promoter of good health, but a developer of the muscles and a most pleasurable and beneficial recreation. It imparts a keenness to the vision, a vigorous circulation to the blood and strength to the whole anatomy that would be difficult to acquire by any other species of calisthenics. It is highly recommended in all the most noted collegiate institutes where the development of the body is almost as great a consideration as the cultivation of the mind. Bicycling to-day, as an exercise and sport, has the call in Omaha, and the splendid results of the practice justify all this popularity. Perchance a brief history of the pastime here, from its first inception, will not prove uninteresting.

It was sometime during the year 1880 that the bicycle, which had then completely displaced the old velocipede, first became a common sight upon the streets of Omaha. Even then it was not common, but a whirling wheel along the thoroughfares was a spectacle of such frequency as to familiarize all with its mechanism, its graceful beauty and desirability as a source of most delightful exercise.

It was on the evening of March 19, 1881, that a select coterie of friends, principally the young scions of wealthy families, assembled at Mayor Broatch's office on Harney street for the purpose of discussing the advisability of oganizing a wheel club. Among those present were Messrs. John E. Wilbur, John and Richard Carrier, George Patterson, J. R. Lehmer, H. C. Cranz, W. H. Hall, C. M. Woodman, Frank Schneidor, Thomas Kimball jr., C. J. Canan, G. M. and John G. Hitchcock.

Out of this meeting grew the Omaha Bicycle club, with George Patterson, president, H. C. Cranz, secretary and treasurer and John Carrier, captain. Mayor Broatch was made an honorary member.

This was the signal for an influx of wheels here; some of the members appeared in the regulation knickerbockers, and for a season or two the sport thrived like a cedar of Lebanon.

Finally, however, the wire edge wore off, many of the members left for pastures new, others lost interest in the organization, and it gradually passed into a listless, but not innocuous desuetude. This old bicycle club, however, was among the first organized in the United States, and its league membership number was fifteen. To-day the Omaha wheel club, which was procreated by the first, holds an enviable position in the estimation of wheeling circles throughout the country.

It was not until '85 that the Omaha Wheel club was organized and put upon a permanent basis. The first officers were: O. H. Gordon, president; John Hitchcock, captain, and C. M. Woodman, secretary and treasurer. In the autumn of that year the club leased the old Athletic park on North Sherman avenue, and constructed a fine racing course. This completed, the first wheeling tournament ever held in the west took place. It proved, however, anything but a howling success, as the club netted a loss of something like $400. This financial calamity, however, was not sufficient to dampen the ardor of the organization, and when golden October again rolled round, they held their second grand tourney. It was the same old story, with an additional chapter. This event brought an increased profit in the same direction as the first, and the club gave a couple of convulsive gasps, and it looked for awhile as if was in the last throes of dissolution, but finally revived. It was durng this tourney that the young and unsophisticated bicyclers had their first experience with a "ringer." He came here from Toronto, Canada, and sailed complaisantly along under the unsuspicious non de plume of Harry Patterson, but in fact, was none other than Fred Westbrooke, one of the speediest of all the Canadian professionals. He entered all the races and literally ran the amateurs to death, beating them at every stage of the game and carrying off all the desirable prizes, as well as a considerable roll of the "long green" which the friends of the local heroes put up on the outside. Some of the boys, it is whispered by those who well remember this trying epoch, went without their cigarettes for weeks afterward. Were they hot when they learned of the way they had been scooped? "Well," as an old-timer remarked to the writer, "the sub-terrestial crematory was no where in comparison." If the irate wheel club, in a body, could have laid hands on Henry the day following the wind-up of the festivities his name would not have been Patterson or Westbrooke either, but Mud! This woful experience, together with their monetary losses, made the boys sick of tournaments, and they gave no more, but have since devoted themselves to road riding exclusively.

And what could be more ecstatic than a run out into the country districts upon a lazy spring day; bowling along the tortuous highways, under soft skies and in the jocund sunshine, gulping in the cool, invigorating air, which comes like an elixir of life from over the immeasurable prairies, and feasting the eye and brain and soul upon the glories of the budding scenery. Nothing! Comes the answer from all those who know what it adds to life to take just such a ramble upon his byke as this.

The club first secured rooms upon upper Sixteenth streets, but vacated these in '86 for cosier quarters in the Groenig block on south Thirteenth street. They remained here for something over a year when they again moved, this time to their attractively appointed quarters on Dodge, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

The existing roster of officers is F. N. Conner, president; E. B. Smith, vice president; Perry Badollet, secretary; Frank N. Clarke, treasurer; Ed Lytle, captain; G. O. Francisco, lieutenant; and Perry Bodollet, W. H. Rhodes and D. M. Lewis, buglers.

The club is now in a flourishing condition in all details, the membership is large and constantly increasing, they have a snug balance in the bank and are all as happy as clams at high tide.

The popular wheel with the majority of the club is the Columbia, and many of the members own as handsome machines as can be bought in the market. Among the most prominent racers of the organization might be mentioned Frank T. Mittaur, Guy Mead, Ed Lytle, Billy Emerson, Walt Morris, Billy Townsend, Ed Smith, G. O. Francisco and Jim Josephi. There are many good riders besides these, however, and new ones are crowding to the front every day. The longest run on record by any team of the club was made last June by Messrs. Lytle, Mittaur and Clarke, who covered 100 miles on the road in the splendid time of fourteen hours.

At each annual election of officers in April the club holds a grand "smoker" and banquet, and the good things that are eaten, and the better things that are said, as the boys are gathered around the festival board on these occasions, would make Sancho Panza turn green with covetousness and Munchausen go and cut his trachea.

The full roster of members is as follows: W. S. Bacon, Perry Badolett, Frank N. Clarke, George Schwary, W. E. Coomle, F. J. Mittour, C. M. Haines, Ed. Lytle, F. N. Conner, A. D. Hughes, H. H. Rhodes, W. S. Roberts, E. B. Smith, G. R. Voss, H. C. Miller, C. A. Bemey, G. W. and T. P. Cramer, Guy E. Mead, A. E. Schnider, H. Y. Cook, D. M. Lewis, H. T. McCormick, W. D. Townsend, Joseph Josephi, G. C. Dietz, William Emerson, G. O. Francisco, O. H. Gordon, J. L. Livisey, George Patterson, I. H. Lathrop, A. C. Redick, F. V. Freeman, W. J. Morris, A. G. O'Reilly, O. M. Engle, J. E. Ebersole, Walter Sams, L. E. Holton, A. C. Jolliffe and W. C. Urlan. Non-resident members: C. M. Woodman, Scissors, Col.; G. O. Scribner, San Diego, Col.; G. W. Howard, St. Paul, Minn.; W. E. and H. H. Wheeler, Lincoln; Paul A. Colsen, Fremont; T. M. Patterson and F. W. Corruth, Plattsmouth; H. C. and W. F. Creary, Salt Lake City.

The L. A. W. uniform has been adopted for the season.

A BOGUS COUNT DETECTOR.

How to Unmask Pretenders to Titles of Nobility.

On any fine day you can see a dozen fraudulent noblemen airing themselves on upper Broadway, says the New York Morning Journal.

A bogus baron, a counterfeit count, a miscalled marquis, should never impose on anybody.

How can they be detected?

Easily enough. Suppose you have a nobleman presented to you; the introducer should be able to vouch for him if the matter of title is a point in question.

But your bogus nobleman nearly always presents himself. Then go to the consulate of his country.

There it is easy to satisfy yourself of his identity. Generally speaking, although not always, real noblemen register at the consulate on their arrival in New York, but every consulate, even if the gentleman has not recorded there, is more or less able to give information as to noblemen belonging to their country. Thanks to the English Peerage (Burke's and Debrett's), and the German Gothaische, Grafen and Freiherrn Calendar, as well as to the army lists of both countries, it is pretty easy to get at the facts. And there are so many real noblemen and officers of the German and English armies here in this city that the bogus article could easily be detected by being confronted with the real one.

The impostor is generally good looking and distingue and has a dangerous knowledge of what he is talking about, depending on his good looks and his cheek to carry him through. And our rich girls, blinded by what they believe to be the honor of being courted by a real live lord or count, fall an easy victim to the unscrupulous fortune hunter.

Counterfeit noblemen and real noblemen, who have so far forgotten what is due to their name that they closely resemble the bad article, abound and always will abound in a great cosmopolitan city like New York. As long as the present inordinate love for titles exists in this enlightened republic, people must not be astonished if they are the dupes of such as have a smattering of education and the cheek to call themselves by a high-sounding title.

All these counterfeit noblemen have one characteristic—that is, on all possible occasions they will brag of their noble blood descent and will tell the most wonderful stories of their doings at home and of the doings of their ancestors generations before them.

The latest specimen who has been annoying various families, particularly that of Mr. William Steinway, represented himself as a nephew of the latter, called himself at various times, Count Bonin, Count von Arnim, Baron Fedwitz and various other names. What his real intentions were have not been found out as yet. Inspector Byrnes, of the Metropolitan police, has nipped his his career in the bud.

A peculiar and rather amusing case once came under the notice of the writer, himself for long years an officer in the Prussian service. He used to lunch regularly at a downtown restaurant, when one day he was told by the proprietor that he had an ex-officer, who was down on his luck, as waiter.

The said waiter claimed to be a Count X——, and said that he was a first lieutenant in a crack cavalry regiment of the guards. The writer was rather curious to see the waiter, as he had personally known Count X——. He was rather skeptical as to the waiter's identity, seeing that he told wonderful stories of his prowess during the Franco-German war, the count in reality having entered the army only after the close of the campaign.

At last the waiter made his appearance, and after having been taken to task he acknowledged that he was not the count, but was once the count's servant. The latter fact accounted for his intimate knowledge of the count's family affairs.

Many are the cases where American wives have married bogus noblemen and suffered bitterly for it afterward, simply because they did not take the trouble to make inquiries, but believed everything the smooth-tongued rascals said.

The writer was talking the other day on Fifth avenue with a gentleman, when the name of a marquis well known in New York was mentioned. On asking what nationality the marquis was, he received an answer:

"Oh, he is not really a marquis, only we all call him so."

Englishmen, thorough cockneys, come here, dropping their h's and calling themselves by titles of which Burke's Peerage is guiltless, but they are taken for "pur sang" because they are "English, you know." The innocent native never dreams of asking how it is that an English nobleman has so little education as to drop his h's.

The most dangerous are the Italian, Spanish and French marquises and other noblemen, as titles of nobility exist in those countries to such an extent that they are really difficult to classify.

All this makes it very hard for such noblemen who come here to get a footing in good society, as people have been so often duped by the spurious article that when an authentic man comes he is apt to be looked on with a dubious eye.

If the consulates here are not able to give information it is easy enough to write to the American consuls in London, Berlin or whatever country the claimant to the title comes from to receive authentic information.

But as long as the inordinate craving of Americans exists for titles, so long will the American heiress fall an easy victim to the foreign adventurer who comes with a big sounding title. The more names and the longer the title the better.

THEY PREACH TO EMPTY PEWS

Don Piatt Unearths the Why and the Wherefore.

A FEW MELANCHOLY FACTS.

A Great Deal of Glory to God on High and No Good Will to Men on Earth.

Vacant Pews and Worried Pulpits.

Don Piatt in Belford's Magazine: The homes, so called, of our larger cities are in a majority of cases without comfort, and in nearly all instances without refinement. The class upon which we once so prided ourselves, made up of families possessed of a competence, and enabled through a reasonable income from steady work to have about their homes some comfort and a few luxuries, is rapidly disappearing. We have left us two classes only, made up of the very rich and the poor. The merchant, the mechanic, and even the common laborer, who once could boast of a humble home of his own, and enough steady employment to make that home comfortable, is rarely met with. We believe indeed that he exists only in the imagination of Senator Edmunds. Well-authenticated statistics inform us that we have a larger percentage of tenantry to our population than any people on the face of the earth. This not only includes our great commercial, mining and manufacturing centers, but the rural regions as well. We learn that, throughout the agricultural regions, while the farms lessen in number, the farmers increase.

We know what this means. We recognize at a glance that the growth of our country in national wealth, which is claimed to be amazing, is not a healthy growth. For that is not healthy which gives prosperity to a few and poverty to the masses.

This has been so long and so generally recognized that it has come to be commonplace, and people weary of its reiteration. We indulge in this weariness for the purpose of calling attention to a consequence that is not so familiar.

It is remarked by observant lookers-on from abroad that our laboring classes are thoroughly ignorant of art, and take no pleasure in contemplating works of art, as do the like classes in the towns of Europe. The reason given for this is that we have no specimens in our highways, and few in galleries. The latter are closed against the laboring classes on the only day a laborer can have to visit them, and that is Sunday.

The wrong done our people by this can scarcely be overestimated. A taste for art can generally be cultivated. It is quite impossible to educate a people in science and literature, for this depends on intellectual faculties that our heavenly Father, from his wise purpose to us unknown, has been very sparing in distributing. But almost every man is capable of being taught to admire, if not love, the beautiful in art. What an element in the way of social improvement or progress this cultivated taste is we all recognize, and what happens to a race that neglects it we all know.

Now, it is possible for a people to possess the highest appreciation of, and admiration for, art and yet be semi-barbarous, for the christian element is necessary to bring about real civilization; but it is quite impossible for a race to be without some cultivation in the way of art and be civilized at all.

It is not strange, to a thoughtful observer, to note that as a nation we are on the down-grade. Such an observer from abroad cannot cross Broadway, for example, without learning that life and limb are in peril from a community that has more law and less order than any people the world over. He is prepared to learn then that the galleries of art—such as exist—are closed against the poor, and he is ready to receive without wonder the further fact that our churches also are closed against the poor.

It is this last truth that is somewhat new in the way of being recognized, although quite old as a matter of fact.

At a convocation of protestant ministers held at Chickering hall last November, on behalf of the protestant community of New York, the following was officially stated as to the religious condition of the city.

"The population of New York city has for years been steadily and rapidly increasing, while at the same time the number of churches has been relatively decreasing. In 1840 there was one protestant church to every 2,400 people; in 1880, one to 3,000; and in 1887, one to 4,000."

Now, to this startling admission could be added another, no less deplorable, and that is that the attendance has decreased more rapidly than the churches, and, in such as now remain open a seventh part of the time, there is an exhibit of empty seats quite depressing to a minister. If we consider the protestant population only, not one-tenth are church attendants—and not a tenth of these are true believers.

The reason for this deplorable condition was much discussed by the good men making up the clerical convention, and the prevailing opinion seemed to be, as gathered from the utterances, that this disheartening result came from the active interference of the catholic clergy—or papists, as our friends term them.

There was much truth in this. The zealous "papists" are certainly making great inroads upon our population; but, admitting that they take large numbers from the protestent churches, there yet remains a vast people that the so-called papists have not influenced, nor indeed as yet approached. What then is the cause of this irreligious condition?

We believe that we can help our clerical friends to a solution of this religious mystery. It comes from a lack of consideration for the masses they seek to instruct. There is a want of sympathy for the poor, that not only shuts the galleries of art from the laboring classes, but closes the protestant churches also.

These structures, while scarcely to be classed as works of art—for they are carefully divested of all that appeals to good taste—are yet luxurious affairs at which the rich and well-born, in purple and fine linen, are expected to attend. They are more social than religious affairs, and there is no place for the ragged, even if such appeared from a public bath, duly cleansed of their offensive dirt. To make this exclusiveness complete, the churches are filled with pews that, like boxes at the opera, are the property of subscribers able to pay for such luxuries. True, certain pews are reserved as free seats for the poor; but the class sought thus to be accommodated are averse to being put in their poverty on exhibition, as it were, even for the luxury of hearing a solemn-toned clergyman whose theological gymnastics are as much beyond the comprehension of the hearers as they are beyond that of the reverend orator himself.

To realize our condition in this respect, let our reader imagine, if he can, our blessed Savior and his apostles entering bodily, to-day, one of these edifices built to His worship. Weary and travel-stained, clad in the coarsest of garments, the procession would scarcely start along the dim-lit aisle before that austere creation of Nature in one of her most economical moods, the sexton, would hurry forward to repel further invasion of that most respectable sanctuary of God. Our Savior would be informed that somewhere in the outlying spaces of poverty-stricken regions there was a mission house suitable for such as He.

We must not be understood as intimating, let alone asservating, aught against this kind of christianity. It is so much better than none that we feel kindly toward it. The religious evolution that develops a respectable sort of religious purity, that builds a marble pulpit and velvet-cushioned pews, is all well enough if it quiets the conscience and soothes with trust the death-bed of even Dives. We regard a Salvation army, that makes a burlesque of religion as it goes shouting with its toothorns and stringed instruments, as to be tolerated, because it is better than the Bob Ingersolls. We only seek to inform the well-meaning teachers of the religion of to-day why it is that they preach to empty pews.

Few of us are aware of what we are doing when we close our galleries and churches, and open our saloons to the poor. This last, so far, has proved impossible. But let our hot gospellers, whose creed is based on "Be-it-enacted," visit any one of the poor abodes of the laborers denied admission to innocent places of amusement on the only holiday they have for such recreation. Such investigator will descend to a subterranean excavation dug in the sewer-gas-filtered earth, where the walls sweat disease and death. These are homes for humanity. Or he will ascend rotten stairways to crowded rooms, heated to suffocation by pestilent air poisoned by over-used breath for men, women, and children, packed in regardless of health, comfort, and decency. These are the so-called homes of thousands and thousands: and the wonder is, not that they die, but that they live. We send millions of money with missionaries to foreign shores: to our own flesh and blood we send the police. Loving care and patient help are bestowed on distant pagans; poor houses, prisons, and wrath are the fate awarded to our brothers at home.

A little way from these abodes of misery and crime the saloon is open, with its gilded iniquity, warm, cheerful, and stimulated with liquid insanity in bottles and beer kegs. Do we wonder that the churches are empty and the saloons crowded?

The advent of our blessed Savior was heralded by the anthem of the heavenly hosts, that sang "Glory to God on high, and peace and good-will to men on earth." The few sad years of our Redeemer's life among men were passed with the poor, the sinful, and the sorrowing. We have to-day much glory to God on high, and no good-will to men on earth.

Your churches decrease in number as the population swells, O brethren, because of your lack of christian sympathy!

COUNCIL BLUFFS

Preparing for Pleasure.

"You have no idea," said Charley Maloney yesterday, "how many people come down to Manawa every day to see the improvements of which they read in The Bee. At the first glance the greater part of them are disappointed, for the water is drawn down to a very low stage, to facilitate the work on the dam. They naturally expect to find fifteen or twenty feet of water, so their feelings on first sight may easily be imagined.

They think that they have been sold, and then they come around and ask derisively if the big mud bar at the upper end of the lake is one of the recent acquisitions. I actually believe that my telescope is called into requisition twenty times a day to show what is being done there. Of the hundreds who have called there, not one has gone away dissatisfied with the outlook. It will take a few more days work before the gate can be opened and the lake filled up.

The piling for the dam is all driven, and a large amount of dirt has been carted in, but another job yet to be done is the building of a rip rap to protect the bank. It won't take long after Captain Hathaway gets home to finish it."

"You ought to go down and see what the boatmen are doing. The C. E. Mayne is already launched and has made her initial trip of the season. The New Gem is being overhauled and will be ready for use in a few days. The Nellie Keller is in the water and will be used Monday to carry over the hay bales that are to be used at the dam. Nothing has been done with the M. F. Rohrer as yet, but she is to be remodeled. Heavier machinery is to be put in, and she will be changed to a side-wheel steamer. The engines now in her will be used to run electric light machinery for lighting the hotel and grounds. You see there is going to be a vast difference between the Manawa of 1888 and the Manawa of 1889."

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between H. A. Ballenger and C. H. Smith, doing business at Council Bluffs, Ia., under the firm name and style of C. H. Smith, has been dissolved by my withdrawal from said firm.

Dated at Council Bluffs, Ia., this 23d day of March, 1889. C. H. SMITH.

In the Toils.

E. E. Nichols was arrested yesterday and the charge of obtaining property under false pretenses entered opposite his name on the police register. It is stated that Nichols is wanted in half a dozen places on this charge, among them being Topeka, Kan., and Hastings, Neb., where he secured quite a sum on a fraudulent patent right scheme. After being lodged behind the bars it was found that he is an old offender here, and was wanted for work done in this section three years ago. He is a very smooth crook, and has been so successful that he seemed to think he could not be apprehended, and became careless. It is not yet known whether he will be prosecuted on the local charge or taken to the scene of other crimes.

Try a Santo Rosa. Finest smoke in the world. See the big ad.

Chautauqua Assembly.

The first session of the Council Bluffs and Omaha Chautauqua assembly will open June 13 and continue till July 4, 1889. This will afford seventeen days of the best entertainment ever given in the west.

To properly provide for this enterprise requires a large amount of hard work and considerable money.

There is already prepared a programme of the best teachers, lecturers, musicians, etc., in the land, but we still need suitable buildings to present it to advantage.

Will the friends of Chautauqua come forward without delay with the promised funds for this work? Will every one now help to complete success what is so nearly assured?

Work will be resumed Monday, March 25, and will be pushed without a moment's delay if the people of Council Bluffs and Omaha give the support it so richly deserves.

This year's success is the success for the future years.

Will every friend of Chautauqua now do all his duty?

The art exhibit, to be given by Misses Rehse and Hatcher, will open to-morrow, the 25th inst., and continue until the 30th. Open every afternoon and evening. Small admittance fee.

A Child Accidentally Shot.

Another accident resulted in this city yesterday, and was directly traceable to leaving fire arms where children could get them. Several children were playing at the Western house, on Upper Broadway, and the toy pistol with which they were amusing themselves got out of order. One of them knew where there was a "truly" pistol in a bureau drawer and proceeded to get it. Unfortunately it was loaded, and in snapping it, it was discharged. The ball took effect in the thigh of a little girl, who was one of the party. A physician was summoned and the ball extracted. The injury will not prove very serious, but it was a narrow escape from permanent injury.

Smoke the "Santo Rosa." Best 10c cigar made. 15,000,000 sold in 1888.

Caught in the Act.

A sneak thief made an attempt to steal a bolt of silk valued at $100 from the store of Beno & Co. last evening. He was quite well dressed and slid the silk under his overcoat. The act was seen by one of the clerks and the proprietors were notified. A close watch was kept on him and a policeman was in waiting when he stepped outside. The property was found upon him as he was attempting to get away. He was taken to the police station where he gave the name of Copeland. His chances for a term at Fort Madison are remarkably good.

Eiseman's Great Challenge Sale Monday.

We challenge every house in Council Bluffs or Omaha, not alone regular retail dry goods houses, but also jobbers of dry goods, to meet our prices. Bring this paper with you and convince yourself that we have all these goods in stock (plenty of them) that we advertise, and at the exact prices as advertised. Read every item carefully:

Domestic department in basement.
Great combination nickel (5c) sale.
150 pcs. dress gingham, 5c per yd.
100 pcs. Scotch zepher ginghams, 5c per yd.
175 pcs. American sateens, 5c per yd.
3 cases fine challi delains, 5c per yd.
2 cases fine bleached muslin, yard wide, 5c per yd.
50 pcs. heavy cheviott shirting, 5c per yd.
75 pcs. half wool dress plaids, 5c per yd.
3 bales all linen towelling, 5c per yd.
60 doz. good 10c towels at 5c each.
10 pcs. good 46 inch wide scrim at 5c per yard.
65 pcs. checked nainsook white goods, 5c per yard.
125 pcs. India linen white goods, 5c per yard.
175 pcs. extra fine embroideries, 5c per yard.
130 pcs. very good oriental laces, 5c per yard.
300 doz. ladies', Misses and children's plain and fancy hose, all sizes, 5c a pair.
All of our best dress linings, 5c a yard.
500 doz. men's seamless socks, 5c a pair.
A lot of extra fine barber towels, 5c each.
A lot of Huck towels, 5c each.
Hotels, restaurant keepers and barbers should not fail to attend this great challenge sale.

All of the above mentioned items will be turned loose at 5c a yard for Monday's sale.

MONSTER UNDERWEAR SALE.

Here is where you can get a gold dollar for 20 cents.

On last Monday we sold 100 dozen gauze ribbed silk finished undervests for ladies at 10c each. They went like hotcakes, and at noon last Monday all were sold. Now we propose to outdo our former efforts by selling a much better quality, a regular 50c vest, tomorrow at 10c each. Quantity limited to two garments to each purchaser.

At 12½c—300 doz finest gauze jersey fitting vests at 12½c or two for 25c, worth 75c each. Quantity limited to two garments to each purchaser.

At 69c—35 doz all silk ladies' jersey ribbed vests at 69c each; sold elsewhere for $1.50 each.

Great challenge bargains in muslin underwear this week. Prices way down. Quality, finish and workmanship superior to any offered in this market.

48c kid gloves, worth $1.
69c kid gloves, worth $1.50.

OUR MONDAY KID GLOVE SALE.

At 48c a pair—4, 5 and 6 button, embroidered back kid gloves in black, drab, tans and browns, two pairs for each purchaser at 48c.

At 69c a pair—Best French kid gloves all sizes and colors, best makes, including the Harris Bros., Foster Bros. and other well known makers at 69c a pair, worth $1.50. Quantity limited to two pairs to each purchaser.

Mail orders received up to Monday evening on kid gloves will receive attention. All mail orders not in by that mail will not be filled at the above prices.

JERSEY CAPS.

Just the thing for boys' and girls spring wear.

27 dozen left and 2c each is the price for Monday as long as they will last. Come early for them.

RUBBER GOSSAMERS.

Only 100 on hand, to be sold Monday morning at 39c each. Quantity limited to one to each purchaser. Regular price $1.50.

SILK UMBRELLAS FOR MONDAY

At $1.25 each. 75 silk umbrellas 26 and 28-inch. Gold and oxidised silver handles. Elegantly finished and warranted to give good wear. Price for Monday $1.25 each, regular value $2.50.

Handkerchief and hosiery bargains for this week at one-half of former prices. Having purchased an immense stock from an importer at one-half of regular value, we propose to supply our customers with hosiery and handkerchiefs at a less price than ever quoted before. Ladies buying better grades of goods are especially invited to call and inspect our line of embroidered handkerchiefs, which we propose to slaughter Monday.

At 49c each, 67 doz. real hand embroidered shear linen handkerchiefs, worth from $1.25 to $2.50 each; our price for this special sale is 49c. Quantity limited to ½ doz. to each purchaser.

At 29c each, 135 doz. real hand work shear linen handkerchiefs worth from 75c to $1.25 each.

Thousands of dozens ladies' handkerchiefs at 2c, 5c, 8c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c and 25c each will be offered at this sale. We can assure the patrons of our house that they will be agreeably disappointed ween they see the quality of this elegant line of goods at such low prices. Don't fail to see them.

We also offer bargains in dress goods.
Bargains in silks.
Bargains in linens.
Bargains in black chantilla laces.
Bargains in corsets and rushings during this week's challenge sale.

CHALLENGE PRICES ON GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS THIS WEEK.

500 doz men's seamless ½ hose, regular price 12½c, at 5c.

125 dozen men's seamless ½ hose, regular price 15c, at 8c.

150 dozen men's balbriggan ½ hose, 3 pair for 25c.

50 dozen men's balbriggan undershirts at 12½c, worth 40c.

75 dozen men's balbriggan undershirts at 15c each, worth 50c.

50 dozen men's extra silk neckties, new spring patterns and colorings at 19c each, regular 50c tie.

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AMONG THE CITY'S CHURCHES

The Swedish Citizens Have an Organization and Building.

DESTINED TO DO MUCH GOOD.

Improvements at Creighton College—Formal Installation of a Pastor at the Newman M. E. Church—The Denominations Generally.

Swedish Evangelical Mission Church.

In a quiet, unobtrusive way this organization has been steadily pushing towards completion their pleasant and attractive church edifice. Even as it now stands in its unfinished state, at the corner of Davenport and Twenty-third streets, it is a monument to the enterprise, industry and devotion of the society it represents, and a promise of great good, not only to the nationality immediately interested, but to the city at large. Made up almost entirely as its church membership is of artisans, laborers and their families, and domestics, it has no wealthy member or capitalist to look to for assistance in an emergency, or in a long-continued, strenuous effort, as have so many of our other metropolitan churches. But this may not be altogether a misfortune. It has substituted largely for this lack a self-denial and liberal giving in time, and work, and money, to know which would excite the admiration and stir the depths of every generous soul. Numbers of heads of families, as well as others, have given weeks of work upon the building, taking in return, in some instances, a mere nominal sum for their individual board, while others have given outright. Domestics have cheerfully given of their hard earned wages for the building and furnishing of their edifice in amounts that would put to shame the gifts of many a prosperous and well-to-do person. The result is there; stands within less than two months' time of completion; a neat and tasteful structure, sixty feet by seventy-six feet in its dimensions, having in its basement an inviting room which furnishes 600 sittings, while its lofty auditorium, with its gallery, will afford from 1,200 to 1,400 sittings. The basement is well adapted for weekly devotional meetings and Sabbath school purposes, unless, indeed, it should prove, as some other of our centrally located church edifices have, too small, even at the beginning of its occupancy. Already has this basement been crowded to overflowing at its weekly meetings. This otherwise convenient and pleasing building represents the skill and taste of Mr. F. M. Ellis, its architect, and its construction is being carried to completion in a thoroughly workmanlike manner under the supervision of Mr. C. Lundstrom, builder.

This church so young and so interesting has virtually had the pastorate of only Rev. J. A. Hultman. Previous to his being called to its charge it had enjoyed the ministerial services of others for only short periods. When he took it the church was yet feeble, small in numbers, and without an abiding home. Occasionally it was glad to avail itself of the hospital shelter of the Tenth street mission for Sabbath services. But under the faithful charge of this young and able pastor, it has grown to its present large membership, representing in its eight years pastorate work and results which a life-long service of many another would be glad to show. Only this winter just past, a deep, quiet work of divine grace has been going on, which has influenced members to a new and better life, and which will result in an addition to the membership of this church of over one hundred persons. So unheralded and unobserved has been this work that no doubt to large numbers, perhaps to a large majority of citizens of this metropolis this announcement will be an item of news. But then, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." This work has for weeks called out from Pastor Hultman almost incessant efforts and labor, which has been shared and lightened by the efficient aid of his brother, Rev. F. O. Hultman. What the effects for good will be, of only this one winter's work, who can compute even in its welfare to this community? Into how many households throughout this city will many a domestic enter with a lighter heart, and a more conscientious devotion to their duties because of this divine work. But better yet. What will be the effect of this moral lighthouse in this community for all coming time through its immediate influence upon a factor of society whose honorable boast it is that it has never produced an anarchist, and whose ready assimilation into honest, downright, American citizenship is evident to all?

Creighton College Improvements.

The Rev. Father Shoffel is much pleased with the new four-story wing, a recent addition to Creighton college. It is on the southeast end of the building and is quite a feature of this excellent structure. The basement is used for a dining room and culinary department. The other three floors are alike as to finish and will be used as private rooms for the professors. There are five rooms on each floor, and with the large halls are light and airy. The walls are decorated with elegant pictures taken from Italian masterpieces. The addition is supplied with all the recent and modern conveniences, including electrical appliances. They also connect with the church. The wing is so constructed that an addition may be added to it and then connect in the west and north with the main building if necessary, thus leaving a court in the center. The addition is of pressed brick and stone. It was constructed at a cost of $25,000.

Opening of Newman M. E. Church.

As previously announced in The Bee, the Newman Methodist Episcopal church will be formally opened this evening. Bishop J. P. Newman, for whom the church has been named, will conduct the services and preach at 7:30. The church, which for the past six years has been occupied by the Congregationalists, has been newly painted and frescoed throughout and presents an altogether inviting appearance. Rev. James E. Ensign, the newly appointed pastor, arrived from New York yesterday and will at once enter upon his pastoral duties. The Sunday school of this church was organized two weeks since and already numbers two hundred.

Religious Notes.

The report of city mission work for the two weeks ending March 22, shows a steady interest in this worthy charity.

Rev. W. Roland Williams will preach this evening at the Welsh Presbyterian church in English. Subject, "Conscience."

The ladies of the South Tenth Street Methodist church gave an entertainment Thursday evening at the residence of A. J. Harmon, 814 Pierce street. It was largely attended.

Rev. O. A. Williams, of Lincoln, will be in Omaha next week and assist Pastor Lamar in conducting a series of nightly revival meetings at the First Baptist church, commencing Monday at 7:30 p. m.

St. John's Collegiate church will soon be supplied with a lot of new oil painted station, representing the different scenes of the passion of Christ. They will be presented to the church by John A. Creighton and will cost $1,400.

Excavations for the new First Methodist church, which will be located at Twentieth and Davenport streets, will soon commence. The contract for the structure will be let within the next ten days. It is expected that the edifice will be ready for occupancy by the first of next January.

"Earnest Heed" will be the morning theme of Elder J. B. Johnson at the Walnut Hill Christian church. Nightly the revival fires are brightly burning, and twenty-four have been already added to the church. At the last service standing room was at a premium and nine persons were baptized.

First Baptist Church—Strangers' Sabbath home, corner Fifteenth and Davenport streets. Rev. A. W. Lamar, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Evening theme: "The Secretary of the Treasury Converted." Sabbath school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Y. P. S. C. E. Friday at 7:30. All are cordially invited. Seats free.

Recently a startling report has been made to congress on the status of the divorce laws of the United States by a committee appointed to investigate the subject, under the direction of Labor Commissioner Wright. New light on the laws relating to marriage and divorce and the evils proceeding therefrom will be shed upon the question from the pens of such eminent men as Bishop John P. Newman, Senator Sherman, Messrs. Carlisle, Adams and Bishop Whipple, Kate Field, Sarah K. Bolton, Marion Harland, Bishop Whitehead and others. They all agree that there is urgent need of a change.

To-day is the third Sunday in Lent. While society and everything has been at a lull the Episcopalian and Catholics have been in meditation and religious work. Dean Gardner, of Trinity cathedral, has been holding daily service at the church and at the noon-day hour services for business men have been held in the United States National bank building. They have only been of fifteen minutes' duration, but a large number of business men wha have not been able to go to the church attended them, and apparently the meetings are becoming more interesting every day as the crowd increases. To-morrow will be the first of the annunciation.

To-morrow night Bishop Newman will be in Grand Island for the purpose of establishing a new Methodist church, which the people of that place think they are much in need of. The following night he will be in Kearney, in which place he will talk in behalf of the Methodist university and the church of that city. Returning to Omaha he will lecture Thursday night at the First Methodist church on "The Christian Outlook of the World." On that evening all the Methodist churches of Omaha will unite to hear the discourse. A meeting of the Methodist clergymen was held last Tuesday afternoon and they decided to request the bishop to talk upon the subject mentioned. A committee of the ministers was appointed to wait upon him and ask him to deliver the lecture. It will not be an exclusive gathering of Methodists, but the ministers and members of other Christian denominations are invited to be present.

Previously it was announced that the new St. Mary's avenue Methodist church, which is now known as the John P. Newman house of worship, would be dedicated to-day. Such is not the case. The church will be opened to-night, but will not be dedicated until it is free from debt. The property cost the congregation about $10,000, when it was purchased from the St. Mary's avenue congregationalist society, and the new organization does not want to put any more encumbrance on the institution than it is obliged to put. Consequently the dedication of the church will be delayed for some time. To-night it will be merely opened and Bishop Newman will preach the initial sermon. In the morning he will preach a missionary sermon in Council Bluffs. J. E. Ensign, late of the Young Men's Christian Association, who has recently been preaching in New York state, arrived in the city Friday. He will be installed pastor of the church in question.

BLONDIN'S NERVE.

He Still Walks the Rope Although Now Sixty-five.

Blondin has lately been up to his old rope tricks in London, says the Star of that city. The other week he was holding the little boys at the world's fair spell bound, and sending the memory of many a father back to his own boyhood days. For London saw Blondin on the rope thirty years ago. "I wonder if he ever means to retire?" was the remark a Star man overheard in the sudden stillness which had fallen on the fair, while the omlette was being cooked. "Ah, I wonder," was the response. And the Star man wondered, too. So, after tasting the omelette, while sitting tremblingly on the top of Wombwell's lion cage, our reporter sought out M. Blondin and plainly put the question to him.

"No," said Blondin, rubbing with oil the knee in which he now has an occasional twinge of rheumatics.

"I'm sixty-five now and I've been at it since I was four. I don't think I ever shall retire. I have tried seclusion and it don't suit me. I am only happy when I'm on the rope and before the public."

"Do you find your nerve at all failing you?" the Star man ventured to ask.

"Not in the least," said Blondin. "I am not so slim as I was once. (Here he looked down rather regretfully at his very portly form.) I now weigh thirteen stone and over, but I am as safe on my rope as ever. I may not be quite so active as I was once, but I am quite as safe.

Blondin would be ready now at sixty-five to cross Niagara. His performance at the Fair was quite as dangerous as that historical feat, for if he had fallen there was no net to save him. There was only the tough roof of one of the menagerie caravans to break his fall into a lion's den. The Star man ruminating on this, asked, "Have you ever had a fall?" "Never," said Blondin. "I once had a slip as I was leaving the rope at the Crystal Palace, but that was entirely the fault of my attendant. And then I didn't fall; I caught the rope."

"How thick is the rope you use?"

"An inch and three-quarters in diameter. But if a rope as thin as this" (and he took up a pen) "would bear me I should be just as safe on it. The rope I use is only as thick as it is, because a thinner one wouldn't bear the strain. Not only my weight has to be considered, but the length of the rope also. People call it a tight-rope, but it isn't; it can't be got tight, it dips quite 12 feet in the middle, and when I take my bicycle ride across it, it's hard work during the last half of the journey riding up hill."

"Were you the first rope-walker, Mr. Blondin? Your name is most intimately associated with the rope, excepting, perhaps, that of Berry."

"Well, no, not the first rope-walker. But I was the first performer on the high horizontal rope. My predecessors used to walk up a sloping rope. I was the first man, too, to go across Niagara. Altogether, I have been backwards and forwards across Niagara 300 times. Other people have imitated me, but they haven't, as I have, dared to play any tricks on the rope."

"Do you find it necessary to practice when you are not before the public?"

"Oh, no. If I don't touch the rope for twelve months I can go upon it as confidently as ever."

Among the other interesting points the Star man learned is that Blondin prefers England to live in; he is very temperate in eating and drinking; and he does'nt, as some people might suppose, sleep on a clothes-line.

California Orchards.

The oldest orchard—and for that reason, if no other, the best—is that of William O'Connor, who came to Pomona in 1875, and two years later set out his trees, numbering 700, says a Pomona, Cal., correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. This orchard differs from the majority in one respect; the pruning knife has never touched one of the trees and the branches are weighted to the ground with the yellow fruit. The proprietor gave us the history of his orchard and an account of his labor; how, for eight years after he had planted the trees, he plowed around them and irrigated the land, and it was not till the expiration of that period that he gathered any fruit. This variety does not mature until thirty years of age, or rather it is not at its best until that time. It certainly is a beautiful sight to look down the long vistas, the dark green of the trees lit up by the golden hue of the fruit, the branches bending down and fairly tempting you to reach out your hand and pluck one. But touch not! The proprietor will cut off as many as you like to carry, but he will not allow you to break as much as a single stem. If he is not with you don't attempt to take even an orange, for if caught that unlucky fruit will cost you a $5 fine. This law is strictly enforced, not for taking the fruit, but for damaging the tree, and a tenderfoot (I must use the expression) will invariably break a branch while trying to pull an orange, the stem being actually tougher than the branch.