

A SUNDAY OF RIOTING

Street Car Strikers in New York City use Violence Against the Authorities.

THE TROUBLE STARTED BY BOYS

Reserves Called out and the Mob Dispersed and a Heavy Guard Placed.

The Outcome of all Strikes.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A riot occurred on First avenue near Thirty-ninth st this afternoon, during which a number of persons were injured by bricks and stones, and Officer Brennan narrowly escaped a bullet that was fired from the roof of a tenement. The trouble began with an assault by the crowd upon some cars on the Thirty-fourth st branch of the Third ave line and some of the Forty-second st line. The streets were finally cleared by a large detachment of police under Inspectors Brynes and Steers.

The avenue had been crowded all the morning with people who were in an angry mood over the strike. The arrest of one of a crowd of boys for obstructing the track, gathered a vicious mob who attacked the officers with a shower of stones. At the same time trucks were upset on the track, blockading a Thirty-fourth st car. This car formed a target for stones and bricks, and its windows were quickly demolished. The passengers fled in terror. The Sixteenth precinct reserve had been sent for and was now on its way to the scene. The mob was busy dragging trucks, stones, logs, and all sorts of obstructions from the neighboring stone yards, wood yards, etc., and piling them on the track. Thousands of men, women and children shouted approval from the windows and roofs of the tenements which lined the street.

THE RESERVE ARRIVES.

When the reserve came up they were pelted with missiles both from the rioters and the people on the roofs. The police force was too small to make any impression on the mob and more help was summoned. Some of the passengers in the car had been hit and bruised. One old lady fainted and was cared for in a neighboring drug store. The shot which so narrowly missed Policeman Brennan crashed through the window of the car on which the officer was riding. It went clear through the car, but fortunately no one was seated in its path. The shot seemed to come from a house and some officers broke into the building, but could find no one on whom to fix the guilt. A big stone from a roof smashed a hole in the top of a Forty-second st. car that was in the blockade.

BYRNES AND STEERS APPEAR.

The stones were growing more plentiful and the crowd more demonstrative when a carriage containing Inspector Brynes and Steers dashed around a corner into the mob. The officers jumped out and began to ply their clubs. At the same time two patrol wagons hurried around another corner. The men jumped out and formed in line, and swept down upon the crowd. In ten minutes the avenue was clear of people, all of the rioters having been driven down the side streets. The policemen remained stretched along the avenue to keep it clear.

No attempt was made to run cars on the tied-up Richardson roads in Brooklyn today and no disturbance occurred.

A Trying Experience.

"What was the worst experience you ever underwent, colonel?"

"The worst? Well, it occurred years ago when I was a young man. I was a sailor then, and the vessel on which I was working was wrecked. A barrel half full of whisky was floating about and I clung to it, drifting on the icy water for a day and a night."

"That was horrible."

"Horrible? No name for it. I couldn't keep the darned barrel in one position long enough to open it."

Yes it is True.

Sutton advertises two shows. A grand double company. He claims that the specialty people engaged for his Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, salary amounts to more money per week than the entire salary list of most companies. Uncle Tom's Cabin is generally played with eight or ten people. Sutton claims thirty-seven. Two first-class uniform bands. A car load of dogs, donkeys, and beautiful shetland ponies. See the parade and be convinced of its immense magnitude. That big show will be at the Waterman opera house Saturday Feb. 9th. Grand family matinee and night performance. Secure your tickets at J. P. Young's.

A DREAM OF THE EAST.

The Entertainment Given by a Fire Worshiper of India.

Perhaps no race of people is less known or more interesting to the student and traveler than the Parsees or Fire Worshipers of India. They are delightful hosts, and as it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Sir Framjee Demshaw Petit, who was knighted for a gift of \$500,000 to an educational institution, I will endeavor to describe an entertainment I attended at his palace.

Sir Framjee lived in patriarchal magnificence, and when his whole family is seated at table they number fifty-five. We were received in the grand drawing room, as large as a fair sized church, and presented to the ladies. We found them pretty, intelligent and vivacious, and it is no exaggeration to say that they compared quite favorably with their American sisters.

The ladies were attired in graceful native costumes. The dress consisted of a waist, such as is worn by Europeans, with a long scarf of embroidered silk or crape, called a sarre, wrapped several times about the waist and falling in broad folds about the limbs in lieu of a skirt. One end of the sarre was brought over the head and dropped gracefully in front, constituting a very effective head-dress.

Their jewels were magnificent. No crowned head of Europe possesses their equal, and such an array of diamonds, pearls, sapphires and emeralds can scarcely be imagined. One of the guests wore eight strings of pearls, which far exceeded the celebrated necklace of Queen Marguerite of Italy.

The state costume of the men is white, but on ordinary occasions they appear attired in the conventional European evening dress. One peculiarity of their costume is not, however, to be met in a London drawing room. They never uncover their heads, and a high, conical Persian hat—or at meals a skull cap—always completes their dress.

On the occasion I am describing an orchestra played selections from Italian operas, and after conversing a while upon topics of universal interest, our host made a sign to the servants, who brought in baskets filled with large bouquets of eastern flowers.

Each lady selected one, sprinkled it with rose water from a tall silver vase, presented it to the gentleman who was to escort her to dinner, and then, taking his arm, showed the way to where a table was spread, overlooking the sea.

There we were regaled with tea, coffee, cakes, fruits, and twenty-two kinds of delicious native sweets, which had been collected in honor of our coming. It was an event not to be forgotten.

The waving palms and tropical flowers, the splash of the waves, mingling with the soft strains of music, beautiful women with flashing jewels and graceful dress, were typical of the languid, dreamy east, and carried one unconsciously back to the days of Haroun al Raschid.

When tea was over we were taken for a delightful drive in handsome European turnouts and then to dine at another Parsee house. The ceremony was long and stately, all the dishes were native, but the wines were European, and this dinner, with that exception, was representative of native manners before they had received the European touch.

The ladies whom we escorted gave us bouquets, as in the afternoon, and the host hung chaplets of white jasmynes about our necks and wrists.

The menu cards bore gilded crests and they gave us bouquets wrapped in gold leaf to carry away. It was a dream of the east, but the perfectly appointed table, surrounded by intelligent men and graceful women, made it hard to believe that the members of this refined society were the fire worshipers we had been brought up to despise as heathen.—America.

The Grottesque Arizona Cactus.
Foremost among the sights which call forth exclamations of astonishment from the tourist is that of the grotesque cactus of Arizona territory. Like other tropical productions, it is totally unlike any preconceived notions of what nature could design. The plant is leafless, having a bare, fleshy stock, protected everywhere by sharp and venomous barbs. Its flowers are considered among the choicest, varying from white and yellow to deep crimson or purple. These blossoms, capitulum, are wax like, and their inflorescence calls to mind Alladin's fabled experience among the fairy plants, with their sparkling fruits of diamonds and other gems.

The fruit is egg shaped, with a crown on the upper side, and is generally delicious, presenting as varied colors as the flowers. It contains a large quantity of seeds, surrounded by a nicely flavored juicy substance. In different species the fruit in size is all the way up from a canary's to an ostrich's egg. The cactus is almost imperishable, and can live many months without water, although it is only seen in its perfection under a plentiful supply. So hardy is the plant that a piece from any part will take root and grow if placed in the ground, even though it has lain around for a time. It thrives equally well on a piece of bare rock in a scorching tropical sun as it would be packed in ice in a northern zone. It is a paradox—a curiosity in the vegetable kingdom.—Corona News Letter.

CORSICA'S CAPITAL.

THE STRANGE AND INTERESTING OLD CITY OF AJACCIO.

Its Huge Oblong Houses—An Island of Great Forests, Snowcapped Hills and Olive Orchards—The Chestnut a Staple Food for Man and Beast.

The island of Corsica is most striking and imposing in its nature and scenery. A compact cluster of mountains, rising from the blue depths of the Mediterranean and uniting in a small space all the characteristics of mountainous regions, it may be considered as their epitome—a pocket edition of Switzerland or Norway. Only 120 miles from one slender tip to the other, and about half as wide, it contains a magnificent chain of snowcapped heights, crowning a lofty plateau that embraces nearly the whole island. Monte Rotondo is 9,055 feet high, Monte d'Oro 8,690, while Monte Cinto and others almost equal these. Indeed, some calculations have made Monte Cinto the highest. Beside those I have named I have just counted on the map seven peaks of about 7,000 feet each. Following the general plan of the earth's arrangement, as exemplified in Italy, Norway and our own country, the mountain chain runs nearly north and south, nearer to the western than to the eastern coast. To the west the declivity is more steep and abrupt, to the east more gentle, sloping out into alluvial plains; to the west the deep harbors and lofty promontories, to the east the more fertile and thickly inhabited regions.

WHAT THE TREES ARE.
Not more than one-tenth of the soil is cultivated, but there are no deserts and but a small proportion of barren heights; the mild climate and humid air have wrapped the island in a robe of luxuriant forests. These forests are the pride and glory of Corsica and are quite unequalled in Europe. Chestnut trees grow in such abundance that their fruit forms the staple food of the inhabitants, eaten roasted or boiled during the season and ground into flour for preservation, chestnut flour costing in the market only about half as much as wheat flour, and being used chiefly in the form of polenta, or porridge, though the natives boast of twenty-two different ways of cooking chestnuts. The nuts also serve as food for the horses and mules, and their cheapness and ease of production have done much to keep the native population in an indolent and degraded state, an effect similar to that of the bananas and yams of the West Indies upon the people of those countries. The finest timber trees also abound—they supply most of the French and Italian navy yards and have been renowned from the most ancient times, beach, pine, cork, larch and oak. One species of oak (*Quercus ilex*) which bears a small leaf like a holly, prickly at the edges, is especially valuable. The wood is very dark, and so heavy that a cubic foot of it will weigh seventy pounds; the famous oak of Great Britain only weighing fifty-five pounds to the foot. There is one species of pine that formerly grew here so luxuriantly that it was known as the tree of Corsica, and attained an enormous size, but unfortunately it is now almost extinct, in consequence of fires and careless treatment. This wonderful forest region we have not yet seen, as it exists chiefly in the interior of the island, where there are counted forty-four forests belonging to private domains and 167 belonging to the community. Near the shore the hills are almost entirely covered with olive groves, the valleys between them being laid out in fields and gardens, but everywhere, by the shore and inland, where there is nothing else, there is "macchie." This macchie, otherwise spelt "makis" and called scrub by the English, is really more like a jungle; a thick interwoven growth of bush and tree, myrtle, arbutus, heath, oleander, scrub oak, prickly pear and a thousand other shrubs, forming an almost impenetrable wilderness, which has played an important part in Corsican history and manners.

OF RESPECTABLE ANTIQUITY.
Ajaccio lies curving along the edge of the bay of the same name, in the form of a horseshoe, the hills rising close behind it. It has but three or four good streets; sufficiently wide, but bordered with huge parallelograms of houses, all of the same pattern, like immense bricks or magnified dominoes, standing in rows, from six to nine stories high, flat topped and dotted with small windows. Not joined in a continuous line, like the houses of New York or Philadelphia, but distinct, and about twice as long as they are wide. These houses are set out in flats, each flat being complete in itself. The effect is very singular, and it is evident that the whole town was built at one time, otherwise some variety must have been inevitable. Such indeed was the fact, for although the city is said by its inhabitants to have been founded by Ajax, who gave it his name, and therefore must be of a very respectable antiquity, yet it has not always stood in this spot. At first it was built upon the hill; afterward farther along the shore, and it was only in the Sixteenth century that the Genoese, then masters of the country, decided that it should stand here, and built its houses in the present ponderous style. I suppose that it might never move again.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Two graves or wunam renn is reported to be in a sadly neglected condition, only a flimsy slab of stone stuck in the ground marking it.

EQUAL TO BLIND TOM.

A Little Negro Boy Who Possesses a Marvelous Memory.

A couple of dozen gentlemen assembled in Parlor L. of the Astor house to witness the remarkable performance of a little blind negro boy from Texas, who has attracted a great deal of attention in the southern states by reason of his marvelous quickness in learning words and their uses and performing many remarkable mental feats. He is a little over 3 years of age and has, it is said, a command of over five thousand words.

For an hour or more the little fellow amazed his visitors, answering without an instant's hesitation and apparently deriving the keenest enjoyment from the wonder which his replies aroused. He takes rank with and even surpasses Blind Tom as an untaught wonder, and that the African race should have produced two such prodigies was a subject for comment among those who heard the boy.

The name of this wonder is Oscar Moore, called "Professor Moore" by those having him in charge. He is a little taller than the seat of an ordinary chair, and can walk under a table without stooping. Save that his head is remarkably large and he has no nose, he does not differ in appearance from hundreds of "pickaninnies" to be met throughout the south. He dresses in short skirts, makes mud pies for amusement and can make as much noise as an able bodied man.

In order to bring this midget into sight H. P. N. Hammel, of Austin, Tex., who has him in charge, yesterday placed him on a chair in the middle of a large table. Everybody present was handed a little book containing some thousand or more difficult questions, pieces of poetry and arithmetical tests, which Oscar could rattle off, together with speeches on the tariff, chapters out of the Bible and other things at will.

Mr. Hammel explained that Oscar was born on a farm seven miles from Waxo, Tex., Aug. 19, 1885; that both of his parents are uneducated negroes who had been slaves before the war, and that when hardly 1 year of age he learned whole sentences which were spoken in his presence, and first manifested a desire to talk by doing a sum in mental arithmetic which one of his sisters was unable to perform correctly. The boy is said to be perfectly healthy. One of the gentlemen present asked the question:

"How many languages are spoken in the world?"

"Two thousand seven hundred and fifty," came the answer promptly, and then the little fellow clapped his hands and laughed to himself to think how smart he was.

"Where is the largest bell in the world and how much does it weigh?" asked another.

"Moscow, Russia. How much does it weigh? 432,000 pounds."

"Which is the highest mountain in the United States?"

"Mount St. Elias, in the Rocky mountains."

"How high is it?"

"Seventeen thousand eight hundred and fifty feet."

A Queer Bridegroom.

A funny story comes from the village of Crumpton, where the gossips are discussing the marriage of Miss Mattie Glanding, the principal of the school, and Dr. C. T. Cahoon, the village physician and druggist. When the ministerial blessing had been given, and the benediction pronounced, the happy pair stepped into the finest rig the town could afford and drove to Ralph's wharf, twelve miles away, to take the steamer Epina A. Ford for a wedding trip to this city and Washington. When the steamer was reached, however, the bridegroom concluded that he could not desert his practice and his drug store, even for the pleasure of a bride's tour, so placing his bride on the steamer, with many emphatic injunctions to the officers to look after her comfort, he slowly and sorrowfully wended his way home, while the lonely bride came on to Baltimore. Mrs. Cahoon visited friends here and in Washington, and enjoyed her lonely wedding tour as best she could. After three days' absence she returned, and yesterday morning was met by her husband at the wharf. The little house was ready for her, and the happy pair have gone to housekeeping.—Baltimore Cor. North American.

Effects of Massage.

An anonymous writer in a medical journal gives the following description of massage: "Upon the nervous system massage exerts a delightful and tonic effect. While it is being performed, and often for hours afterward, those who submit to it are in a blissful state of repose; they feel as if they were enjoying a long rest, or as if they had just returned from a long vacation; it makes optimistic of them for the time being. An aptitude for either rest or work generally follows, with an indifference to the ordinary cares of life, and needless apprehensions are dispelled. Hence, it has been recommended by high authorities."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A community in Nebraska opposed to lynching recently, to teach a lesson, gave a desperado what might be termed an introduction to Judge Lynch. They put a rope around his neck and pulled him into the air a few times. Then he was told to go and never return. He went.

Warnings have been issued that Raphael's "Entombment of Christ" in the church of St. Peter's, in Perugia, has been stolen.

JOE

The One-Price Clothier

THE ORIGINATOR OF LOW PRICES,

POSITIVELY GUARANTEES

That every Garment sold by him is lower in Price than the Same quality and make can be bought elsewhere in the city.

IF NOT SATISFIED

with your purchase Joe will take it back again within thirty days and will cheerfully refund the money you paid for it. Joe is proud of his reputation he has earned and

It Makes No Difference

how low a price other clothiers may ask, or what extra inducements they may offer for your patronage,

JOE'S PRICES

will always be lower and his inducement more liberal.

No Dot, No Dash, No Short Hand

Cryptogramic, Private Cypher Business with JOE, but

Plain Figures and One Price Only!

JOE'S

Prices are always the

Lowest, Best and Bottom Prices!

At Weckbach's!

\$30,000 WORTH

of STAPLE DRY GOODS sold at Cost. Special Sale commencing on Monday, February 4, and will continue until April 15th, all of which I will keep you posted, from day to day, what new goods are offered and opened, and especially about the Low Prices. I am

Offering My Entire Dry Goods Stock

at Cost. My Winter Goods, such as Blankets, Flannels and Cantons, will be sold regardless of First Cost. Flannels from 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per yard to 33¢, former price 20 to 60¢. Blankets in proportion. It is getting to be about the time of the year when you need or buy these goods for spring, and we save you money on every yard you purchase from us.

WHEN YOU CAN BUY

Fine Dress-Ginghams at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, other brands of Ginghams and Remnants at 5, 6 and 7 cents per yard, and 20 yards of Best Stoddard Brands Calico for \$1.00; other Brands at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per yard; Hope Muslins 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per yard, Lawnsdale 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, Fruits 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, Wancessatto 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢. Half and unbleached brands equally low. Off brands, half and unbleached Muslins at the same rates. Shirtings, good Styles at 7¢; best styles 10¢ per yard. Indigo Blue Muslin and Red Seal B. 11¢, and common widths 7¢ a yard.

Ninety Different Patterns

in Carpets, from 15 to 60 cents per yard, 2 ply, all wool. Three ply at 85 cents.

See our Special Adds on Dress Goods. We guarantee to save you money on Omaha prices. We have a Full Line of

BOOTS and SHOES

that are offered on the same terms.

Jos. V. WECKBACH.