1881.

REMNANTS OF THE OLD YEAR.

After a most extraordinary trade in Dress Goods, caused by the wonderfully low prices at which we were able to offer them late in the season. We have now an unusually large stock of

REMNANTS.

These Goods are now laid out and are marked down to less than cost, making the most

SPLENDID BARGAIN

ever offered in Omaha, and the Goods are in such quantity that there is really a splendid selection.
Remember the first choice is worth something.

BLANKETS.

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Also a light comforts just arrived as good value if not better than the best.

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Now that the rush of the Holiday trade is over, we desire to call special attention to the Greatest Bargain we have ever offered, being a most beautiful line of

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SANTA CLAUS FOUND. Greatest Discovery of the Age. Wonderful discoveries in the world have been made Among other things where Santa Claus stayed Children oft ask if he makes goods or not, If really he lives in a mountain of snow. Last year an excursion sailed clear to the Pole And suddenly dropped into what seemed like a hole Where wonder of wonders they found a new land, While fairy-like beings appeared on each hand. There were mountains like ours, with more beautiful green, And far brighter skies than ever were seen, Birds with the hues of a rainbow were found, While flowers of exquisite fragrance were growing around. Not long were they left to wonder in doubt, A being soon came they had heard much about, Twas Santa Claus' self and th is they all say, He looked like the picture we see every day. He drove up a team that looked very queer, 'Twas a team of grasshoppers instead of reindeer, He rode in a shell instead of a sleigh, But he took them on board and drove them away. He showed them all over his wonderful realm, And factories making goods for women and men Furriers were working on hats great and small, To Bunce's they said they were sending them all. Kris Kingle, the Glove Maker, told them at once, All our Gloves we are sending to Bunce, Santa showed them suspenders and many things more, Saying I also took these to friend Bunce's store. Santa Claus then whispered a secret he'd tell, As in Omaha every one knew Bunce well, He therefore should send his goods to his care, Kris Kingle's friends will get their full share. Wonderstruck, Boyd dwellers in Omaha town, All who want presents to Bunce's go round, For shirts, collars, or gloves great and small, Send your sister or aunt one and all. Bunce, Champion Hatter of the West, Douglas st. Omaha

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GIANT WORLD-BUILDERS.

Sketches of the Fierce and Festive Californians.

Sitting by the Trail and Dying the Pines.

The Greenhorn War—Waiting Ten Years for Squire Gibson to Die.

From The Californian.

"In those days there were giants in the land: mighty men of power and renown."—[Bible.

The cowards did not start to the Pacific coast in the old days; all the weak died on the way. And so it was that we had then not only a race of giants but of gods. It is to be allowed that they were not at all careful of the laws, either ancient or modern, ecclesiastical or lay. They would curse. They would fight like dogs—aye, like christians in battle. But there was more solid honor among those men than the world will ever see again in any body of men, I fear, till it approaches the millenium. Is it dying out with them? I hear that the new Californians are rather common cattle.

Do you know where the real old Californian is?—the giant, the world builder? He is sitting by the trail high up on the mountain. His eyes are dim, and his head is white. His sleeves are lowered. His pick and shovel are at his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect hole in the Sierra. Some younger men will come along and lengthen it out a little, and lay him in his grave. The old miner will have passed on to prospect the outcroppings that star the floors of heaven.

He is not numerous now; but I saw him last summer high up on the head waters of the Sacramento. His face is set forever away from that civilization which has passed him by. He is called a tramp now. And the new, nice people who have slid over the plains in a palace car, and settled down there, set dogs on him sometimes when he comes that way.

I charge you treat the old Californian well, whenever you find him. He has seen more, suffered more, practised more self-denial, than can now fall to the lot of any man. And though he may die there in the pines on the mighty mountain, while still feebly searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty eld. I implore you treat him kindly. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and gods.

But there is another old Californian, a wearier man, the successful one. He, too, is getting gray. But he is a power in the land. He is a prince in fact and in act. What strange fate was it that threw dust in the eyes of that old Californian, sitting by the trail high up in the mountain, and blinded him so that he could not see the gold just within his grasp a quarter of a century ago? And what good fairy was it that led this other old Californian, now the banker, the railroad king, or senator, to where the mountain gnomes had hidden their gold of old?

What accidental beggars and princes we have in the world to-day! But whether beggar or prince, the old Californian stands a head and shoulder taller than his fellows wherever you may find him. This is a solid granite truth.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize.

A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for his ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian. "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas" and all that sort of offence was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

And what a fearful shooting affair that was! Many a grizzled old miner of the north still remembers it all vividly, although it took place more than a quarter of a century ago. It would make the most thrilling chapter of a romance or the final act of a tragedy.

To crowd a whole book briefly into a few words, the Yreka miners insisted on using all the water in Greenhorn creek by leading it through a great ditch from Greenhorn over to Yreka Flats. The Greenhorn miners, about five hundred strong, held a meeting and remonstrated with the miners of Yreka, who numbered about five thousand. But they were only laughed at.

So, on the 23d day of February, 1855, they threw themselves into a body, and marching down, to a man, they tore out the dam and sent the water on in its natural channel. I say to a man, and, I might add, to a boy. For I, the only boy on Greenhorn, although quietly officiating as cook in the cabin of a party of miners from Oregon, was ordered to shoulder a pickhandle by the red-headed leader, Bill Fox, and fall in line. I ought to admit, perhaps, that I gladly obeyed—for it flattered me to be treated as if I were a man, even by this red-headed Irish bully and desperado.

I remember that on the march to the dam the quiet, peace-loving men of Quaker proclivities were found still at work. On their declining to join us, Fox ordered his men to seize them and bear them along in front, so that they should be the first exposed to the bullets of Yreka.

Had the mob dispersed after destroying the dam no blood would have been shed. But, unfortunately, the Wheeler brothers rolled out a barrel of whisky, and knocking in the head, hung the barrel with tin cups, and told the boys to "pitch in." A fool could have foreseen the result.

Some worthless fellows got drunk and went to Yreka, boasting of their work of destruction. They were arrested by Dave Colton, then sheriff of Siskiyou county, and thrown into prison. The news of the arrests reached us at Greenhorn about dark, and in half an hour we were on our way to the county seat to take the men out of jail. Some of our own men were half drunk, others wholly so, and all were armed with six-shooters. We ran forward as we approached the jail, pistols in hand. Being nimble-footed and having no better sense, I was among the first.

Sheriff Colton, who had heard of our coming, and taken up position in the jail, promptly refused to give up his prisoners without process of law; and we opened fire. The sheriff and his posse answered back—and what a scattement! Our men literally broke down and swept away board cabins and fences in their flight.

But there were some that did not fly. One Dr. Stone, the best man of our 500, I think, lay dying in the jail yard along with a few others, and there were men of our party who would not desert them. The fight lasted in a loose sort of fashion for hours. We would fight a while and then parley a while. We were finally, by some kind of compromise not found in law books, allowed to go back with our prisoners and our dead and wounded. This was known as the "Greenhorn War."

We threw up breastworks on Greenhorn, and waited for the sheriff, who had been slightly wounded, to come out and attempt to make arrests: But he never came. And I never met him any more till his trouble in Naples. I wonder how many of us are alive to-day! I saw the old earthworks only last year. They are almost levelled now. The brown grass and weeds covered them. As I climbed the hill to hunt for our old fortress, a squirrel scampered into his hole under the wall, while on the highest rock a little black lizard basked and blinked in the sun and kept unchallenged sentinel.

I remember when we came to bury the dead. The men were mighty sober now. We could not go to town for a preacher, and so one of our party had to officiate. That was the saddest burial I ever saw. The man broke down who first began to read. His voice trembled so he could not get on. Then another man took the Bible and tried to finish the chapter; but his voice trembled too, and pretty soon he choked up and hid his face. Then every man there cried, I think. They loved Dr. Stone so. He was a mere boy, yet a graduate, and beautiful and brave as a Greek of old.

Ah, these, the dead, are the mighty majority of Old Californians! No one would guess how numerous they are. California was one vast battlefield. The knights of the nineteenth century lie buried in her bosom; while here and there, over the mountain tops, totters a lone survivor, still prospecting,

And I sat here, at fort,y year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

There is an older Californian still—"the oldest inhabitant," indeed. I knew him, a lusty native, a quarter of a century ago in the impenetrable forests and lava beds around the base of Mount Shasta. He, too, is dead; dead in spirit at least if not altogether in fact.

If valor is a virtue, let us at least concede that to the red man of the California mountains. There were battles fought here between the miners and red men before Gen. Canby was ever heard of. They were bloody battles, too, but they never got to the ears of the world. If Capt. Jack, with his handful of braves, held the United States army at bay for half a year, you may well understand that we miners met no boy's play when these Indians were numerous and united.

But this "old Californian," as I knew him then, is utterly extinct. About the fisheries of the McCloud, and along the stage road on the headwaters of the Sacramento river you see little houses now and then not unlike our miners' cabins of old. These are the homes of the few remaining Indians of Northern California. There is a little garden and straggling patches of corn about the door; two or three miserable ponies nibble about the barren hills hard by, and a withered, wrinkled old squaw or two grunts under a load of wood or water as she steps sullen and silent out of the path to let you pass. And that is about all. Her husband, her sons, are dead or dying of disease in the dark, smoky cabin yonder. He accepted the inevitable, and is trying to be civilized. Alas! long before that point is reached he will have joined his fathers on the other side of darkness.

I spent a few weeks at Lower Soda Springs, near Mount Shasta, last summer, in sight of our old battle-ground in Castle Rocks, or the Castillo del Diablo, as it was then called. I tried to find some of the men who had fought in that little battle. But one white man remained, 'Squire Gibson. At the time of this fight, which took place on the 15th day of June, 1855, he was married to the daughter of a friendly chief, and, as he was the only alcade in all that country, was a sort of military as well as civil leader, and in the battle was conspicuous both for courage and good sense. He tried to keep me back and out of danger. He told me that I was of no account in the fight, and only in the way. But when I was shot down in a charge through the chaparral he took me in his arms and carried me safely aside. He cared for me afterward, too, till I got well. How glad I was to find him still alive! When you go up to Soda Springs, jump out of the stage at Sweetbrier ranch, only a few miles this side of Soda, and look him up. Do you think him an illiterate boor? He is of one of the best families in New York, a gentleman and a scholar.

A few years ago, one of his wealthy sisters came out to visit the old man from the eastern states. From San Francisco she telegraphed her approach and the probable day of her arrival at his mansion.

She came, but she did not find him, 'Squire Gibsan had long contemplated prospecting the rugged summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. He felt that the time had come for this work, as his venerable maiden sister, with all her high ideas of "family," approached. He called his spouse and his tawny children about him, bade them take up their baskets and go high, very high up into the mountains, for acorns. And the gray old Californian sinched his little mule until she grunted, tied a pick, pan and shovel to the saddle, and so pointed her nose up the peak, and climbed as if he was climbing for the morning star.

Squire Gibson, I beg your pardon for dragging your name and your deeds before the heartless world. Believe me, old friend and comrade, it is not to trade upon it on to fatten my own vanity. But do you know I have been waiting for ten years for you to die, so that I might write you up and do you a turn for your kindness to a hair-brained boy more than twenty-five years ago? It is a fact. But it begins to look now as if you are going out-live me; you there in the high, pure air, and I here in the pent-up city. And so I venture to put you in this sketch, and name you as one of the uncrowned California kings!

I count it rather odd that I should have found even one man in this region still, after so long a time, for of all wanderers the Californian is the variest nomad upon the face of the earth. Perhaps it is a bit of that same daring and endurance which took him to California that still leads him on and on and on, through all the lands and over all the seas; for I have found him in every quarter of the globe.

And wherever I have found the Californian, I have found him the leader; not an obtrusive one, but a man who, when a man is needed, quietly steps forward, takes hold the helm, and guides the ship to safety.

Once on the Rhine, between the armies of France and Germany, I got into great trouble with the authorities. The military police, who were arresting everybody they could lay hands on, had got me into their clutches and were trying to read a whole lot of mixed-up manuscript which constituted the main part of my luggage, in order to find out what sort of a man I was; for I could not talk a word of either French or German. I think they must have been poorly educated, for they could hardly read it. But they tried and tried with all their might. And the harder they tried the madder they got; and they laid the blame all on to me.

They were about to iron me and march me off for a spy, when an American stepped up and laid down the law in a way that made them open their eyes. He was a Californian, and my trouble was over. He could not talk a word to them—no more than I; but they soon saw that although he could not talk in any of their six or seven tongues, he could at least fight in any language under the sun.

I am reminded here of two Californians, who, short of money and determined to see the Holy Land, went with Cook, the tourist. They were the horror of all the staid old orthodox parties; but in less than a week they were the leaders of the company.

They wanted to pump out Jacob's well, and get down to the bed rock. They were perfectly certain it was only a prospect hole. And when they came to Mount Sinai they found quartz indications and declared all that side of the mountain for which the tables for the ten commandments were supposed to have been taken would pay ten per cent. They pretended to find plenty of gold in the rock one morning, and made the whole party believe that they intended to set up a forty-stamp mill, and have it thundering down that same canyon Moses is supposed to have descended with the laws.

There are many of the wandering children of the dear old Pacific coast in art, and at work, all over the world. I have known as many as five of the eight or ten thesters in the city of New York to have either California actors or California plays on their boards all at the same time. And in the army and navy! Consider the deeds of the old Californians there. When one speaks of California, her northern sister, Oregon, is of course included.

But perhaps it is in the financial world that the old Californian takes first rank. Yon elevated railroad, that stretches down the streets of New York, was built and is owned by an ex-mayor of San Francisco. Down yonder, at the end of the island of Manhattan, where the "bulls" and "bears" guide the finances of the world, there is one little Californian who stands next to the head of the class. And if ever Jay Gould misses a word, this man will spell it, and turn him down, and take his place.

Two little facts let me mention. More than fifty years ago the very brightest of all the young men of the city of New York married the daughter of the then wealthiest and most distinguished of her great merchants. Fifty years brings changes. This bright young man was no longer the head of the city. He was no longer a banker. He was poor, and all his idols lay broken and behind him. He was still a gentleman. But, said the Spaniard, "who is there so poor as a poor gentleman?" Well, $50,000 was handed this good and worthy old gentlemen by this old Californian, who is not willing to ever let his own name be published in connection with the gift.

The other circumstance is of less import to any one but myself. A new and unskilled dealer in stocks, and an utter stranger, found himself one fine morning routed, "horse, foot and dragoons." Half desperate, he rushed down to the old Californian and asked his advice. Advice! He gave his advice to this stranger in the shape of 300 shares of Western Union. These shares, in a few days, turned out a profit of nearly $3000. And still he will not permit his name to be mentioned in this connection. Very well; I will not give you the name of this "old Californian." Neither will I give you the name of the venerable banker who received the $50,000. But I see no reason why you may not have the name of the embarrassed speculator who received the $3000 worth of "advice." You will find it subscribed at the end of this rambling sketch.

The foundations of nearly all the great fortunes of the far West have been almost purely accidental. After that it became merely a question of holding on to all you could get. Of course, many threw away their opportunities here. But remember that many others gave away all they had to help others, and are now gray and forgotten in the mountains, while they might have been at the head of their fellows in the city. I implore you, do not too much admire the rich men of this rich land, where wealth may be had by any man who is mean enough to clutch and hold on tight to it. I tell you that in nine cases out of ten great acquired wealth lifts up in monumental testimony the meanness of its possessor.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra, trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountain, butchered them, and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night and day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his house, where they could have shelter and rest. The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country soon became almost a prince in fortune. But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud; and as he died among strangers, by the roadside, he was buried without even so much as a pineboard coffin.

I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or a date. Nothing. But that boulder was fashioned by the hands of Almighty God, and in the little seams and dots and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand it, too, that the respect, admiration and love which the new land once gave these two men gathers around and is buried beneath that moss-grown granite stone; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and empty as that dead man's hand.

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With Smooth and Perfect Track, Elegant Passenger Coaches, and PULLMAN SLEEPING & DINING CARS It is acknowledged by the Press, and all who travel over it, to be the Best Appointed and Best Managed Road in the Country.

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Returning, leave St. Paul at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Sioux City at 4:45 a. m., and Union Pacific Transfer Depot, Council Bluffs, at 9:50 a. m. Be sure that your tickets read via "S. C. & P. R. R." F. C. HILLS, Superintendent, Missouri Valley, Iowa. P. E. ROBINSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. H. O'BYAN, Gen'l Ticket and Passenger Agent, Council Bluffs.

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A MAN WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST.

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, Wilton Junction, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines (the capital of Iowa), Stuart, Atlantic, and Avoca; with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Sidon, Bethany, Centreville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth, Atchison, and Kansas City; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa, and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bonaparte, Independence, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Newton to Monroe; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Lewis and Audubon; and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad which owns and operates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.

Through Express Passenger Trains, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, are run each way daily between CHICAGO and PEORIA, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, LEAVENWORTH and ATCHISON. Through cars are also run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line."

The "Great Rock Island" is magnificently equipped, its road bed is simply perfection, and its track is laid with steel rails.

We will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining Cars that accompany all Through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes (and the immense passenger business of this line warranting it), we are pleased to announce that this Company runs Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars for sleeping purposes, and Palace Dining Cars for eating purposes only. Our Dining Cars are the finest of our Palace Cars is fully equal to any restaurant, and you can enjoy your "Meals" at all hours of the day.

Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by the line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, and Atchison, the connections being made in Union Depots.

THE PRINCIPAL R. R. CONNECTIONS MADE BY THIS GREAT THROUGH LINE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

At CHICAGO, with all Grand Trunk lines for the East and South.
At ENGLEWOOD, with the L. S. & M. S., the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.
At WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, with P., C. & St. L.
At LA SALLE, with Ill. Cent. R. R.
At PERU, with P., P. & J., C. B. & Q., L. S. & M. S., Wabash, Mo. Pac., and T. P. & W. Rys.
At ROCK ISLAND, with "Milwaukee & Rock Island Short Line," and Rock Island & Pacific.
At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport Bridge, C. M. & St. P. R. R.
At WEST LIBERTY, with the B., C. R. & N. R. R.
At GRINNELL, with Central Iowa R. R.
At DES MOINES, with D. M. & F. D. R. R.
At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.
At OSKALOOSA, with B. & Mo. R. R.
At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with B. C. R. & N.
At OTTUMWA, with Central Iowa R. R.
At L. & Pac., and C. B. & Q. R. R.
At KEOKUK, with Tol., Peo. & War., Wab., St. Louis & Pac., and St. L., Keo. & N.-W. R. RS.
At CAMERON, with H. St. J. & R. R.
At ATCHISON, with Atch., Topeka & Santa Fe, Atch. & Neb. and Cen. Br. U. P. R. RS.