

FURNITURE! THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY

Furniture DEWEY & STONE'S

They always have the largest and best stock. NO STAIRS TO CLIMB ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR TO THE DIFFERENT FLOORS.

H. B. IREY & CO., Real Estate Agents,



15th and Farnam Streets. - - - Omaha, Neb.

Below will be found a few of the BEST and most DESIRABLE BARGAINS: OMAHA CITY PROPERTY. No. 211-2 story brick residence, near St. Mary's avenue, at a bargain.

FARM LANDS. No. 261-40 acres near Fort Omaha. No. 262-2 good farms near Waterloo. 240 acre farm near Osceola, Neb., \$25 per acre. Will exchange for city property. Easy terms.

Charley Yeng, THE ONLY Chinese and Japanese Curiosity Shop IN OMAHA.

H. PHILLIPS, Merchant Tailor! 1504 Farnam St., Next Door to Wabash Ticket Office.

J. H. GIBSON, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTORY CORNER TWELFTH AND HOWARD STREETS.

T. SINHOLD, MANUFACTURER OF Galvanized Iron Cornices, Window Caps, Finials.

SMELT-FISHING IN MAINE.

The Army of Sportsmen Encamped on the Ice.

The Method of Catching the Delicate Little Fish--A Village of Smelt--Fishers Flying Before a Gale.

New York Times. "If any one likes fishing through the ice with the thermometer 10° below zero, and the wind blowing sometimes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, he can find his ideal sport just now on any of the rivers and inlets along the coast of Maine," said "Mort" Scott, well known in angling circles in this city, who returned on Saturday from a week's fishing for smelt on the Maine coast.

"Smelt-fishing is now at its best up there, but the weather is at the moment not so good as it was some time ago. At least in the estimation of the visiting sportsman it is; but those native and to the manner born think it couldn't be better. They don't seem to mind a little matter such as the mercury registering 15° below, and to see their tents lifted from the ice by the wind and carried upward like a balloon is regarded by them as only an episode that adds zest and variety to their enjoyment. When left their tents Thursday it was so cold that the holes in the ice froze over nearly as fast as they were cut, even with fires in the tents, and to keep them open required a little more labor than even my enthusiasm in the sport could well overbalance. But there were scores of fishermen on the ice when I left, for the smelt seemed to bite better the colder it is, and after this month the fishing gets poorer, the fish moving gradually to other quarters.

"Smelt-fishing through the ice," continued the speaker, "does not differ much from the same mode of angling for pickerel, but the element of uncertainty is unknown in the former sport. You may fish all day without catching a pickerel, and then be obliged to buy enough to feed yourself from going home 'skunked,' but when you cut your holes in the ice and put in your lines for smelt you are just as certain of being kept busy pulling out fish as you are that you bait your hook. A smelt isn't as big a fish as a pickerel, but he's a game fighter, and there is an excitement about landing the fish that pickerel-fishing does not create. The people up in Maine look upon smelt-fishing as the sport of the year, and they come from miles about the country to enjoy it. Even the Indians from the far-back country tramp in to the coast during the season to exercise their skill in luring smelt. The tackle for smelt-fishing is simple. The line is an ordinary stout linen cord, about four feet long. To one end of this is attached a piece of lead about three inches long and the size and shape of a three-cornered file-sinker. To a swivel in the other end of the sinker is tied a pink-colored snell, made of common fish-line, to which is attached a hook such as is used in fishing for trout. The snell is two feet long. The water acting on the triangular sinker, hung on its swivels, keeps it constantly twirling about, and the bait, which is an ugly looking insect, called the clam worm, is always in motion. Each fisherman will have out an average of four lines, in as many different holes, if he seeks the enjoyment of the sport under the protection and shelter of a tent, or 'house,' as the natives call it. If he, like many of the local anglers, is braving the elements with the sole intention of extracting profit from the catch, and dances, and trots about on the ice regardless of extraneous aids to combat the wind and frost, he is likely to have ten or a dozen line care for, spread out along the ice, and he will be around; and if the fish are biting, he will have but little time to think of the cold, as he will be kept busy hauling up his lines and keeping the holes open.

"It has only been within a few years that such a thing as smelt-fishing under a shelter was known. The fishermen had either to stand out unprotected against the gale and snow, or to be kept 'on top' along the coast for the moment, or pull up their lines and go home. To be sure, they could pile up walls of ice and thatch them with pine boughs, but as it frequently is necessary for the fisherman to change his location and the ice barricades could not well be taken along, the building of them was generally a time and labor throwing away. By the way, that is the peculiarity of smelt-fishing. The fish may be biting so that you will be kept constantly hopping from one hole to another to land your catch. Suddenly your 'tip-ups' will cease to tip. The smelts have taken it into their heads that the locality is not safe for them, and have moved. Well, in a case of this kind, it is necessary for the fisherman to find his ice and pine boughs useless, and he would have to desert them to hunt up the spot to which the fish had changed their base. But one season a man named Job Secor, went up from Boston to try smelt-fishing. He tried it for a day and froze one foot and both ears, and then went away. But he had a go home. He went to the ice and had a heavy wooden frame, ten feet square made by a carpenter. He procured some sail canvas and covered the frame with it, leaving an opening for a door. The frame was on runners. When the 'house' was finished he had it drawn up to the ice and placed over the hole he intended to fish through. Then it occurred to him that he might add still further to his comfort, and he bought a small box stove, ran a pipe from out of one side of the house, started a roaring pine-wood fire in it, and seated on a stool, fished as comfortably as if he were in his room at the hotel watching a stove-pipe hole in the door. The house was secured to the ice by grappling irons. It smelted across biting in one spot, he simply loosened his grappling, shoved his house along on the runners, and 'squatted' in more favorable quarters. No one but the fishes for smelt simply for the sport there in his room at the hotel, once upon a time there was a man who was very rich. He had an awful lot of money, and he got more gold every day in the easiest way; for all he and his partners had to do was to turn a kind of screw,

FROST BITTEN AND BURNED.

John Peterson is Caught in a Blizzard and Wanders for Three Days.

A Terrible Story of Hunger, Cold and Exhaustion--He Still Lives, but Christmas was Anything but Festive.

Chicago Leader, December 30. John Peterson, who was supervising the erection of a stone house at Seagriff's ranch on Nelson creek, about sixty miles west of Bitterman, started for home Sunday last, and was caught in a blizzard which reached here before Christmas, to be with his family.

His route was to Rock Creek, and thence by rail. During the day he was struck by a blizzard. Not having gloves or overshoes he began to get cold and got from his horse to walk. The animal refused to load and Mr. Peterson had to frequently turn around to hurry him up. Finally the horse got away from him altogether, and Mr. Peterson followed with the hope of catching him. It was during this time that he lost his way. He had no other recourse than to walk, with the hope that he would strike a trail of some kind.

"I was out for about twelve miles, camping out at night as best he could. He had matches with him but could find no wood until at this time. He made a good fire, but having no protection could not keep warm without hugging the fire. As a consequence he burned his overcoat nearly off his back, his shoes and other parts of his garments sharing the same fate. Wednesday morning he started out the same way, but suffering intensely from hunger and fatigue. At last he observed a peak or knoll which seemed familiar to him, and he felt he must be in the vicinity of Reed's ranch, about eighteen miles north of Rock Creek; but of this he was not certain. However, he soon found a trail and did not get fifty yards upon the main road. He now discovered he was about five miles south of Reed's ranch and within thirteen miles of Rock Creek. His strength was fast failing him for he had eaten nothing since Sunday, and the thought of reaching a hospitable roof nerved him up. On he struggled until about noon, when he seemed to see a light in the distance. It was not so much for him. Either overcome by intense joy or a giving way of exhausted nature, he fell flat on the snow. Here he lay; but not long, for he knew he could not survive long lying there, so he commenced to crawl towards the ranch, which was about half a mile distant. To him it was a painful and seemingly never ending journey. At last he reached the gate of the fence which encloses the ranch and nature refused to do any more, and had not kind friends been under the hospitable roof of the ranch, he might have died there. But he was soon found and had to be carried into the house. He was well cared for that night and Friday he was taken to Rock Creek, reaching there the same day. As may readily be imagined, Mr. Peterson was a forlorn looking creature when he reached the ranch, tattered, torn, charred, frostitened and famished--as much dead as alive. In his wanderings he was frequently among antelope, black-tail deer and cattle, but having nothing but a jack knife could kill nothing. He also saw several bears. Had he had a gun he could have killed a bear of some kind and made some sort of shelter with the hide, beside preventing hunger.

A LONDON SCANDAL.

The Old Windham Affair Revived--History of the Case.

The affairs of the unhappy Windham family--the Windhams of Norfolk--which excited so much painful scandal more than twenty years ago, are once more before the public, says a London letter, and although it is an honest connection with them have not been fully reported and indeed they have in part, at least, been heard in camera, it is probable that we shall have more about them before long. It will be remembered that nearly a quarter of a century since Agnes Willoughby--as she chose to call herself--the daughter of a peer, and the daughter of an honest carpenter named Rogers, she began life as a maid at Highbury farm, but quickly graduated in the Haymarket. Here, in the course of her lively career, she became acquainted with a young Norfolk William Frederick Windham, of Felbrigg hall, whose general behavior, more than that of an idiot that is necessary to give rise to inquiry before the master in lunacy, which lasted thirty-eight days, and resulted, to the great surprise of the public, in a decision that "mad Windham," as he was called, was perfectly capable of managing his own affairs.

Young Windham married Agnes Willoughby, and the ill-assorted couple took up their residence at Felbrigg; but quarrels arose and they parted. Mrs. Windham returned to London, while her husband, impoverished by his excesses, took to driving a stage-coach between Norwich and the seaside as a means of getting a living. About this time a son and heir was born, and the husband and wife were brought together again. At last the work-trained squires and the property had become so involved that there was actually not money enough in the house to buy him a coffin, and "mad Windham" was buried at the expense of the estate and of the infant son of the estate and of the infant, being sent out Mrs. Windham "with baggage" with an allowance of £500 a year on the condition that she should hold no communication with her son until he should have attained his majority. He was sent abroad, to India and other distant countries, under the care of a tutor, and his mother returned to Boulogne. The boy is now 15 years of age, and, having returned to England and commenced a university career at Cambridge, his mother has thought fit to return also, and has been found visiting young Windham at college in direct violation of her agreement. Vice Chancellor Bacon has consequently had the parties before him, and in denying the court he will commit them to prison, in the meantime stopping Mrs. Windham's allowance. "The 'accumulations' in Norfolk are again looking healthy for the coming squires, who is making a name as a sporting man if not as a classic. It is hoped that the boy will restore the reputation of his ancient family; yet it is greatly regretted that the master in lunacy did not see his way clear to a decision which would have caused the estates to fall into the hands of another branch of the family, represented by the son of Gen. Windham.

THESE EPISODES.

The Story a School Teacher Told to Her School Class.

San Francisco Examiner: A teacher was instructing her class last week on the necessity of knowing how to spell.

WOMAN'S SECRET.

She is over-worked, poor thing! Proud, honorable, faithful, womanly, she determined to keep expenses down, and do the work herself. Right nobly has she done it, but at terrible cost. The sparkle that was in her eye when she was a bride is gone, her once plump and rosy cheeks are now hollow and colorless. She used to step lightly and gracefully, but now she drags one foot after the other, with painful weariness.

For the sake of the family she does not mention her aching back, her acutely painful nerves, her rheumatic twinges, her dyspeptic troubles, or the heavy weight she feels in her right side, that tells her her liver is going wrong. She thinks nobody knows about all that, and she will suffer on in quiet and unrepining patience. Alas! her secret is an open one, for it tells its own tale. Whisper this in her ear, she ought to know it: Madam, Brown's Iron Bitters will heal your back, calm your nerves, kill your rheumatism, drive out your dyspepsia, and correct your liver. Do! a bottle. Nearest druggist.

The use of the term "Short Line" in connection with the corporate name of a great road, conveys an idea of "cut and run" which is not what is intended. A Short Line, Quick Time and the best of accommodations--all of which are furnished by the greatest railway in America.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE And St. Paul.

It owns and operates over 4,500 miles of road in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota; and has in main lines, branches and connections reach all the great business centres of the Northwest and Far West. It naturally answers the description of Short Line, and Best Route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Chicago, Milwaukee, La Crosse and Winona. Chicago, Milwaukee, Aberdeen and Ellendale. Chicago, Milwaukee, Eau Claire and Stillwater. Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Merrill. Chicago, Milwaukee, Beaver Dam and Oshkosh. Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Oconomowoc. Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison and Prairie du Chien. Chicago, Milwaukee, Oconomowoc and Fairbault. Chicago, Beloit, Janesville and Mineral Point. Chicago, Elgin, Rockford and Dubuque. Chicago, Clinton, Rock Island and Cedar Rapids. Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Chicago, City, Sioux Falls and Yankton. Chicago, Milwaukee, Mitchell and Chamberlain. Rock Island, Dubuque, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Des Moines, Adams, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

PAVE

WITH--

ST. LOUIS FALLS GRANITE.

And your work is done for all time to time to come.

WE CHALLENGE

The World

to produce a more durable material for street pavement than the Sioux Falls Granite.

ORDERS

FOR ANY AMOUNT OF Paving Blocks

MACADAM!

filled promptly. Samples sent and estimates given upon application.

McCormick's Patent Dried Fruit Lifter.

AS USEFUL NO DEALER IN GROCERY STORE CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT.

Nebraska Cornice

Ornamental Works

Domer Windows, FINIALS, WINDOW CAPS, TIN, IRON AND SLATE ROOFING.

Iron Fencing!

Patent Metallic Skylight.

Crete, Galvanizing, Veranda, Office and Bank Buildings, Window and Cellar Guards, Etc.

H. C. CLARK, SOLE PROPRIETOR, OMAHA, NEB.

Nebraska Cornice

Ornamental Works

Domer Windows, FINIALS, WINDOW CAPS, TIN, IRON AND SLATE ROOFING.

Iron Fencing!

Patent Metallic Skylight.

Crete, Galvanizing, Veranda, Office and Bank Buildings, Window and Cellar Guards, Etc.

H. C. CLARK, SOLE PROPRIETOR, OMAHA, NEB.

Nebraska Cornice

Ornamental Works

Domer Windows, FINIALS, WINDOW CAPS, TIN, IRON AND SLATE ROOFING.

Iron Fencing!

Patent Metallic Skylight.

Crete, Galvanizing, Veranda, Office and Bank Buildings, Window and Cellar Guards, Etc.

H. C. CLARK, SOLE PROPRIETOR, OMAHA, NEB.