THE UNION PACIFIC SHOPS.

A Great Hive of Industry, Where 1,300 Men are Employed.

THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

Four Historial Incidents—Character of the Workmen—The Amount of Wages Paid Annually.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.*]

The "shops" are still here. By "the shops," in this instance," are meant the multitudinous structures in the north-eastern part of the city, in which are carried on the manufacturing and repairing of material belonging to the Union Pacific road. That they are still here is not because efforts have not been made to have them taken elsewhere. He is not a very old citizen of Omaha who does not remember that, at one time, Kansas City felt that she was to be honored with these hives of industry. Neither must he be a very old resident to recall the anticipations of Denver and Cheyenne, and even of Council Bluffs, when some uncouth-winged rumor led each to believe that the glory of the shops was about to depart from Omaha forever and lodge with them for all time to add importance. Nevertheless, the shops are still here, as has been remarked, and it may not be amiss to say that here, in all probability, they will, for a very long time, remain. It is well that this is the case. With all her strides to metropolitan greatness, Omaha could scarcely afford to lose these manufactories. They are a source of employment to hundreds of her citizens, as well, also, as a source of wealth to many of her merchants. More than any one enterprise, or even more than a dozen of her industries, these shops contribute to her prestige as a manufacturing center as yet but in its infancy. It is not an easy matter to outline

THE LOCATION

of the shops. Suffice it to say that the grounds upon which they stand may be approached from Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, while the streets from the west which run up to their outline, extend both north and south for about half a mile.

Within this enclosure is a heterogeneous collection of small and large, young and old, brick and frame structures. They are scattered about in all directions assume various shapes and subserve an unlimited variety of purposes. They are all red, or rather, had at one time, been of that lively hue. But antiquity, dust, dirt, smoke and elemental disturbance have, in many instances, tarnished their brilliant exteriors. The ground outlined above, is, in some sense.

HISTORICAL.

It witnessed, at one extremity, the inception, way back in '65, of the great road which now extends from several different points, half way across the continent. It has watched the growth of the city, and stood between it and the treacherous current of the Missouri on many and many a threatening day. Several times has it been overflowed, and several times have the fires gone out in the shops, while the mechanics have been also compelled to retire to their homes. To-day, however, while it would not be able to resist, perhaps, any more successfully the rise of the river, from past experience the property it contains might more successfully be guarded from danger.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

One of the latest visitations from the river was in 1881. To look at the river now, and assume that it could rise and flood the territory mentioned would appear incredible. And yet, the year mentioned, as did also several others preceding, witnessed such an event. It had been a long and cruel winter. For nearly six months ice and snow lay upon the streets of Omaha, and so deep and compact, that the largest water mains to-day doing duty under our streets, lay beneath the crust by at least half a foot. A stranger would not have known that they had been laid along the gutters. The same quantity of snow and and ice, relatively speaking, covered the country north. At length, the sun of spring began to melt the mountain streams and down the Missouri a Tiber-looking flood, rushed madly in eddy and swirl bearing upon its surface countless thousands of cakes of ice, which seemed to enjoy the madness of their waltz advancement. Spectators lined the bank. The shops had ceased work, and everybody watched to see the water override the banks and flow in upon the ground of the shops. The water rose and the shops were flooded. It rose over the windowsills of the car shops and lodged a number of inches deep upon the floor. A large number of the tools of the carpenters was destroyed, and damage of other kinds was also experienced. The company made a forcible resistance to the flood. A host of men was engaged night and day banking with stone, dirt, brush and other material the weaker points. The debris was hauled from all parts of the city and deposited in the yards as far as the teams could enter. It was then put on the rubber car and rolled to the place where the banking was being done. So well was this work carried on that the water stood fourteen inches above the track before it entered the yards. But it finally overcame both watchers and bank. At about 1 o'clock, one morning, while the men were at work with pitchfork and shovel, a float of ice washed in the fence of the smelting works with

A GREAT CRASH.

The men with few exceptions fled precipitately, fearing that death was coming with the flood. In their absence, and the renewed impetus which had been gained by the flood, the water at length secured its dominion over the resisting territory. During that flood

ONE OF THE LARGEST STEAMERS

which plies on the Missouri steamed into the Union Pacific yards at the foot of Davenport street and coaled-up at the pile of the company, which had originally been intended for the supplying of machines of locomotion on land only. There are photographs extant which depict this incident. The steamer was not in a hurry to resume the channel of the river. It did so eventually, however, and steamed away and has since not been among us. The same year saw the water cover the space between this city and the transfer and extend a rather uncomfortable distance into the city of the Bluffs.

THE SHOP OFFICES.

Entering at Cass street, one finds the general offices of the motive power and car departments. It is a high, two-story brick building, and contains the business places of Clem Hackney, John Wilson, his assistant, and T. A. Davies, master mechanic of the Nebraska division. There are besides a number of other offices, giving employment to about forty clerks. The exterior of this building is covered with climbing vines which seem to be the object of solicitous care on the part of some person. On two sides of the building, on the ground, is a green lawn mown with excellent skill, while half a dozen trees at intervals diffuse a shade, especially favorable to the lower offices during the heat of both morning and evening

THE ROUND HOUSE

is situated to the south and east. It is semi-circular and contains twenty stalls. It was sleeting, when I passed through it, about half a dozen locomotives, some of which were being dismantled and looked as if they had donned their wrappers, not expecting company.

The business of the road is such now that engines can not be spared to rusticate in the stalls, those that were there being gotten in readiness for almost immediate use. Adjoining, on the north, is the

TIN, COPPER AND BLUE

shop, a brick building about 160x44 feet. Here about eighteen men are engaged daily in the work of their trade for the demands of the roads. The boiler shop employs about thirty men, and presents a scene of activity and noise which one rarely experiences. There is an incessant hammering not altogether musical, and a sounding of iron trying upon inexperienced ears. Here the boiler work for the road is done.

THE ROADMASTER'S DAISY.

Outside this shop lay a structure on wheels. It was about fourteen feet long, and had a roof like an elongated carriage. Its sides were loosely covered with canvas, while within was an upright boiler, intended for locomotive power. The places of the engineer and fireman were behind, while in front was a seat about three feet above the track. This is "Daisy," the chief roadmaster's engine. It is intended to enable an accurate inspection of the road, which can never be satisfactorily performed on a regular train

THE OLD NO. 1 MACHINE SHOP

is still clean. Its rafters show a liberal care with calcomine, while a host of pulleys, shafts, belts, lathes in red and green colors is strongly outlined against the whitened roof. In this department there are about forty men engaged. The motive power to this place is supplied by a pair of engines adjoining.

IN MACHINE SHOP NO. 2

there is a great variety of machinery, comprising drill-presses, steel lathes and heavy planers. These work in an almost noiseless manner. Little more than the whirring of revolving pulleys or the clipping of a piece of iron with hammer and chisel salutes the ear. The machinery is of the latest and most approved style, and in variety and ease of doing its work is of exceeding interest to the stranger. There are four tracks with pits in this shop, each capable of holding three engines while undergoing repairs of all kinds. One of the locomotives which attracted was a Titan, in from Cheyenne, where it hauls a train of twenty cars over grades averaging 110 feet to the mile. It had four drivers, and looked as if, with track room, it might reverse the motion of the earth. It was being repaired in many ways, one of the most prominent repairs being an extension front with patent smoke-box, such as is now being placed on all the Union Pacific engines. This shop was not so close to godliness as was its neighbor.

OTHER BUILDINGS.

Immediately north is a frame building 150x40 feet, in which the framework for engines is made. To the west, in a brick building, are stored the paints and oils used in the decoration of locomotives. Eastward from the engine frame shop are two long frame buildings, 250x40 feet. The nearer is being decorated by a trio of dormer windows. In these are kept the general stores of the road, a variety of materials and contrivances numerous enough to fill a dictionary.

North of these is the stationery building, where paper, pens, ink, and blanks in limitless thousands and designs are stored, subject to the demands from different parts of the road.

At the foot of Thirteenth street, there is a combination building. It consists of five gable ends, three of which sink between two on either side, which are decorated with crests and finials. These are of a bright red. A hundred windows or more, with white frames, perforate the sides and end of the two stories. These interiorly are a mixture of passenger and freight cars, pulleys, lathes, planers, mortice machines, and buzz-saws. They are

THE CAR-WORKS PROPER.

They are supplied with tracks and on these, cars are painted, decorated, built and rebuilt. Every facility for this work is at hand, and yet everything is in the neatest condition imaginable. No shavings litter the floor. They are carried out by a current of air and deposited in the boiler room, where they are used for fuel. These shops are about 380x132 feet, and in looking from one end to the other, you feel as though the farther extremity ran up against the sky. In the north end is the double engine from which they receive their power. There also is the Westinghouse brake pump, by means of which the brakes of the cars are tested before being sent out on the road. In the second story are located the silver-plating works, the cabinet, the upholstering, the paint and the pattern shops. North of these, in a brick building, are located the boilers, which generate the steam for the shops and supply heat in winter. Even the smallest of these is a huge, jumbo-like creature, both in color and shape. On the east side of these shops extend two tracks, platformed for perhaps 700 feet. These are now strung with freight cars, to which air brakes are being attached. Ten of these are turned out every day, and it is estimated that, at least one year and a half will be required before all the freight cars can be equipped with this appliance.

On the way back to the south one meets the track shop, the mineral mill where paint is made, the lumber drying house and

THE FOUNDRY.

Here one finds the damp and sooty smell peculiar to such places. A host of smoking mounds are scattered around, into which the liquid iron is sleeping into forms of use and ornament. There are here two furnaces for melting iron, which receive their blast from a pair of double fans. Adjoining are two boilers, with a pair of double engines used to work the fans. Next come the brass foundry the sheet iron and the blacksmith shops. This is the largest and most grimy place on the grounds. It contains thirty-six forges, three steam hammers with a couple of furnaces for heating scrap iron.

FIRE PROTECTION.

West of this building and somewhat to the south, is the house of the Durant engine. A pall of white canvas covers the machine. She has not been in use in some time, though she is kept in a bright and beautiful condition. The last time she appeared in use in town was the burning of Boyd's packing house, and before that she did excellent service at the memorable destruction of the Grand Central hotel. There are three hose carts in the house which are now, with the supply of water from the works, relied upon to subdue any flames which may break out. In a case near the door stands the white silken banner of the "Durants" together with the silver trumpets they have bought and won at fairs.

On the way back to the offices the iron and steel warehouses are passed. The lumber yard occupies the western half of the ground and extends almost from end to end of the same. It comprises species of lumber of all kinds used in the shops.

The ground covered by these shops and tracks comprises about thirty acres. There is little of it that is not occupied, and there is much of it that is utilized in every inch. In all these departments there are now engaged, young and old, about

THIRTEEN HUNDRED PERSONS.

Among these are single and married men, some with patriarchial families and hoary hair, who have been in the company's employ for nearly a quarter of a century. Others are just in the flush of early manhood, who have perhaps learned their trade at their father's side. To these men, last month, was paid, in wages, $33,750. This amount they paid out for groceries, fuel, clothing, house rent, amusement and home purchasing in this city of Omaha, if we may except the amount which was deposited to their credit in the savings bank. It made many a home happy and doubtless caused to rejoice the merchants, who had been expecting it throughout the month.

These wages have sometimes been as high as $75,000 per month, the amount now being paid being due to the fact that the foundry has decreased the number of its workmen, the work now being done by outside parties.

In the ranks at these shops are people from almost every civilized nation on the globe. It is quite likely, however, that the Irishman and his descendants are the most numerous. English and Scotch probably rank next, with the German following. Then comes a scattering of other nativities and descents.

GOOD CITIZENS.

Six years ago, it was estimated that two-thirds of the employes owned their own homes. That was before the present activity in real estate had been created. Since that time, the number of home owners has probably increased to three-quarters. These men reside in all parts of the city, and many of them in homes supplied with all the comforts which most people would desire. As a rule they are industrious and thrifty.

The workmen are a credit to the road and Omaha. They seem devoted to the company and its present management, and realize that, with steady employment, reasonable wages, health and home, they approach as near a realization of perfect happiness as may be imagined in this sphere.

E. A. O'BRIEN.

POINTS ABOUT BARKERS.

Barkers are Orators who Stand in Front of Dime Museums and Lure the Public In.

New York Sun: "It's a peculiarity of a barker," said a Bowery showman the other day as he stood in front of his dime museum and listened to the sonorous tones of a gentleman near him who was setting forth the attractions of the entertainment within, "that he can never give up barking after he has once got thoroughly into the business. You know how fascinating singing is to people who think they have voices. Many an old man and faded woman go on singing through advanced years quite convinced that they are giving pleasure to their hearers, whereas they are only distributing large blocks of pain around the neighborhood. Barkers are the same way. They get struck on their voices. They love to hear themselves howl, just as the old-fashioned brass-lunged deacon liked to hear his voice in prayer so much that he'd pray for an hour in church, and get along with a two-minute thought when he prayed at home at night and was afraid of waking the children. Did you ever watch a barker's face? Look at this one."

The showman directed his gaze toward the man who was walking slowly up and down just within the wide doorway of the museum and talking to the world at large while he slapped his right leg with a flexible rattan cane. Nothing could exceed the complaisance and affability of the barker's manner as he rolled off the periods with infinite unction. A vowel sound was a choice bit not to be thoughtlessly tossed off of the tongue, but to be turned and fondled and sent forth with due resonance and deliberation. There was the musical rhythm of blank verse in much that he said. His eyes roamed over the various objects around him with a careful scrutiny, and it was evident on looking at him closely that his thoughts were far away from his words.

"Barkers are proud," continued the showman reflectively, "and usually very friendly with the freaks. I don't know what makes 'em proud, unless it is being so prominent in public life. There's no reason why a barker shouldn't help clean up in the morning, lend a hand with the brooms, sell tickets till it's time for him to bark in front, and otherwise improve his time and add to his purse, but he won't. He feels that his public position couldn't stand the strain. Another thing is the inability of the barker to bark unless his conditions are just right. You put a strange nat on him and his voice'll falter and his eye shirnk. One man needs to have a toothpick in his mouth for the proper effect to be attained, another must have a bit of ribbon of a certain shade of red in the lapel of his coat, a third is most eloquent when he has an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and so on. Their whims are absolutely innumerable.

"One day," he continued, lowering his voice confidentially, "there was a procession of countrymen moving around the corner and coming this way. It was a grocer's association or something of that sort from back of the state, and it was an hour before my barker's regular time. But he was standing near the gutter talking with some high-toned friends of his'n—one of 'um has a brother what's on the perlice—smokin' a ten-cent cigar. I sez: 'Hist, Billy, git out here an' bark f'r a minute, will you? Go on, quick, so as to gather in all this here muchness driftin' down here. Hurry, an' I'll go the beers an' cigars for 'self and frien's.'

"'What?' he sez. 'Me bark now?'

"'Of course.'

"'But I ain't got me cane?'

"'No matter, go on.'

"Well, he did make the effort, but he put no heart into it an' if he didn't blush crimson I hope I may be doin' the do g faced boy act within a week! Them countrymen," continued the showman, "went by without a glance, an' th' barker was too sore to look his friends in the face. But I didn't blame him a bit. I know their feelings well. Salaries? 'Bout ten to fourteen a week. When they gets to be professors and lectures about the curiosities inside they get more. The freaks are very fond of them, 'cause the barkers speaks in such glowing terms of them an' all freaks is fond of having their deformities flattered."

Mountain Sam's Dogs.

Denver Tribune: An old trapper and hunter known as "Mountain Sam" is doing a land office business killing huge mountain sheep for their heads and horns. These he ships to New York to fill the orders which he is constantly receiving, and there they are mounted. Sam's best customers are wealthy Englishmen. For many years "Mountain Sam" has buried himself in the most remote recesses of the Big Horn mountains. Sam rounds up the wild sheep with dogs.

The pack numbers twenty-five head, and they are a pure cross of the bloodhound and bull dog. Mountain born and bred, these noble animals add to the natural strength and sagacity of their blood strains a marvelous endurance and activity. No snow depth, no roughness of trail, no steepness of precipice, no loftiness of peak, no remoteness of locality can stop the mountain dog when on the track of the mountain sheep. The pack works in an organized way when the trail of a band of sheep is struck. The dogs break into little bunches and wide and careful circuits are made. The closely pressed sheep are hurried toward a common center, and they will soon be bunched with twenty-five stanch dogs, crests erect and tails wagging, moving about them in an endless and eager circle.

The pack has been known to bunch 250 head of sheep, and to hold their watch and guard for over six hours awaiting the coming of their master, who has kept back by the difficulties lying in his path. It sometimes occurs that the dogs bring the game together on a spot that is utterly inaccessible to human feet. Then the hunter gives his dogs notice of the fact by a peculiar shrill and piercing shout. The pack at once dash into the midst of the sheep, seize and slay the largest, and by dint of rolling, tumbling, and falling from crag to crag, from declivity, bring the carcasses within reach of their master.

THE RESTAURANTS OF OMAHA

Something About What They Are and How They Are Conducted.

WAITERS AND THEIR WORK.

The Different Grades of Restaurants—The W. C. T. U. Parent and Off-Spring—A Square Meal for Ten Cents—All Night Places.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.*]

"Gi'me a steak, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, and be quick about it."

The speaker was a well-known Omaha gamester; the place was a popular cheap restaurant or all night "chop house" on Douglas street, and the time was 12 o'clock midnight. After giving his order the speaker turned to a reporter who was sitting near him and remarked: "Mighty handy, these chop restaurants, do you know it? I've lived in this town off and on for ten years, and there never has been a time when living was so cheap as it is now. The time has gone by when a man had to plank down a small fortune for a square meal."

And he was most certainly correct. The time has passed when restaurants here could command frontier prices. The era of cheap living has dawned on Omaha.

THE RESTAURANTS.

A good index of the rapidly increasing population of Omaha is a fact that its restaurants are multiplying thick and fast. There is scarcely a block in the city that has not one or two of them. A conservative estimate would place the number at not less than 100. They range in grade from the elegant cafe to the cheap "hash-mill," where a square meal can be obtained for the trifling sum of ten or fifteen cents.

There is a well-known establishment on lower Douglas street which leads all other restaurants in the city. It is finely furnished, large fans suspended overhead keep the patrons cool, obliging and attentive waiters are ready to obey every behest of the hungry customers. Hundreds of meals are served every day, and the cashier, who is penned up in a little glass and wood apartment at the end, handles hundreds of dollars in the course of a week.

There are other good restaurants in the city which do a business almost as large as the one mentioned above. Some of them sell meal tickets for $4, some for $4.50 and some for $5. These meal tickets are generally good for twenty one meals and expire in ten days. To still another class of restaurants belong those of the "W. C. T. U." brand. A few years ago, the local branch of the W. C. T. U. opened a restaurant on Fifteenth street, near Capitol avenue, for the purpose of earning money enough to carry on association work in this city. Prices were put down to a low notch. A cup of coffee (first-class, too) was listed at five cents, sandwiches the same, pie the same. Nearly every order was placed at a nickle. Twenty-five cents would buy a square meal. Patrons came and the business flourished. The facilities had to be enlarged. The restaurant was no longer an experiment. It was a successful, money-making institution.

Finally some of the ladies abandoned the idea as a means of furthering the ends of charity, left the parent institution, and in various parts of the city opened up rival restaurants as a purely speculative venture. All have succeeded well and are now making money. They are patronized by shop-girls, clerks, and even solid business men who cannot afford to go a long distance home for dinner. The ladies who are at the head of these institutions pride themselves on being able to set before their patrons home cookery. And they certainly come very close to that desirable standard.

LUNCH COUNTERS.

Cheap lunch counters are springing up all over the city. High stools are ranged beside counters covered with white oilcloth, on which the meals are set forth. Here, too, the five-cent prices prevail. Ranged upon the walls, plainly readable, even to a man buried in a big ham sandwich, are such legends as the following:

Steak,
Potatoes,
Bread and butter,
Coffee,
Pie or Pudding,
For 25c.

or

Mutton Chops,
Potatoes,
Bread and Butter
and
Coffee,
For 15c.

Everything else is proportionately cheap. The cookery, while not the most elegant conceivable, is nevertheless good, and many a man whose wealth is limited by the standard of dinners or nickles, is able to stave off, for a time at least, the pangs of hunger by eating one of the cheap meals which he can find here.

Closely akin to the last mentioned class of restaurants are the lunch counters which are to be found in many of the saloons of the city. In the best of these one can find anything from a ham sandwich to the most elaborate meal, costing seventy-five cents or a dollar. Many of these places are making money, and making it rapidly, too.

Some of the hotels, while they cannot, strictly speaking, be classed as restaurants, yet do a restaurant business and secure quite a large slice of trade. Most of them sell tickets for $4 or $5, good for twenty-one meals, and limited to use within ten days.

And again, there are innumerable other places where meals are advertised even cheaper than in the places mentioned above—as low as ten or fifteen cents. But in these places the readers of the BEE would scarcely care to make a personal investigation of the quality of the edibles. The steak is so tough as to remind one forcibly of sole leather; the bread is musty and hard; the butter rancid, the coffee muddy and possessing anything but a delicate flavor. These places are generally patronized by newsboys, bootblacks, and the lower classes whose pocket-books are not built on the same capacious plan as their stomachs.

THE WAITERS.

Most of the restaurants of Omaha have good waiter-service. The best establishments, of course, have male waiters, colored or white. The majority of the cheaper restaurants employ girls, because their services do not come so high as those of the men. For some reasons, the average man would prefer to have a girl wait on him; for other reasons, he would not. You can hardly swear at a girl when she mixes up your order with that of some one else, bringing you everything that you didn't order and nothing that you wanted. Your imprecations, on the other hand, rest lightly upon the soul of the average male waiter—he is hardened and calloused. Waiters are not paid the most princely salaries in the world. Their wages run all the way from $3 or $4 a week to $20 a month and board. The latter is the salary earned by the majority of colored waiters.

"ALL-NIGHT" PLACES.

In some of the all-night places a busy scene can be witnessed at almost any hour. A few moments after midnight the hungry crowd begins to flock in and spread itself along the counters. The throng is a motley one, with representatives of all classes in it. Hunger is a great leveler of all distinctions of caste, and every one here meets on a common plane. The toilers of the night—the newspaper men, printers and policemen—are seated side by side with gamblers, "rounders," and people of that class whose day begins with the setting of the sun. For a long time the scene is a busy one, and the waiters are rushing about in breathless haste in their endeavors to keep up with the orders. The ranks of the counters are filled as rapidly as they are depleted. Everybody is gulping down food in the true American style. By-and-by there comes a lull; gradually the crowds thin out, and the night's work is at an end. The day dawns, and with the appearance of light the thoroughly tired waiter lays aside his apron and tumbles into bed.

A. J. KENDRICK.

Student Waiters.

Exchange.

About the sickest thing in the world is the "student waiter." In 999 cases out of 1,000 the aforesaid "students" have not half brains enough to compete with the most stupid darky that ever donned the white apron. They are usually farmers' sons who have read up in dime literature of the many men of mark who obtained their starts in life by working their passage, sawing wood, splitting rails, driving mules, keeping a district school or attending a fancy horse during vacation. A bright idea gets under their skulls that by going in as a waiter they might get a few tips, some good meals, and have a good time at the expense of somebody, and so they start in as waiters. A hotel that indulges in such waiters must be a curiosity. We had an extended experience of one dinner, and that was enough. The waiter was studying for the ministry, and when asked for a small bottle of claret, nearly had a fit, and finally asked if spring water wouldn't do just as well, as he was opposed to tasting or handling the dangerous stuff. That bright fellow may now be among the heathen, and that's the best place for him and all like him, but it is only a sample of student waiters.

Liszt at the Piano.

From an illustrated paper in the September Century, on the great pianist, we quote as follows: "Whenever the master waved a pupil from the stool and took his place at the piano to illustrate a passage, a sudden hush fell on the assembly; the stragglers whispering and laughing over in the corner stopped their chatter and joined the group of eager listeners, standing closely about the performer and concealing him from view. Those were moments of hopeful expectancy. How hard every one was wishing that he would play it all. Sometimes it would be only a few measures: again, a page or two; then he would stop abruptly. A score of happy faces grew long with disappointment, though all were grateful for even these fragmentary delights; but when the master deigned to perform an entire piece, the favor was regarded as a special act of Providence. As Liszt has long since ceased playing in public, and given up daily practice, one would naturally suppose, at his age, (he was born October 22, 1811) that his fingers have lost much of their skill. Unquestionably there are moments when a failing in his technical powers is perceptible, and the master is altogether too clever to play more than a few measures when forced to realize this; but there are hours when he seems rejuvenated and in full possession of his old-time vigor. Then his playing overwhelms by its majesty and passion, dazzles by its sparkle and brilliancy, animates by its light playfulness, or excites the deeper emotions by its tenderness and pathos. No pianist has ever so successfully worked upon the different feelings of his auditors. Whatever his mood, he compels one to feel with him. By force of his irresistible personality he fascinates and conquers without putting forth an effort. His playing is like the man himself. As he sits at the piano or listens to a worthy composition his face mirrors the feelings of the inner self. A deaf person could learn the character of the work performed, and of the performance too, merely by watching Liszt's face. Added to his natural qualifications is the ripeness of knowledge grown of such an experience as his has been. Aside from the pleasure of having heard him play, the privilege of attending his class is exceedingly valuable to a young musician, as the master's interpretation of any composition is accepted as unquestionably authentic. His suggestions and instruction are treasured up among those things that stand out in relief from the experiences of a lifetime. Few are granted this boon, as Liszt has never accepted a penny for lessons, and can cull at pleasure from the many that seek his instruction."

Nothing Restricted.

Estelline Bell: "I see," said one member of the Dakota legislature to another, "that congress has passed a bill restricting the powers of territorial legislatures."

"Restricting their powers! I hadn't heard anything about it?"

"Well, it's a fact."

"Then I suppose we can't play poker any more! I've got my opinion—"

"Oh, nothing is said about poker."

"Shuts off some of the appropriations, then, I suppose?"

"No."

"Cut down the members' pay?"

"That remains unchanged."

"Anything against adjourning and going on excursions?"

"I think not."

"Well, a dozen laws couldn't prevent us from selling out to the railroad companies, so I don't see where any of our privileges or powers have been restricted. With draw-poker, big pay, liberal appropriations, far reaching excursions and annual passes, I guess we will have all we have ever had. What did the law you spoke of refer to, anyway?"

GRAND OPENING
Tuesday Evening, August 31
—AT—
BLOCK & HEYMAN
One Price Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers.
Our prices are lower than the lowest and our stock the most complete.
406 North 16th STREET,
ESTABROOK BLOCK.

THE NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The Prevailing Styles at the Summer Resorts.

FALL FASHIONS AND MATERIALS.

The Latest Things in Millinery—Garden Party Dresses—Something to Interest the Ladies of the Sunday Bee.

NEW YORK, August 28.—(Correspondence of the BEE.)—India silks are much liked by young people for garden parties; usually made in bouffant style and combined with surah, lace or velvet. The hat, some pretty creation to match and parasol in keeping. Picturesqueness is, of course, the leading idea and the entire costume is gotten up with this view. Crape de chine is also a favorite material and handsomer yet, real Caton crape embroidered in silk or silver such as pearl gray recently worn at Newport.

Another model costume worn on the same occasion was of pale blue crepe de chine made with a wide panel of inch wide ribbon and equally wide folds of crepe interlacing in basket pattern. Beaded tassels gave finish; the front was a wrinkled apron; the back draperies full and straight with hem at lower edge. The corsage was made with a vest to correspond and a like basket work adorned the sleeves. Lace dresses are also constantly selected for garden parties and here, of course, a universal adaptability gives room for universal becomingness. In spite of this and other fabrics eminently suitable, the onlooker's vision is now and then greeted by the sight of some stout matron who resolutely persists in wearing her

GRANDDAUGHTER'S CLOTHES.

Nothing will satisfy her but a gay floral patterned outfit and the result of so fatal a choice is really as painful a thing, wellnigh, as the eye can contemplate. The class of stout, middle aged ladies is a large one and if they would only lay to heart the lesson of wearing their own clothes and not those of their juniors, what a step would be taken in the world's civilization! Could they but study the effects of light and shade, brightness and darkness; taking refuge in the latter and leaving the former to the average American fledgling who needs exactly what they could best spare! To her, let them relegate the puffings and flouncings, the floiting and fluttering of ribbons and all other coquettish additions. Properly dressed, a stout woman might become a pleasingly dignified object of contemplation, but so dangerous a position does she occupy that a slight deviation might be ruinous to the peace of beholders though perhaps not her own, since the apparent complacency with which individuals of this class sometimes survey themselves, when dressed in nymph-like style, is really sorrowful. The same remark can be made regarding hats. Age shows nowhere more plainly than about the throat and neck, and as a shelter to the prudent woman, come bonnet or shade hat strings, which to the wise are a veritable refuge. The spectacle again, of some stout woman tottering on French heels, is one that happily is not very often witnessed; it is occasionally nevertheless. The foot, perhaps, may have retained a pristine beauty. With pardonable pride she contemplates that foot, and wishes others to do the same. Let her sacrifice that foot, however, to a general welfare; wearing her dresses long, and remember that the two little totters supporting an unwieldy weight, transform her into a walking absurdity. How about this, ladies? some one might ask. Their position is not a quarter part so risky. Addition is their trump card, of course; let them add freely, but with a vast deal more care than when young. The freshness of youth brings with it so great a charm that dress is subordinate. It is the class who are entering or already within the shadows of death who do well to pause and consider; accepting the situation and painting the picture in keeping. For all are pictures more or less gracious, and let each do her part, regarding the same as an aesthetic duty. For

TENNIS DRESSES,

The sailor blouse costume, one of the happiest devices for comfort, is appropriate as ever, since the upper part of the body is absolutely free, the plain skirt without bustle or springs being an inestimable boon. But within the limitations of simplicity, there are many pretty variations in these tennis dresses and they run the gamut from dark flanned to jaunty insurations of different colors combined with dash and abandon, as witness a skirt of striped among cloth showing red, green and white; white jersey with red vest and sailor hat of green. The family of white wools are always attractive as there are both bright and delicate shades. The hat, a sailor straw, or some one of the soft colored felts with cord and band of ribbon and bow on one side and perhaps a painted bouquet. Handsomer tennis dresses have ribbon sashes and there are elaborate costumes finished with a sash showing characteristic embroidery with the same on sailor collar and sleeves. Jersey waists with ordinary skirts are of course worn where a special suit is not at hand.

AUTUMN STYLES

By kind permission of Lord & Taylor, we have hints of what will be worn in the fall and winter. Coats showing squares in all sizes, from the very large, down to small checks, will be in much favor but this does not prevent the continued popularity of stripes. In these mixed clothes, the brown and yellowish shades are conspicuously noticeable, with not infrequent mixtures of blue and red. The colors, however, do not stand out of themselves but are shaded into one nother by indistinct blendings. "Mixed" s the word which best expresses the situation. The uniting of silk and wool in the same piece of goods, is quite as much an idea this fall as last spring when cotton was largely added to the two first named materials. Various blendings of silk and wool therefore will often be in striking combinations, such as plush or velvet stripes on wool, silken moire as well, while in pure silk or velvet goods, there are stripes of plush, moire or frise, velvet will continue a leading fabric; appearing in its own handsome plainness or as a part of rich material. Gros grain will be more worn than satin, and among some of the most stylish importations, black silks striped in gold or white are noticeable. Almost always, however, stripes differ in texture, and among varieties come frise, velvet, moire or plush. Tinsel is used to quite an extent in new silks: chiefly in the light evening shades, but somewhat, also, in those for the day.

MILLINERY.

Felt bonnets and hats will lead next winter for general use, but as hitherto, of course, the finer varieties handsomely trimmed are not inappropriately worn with a rich costume. Since there is great choice in felts. Usually however, for dress occasions, milliners will present velvet, either the plain, striped or embroidered in some effective contrasting color, such as yellow or red on brown, green, etc., but there are more quiet styles where a light shade dots a dark one. As to shapes, the capote with aa addition of height in front, is most prominent for bonnets, while as usual for winter, with only a few exceptions, the broad brims give way to close styles of which the turban will be chiefly seen. There are some special varieties in form, such as brims turning up higher at the back or in front than those now seen in straw, but the turban is easily recognized. Velvet ribbons are used again for trimming, but fine grain and also repped ribbons, with corded edge, are seen in both the plain and fanciful patterns, all styles being once more looped in front as high trimmings will remain in vogue. Birds are a feature, as also fancy feathers of many different varieties, some very fanciful and quite unlike nature. A noticeable novelty in millinery is the use of plush made to imitate as closely as possible wild beast skins and this spread plainly over the crown or brim, thus carrying out the idea of a skin. Sometimes the crown is composed of this skin-like plush while the brim is covered with the tips and eyes of pheasant's feathers made to lie also in as skin like a way as possible. Not a little of last winter's aggressiveness will be retained, as in keeping perhaps with the dude collars, fronts and ties that have had such immense success.

ROSALIND MAY.

A Wonderful Lake in Oregon.

Portland Oregonian: The Cleetwood was launched on the 17th, and on the 18th nine members of our party made the circuit of the lake on a tour of inspection. The scenery was grand to a degree far beyond our most sanquine expectations. Four strong oarsmen soon brought us to Llao rock, and as we gazed in silent wonder at its rugged sides, reaching nearly half a mile above us, for the first time did I realize the immensity of such a spectacle.

Beyond Llao Rock we found a beautiful little bay, and beyond this a larger one, probably one mile long by a quarter of a mile deep. Here we found a narrow beach of small gravel running almost the entire length of the bay, while further out in the lake the bottom is composed of sand. As this point has not only never been named, but probably was never before visited by human beings, we decided to christen it Cleetwood bay.

Passing on our journey it was soon seen that the cliffs on the north side are not as high as those on the south. In several places it appeared that good trails could easily be made to the water's edge, over which a person might ride, and in one place, without any grading whatever, a good pack train could descend with comparative ease.

About 2 o'clock a thunder shower came suddenly upon us, just as two beautiful grottoes came in view. Into one of these the boat was run, where we were entirely beyond the reach of rain. It proved to be about thirty feet deep and ten feet wide, with an arched roof probably eighty feet above the water, while the rocky bottom could be distinctly seen ten feet below the surface. So perfect was its form that it almost seemed the hand of man had hewn it from the solid rock. Beyond it towers an immense cliff, very high, with broken, rugged sides, picturesque and sublime, which I insist on naming Dutton cliff, in honor of Captain Dutton, who has done so much to make Crater lake justly famous.

Immediately north of Dutton Cliff the elements have worn the sides of the mountain, leaving a harder substance, alternately colored and yellow, resembling the Mansard roof of a cottage, while in one place tall red chimneys stand aloft, making all in all, such a scene that Cottage Rock could scarcely be improved on for a name. Lying between the points above referred to a break in the walls was found that is almost perpendicular, but certainly does not exceed 400 feet in height. This is by far the lowest point in the walls. Just at the foot of Dutton Cliff an island was discovered 200 feet wide by 400 feet long, and over 100 to the top of the rocks that stand upon it like chimneys or towers, giving to it an appearance like the castles of old. We did not land but an appropriate name would be Castle Island.

Crater lake has again risen to the occasion, an accurate test will prove beyond all question that but few bodies of water in the world equal it in depth, except the ocean, and none whatever of an equal size, while in the western hemisphere it will stand absolutely unrivaled. Heretofore Tahoe has been considered the deepest lake in America, being 1,640 feet. Only preliminary soundings have been made as yet, and the figures obtained are subject to slight change. The deepest water found so far is 1,055, being 415 more than Tahoe.