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THE NEW BRIDGE FINISHED.

Description of the Structure Between Omaha and Council Bluffs.

IT WILL BE OPENED TO-MORROW.

Something About the Men Who Have Done the Work—A List of the Casualties of the Old Bridge.

It is announced that the new steel bridge which spans the Missouri between Omaha and Council Bluffs will be opened to the public to-morrow, Monday, November 7, 1887. It is therefore fitting that a description of the magnificent superstructure, together with a brief review of the work, now all but complete, should be given to the public. That it ranks among the finest structures of the kind in the world is a fact; and to the men who by their perseverance and intelligence have brought their labors to a successful termination the greatest of honor is due. In company with Engineer E. Duryea a BEE reporter yesterday made the tour of the bridge. The first sensation the visitor experiences when he first sets foot upon the bridge proper, and looks down sixty-five feet through a net work of massive steel beams, is one of wonderment that such a mighty edifice could be erected in two short years. Then a little further on there rises forty feet above the floor four great spans 250 feet in length, and he gains his first idea of the great strength of the structure.

ear, while natural, is believed to be unnecessary, inasmuch as the builders took pains to discover if any danger existed. There are several bridges of this pattern in the country, one at Washington, one at Louisville and one at Fort Madison. No accidents have occurred at either of these places, and from the construction of the roadway it is almost an impossibility that one should occur. High-spirited horses are usually led across the first time or two, and after that no trouble need be anticipated.

At the lower end you again pass beneath the tracks to the north side. From this point a fine dirt road has been built across the bottoms into Council Bluffs. This new route across the river will undoubtedly prove very popular for several reasons. First, a magnificent view of the two cities and surrounding country is obtainable from the bridge. Secondly, the expense will be much less, and thirdly, the annoyance of being cooped up in filthy cars will be needless. To theatre parties coming from Council Bluffs to this city, the drive will be particularly enjoyable as it will be free from all the annoyance and delays of the present system.

who died from "casing fever" is known, and that was Henry Miller. One of the most wonderful escapes from death was that of Nelson Swanson, who, accompanied by three heavy planks, fell from the bridge into the river. He was unhurt and reached shore unaided. As soon as he could change his clothes he was again at work.

THE OLD BRIDGE. It would not be in keeping with the intent of this article were we without giving the old bridge that has passed from sight some little attention. At the time of its construction it was considered as it really was, one of the greatest results of engineering skill in this country. While it was built of iron and less elaborate than the great steel structure which now spans the river, its cost was more than double that of the new one. It had but one track, no roadways or walks for foot passengers, and no piers were cheap affairs as compared with the present ones. The initiatory steps for its construction were taken in 1866, when an act allowing it to be built was passed by congress. Light arose as to location, but one was finally agreed upon. Omaha voted \$250,000 in bonds to aid the enterprise, providing that it should have the main transfer depots, general offices, machine shops, etc. The bridge company was organized in 1868, and these bonds were sold in England, and the contract for its construction was awarded to the Boomer Bridge company of Chicago, on September 4, 1868, for the sum of \$1,089,540. It was stipulated that the work should be completed by November 10, 1869. The contractors were greatly delayed, and in the following July the Union Pacific called for the contract, and took hold of the work themselves. The bridge was not completed until March 25, 1874. It was 2,752 feet long, and had eleven spans. It was composed of a heavy iron truss, and the iron men were constantly employed with the exception of about eight months. The elevation of the bridge was fifty feet above high water mark, and was approached from the Iowa side by a grade of about one and one-half miles long, thirty-five feet rise to the mile, and from the Nebraska side by a trestle work now filled in with earth.

POLICE AND FIRE SIGNALS.

The Electric System of Alarm Now in Use in Omaha.

THE STREET-CORNER STATIONS.

A Description of the Manner in Which Police and Fire Alarms are Turned in to the Central Station.

The motto "Ever Ready" has its admonition heeded in an exaggerated sense by the economical foresight of Toole's at the auction, buying a door plate marked Thompson, in anticipation of having a daughter, who some day would marry a man of that name. Its strict observance leads to the construction of the fire escape and the stand pipe on the ten story building and the placing of the life boat on the ship at sea in a dead calm. Not the least useful of the adjuncts of the motto, is the iron turret about the lamp post, visible on various corners throughout Omaha. In various cities these iron boxes are painted of a flashy red, a gaudy yellow or bright green, but in Omaha their color is a nondescript hue. They are always locked, always dull-looking and if observed by the casual passer-by, it is with a thought of what they look like inside. Secretive ever they are, they give no outward sign of their hidden mysteries. And yet the "open sesame" to their interior, gives power to quell riot and anarchy, to summon the engines to gathering flames, to run down burglars and thieves with their booty unconcealed and to remove the fallen drunkard from his level of the gutter to the more friendly cell at the station. And all this without outcry or confusion. There is no bravo about electricity; it never threatens but always acts, and electricity like the lightning in the clouds is concealed within these boxes.

good repute, and live in the vicinity of any one of the twenty-eight police signal boxes in Omaha, you may enjoy one of a policeman's perquisites, and be provided with a key to the turret nearest your home. It is a simple brass key of a peculiar pattern, and it fits a yielding lock of still more peculiar properties. The interior of the box discloses another square iron box, surmounted by a sloping roof after the style of Vesuvius temple, or like a child's toy house. A brass crank is on the outside of the second iron box. If it be Bill Slug's day off, and he is in your neighborhood indulging in his old familiar pastime of cleaning out saloons, turn that crank at random, and the police patrol wagon, like an unexpected clap of thunder, will come clattering from around the corner, and ere Bill's frolics have been fully begun, he will be on his ride to the city jail, wondering how it all came about. And how was it effected? Simply enough. The revolution of the crank opened currents of electricity, which flew along wires to a little room in the city hall, where an attendant sits day and night before electric registers. If he were disposed to doze, the sharp ring of a bell in response to the turn of the crank will fully arouse him. Let us say that your number is twenty-three. Then in response to the turn of the crank there will be registered in the tape in the little room at the city hall, two dashes, with a space followed by three dashes. This will indicate to the operator in signal language, the location of the box by its number, and warn him that an ordinary brawl or a case of drunkenness exists in the neighborhood. Through a speaking tube he communicates with the police in the jail, and at once there springs into the patrol wagon, before which harnessed horses stand waiting, sufficient force to meet the emergency. It took the electric current an instant to do its work of registration, another was required to give the police notice. How long a time will be consumed to reach the box depends upon its distance and the fleetness of the horses.

On the face of the disc are several divisions indicated with the names Riot, Fire, Burglary and Thieves. An attendant in a room at the city hall, with a justifiable index pointer, like the hand of a clock explains their use. Should Herr Most come into your neighborhood any fine day and attempt to incite the idle crowd to deeds of anarchy, fix the willing hand on the disc, and touch a spring. Then in the little room at the city hall your call will be two dots, a space and three dots, telling of trouble at twenty-three, followed by three dashes, telling in signal language of a riot there. Ere Mr. Most would conclude his exodium the patrol wagon filled with police and followed by reserves gathered on the way would appear and the reading of the riot act would accompany the dispersal of the mob. In case of fire, the indicator would be adjusted to the word "Fire" on the disc, and the signal language would be the number of the box and two dashes, followed by a space and three dashes. The electric spark would be transferred, caught on the fly as it were, from the city hall to the Harney street station, and the requisite alarm would be turned. Your wonder is which most to admire, the simplicity of the mechanical device of the box or its efficiency. But hold! The interior box closed it remains to lock the outer one. You can't remove the key! And there the peculiar properties of the lock are visible. It requires a release key to effect the removal of your own from the lock. Your key is numbered, and oh! citizen of good repute, if, at any time, you should prove of a sportive disposition, and turn in an alarm simply for fun, you would be surely identified by the number of your key held fast in the lock, and your punishment would follow.

New York city. The New Yorkers won the bet, but great indignation was felt at the outrage and expense to the city, and an investigation followed. It was impossible to fasten the crime on any one, as many had keys. The prevention of a like scene led to the numbering of the various keys given out, and then came the invention of the release key for greater precaution.

Follow the wire leading from the iron boxes and they will lead you over horse tops, across open spaces, and still over other wires, but they will all converge in the little room at the city hall. It is the electrical room of the police and fire departments of Omaha. It is a plain room filled with all kinds of queer electrical apparatus, and it costs the city \$300 a month to maintain it.

Death of a Noted Jesuit. BALTIMORE, Nov. 5.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Father John Bapst, a noted Jesuit, died in the Mount Hope insane asylum a few days ago and was buried to-day near the Jesuit college at Woodstock, Md. He was seventy years old. With other Jesuits he was a refugee from Europe in 1848. He was assigned to Portland, Maine. At the time of the know nothing troubles his house was ransacked and he was stripped of his clothing, tarred and feathered, and nearly beaten to death. The citizens of Portland, to partly atone for the outrage perpetrated by the toughs, presented him with a gold watch, to accept which he received special permission from the superior of the order in Rome. He was the only Jesuit priest in America who wore a gold watch. For many years he was at the Jesuit house at Frederick, Md., and belonged to the college faculty. When his mind gave way six months ago he was sent to the asylum.

Gould Outlives a Hurricane. LONDON, Oct. 5.—The Cunard steamer Umbra, on which Jay Gould is a passenger, arrived at Queenstown to-day. A hurricane was experienced Wednesday, during which five steerage passengers were injured.

O'Brien's Treatment. DUBLIN, Nov. 5.—The Tullamore prison authorities have ordered that William O'Brien shall wear the uniform prescribed by the regulations for convicts.

Another Batch of Italians. NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The steamer Chateau y Queen arrived here to-day from Bordeaux with seventy-eight Italian steerage passengers, all of whom are well. The baggage has been thoroughly fumigated.

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THE BULLETERS. Mr. George S. Morrison, the designer and chief engineer has acquired a national reputation as a builder of bridges. Some of the finest structures in the United States have been built under his supervision, and he is a recognized authority on the subject. Quite recently Mr. Morrison has associated himself with Mr. J. Corhill, and the firm name is Morrison & Corhill. Their main office is in Chicago. They also have a branch office in New York. The firm has just completed bridges across the Missouri at Nebraska City and Tulo. They are also engaged at work at Sioux City, Iowa, and Portland, Ore.

Mr. H. W. Parkhurst, a most able and efficient engineer, was given charge of the work at the beginning. He surrounded himself with a corps of competent engineers, but before the work was far advanced had the misfortune to break his leg. He was laid up for a long time. He is now in charge of Morrison & Corhill's work at Sioux City.

Mr. George A. Lederle succeeded Mr. Parkhurst, immediately after the latter's accident and remained here until about June 1 of the present year, when he went to Portland, Ore., to oversee the work at that city. Mr. Lederle is considered to be one of the best civil engineers in the west and during his residence in Omaha made many warm personal friends.

On June 1 of the present year Mr. E. Duryea assumed charge and to him was given the honor of completing the work. Mr. Duryea is a young man about thirty years of age. He is eminently fitted for the responsible position he occupies, being thoroughly versed in civil engineering and possessing the power to command to a remarkable degree. Mr. Duryea is many warm friends in Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Among the conspicuous assistant engineers actively engaged was Mr. R. Modjeska, son of the famous tragedienne of the same name. Mr. Modjeska is a most competent young man. He is now located at Cairo, Ill.

In the clerical department of the work Mr. O. Gunkel, the storekeeper, is perhaps the best known. His duties are of a very exacting character, but he has been ably attended to. Mr. Gunkel is very popular with his associates, being a highly educated gentleman and a thorough business man.

Mr. James Sagarin, of Council Bluffs, was the foreman of erection. To him was entrusted the duty of placing all the iron beams and uprights in their places. His was considered the most difficult portion of the work.

Mr. Dennis Leonard, of Chicago, supervised the pneumatic work and was given the sobriquet of "the boss sand hog."

Mr. J. A. Dahlin was the time keeper and proved himself the right man for the right place.

THE CASUALTIES. One of the most to be regretted phases of bridge building is the loss of human life which ever accompanies the work. There is always great danger surrounding these great enterprises and it seems to be impossible to guard against fatal accidents. When work on the bridge began Mr. Morrison instructed his foremen to use every effort to only employ experienced men and if any of them proved to be bunglers to discharge them forthwith. This order was dictated by humane sentiments, and the result shows his wisdom. In the whole two years during many days of which as many as 300 men were employed, the small number of fatal accidents was only five, and three died from the effects of "casing fever"—that is, a disease contracted by working under pressure.

A. Merithew was the first victim. During the first two months of the work he fell from the east end and was instantly killed.

George Noche was struck shortly after by a falling plank and only lived twenty-four hours. He never regained consciousness.

During the winter John Montgomery, of Council Bluffs, slipped and fell into the river and was drowned. His body was never recovered. This was a particularly sad event, as the deceased left an aged father and mother who depended upon him for support.

Hans Hansen, of Council Bluffs, was the next victim. It is thought that dizziness was the cause of his fall into the river. His body was picked up at Plattsmouth.

H. Peter McGroff also fell into the river and was drowned. His body was found below Nebraska City.

The name of but one man of the three

The Rich Men of Chicago. A Chicago reporter gives the following estimates of the wealth of some of Chicago's millionaires: I should put Potter Palmer, Marshal Field, P. D. Armour and B. P. Hutchinson at the top of the list, though not necessarily in that order. How much each is worth, is of course, mere guess work. They don't tell, but it is a safe guess that each one has more than five and some of them ten millions. Palmer's wealth is in real estate. He owns thousands of feet along State street, improved and unimproved. Field is a big real estate man. His buildings are scattered through the business districts. His interest in his dry goods business represents an immense sum. He holds a good deal of stock of various kinds, and bonds. P. D. Armour, too, has a great many securities and a vast fortune in his packing-house plants. He often has \$1,000,000 invested in wheat for the carrying charge. B. P. Hutchinson owns some real estate, but his fortune is the amount held by the two first. He is a splendid financier and keeps his wealth largely in securities. Probably no man in Chicago could produce as much cash as he, in fifteen minutes, by realizing his securities, a thing real estate owners could not do, he could probably lay down anywhere from \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

An Ostrich Race. A correspondent from Africa writes: We were treated to an exhibition which was a novelty worth traveling miles to see—an ostrich race. Two little carts, the frames of which were made of bamboo and the wheels similar to those of a velocipede, weighing all the gear included, thirty-seven pounds, were brought forth, and four very large ostriches, trained to the business and harnessed abreast, were attached to each one. The race course was a flat piece of country about four miles in length. The distance to be traveled was four miles straight away and return. Two of the smallest and swiftest African humanity ever seen, less than four feet in height and weighing about seventy-two pounds apiece. Bojesmen, pure and simple, were selected as charioteers, and it was ready. I had been provided with a magnificent sixteen-hands high English hunter, having a record placing him among the very best saddle horses of Cape Town, and was quarter way toward the turn of the course, pushing my flesh horse to do his best, when the feathered bipeds started, and before I reached the turn the ostrich chariots had passed me, going and returning like a flash of lightning. I did see them, and yet so quickly did they vanish into distance that a picture, valuable for its accuracy, can not be given. The time taken at the starting point by several of the spectators was, for the four miles and return, nearly ninety minutes, not very fast for ostriches, they said, but too rapid for English hunters, I know.