## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21. 1887.

# TRIALS OF BEREAVED WOMEN

How Wealthy Mourners Are Bored by Peddlers.

FASHIONABLE GIRLS ABROAD.

What They Have to Talk About-Their **Experiences** on the Continent-Charles Dickens, Jr.-Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-The Grants have changed to the other side of town. This has fashionable significance, although the family of the late general and president have thus far avoided that conpicuousness which they could easily have obtained in our snobbish circles. Fifth avenue is being possessed by trade, and the area of really modish residence in that region is being constantly restricted. It has for several years been evident that the overflow would go to the western quarter bounded beautifully by Central Park, Riverside Park and Morningside Park. Through that narrow portion of the city run wide parklike boulevard, West End avenue and Central Park west. Ulysses S. Grant, jr., has just bought a residence in West End avenue; the widow of Grant

has closed a bargain for another in exchange for her present house. and Colonel Fred D. Grant is negotiating for a third. The tomb of Grant is at the northern end of this section, and the magnificent Episcopal cathedral is to stand in it. The widow Grant visits the temporary sepulchre of her husband every few days. It is a mean, kennel-like structure, in which the hermet-ically scaled coffin rests on a bier, as placed at the time of the funeral. But the surroundings are beautiful, and when a monument is erected-it seems at present a long way off, although congress is to be asked to complete the fund—the spot will be a sight. Indeed, it is now one of the places visited by strangers; and most of them by the way look at an adjacent grave as that of a long deceased son of Grant lately brought there. The error got well started somehow, the policemen have grown weary of explaining that it is an old grave, and so it gets a great deal of attention.

#### MRS. GRANT

has learned that poor, mourning hearts have the added woes of scheming business agents. She was lying on a lounge in her back parlor the day after the ob-sequies, when a man gently pushed open the door, and with great care deposited a mahogany box on the table. He coughed apologetically behind a black glove and commenced a set speech, "In the midst of life we are in death," he began. The lady sprang up. On went the orator: "How pleasing when those we love are removed to have facinating mementoes.

"What is it you want?" was the lady's question.

'I am the patentee of a process by which flowers are preserved as natural as life, and after death are made to be beautiful ornaments of the drawing room," exclaimed the man. "Let me show you some specimens," and he began to unbuckle the box and exhibit a lot of bilious wreathes and jaundiced crosses. Mrs. Grant burst into fresh tears and flew out of the room to order the intruder ejected. She has ever since been besieged by persons who, for the sake of sales or advertising, desire to do something or other about the tomb. To guard her against them, she has made herself inaccessible to

straight unaggressive nose, and a sandy moustache for which his hair is a darker match. THE GREATER DICKENS. has a contemptuous opinion of everything relating to America, as the world knows, and to-day I talked with the son

not at you, the way our men do; a

to learn whether he held the same

His observation of people, places and things, while quite extended, is not at all critical. He sees many places without seeing them and has no inducement to lead him to examine closely into de-tails. The principal objects of interest to him have been hotels, depots and his audiences. If pressed closely as to the most needed improvement in anything he has seen, he would say: "Pave the streets of New York and seat people comfortably who travel through them in public conveyances." Public dis-comfort is keenly felt by forcigners

while private living is the equal of anything in the older countries. Dickens thinks that New York is very much like Paris, and that Boston has quite an English air. American hotels he finds exceedingly well managed, comfortable, neat, prompt in service, and well furnished, but-"O, dear, me, no they can't cook, one of them! I don't know what's the matter, whether its the cooking or the seasoning, or the materials, but nothing tastes right. There is something wrong with it all-its bad, that's all that can be said of it., Table etiquette he finds good generally, except for the "beastly practice of bring-ing on all kinds of viands together, so that a man sees the next while eating the last." He condems the indecent haste with which meals are brought on and dispatched. He regards a meal-time as a period for leisurely, pleasant discourse, tasteful sequences of physical enjoyment and dainty attention to de-tails of taste and refinement; a social service in which the dining room is the temple, the waiters reverent and efficient priests, and the partakers respectful and decorous worshippers. cient The fashionable girls who are crowding back to town from Europd have got more to talk about than before. Those who have not walked with the prince of Wales, stared tearfully at the crown prince of Prussia and seen a few riots among the London poor are considered quite tedious. Deary me! The talk is all about the prince, just as if this was England instead of New York and as if all the prince did this autumn was to

hunt up and talk to New York girls. It is usually said that the women are more patriotic than the men and I hate to contradict any of the few things that are said in favor of my sex, but I must admit that in fashionable circles our girls are the greatest toadies and tories you can imagine. It's because they all are bent on marrying a foreign nobleman.

"I don't care; I want to be called 'my lady. ' said one of the wealthiest girls in Detroit when she was here the other day. This everlasting 'Miss This' and Mrs. That' is tiresome. I want to be lady this and my lady that. got the money to keep a lord and I don't see why I shouldn't buy one if I want

It seems that when the prince was taking the waters at Hamburg the place was full of Americans. Mr. Blaine, Chauncey Depew, Mr. Hyde, and half a dozen rich or

FAMOUS AMERICANS were there with their wives and daughters, and all the Americans abroad congregated there. It suddenly became the fashion to take the waters. The Prince of Wales and Mr. Blaine went there for the purpose and all the rest followed. It's awfully ridiculous the way they tade the waters, which I un-derstand taste slike the water a cod has been boiled in. You must go at 7 o'clock in the morning, take a glass, walk fifteen minutes, take another glass and walk half an hour, take another glass

balcony or anywhere about any inn they stopped at, everybody was kept out of their way. The German Americans from the west were simply crazy to speak to him but not one got a chance. They took their revenge by pitying him more loudly for a man, than for a dying man. CLARA BELLE. more loudly for a henpecked husband

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

### A SENSATIONAL STORY. Alleges He Was Wrongfully Commit-ted to an Insane Asylum.

The Northwestern, of Oshkosh, Wis. printed the following in its issue of last Saturday: There is now confined at the northern state hospital for the insane a man named Charles Rollin Brainard, and the story concerning his incarcera-tion in that institution forms one of the most sensational chapters that has been chronicled in the Northwestern for many years. A large number of people.

specially the old settlers of this section of the state, will remember the late Dr. Lyman Brainard, a physician and surgeon of Waupaca county, who ten years or so ago was widely known as a practi-tioner throughout Waupaca, Waushara, and Outogamie counties. Two years ago the doctor died, and following his demise has been enacted this strange story concerning his son. In an interview with a Northwestern reporter today Charles Rollin Brainard related the story of his incarceration about as follows:

"My father was a kind, genial man, but his married life was sadly marred. He had the misfortune to bind himself in matrimony to a woman who was the very personification of cruelty and meanness. With a hard heart she lacked seemingly all those virtues of a mother's sympathy, and her children received the most of the time nothing but the harshest treatment at her hands. She had a singular mania for adopting children, however, and strange as it may appear, those to whom it would seem she must of had some love before taking them into her family fared just as severely at her hands as did her

own offspring. As the years rolled on Rollin grew to manhood and entered Racine college, from which institution he graduated in 1864. For three years he studied theology, but afterward took the law and practiced the legal profession at Boston for three years. From the practice of law Mr. Brainard drifted into literary work, and for about twenty years past has been a valuable contributor to the leading magazines and newspapers of the United States. He has contributed for Appleton's Cyclopedia for a consid-erable length of time, and the second volume of the Cyclopedia of American Biography has about four hundred arti-cles from his pen. He is also a writer for the North American Review and the Chicago Times, this morning's issue of the last named publication containing an article written by hlm and entitled "The Insane Dancers," being a description of one of the socials re-cently given for the patients which are committed there. Some two years

ago this month Brainard's father died, as above stated, but Rollin, who was then residing in the east, failed to hear of his father, s demise for a time; at least he received no intelligence to that

effect from his mother, who, as he says, was too imbittered against her son to even notify him of the sad news. Last June, however, Rollin Brainard took his journey westward, and soon found himelf at the homestead near Waupaca. His mother, he says, had lost none of her old-time antipathy for her son, and and her avowed object was to see him behind the bars, **be** quote Brainard, "if it cost her her life." In telling this story to-day, Brainard said she used every available scheme to have him

ing at the court house was asked to step

into a certain room, which afterward proved to be the office of the sheriff.

n less time than it took to write this

the northern hospital, duly signed by

Dr. Manchester and Dr. Pelton. At the

time the papers were served it lacked

only about twenty minutes of train time,

and Brainard was not even accorded an

found him at the insane asylum. Dr.

Kempster is bound to receive any one

who is committed with the proper pa-pers, and so Brainard, though perfectly

compos mentis, had to be taken as a pa-

tient. He has been at the hospital now

about four weeks, but is allowed the ut-

most liberty, having been allowed to go

to Milwaukee. He has the free use of

Dr. Kempster's valuable library, and

continues his literary work as though he

had never been committed as insane.

Kempster was not in, but Flemming, when questioned e scribe, authoritatively stated

The person who has thus

official.

PROF. JOHN L. SULLIVAN ABROAD eception Speech, Reported From

Bill Nye's Stenographic Notes. New York World: I am in a position to furnish the World with a very fair report of the speech made in London Slugger Sullivan in response to the able reception accorded him there as a Yankee expounder of the law of knock-out-for-the-gate-money so beautifully framed by the Marquis of Queensbury. On this memorable occasion Mr. Sullivan said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am a plain American citizen, visiting your shores for the first time, and hoping that one or more of your self-made scrappers will put up his dukes in the defense of your sunset-proof empire. I do not brag nor boast, but I aim to please, and my work shows for itself. I shall give several slugging recitals while here in the interests of higher intellectual development and a more pronounced phrenological protuberance. While here I shall be the guest of the

Marquis of Queensbury. I am very proud of your reception and and it makes me feel more or less bully to know that you admire and respect a poor boy who is here without a crest-a plain pugilist who obtained his knowledge in America by the light of a pine knot after his other work was done. am here to see your justly celebrated country, and ornament the crowned

heads of your European dynastics. When I first began to puge I little thought that I would one day put on my pholstered mittens and take off my other clothes on your shores. I have rose in America by means of my ability to discover the needs and wants of our age and then supply that want. All the grammar I have ever saw was the gram-mar of my profession-to be, to do, or to suffer. You will find pale and studious people that knows more about ettykett and the number of bones in the human body than I do, but if a man wants his bones pointed out and his attention called to 'em, I can do it for him. You must not expect much of a speech

from me, for I never speak much in public, though I have held several public discussions in America for the most of the gate money. Most everybody in American agrees with me. If they think I am wrong they generally tell me so by telephone. I hope I shall get along equally well with the English people. I did not come over here to interfere

with your form of government, but more to mix up with the better classes here and give them the advantages of my polish. I shall appear in public off and on

while here, and hope to be found always fighting with the right. I have had a stormy career. I am used to sights of blood and carnage and police interfer-ence. But I must not detain you, for there are other eloquent speakers to follow me, so no more at present, from yours truly, John L. Sullivan.

P. S .- Mr. Sullivan will, while abroad, give selections from his own works.

In making the assertion that Pozzoni' medicated complexion powder is entirely free from injurions or deadly poisons we do it upon the authority of a thorough chemical analysis. It is one of the old-est face powders in the American market, and is used in the families of some of our most prominent medical men who have personally acknowledged to the proprietor that they not only considered harmless, but esteemed it highly beneficial in every respect. Sold by al druggists.

#### A Student's Vacation.

Buffalo Courier: A reporter walking up the towpath at lower Black Rock one day overtook a canal boat on whose stern was painted "Polly Forbes of Schenectady." In a minute more he had come up with the mules and their driver. Under the mules' collars were brought as a prisoner into the courts. great rings of raw flesh constantly but without avail. The 6th of October however, as Brainard was engaged chafed and irritated by the hot leather They limped painfully onward, too in showing some of those at the farm how to oil a harness he was approached by the sheriff, hopelessly wretched to resent the jerks and scourgings of the driver, who himself seemed a fitting companion for his who told him that Judge Ogden would beasts, for wherever the dust discovered like to see him. The thought flashed across the mind of Brainard that the his clothing it was a mass of patches and a torn wide-brimmed hat protected visit of the officer might be the preliminary movement for the execution of his head. "Hello!" said he, as the reporter came some legal plot of which he was to be the victim, and he accordingly asked the sheriff if his visit was official or unalong, "would you be kind enough to tell me the time?"



strangers, save through some male member of the household.

Bereaved women among the wealthy in New York are commonly pestered by peddlers. I know an instance when a mother, while her dead child lay still still in the house, encountered at her chamber door a sallow faced female, in rusty black alpaca, sitting gingerly on the edge of a chair.

"I told 'em not to disturb you," wailed the creature in a plaintive voice. "In this time of trouble I don't want to hurry no one. Have you got a picture of the lamented child?" The woman consulted a card in the hollow of her left hand on which the sex, age and relationship of the dead person was writ-

"Your dear daughter is gone; it is a great deprivation—photographs fade, oil paintings are unnatural, but a cast of the face of the dead would be like having her with you again."

She held up for breath, and, taking a parcel, she deftly undid it and displayed something shockingly like the head of a corpse, a cast in plaster of some dead person.

The mother gave a smothered scream and fled before this horror down to the basement, to instruct the servants to admit no strangers to the house on pain of dismissal.

In the world of life and gaiety, THE BALL SEASON

is about to begin. Our belles are getting their costumes ready for two debu-tante balls at Delmonico's for the Astor-Vanderbilt clique. There is no end to the bizarre nomenclature of colors for ball dresses. This week they spring lizzard green and chamomile pink on The lizzard green is the shade our us. mothers used to esteem in girlhood as tea green.

A tea green glove is the most serviceable color in the world," said ma the other day.

Black tea or green tea, with or with out milk?" asked the daughter. "Green tea, of course, and plain, to be

sure. Plain green tea in a white china cup is exactly the shade of lizzard greenvery lovely in gloves and very nice in hosiery, if the dress is of the same color. Chamomile pink is a yellowish rose color, something like shrimp-pink, and both these colors can be found in the Jersey silk shirts that many ladies wear. This rage for odd colored under-wear is a fine thing for the cleaners. who get the clothes to clean instead of the laundress. They do not bear wash-

ing, and so into naptha go the violet. sulphur, lizzard-green and chamomile pink things. For doing up a silk chemise the cleaners ask \$1.50; for a pair of silk sockings, 25 cents, and for a Jersey shirt 50 cents; for a silk night dress, \$2 and for a handkerchief 10 cents. A woman who wears this style of garb has no fool of a bill at her cleaner's.

The latest spark in the trail of genius scintillating in America is Charles Dickens, jr. He is rather a prolific spark-he has eight children. the present social lion in New York Mr. Dickens has been here several weeks and to the writer it occurred that he might have his own impressions of the country that might or might not agree with those expressed by his illusus sire. So the writer hunted for Mr. Dickens and ran him down in the parlor of an up-town hotel. He is a well-formed, hearty, easy-going fellow, of about thirty-eight, a good six feet in height, with that peculiar old-country fleshiness which is not our fatness, a round looking expression of forchead and head like his father-but that is all -merry, unthoughtful, after-dinner They were awfully private. They ate boking eyes, that look toward you but alone and if they wanted to go out on a -merry, unthoughtful, after-dinner

and walk an hour. Then you musn't drink at all and you must go to bed early so as to be around again at 7 in the morning. Of course, the stopping their everlasting nips and smashes and cocktails is what benefits the men and then the silly creatures praise the waters.

Well there was the prince and there were our girls. He took the waters in the little park or garden, took his meals in a corner of the Kursaal, which is a big concert hall turned into a restaurant, sitting so that all could see him and he went to the concert every evening after dinner in the open air. The girls were crazy to know him, and one by one they got introduced. That was by one they got introduced. That was the difference between the Americans and the Europeans. The European women all stood off and, would you believe it, whenever he came past them he curtised. They put out a foot behind and gave a lurch down with one knee, while the men all took their hats off. Such a thing as knowing him never occurred to them as the American girls had him half the time. The prince, though stont, (and what I call a little beery, though the girls wouldn't say so article a man walked into the office and handed the sheriff a paper, which proved to be a com-mitment for Brainard's incarceration in for the world) is a very quick, nervous man who does everything as quickly as a cat can move. He talks in quick, jerky sentences and he moves like a flash. He walked twice as fast as any man in Hamburg when he

was taking his exercise along with the waters. Well, he turned up every morning at seven, and there were all the girls. He took his glass of water and began to fly around the walk in the park, nodding now to one friend and now to another. You had better beieve the girls were all there, red-eyed and ghastly because of getting up so early. But they had to take their chances, because no one is allowed to speak to the prince until he speaks first. He had about seven or eight women and men in the party, and he would fly around with them more than half the time. But, suddenly every now and then, he would halt in front of

A YANKEE MISS.

oyalty.

prince.

When this interview was obtained and say "Don't you want to walk a little?" He would then start off with her for a turn or two and then he would and say little?" Dr. Dr. by the drop her and take up some one else. that Brainard was perfectly sane. The unfortunate man, if such he may be Well, as far as I can make out, it was simply too ridiculous. The English termed, has demanded a jury trial, and women with their long limbs and all ac-

declares he will stay at the hospital until he gets his right. When this customed to walking could do very well with the prince, but the American girls state of affairs is brought about matters could not keep up with him at all. They will have arranged themselves so that would try it and fail and the next thing to use Brainard's words, he himself will you knew they were trotting around on be in a position "to dictate terms." a gentle run by his side. It would not do to ask him to slow up; in fact, he told appears that while in the east Brainard has come into possession of certain papers which make it to the advantage them walking was no good unless you got yourself in a perspiration. So each one trotted, breathless and redfaced beof certain parties to have him "put out of the way. side the great man, as they think him over there. I asked if all the Euro-peans didn't laugh at such a sight and they said possibly some did but that all would give their boots, and stockings

been confined by the apparently skillful plotting of those who are his enemies is man of excellent address, andhis conversation shows him to be a scholar in the true sense of that term. Investigathrown in, for a chance to walk with tion since the interview shows that in the first volume of Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography he conri buted None of the girls met the crown He traveled with his wife and the article on Lyman Beecher and his sister through the Tyrol, stopping at the ordinary iuns but riding in his own car sons, and also on Thomas Hart Benton Brainard is five feet ten inches in height, straight of form and active, and or carriage. The two women with him startled our girls by the plainness of their attire. Fancy the wife of the heir weighs about 140 pounds. He is fortyseven years of age and unmarried.

opparent of Prussia in a chip jocky hat Storm calendar and weather forecasts with a bit of ribbon and a guinea hen's feather in front, and clad in a suit of brown lady's cloth with a little braiding for 1888 by Rev. Irl R. Hicks, with ex-planations of the "Great Jovian Period" on the basque and just the plainest of upon which our planet is now entering, over skirts without a half yard to spare! mailed to any address on receipt of That is the way she dressed, It in-creased the sternness of her appearance. two cent postage stamp. Write plainly your name, postoffice and state. The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., St Louis, Mo.

"Half-past 10.

The officer replied that it was "Ah, thank you; half an hour until the latter, and Brainard afterward asked him what Judge Ogden wanted. dinner time, and I'm hungry enough now to eat both Pegassus and Bucepha-The sheriff said that he did not know, They're the ambling steeds you and Brainard thought that the judge lus. see before you. Full of fire, especially under their collars. They look a little weary now, for they've been on the might want to converse with him upon the subject of waterworks, for he nimself had written communications tramp for ten days nearly." concerning this improvement to the Waupaca papers. Brainard accordingly accompanied the sheriff, and upon arriv-

"And you have almost as hard a lot as he mules, I fancy.

"Well, that's just as you look at it. I rather like it myself. Of course, I get footsore on the tow-path, but then, when I'm off, I can't do much but rest and read. I've been reading considerable of Tennyson and Browning this summer

"Hey?" said the astonished reporter. "Tennyson and Browning. I began 'The Ring and the Book' six weeks ago, on the up trip from New York. I'm making a study of it. You see, we can hardly keep up with current literature in college." opportunity of going back to the house and visiting his room, but was hustled on board of the train and a few hours "In college?"

"Yes, I am a Cornell man, and I spend my summers on the tow path. That is, I have the last two. The first ummer I hired out as a waiter at a seaside hotel, but my rich southern blood couldn't stand it, so the last two summers I've followed the profession of a mule driver. Of course I have to stand around and obey orders, but I look out for a good captain, and so don't have it as rough as some of them."

"But don't you have to put up with many privations?" "Oh, no; just come aboard at dinner time, and you can see for yourself. The walking is beneficial to one's health, and while the feet get sore at first, that wears quickly off. Then, too, the caual passes through some of the richest farmng country in the state, and I wouldn't isk for finer scenery than that in the Mohawk and Hudson river valleys."

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