

AMUSEMENTS.

Boyd's Opera House. ONE WEEK. Commencing, Dec. 5th WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, MATINEE. BOLOSSY KRALFY'S GRANDST SPECTACLE DOLORES. By Sardou, author of the Reigning Parisian Success, La Tosca. THE Great Cast Includes Newton Gotthold, John Malone, J. H. Fitzpatrick, Miss Eleanor Carey, and other eminent artists. See the World's Greatest Premier Performance. BELLE, PARIS, NICODE. Not only Bolossy Kralfy's Greatest Spectacular Production, but a noble play with all the usual vehicle for scenic and mechanical effects. -N. Y. Tribune. 2 Grand Ballets 2

Grand Opera House. LESTER M. CRAWFORD, Lessee and Manager. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 15th, 16th and 17th. SECOND SEASON IN OMAHA OF NATIONAL OPERA, CHARLES E. LOCKE, Proprietor and Manager. Four Performances of GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH. The strength of the list of Principal Singers, etc., will be seen from the following announcement:-- SOPRANOS. MME. FURCH-MADL, BERTHA PIERSON, AMANDA FABRIS, SOPHIA TRAUBMAN, and EMMA JUCH. CONTRALTOS. CLARA POOLE, HELEN LUDINGTON, WILLIAM HOOK, Stage Director. TENORS. ELOI SYLVA, CHARLES BASSETT, AND BARTON MCGUCKIN. BASSES AND BARITONES. FRANK VETTA, ALONZO STODDARD, ANDREW BLACK, WILLIAM MERTON, and WILLIAM LUDWIG. GUSTAV HINRICH, Musical Conductor.

OVER-STOCK COATS. Owing to the lateness of the season we find ourselves overstocked with fine and medium priced overcoats, and in order to reduce the quantity we propose to sell most of them within the next 10 days, and have made prices that will insure a speedy sale: FOR INSTANCE Our \$ 5 overcoats now go for \$ 3.00 " 8 " " " 5.00 " 9 " " " 6.00 " 10 " " " 7.50 " 15 " " " 10.00 " 20 " " " 14.00 " 25 " " " 18.00 We have reduced in the same ratio all our Fur and Fur Trimmed Overcoats, and if you need one you will find this the best opportunity yet offered this season. We have had such a grand success of our

GRAND CHORUS AND BALLET. 75 Voices, 40 Dancers. PRINCIPAL DANCERS--Amelia Franchi, Giovanni Cammerano, Miles, Cleonido Cappelletti, Riva, Galvaghio, four Sec-ond Dancers, twenty-four Coryphees and eight Male Pantomimes. THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF FIFTY MUSICIANS. MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES. THE REPORTOIRE Thursday Evening, Dec. 15th, Elaborate Presentation of Verdi's Grand Opera in 4 acts, AIDA. Friday Evening, Dec. 16th, Rubinstein's Grand Opera in 4 acts, NERO. Saturday Afternoon, Dec. 15th, Goldmark's Grand Opera in 3 acts, the Queen of Sheba. Saturday Evening, Dec. 17th, Elaborate production of Gounod's Grand Opera in 5 acts, FAUST.

THE DEAD CITY OF THE PLAINS

General Brislin Gives a Graphic Description of Old Julesburg.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES

Scenes and Incidents of the Days When the Union Pacific Was Being Constructed.

FORT MCKINNEY, Wyo., Nov. 29.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Old Julesburg! How many memories that name recalls to Nebraskaans of the time when they were young and the country was young and the great Union Pacific railroad was building across the continent to California.

OLD JULES BERNARD then had his cabin on the bank of the Platte and lived like a hermit. Nobody knew him as Mr. Bernard, only as Old Jules; and he would hardly have known himself if somebody had called him Mr. Bernard. His old cabin built from logs cut from the river bank was still standing only a few yards ago and is still there yet, if some vandals has not destroyed it. How he lived on one seemed to know, but he managed to subsist somehow on what fish he could catch with an occasional rabbit or grouse, from the hills. He was one of those adventurous French pioneers, who occasionally penetrated far beyond the borders of civilization and led lives of isolation and solitude. Only a few years ago our country abounded with these men who were scattered all over the west but they are nearly all dead now and I know personally of but two who are left, James Lammeroux and Peter Anoret.

Bernard was well born, educated, and a gentleman. Some early misfortune darkened his life and he fled from civilization to bury himself in the wilds of Nebraska. He seemed only anxious to escape the face of his fellow men and nurse his great sorrow whatever it was in silence. When gold was discovered in California and the rush overland took place, it brought thousands of travelers near his lonely cabin. His hut stood on the Platte river, near the California crossing, just below Julesburg. The old man was kindhearted and honorable, but he did not relish the invasion of his retreat. Still he stuck to his home and treated everyone with kindness and hospitality who came to his rude cabin. He hunted a good deal and sold game and furs to travelers in exchange for flour and cornmeal. One day an old friend who chanced to call on Bernard was astonished to find in his house some chairs and a lamp. Soon afterwards it was reported that the old man had been induced to accept a position of trust with the Overland Stage company as its agent. The hermit was now about to become a man of business and his intelligence, honesty and politeness charmed every one with whom he came in contact. A more kind hearted and harmless creature than Bernard could not be imagined. Even the Indians loved and respected the good old man. In those days there was on the Platte

A DESPERADO NAMED JACK SLADE, who, with his band of cutthroats, had overrun the whole of the Platte Valley. Slade proposed to Bernard to join his band, and as might have been expected, he refused to do so. Deeply incensed at his refusal Slade and his cutthroats SWORE THEY WOULD KILL HIM. Jones was warned, but disinclined to fly. One night the bandits went and, surrounding the old man's house, bound him hand and foot. They then, with a ferocity unknown to any but savages, mutilated his body first by cutting off his ears, then his toes, and so continuing to mutilate and separate him joint by joint until he died. Slade, it is said, finally shot him through the head to end his sufferings. The desperado HAD JULES' EARS DRIED and he carried them in his pocket. After taking a drink at the bar Slade would offer the horrified bar-keeper his victim's ears in pay for the drinks. Fortunately for humanity Slade went to Montana, where he met two old friends

of mine, Wilbur F. Sanders and Beidler, who HANGED HIM. When their chief was dead the desperado fled from the vigilantes of Montana and took refuge in the terrible Sanders and his vigilantes had hunted down and shot or hanged nearly every one of them. The few who survived abandoned the road and became quiet and law-abiding citizens.

OLD JULESBURG. was named after Jules Bernard, and like its proprietor was destined to suffer great changes. In the winter of 1865 the Indians under the noted warrior, Little Dog, burned the place, and several United States soldiers (some say as many as twenty-five) were killed while trying to defend the town. It was rebuilt, but did not amount to much until the winter and summer of 1867, when the Union Pacific railroad was completed to a point on the opposite side of the river. Here at the terminus of the road a town sprang up that completely eclipsed the old Julesburg. The new city, as it was called, had a wonderful growth. In one year, 1867, it grew from nothing to 4,000 inhabitants. Within the space of six weeks 1,100 buildings were put up and the city spread over an area of 300 acres. It was perhaps

THE WICKEDEST CITY EVER BUILT on this continent. Its tales of crime would fill a volume, and are still related all over the west. Out of 1,200 houses in the place 900 were saloons, gambling houses, or dens of prostitution. Of the 4,000 inhabitants 600 were women of bad reputation. The roughs from all over the United States and Canada flocked to Julesburg, and it became a prodigy of energy and wickedness. The roughs of all hours of the night. There was no law, not even vigilantes, and only occasionally when the military interfered to put down a mob was there anything like order. Fabled insults were wiped out in blood, and horrible tragedies were of daily occurrence. Every device by which money could be made lost or squandered was rife, and recklessness and prodigality reigned everywhere supreme. Fortunes were lost nightly and men driven to desperation by their losses committed the most horrible crimes. Land rose to fabulous values and a few feet on one of the principal streets would bring thousands of dollars, only to be sold next day at an advance of 35 or 40 per cent. Lamps brought \$100, \$200 and even \$300 per thousand, and canvas tents would sell for as much as good houses would bring in ordinary times. One young man rented a building for \$1,000 per month, and people thought he was crazy but he put \$100 in it and reaped them by the night. His profits on the building were \$2,000 per month. Another for a few dollars bought some tents at a government sale and rented them out at \$100 per day. Fead of all kinds was correspondingly high; potatoes sold at 25 cents a pound or \$15 a bushel; flour was \$15 and \$20 per hundred; corn \$10 and \$12 per bushel; beef 50 cents per pound and hams 50 cents per pound. Servant girls got \$10 and \$15 per week and mechanics would not work for less than \$5 per day. Out of these disorders and wild speculations grew an organization the like of which was never before seen on this continent. A band of men leagued themselves together under the pretense of preserving order, but really for the purpose of robbery and murdering their fellow citizens. Bogus courts were set up with the power of life and death in their hands; onerous taxes were levied and collected by force and crimes of robbery and murder were winked at when the authorities could divide the spoils. Honest labor and legitimate business were grievously burdened and licentiousness and gambling permitted to go free. Drugged liquors were sold to soldiers, teamsters and employes every time they were paid off, and they were dragged into dens of prostitution and there robbed of their hard earned money. If they sought redress at the hands of the civil authorities, so called, they were fined and locked up as prisoners and kept there until their fines were paid. Theatres, hurdygurdies, and dance houses were kept open all night, and real as well as mock tragedies were hourly enacted. The Indians of the plains hearing of the fame and

wonders of the white man's civilization at Julesburg came by hundreds to look upon them, and their surprise can well be imagined when they found there a people more savage than themselves. They looked with wonder at the rows of buildings and streets where only a few months before that paths in the wilderness ran. When they had gone out to hunt in the spring not a living white man except old Jules Bernard was on that sandy plain of the desert, and when they returned the next fall they saw a city teeming with human beings and containing thousands of things which were new and curious to them, and of course they knew not the use. Hundreds of government wagons fled through the streets going westward, with supplies for the frontier posts; long lines of railroad teams loaded with implements and material marched and counter-marched, jostled each other, and all day and night long bull-whackers shouted with brazen lungs to their toiling and patient oxen or exploded their long whips with a noise so much like the crack of a revolver that strangers stopped and turned around to see who had been shot or took refuge in alarm in the nearest open doorway. An Englishman who was visiting our country went to see Julesburg and learn

THE WAYS OF THE PLAINS. He never could learn to distinguish the difference between the noise made by a revolver and the popper of a bull-whacker's whip. Two or three times he had been startled by the explosion of an ox-goad and had darted into the nearest hole to be out of the way of what he thought was coming bullets. His friends had rallied him on his nervousness and he made up his mind that next time he would stand his ground. The next day he was walking down the street and he heard a pop, pop behind him, but kept on straight ahead, when presently he felt a sharp pain in his leg, and looking around was surprised to see two fellows pegging away at each other with revolvers. He was seriously wounded and laid up for weeks with a sore leg. It is needless to say when he got well he never again attempted to distinguish the difference between a bull-whacker's whip and the crack of a revolver, but took cover at the first sound of either.

An English lord who was in New York heard of Julesburg, and he wanted to see "some of that sort of thing, you know." So he came out, and was soon at the famous little city. Writing to a member of the British parliament, he said: "Here, in the heart of the American desert, I have found a city only a few months old that polls 4,000 votes, and is a very city indeed. All languages are spoken, all kinds of business carried on, and every conceivable fashion of dress worn. The buckskin-clad frontiersman and the aborigine interest me most, and I shall have many a good story to tell you of these queer people when I return." While this English lord was visiting Julesburg the Indian chiefs, Spotted Tail and Big Mouth, attracted by the fame of the city came to see it as well as his lordship. The Englishman made them many presents and was most cordially invited to visit the Indian encampment near by. Curious to learn more of the red men he went with an interpreter and an escort. The chiefs received him with very great honor, and learning he was a great man from a far off country lavished upon him every mark of their respect. When he was about to depart Big Mouth said he wished to make his lordship a suitable present in return for the presents he had made them, and the very great honor he had done them in visiting their camp. He then led forward

A BIG, BUXOM SQUAW, whom he gave to him as a wife, and asked him to take her back to England with him. The Englishman was horrified. He already had a wife and large family in England, and he knew not what to do. He was afraid to refuse his present lest he should offend the Indians, and he sought the interpreter's advice and begged him to extricate him from this unpleasant predicament. The interpreter said it would never do to refuse so valuable a present, and offered for \$100 to take the girl off his hands, which his lordship gladly paid, and fled back to Julesburg and left the country. He said that he had no further desire to see the Indians in their lodge and would never again visit an Indian encampment if he lived to be a thousand years old.

IT IS THE FAULT OF THE MEN

If Women Are Jealous the Men Are to Blame.

SO SAYS ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Different Types of Women Who Are Never Susceptible to Jealous Feelings—Woman Made to Be Loved and Appreciated by Man. Written for the Bee—Copyrighted. Very few people make a proper distinction between jealousy and envy. They are used as synonymous terms, and confounded every day by able speakers and writers. Yet they are as unlike as a wild animal and an insect. Jealousy is often the misbehaved child of noble parentage. Envy is always base born and plebeian. Jealousy often suffers untold agonies in silence, or strikes bold blows in the face. Envy stabs in the darkness and behind the back. Jealousy to be, must first look in the face of love. Envy can exist without ever having looked beyond its own reflection. Jealousy may spring from self-depreciation; envy must spring from self-adulation. I heard it once remarked of a worldly belle who courted admiration, but laughed at love, that she was a strange paradox; she could not love, yet she exhibited intense jealousy if any of her numerous admirers bestowed the least attention upon other ladies. This was but another illustration of the misuse of the word. This selfish belle had never known love, therefore she could not know jealousy. She was simply envious of the power which any woman possessed to draw her admirers from her side. She desired to be a monopolist in the affairs of the heart—a Jay Gouldness in the affectional market, and she resented the interference of any small dealer or dabbler in the stock of Love. Men exhibit this sort of feeling to a degree, though their broad and busy lives prevent them from carrying it to the extent which mars the progress of woman everywhere. I have heard physicians of excellent standing deny each other with rancor; musicians are notoriously envious of one another; authors, actors and even business men often forget that the world is large enough for all, and that success was never obtained by pulling down another man. But this feeling which takes root in self and directs its venom toward other people's achievements and possessions is not jealousy. It is only foolish envy—the meanest attribute of the human mind, the little fox which spoils the tail of a noble character, the moth which destroys the beautiful fabric of the soul. It is the child of selfishness and the companion of hate. Jealousy is the unworthy child of love—a bad child who ought to be governed and chastised before he works harm to his parent. Love may exist without jealousy, as a man may live without offspring. But jealousy cannot live without love, any more than an infant can be born without parents. As the rule of the world is that people beget offspring, so it is the rule that love begets jealousy. If women are more jealous than men, it is only because they live more wholly in the atmosphere of love. There are two rare types of women who are never susceptible to jealousy. One is the perfectly humble being, utterly devoid of individuality, who lives in a state of wondering amazement that she should be the recipient of her lover's least regard. She is grateful for a smile, and overwhelmed at a word of praise. She finds greater joy in loving than in being loved, and is a faint echo of the masculine mind in all her opinions and ideas. She is willing to be the hat beneath his feet, to eat the crumbs which fall from his table, to do his most menial labor. She has the nature of a self, the devotion of a dog, and if he deserts her for other women (as he usually does) she never complains, as in his will she finds her only pleasure. Her nature is mild, patient and constant, and devoid of passion and intensity. The other type of woman who knows no jealousy is quite her opposite. She is a radiantly happy creature, full of self-confidence, egotism and satisfaction. She is pleased with life, and with herself. She loves deeply, and demands as

IMPEITIES.

It is a good thing for a man to belong to the church, but a poor thing for a man to think that the church belongs to him.

A Denver clergyman has preached a sermon on the text, "Thou shalt not have another yoke upon thee, lest thou be brought into bondage." "This is the haircomb; let us kill him!"

The man who can hum a hymn while joining a stove-pipe into the text of a church without protest.

Comstock—Is this Heaven? St. Peter—Yes. Comstock—Well, I have a warrant against your Master for allowing people to be born naked.

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RELIGIOUS.

Battle Mountain, Nev., wants a parson. The town has 700 inhabitants, mostly miners. Illinois has a Presbyterian church composed wholly of women. They have just built a neat edifice and paid for it.

The full text of the warrant for the arrest of John Bunyan has recently been discovered. It is a document of great interest.

There is a congregation in San Francisco—that of the First Presbyterian church—which is noted for one peculiarity—two thirds of the members are women.

It is said that eleven ministers are greatly needed in the presbytery of Montana for that number of vacant churches. While the centers of population are overcrowded the outposts are poorly supplied.

It is reported that the English church establishment receives yearly in titles about \$20,000,000. Of this \$15,000,000 goes for salaries of clergymen, and the remainder goes to hospitals, schools, church buildings and the like.

The minutes of the general association of the congregationalists of Iowa report 259 churches, 13 with pastors and 166 with acting pastors. 10 new churches organized, ministers 219; churches 19,977; additions by confession, 84; total 1,251.

Mr. Spurgeon retired on the ground that the union endorses ministers who deny fundamental doctrines—heresy, he said. He said, the best condition of man unredressed, the need and reality of regeneration, the atonement, the eternity of retribution.

The movement to restore the Old Brick church at Smithfield, Va., which is supposed to be the oldest church in Virginia, has been successful and the restoration is nearly complete. This church was built in 1632 and was occupied continually for two centuries.

Within the last year a number of Icelanders have found their way to northern Minnesota, Dakota and Manitoba, and others are rapidly following, driven from their island by famine and want. The Icelanders are of the best and belong to the best of Scandinavian stock.

New York there is one Methodist Episcopal church to each 25,967 of population; in Chicago, one to each 19,304; in St. Louis, one to each 25,000; in Cincinnati, one to each 19,500; in San Francisco, one to each 17,300; in Cleveland, one to each 13,888; in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, one to each 7,575; in Milwaukee, one to each 16,500; in Detroit, one to each 8,750; in Indianapolis, one to each 6,900, and in Columbus, one to each 6,300.

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