A MAMMOTH CROWD!

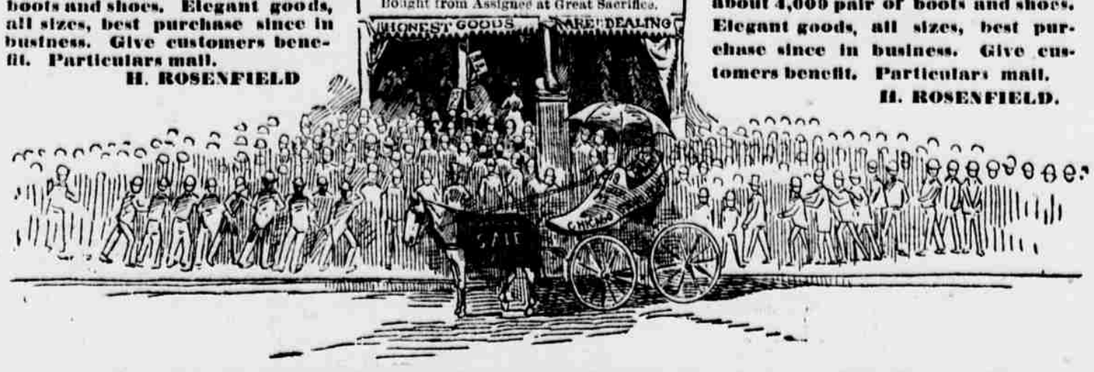
The Great Assignee Sale

To Be Continued.

Special Telegram to Chicago Bargain Shoe Co., 1318 Douglas Street.

Chicago, Nov. 3, 1887.
Rosenfield & Zunder:
1318 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.
Bought at great sacrifice, of assignee of wholesale manufacturer, about 4,000 pair of boots and shoes. Elegant goods, all sizes, best purchase since in business. Give customers benefit. Particulars mail.
H. ROSENFIELD

ASSIGNEE SALE
Great Slaughter of 4,000 Pair
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Bought from Assignee at Great Sacrifice.



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Special Telegram to Chicago Bargain Shoe Co., 1318 Douglas Street.

The Great Assignee Sale

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Above are copies of a telegram recently received by the proprietors of The Chicago Bargain Shoe Company, 1318 Douglas street, from their eastern resident buyer, a member of the firm, which are self-explanatory. Also above picture which is a correct copy of photograph taken, showing the mass of people attending this great 'Assignee Sale," which plainly demonstrates that "Honest Goods and Square Dealings" alway win.

Owing to the large stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers on hand at time of above purchase, we were compelled to store in our eastern warehouse fully one half of stock purchased from assignee, which we are now daily receiving and will be on sale at our store, 1318 Douglas street, near 14th, commenced Thursday, and

CONTINUING ALL THIS WEEK,

When we will offer such astonishing bargains, as:

300 pair Ladies' kid opera slippers, beaded at - -	50c
300 pair Ladies' flannel lined slippers, at - - -	35c
200 pair Ladies' kid button shoes, worked button holes, -	$1.10
200 pair genuine turned kid button shoes, only - -	$2.25
100 pair Ladies' hand sewed goat button shoes, only - -	2.00

We Have No BRANCH STORES In Omaha.

500 pair baby shoes, at -	15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 45c, 50c, 60c, Etc
500 pair men's shoes at	75c, 95c, $1.15, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50, $1.75.
500 pair men's slippers at	35c, 65c, 75c, 90c, $1.15, $1.25, Etc
200 pair men's velvet and aligator slippers, only - - -	85c
200 pair men's boots, at - -	$1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2, Etc

And many other bargains too numerous to mention. As an extra inducement to above sale we shall cut prices on our entire stock, consisting of medium and finest footwear, of the following well known makes:

Reynolds Bros., Utica, New York; P. Cox Shoe Co., Rochester, New York; Ziegler Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.; Saller, Lewin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa,; E. N. Howell, New York and Philadelphia; Wallace, Elliott & Co., New York City; A. F. Smith, Lynn, Mass; Levy & Katzman, New York City; E. P. Reed & Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Geo W. Ludlow & Co., Chicago, Ill.; E. P. Dodge & Co., Newburyport, Mass; Paris Shoe Co., Haverhill, Mass; Pentucket Shoe Co., Haverhill, Mass, and many others which lack of space prevents of special mention. We carry a complete line of Infants' Children's and Misses Curacoa or French Kid Spring Heel Button Shoes in B, C, D and E widths. Also a complete line of ladies' fine shoes, as well as gent's hand sewed French and American calf, Kangaroo and patent leather shoes in all styles and various widths, all of which will be sacrificed during this great sale. Our reputation for "honest goods and square dealing," is too well known to inform the people of Omaha and vicinity that we are no traveling concern visiting the city long enough to prey upon the public, until their impositions are discovered through misrepresentations, etc. We are a permanent concern and will cheerfully refund the money on any purchase made of us that is not satisfactory. We always do as we advertise.

CHICAGO BARGAIN SHOE CO., One Price Square Dealers, 1318 Douglas st. Home of the Big Shoe on Wheels

IN THE FEMININE DOMAIN.

Preserving Good Looks—Mrs. Mackay.

SOME WOMEN COMPOSITORS.

The Violin in Fair Hands—A Victorious Widow—Mrs. Senator Sherman—Wrecked by a Woman—A Rhapsody.

The Quaker Lady.

Margaret Deland.

Oh, this quaint and quiet Quaker!
Bended head would never make her
More discreet or modester.
But the gallants pass her by,
For with tender, steadfast eye,
Straight she looks up at the sky!
Surely, now, some brighter hues,
'Stead of lavenders and blues,
Would delight some jolly fellow.
Russet bee, with bands of yellow,
Or a golden butterfly
At her feet would love and sigh!
But to talk's no use, I know;
Still in sober dress she'll go,
And her love of heaven will show;
And my Quaker lady sweet,
Living in her dim retreat,
Sees no lover at her feet.

Preserving Good Looks.

The handsomest woman I ever saw was one who took great care of her health. When I knew her she was past thirty, but no girl of sixteen that I have ever seen had rosier checks or brighter eyes. Of course she was naturally fine looking but the attention she gave to matters of hygiene added to and preserved her beauty. What did she do? I don't know that I can recount all, but I remember her telling me she took a sponge bath every morning; was particular about the ventilation of her apartments, took long walks when she could; ate but little meat, much fruit and cereals whenever she could get them. Another thing she did which she tried without success to get me to do, she drank her coffee without milk or cream, diluted with water.

The reason she took her coffee so was because her physicians told her it was healthier to drink it in this way. Whether the practice added to her personal charms or not I do not know. On the whole she was certainly repaid for her systematic habits and as certainly there was nothing arduous about the performance of them. Nor was there anything bizarro about them as, it seems to me, there is about the following account I read of a Chicago belle: "To keep the suppleness of her figure she stands one hour daily, fifteen minutes at a time, with her hands on her hips before a long mirror, and bending her knees out from each other she sinks slowly down to the floor as low as possible, then as slowly uprising, meantime moving her arms in any direction to their utmost length, out or up, forward or back, until when she stands erect they are ready to be placed on her hips again.

"Each movement is repeated, every time a little accelerated, until at the end of thirteen minutes it is done quickly, and a fine color is in her cheeks. She then lies down on a perfectly flat couch, without a pillow, until her breath comes smooth and regular, as it will in the two minutes left in her quarter of an hour. When she plays a good deal of tennis she cuts down her exercising one-half." Of course, the benefit to be derived from this proceedure is not to be questioned, whatever may be thought of it besides. It is easy to see her whole body thus receives good exercise, adding to the grace of her own form, beautifying her complexion, and making her stronger and healthier."

Latest News of Mrs. Mackay.

Philadelphia Press: Mrs. J. W. Mackay, who is distinguished as one of the best dressed women in the American colony in Paris, comes to the fore this autumn in a feather cloak, which she throws over her shoulders driving to and from entertainments. The cloak is made from the breasts of birds of paradise and, as may be imagined, is a most gorgeous creation. But the wholesale sacrifice of the feathered tribe cannot be cited as a novelty. As early as 1819 one of the chiefs of the Sandwich islands made proud boast of a cloak of the feathers of a rare bird to be found only on those islands. They are of a rich yellow color, tufted with red. The cloak was taken from the chief's shoulders when he was slain in battle, and was some years afterwards presented to an officer in the United States navy, who placed it on exhibition at the Centennial of 1876, and who later on presented it to the National museum at Washington.

Speaking of Mrs. Mackay, it may be interesting to note that one of her most persistent blackmailers was recently convicted and sentenced before the Parisian court, before which he was literally carried. His name was Hertz, and he had held at some past time the position of butler in the Mackay mansion. While serving in this capacity he had managed to poke his nose into almost all of Mrs. Mackay's affairs, a habit, by the way, which the Parisian domestic adopts, as he himself says, for his own safety. Profit would be the better word. When finally his obtrusiveness could be endured no longer and he was discharged, he at first refused to leave the household and had to be forcibly ejected.

He soon reappeared, however, and threatened to give to the sensational society papers all the information, big and little, which he had managed to gain while in Mrs. Mackay's employ. Had the latter dealt with him as he deserved at this point and kicked him out of the house, it is quite probable that she never would have heard from him again. But being acutely sensitive to ridicule and anxious to avoid the publication of such petty details as he had learned, she made the natural blunder of treating with him. This, of course, only encouraged him to further effort. As a matter of fact the scoundrel knew nothing of a really damaging nature, but Mrs. Mackay seems to have dreaded his inventive powers. Hertz's last demand was for $2,500, the penalty for refusal to be an alleged exposure of the lady's complicity in the death of two former servants in her employ. At this she mustered up courage enough to have him arrested and tried, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The Violin in Fair Hands.

Boston Herald: How well the violin becomes a young girl, and how frightfully difficult it is for her to conquer that king of instruments! But once her own, the two are a picture for the eye, a voice of exceeding music for the ear. The severely critical would say the eye should have nothing to do with our judgment of an artist; but while mankind is human, youth and attractiveness will have much to answer for in our likes and dislikes. It so happens that musical instinct falls oftenest to the lot of pretty women; or is it that talent makes them fair by developing that personal charm which is the greatest beauty youth can possess? I thought so while hearing Tua play, and I am quite sure of my theory while listening to Belle Botsford, who is a violinist of peculiarly refined and dainty artistic feelingr These young artists, though Signorina Tua is some years Miss Botsford's senior, are gifted by nature with beautiful arms and hands, a most essential beauty in their profession, and to be required to shut one's eyes to them would be more than susceptible mortals could endure.

A Victorious Widow.

A Jamestown, Dak., correspondent writes: The fight to change the county seat of Logan from Napoleon to the new town of Lowry, on the Aberdeen & Bismarck railroad, developed one of the shrewdest managed contests known in the territory. The victory which finally perched on the banner of Napoleon was won by a woman—a widow, and a Minneapolis widow at that.

She had property interests at Napoleon left her by her husband, and when she heard of the fight, came out to look things over. She found matters in a very bad shape. The county seat had been located at Napoleon for some years, but nothing had come of it. The place, if place it could be called, was without a store, even, and gradually all interest in it was fading out. There were less than one hundred votes in the county, and no prospect of one-half being cast. What interest there was on the side of the new town, of which there was some hope when the railroad was completed.

The widow took in the situation, and taking off her coat, so to speak, began work. She shed her $200 sealskin, and arrayed in rough garments, drove over the prairie, stopping at the farm houses staying all night in cabins and litterally sitting up with the inhabitants. She came, she saw, she conquered. The old farmers heard her, looked upon her, and resolved to stand by her. Now she encountered a man in financial trouble, she instantly relieved him. Here she found a man grumbling at the lack of growth in the town of Napoleon; it was arranged at once that the place should have a church, a store, a hotel, a bank, everything which heart could wish and the end was that the gratified and captured inhabitants came up and, figuratively speaking, laid the decision of the momentous question at the pretty widow's feet. The vote came off and Napoleon refused to surrender to Lowry. The military hero was still superior to the financial prince, or rather the widow was on the side of the little Frenchman and so the deal was closed. What will now be done is a problem, but it looks very much as if the widow had the edge, so to speak, and was in a position to dictate terms.

Mrs. Sherman as a Housekeeper.

New York World: Mrs. Senator Sherman, in addition to being the best read and most highly accomplished society women of the capital, is a thorough housekeeper, and she understands cooking almost as well as the chef of the white house. At her home in Mansfield, O., she keeps some fine Jersey cows, and her butter is made after her own directions. Not long ago she sent a roll of this butter to the county fair of Richland county, in which Mansfield is situated; and in order that no favoritism might be shown on account of the butter coming from the wife of Senator Sherman, she did not allow any name to be attached to her exhibit. The judges awarded the premium to another party, and they passed over the butter of Mrs. Sherman, on the ground that the rich yellow shown in it, could not have been produced except by artificial means. Mrs. Sherman was somewhat indignant at the suspicion, and sent, I am told, a slice of the butter to each of the judges, with her compliments. The cream of which it was made was so rich, that it was as yellow as the gold of Ophir.

Wrecked By a Woman.

It is rare that a client gets the better of his lawyer, says a Washington lawyer, but one of the anecdotes with which Judge Richardson illustrates his lecture on English practice seems to afford a striking instance of that sort of thing. It seems that in England a barrister has no fees allowed by law. The solicitors who employ him give him only an honorarium. He can collect nothing by bringing suit. Moreover, if he deals directly with a client he will be dropped by all the solicitors. A certain Englishwoman had a case involving several thousand pounds. Every solicitor to whom she submitted it told her that she had no case. Finally, however, she met a barrister who declared that her case was good. She offered him £60,000 if he could win it for her. He accepted, moved into her circuit, risking everything in the veature, and won the case for her. Then she refused to pay him his promised fee. He sued her, but was unable to recover a farthing. His professional future was ruined and his life made a blank by this one act of imprudence on his part.

How Women Could Change Things.

San Francisco Chronicle: What a revolution there would be if woman, lovely woman, were to wake up some fine morning to a full realization of her powers and band herself, so to speak, in a band or trades union, and start in to have things her own way. Whoop! How things would change. I don't include married woman. She would simply raise a riot, get sat upon and crushed and what little independence she has now would vanish. Unmarried woman is the most potent force in nature. She is the most favored agency of electricity in the shape of magnetism, and she could simply do what she pleased if she had the backbone to try it. She must not be in love, or if she is she must not be deputed to work upon the fellow she is in love with. She can't do anything with him, but she can work most effectively a whole dozen of men who want her to be in love with them. No Knights of Labor organization, no body of the kind, could possibly compare in practical power with a trades union of unmarried women bent upon having the world worked her way.

A Rhapsody on Woman.

Texarkana Independent: Woman is just too awfully lovely in newly laundried Wamsuttta and lawn, when fresh from close communion with toilet soap and a crystal, watery bath. She has the ripe peach fragrance of paradise and the breath of the cape jasmine of the tropical empyrean. When a fellow passes to the windward of a pretty woman who is filling the air with sweetness and purity as she trips gracefully along, he delicately sniffs the air for an hour, as he had got a snatch of heavenly perfume, and was trying to woo another whiff from over the celestial battlements. God bless the women! If there were none on earth baldheaded men and babies would be awfully scarce and courting would lose more than half its flavor.

A Heroine of the Flowry Kingdom.

China Mail: The case of P'u Ai-ni is creating a sensation. She is a girl of eighteen, who worked hard to maintain a debauched brother. The brother was murdered and Miss P'u applied in person for redress, informing the magistrate, in reply to his queries who were the murderers and where the murderers' weapons were, that it was exactly this that it was his duty to discover. Failing to obtain redress she walked from Honan to Pekin and threw herself in the empress' path. Covered by the rifles of the guards, she was raised by order of the empress and handed over to the board, where she is now comfortably installed, attended by two old women, pending the arrival of the parties concerned from the provinces. Questioned as to whether she was engaged to be married or not, she answered: "Your business, O, judges, is to discover my brother's murderers and not to meddle with my private affairs." The papers already talk of giving her a prominent place in history, while the high officials of the board are anxious to avoid the responsibility of confronting her in court.

Women Printers.

New York Sun: There are from 400 to 500 women who are typesetters in this city. Of these those who are organized belong to the Typographical union No. 6, which is primarily a men's union. These women are employed in newspaper and job offices, and in such large houses as Harpers' and Leslie's, in various capacities is typesetters, distributors, copy-holders, and they do work from the most common to the finest.

John Everett, foreman of the composing-room in one of the newspaper offices and a member of Typographical union No. 6, says: "Women are a standing menace to men. The best thing we can do is to organize them."

"What is your experience with them in the composing-room?"

"They can never compete with men. They do not learn their trade as intelligently as men do, who take it up for life. A women may be a very rapid typesetter. Generally she is. Her idea is to make as much money as she can the few years she is at work. Eventually she expects to marry. Meanwhile she gives us very dirty proofs. Here we employ women only as distributors. Some women earn from $15 to $20 per week, and the average earnings are $12 a week. But the difficulty is to persuade women to enter the union, when, in truth if they will set type, it is their only safety and ours to do so. We insure them our prices as well as prevent them cutting under those prices."

Mr. Charles Philo, one of the oldest members of Typographical Union No. 6, said: "Our union is 4,000 strong, and if I should pronounce their sentiments as a body it would be against women as typesetters. It is a tight business, but it is one that demands a serious nervous strain, and we don't think women are fitted to bear it. At the same time, since there are woman typesetters, we want them to come into the union. We receive them on a basis of perfect equality so far as our privileges, legislation, and benefit societies are concerned. We demand for them the same pay for the same work. We insure them among us every respect as women, and I observe that their presence in a composing room is beneficial. It softens the manners of the men. I will say this for women, they are splendid allies. If we go out on a strike the women will stand by to the last. They act from principle. But we have our limitations. We will not allow women to do night work. We think they are not fitted for it. That they must leave to the men. On the other hand we have secured for them during the last year the same pay as men, and we mean they shall have it."

Women Meddlers.

Albany Journal: Women who meddle with everybody else's business are to be shunned and feared. One of them was on the Troy local yesterday afternoon. A sprucely dressed young man held in his hand a yellow paper-covered book, in which he seemed to be deeply interested. The woman sat in front of him, and, happening to turn to take in the passengers, observed the cheap literature which was engrossing the attention of the young man behind her. In a pleading, insinuating voice, she said to him: "Young man, don't you know that you are wasting your time very foolishly in reading dime novels? You might better take a book on history with you, or something else that would benefit your mind and give you an opportunity to improve." Reaching her hand over the back of the seat, she said very deliberately: "Let me look at that book." The young man, without relaxing a single feature, handed the book over to his aggressive fellow-passenger. She turned it over to read the title. It was as follows: "Easy Lessons in French for Beginners." The old lady never said a word. She dropped the book in the young man's lap and shot into the next car.

The Instinct of Dress.

London Queen: The fashion of buying all things ready made has been a blessing in many ways, but it has deprived women of the necessity of thinking out their clothes for themselves, and investing them with some degree of their own personalities. The "esthetic set" were right when they set their faces against this custom and declared that every woman's dress should be an expression of herself; but the mania for full bodices and skimpy skirts, huge hats and little handkerchiefs defeated its object, for all the maidens and matrons of the esoteric coterie were arrayed in the same fashion, so that, while the individuality of their set was asserted energetically by their attire, their own personal entity was more utterly disguised thereby than it would have been by the most. French and elaborate of ready-made costumes. A woman who has the instinct of dress, shows it when she buys a gown "off a peg" just as much as when she plans and arranges every detail of a costume after her own fancy. That a frock is pretty or quaint or fashionable is no reason that she should purchase it; her test of it is, "does it look like me?" and though she may sometimes take a new departure, some new freak of fashion, which is unlike anything she has worn, but that yet approves itself to her as likely to suit her, she has the wit to know wheter it will really mould itself to her. A well dressed woman always wills that her clothes shall be part of her, and utterly scorns the idea of being merely a dummy for the display of Mr. Worth's last creation.

Death of an Eccentric Woman.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 4—The body of the woman who was found with a bullet hole through her forehead and a revolver in her hand, two weeks ago, lying half way down the Canadian bank near the Horseshoe falls, was buried today. The mystery surrounding her death has been partially cleared up by the identification of the body as that of Caroline Leavenworth, an eccentric maiden lady of Hinsdale, Chautaugua county. She was the daughter of Dr. John Leavenworth, who died some years ago, leaving no estate. Ever since her father's death Miss Leavenworth has lived a hermit's life, and seldom permitted any one to enter her lonely room. Her sleeping apartment was a small iron bound room, in which no stranger's eye ever gained admittance. She always locked and barred herself in at night, and never allowed herself to be separated from a small hand-satchel, which, it is believed, contained considerable money, besides private papers. She carried a loaded revolver day and night. It was known that the eccentric woman possessed considerable personal property, but how she came by it was a mystery to her neighbors.

In her younger days she had an unfortunate affair with a wealthy Dunkirk manufacturer to whom she had been engaged to be married. It is said that her old lover provided her with a large yearly income. Last spring she left her home and at the end of two weeks returned and sold her house and lot at half their value. She gave away nearly all her personal effects and then disappeared. She had a brother in Chicago and that is about all that is known about her. No one saw her alive here and the satchel was not found. Some think that she was murdered for her money.

Women as Printers.

CREIGHTON, Neb., Dec. 7.—To the Editor of the BEE: Seeing an article in the BEE pertaining to ladies as compositors, I take the liberty to chronicle a case that comes under my observation. Miss Minnie E. Quimby, a young lady only sixteen years of age, is running a paper called The Verdigre Hornet, with excellent success, and doing the entire work herself. Her father, George W. Quimby, ex-mayor of Creighton, being the editor. It is a five column quarto and has a subscription list of over 900 subscribers. When interviewed on the subject the young lady spoke freely. She said she liked the work very much. She took possession of the Hornet over a year ago and it seems to flourish and grow under her management.

Miss Quimby is a very intelligent young lady, and will make a name for herself yet.

It is surprising how energetic some of the ladies are. G.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harvard distributed last year among needy students $53,000, and will distribute this year $66,000 in the same way.

The late Hon. T. A. Harrison, of Minneapolis, left to Hamline university, Hamline, Minn., the sum of $50,000.

Rev. Dr. J. S. McIntosh, the popular pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, is talked of for president of Princeton college.

At Cornell university recently the portrait of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, presented by himself to the university, was unveiled with appropriate exercises.

Dr. Peters, of Hamilton college, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government in recognition of his services in the geld of astronomy.

A course in physical culture is being given by Prof. Hartwell, of John Hopkins, to the students of the Women's Medical college, of Pennsylvania, under the auspices of its Alumni association.

Rev. Hiram C. Hayden, who has been chosen president of the Adelbert college, is fifty-six years old, and was graduated at Amherst about twenty-five years ago. He has had a successful career.

A large and elegant building for a Catholic high school is being erected at the corner of Broad and Vine streets, Philadelphia. The money comes from a bequest of $1,000,000 by Thomas Cahill, which is to provide a building and the running expenses.

Rev. Hiram Gee, of Ithaca, N. Y., has placed in the hands of Chancellor Sims securities to the value of over $30,000 for the establishment of a lectureship of social ethics in Syracuse university, to be put in operation in 1889-'90.

Chicago has in her employ 1,605 teachers. The number of seats for pupils is 82,000. Number of pupils enrolled is 75,000. Of these 9,600 are in double divisions—that is, can attend school only half a day. There are 2,000 more girls than boys in the schools.

Michigan university has received from the legislature of the state $155,000 in the past two years. Of the 1,400 students President Angell finds that the parents of 502 were farmers, 171 merchants, 93 lawyers, 83 physicians, 52 manufacturers, 54 mechanics, and 51 clergymen.

Western Massachusetts is to have another college for women, for Mount Holyoke seminary is to be known as "Mount Holyoke seminary and college." This the trustees of that pioneer institution for the higher education of women voted, at their recent meeting in the Massaoit house in Mt. Holyoke.

Milton Haight, a professor in John Hopkins university, Baltimore, has received a fine appointment in the Government college of Sapporo, Japan, through the Japanese legation at Washington. He will be in charge of the English, mathematical and physical department, with several assistants to aid him. Mr. Haight is a native of Canada.