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#### SOME SIGHTS IN MOSCOW.

##### Officialness of the Russian Soldiers in all Things--An Encounter.

##### THE RUSSIAN UNDERTAKERS.

##### Sale of Shrines--Street Cars of Moscow--Hotels and a Live Meal--Kissing of Friends--Lack of Ceremony.

Moscow, Nov. 27. [Special Correspondence.]--Russian officers are nowhere as officious as in Moscow. This morning, after visiting the treasury and other points within the walls of the Kremlin, I sat down on a step leading to the entrance of a building to await the return of the guide, who had gone somewhere to bribe an official to obtain entrance to one of the private rooms of the palace. The guard hastened up, roared some Russian words at me and motioned to move on. I didn't move, but sat and looked the fellow in the face as stolidly as a North American Indian. I was in no one's way. The step I sat upon was clear outside the range of pedestrians, and no possible harm could come if I sat there a whole month of thirty-one days. But I finally moved. A minute after I refused to amble to the order of the official connected with the building a soldier, on his regular patrol, came up. He motioned for me to move. At first I pretended not to understand. Then he grew red in the face and waved under the collar, walked up, took me by the arm and gave me a start. Fifty paces further on I stopped, leaned up against a window-sill, far away from anyone, and proceeded to wait for my courier. The soldier brought his gun to a present and faced toward me. When a dozen feet from me he made a motion with his whole facial feature and arm at the same time which said if I didn't get outside the square I should go into prison. Remembering Siberia, the fortress up the river at St. Petersburg, the many dungeons with their tortures, and lastly the enclosure where the rifle speaks the execution, I moved out--clear outside the Kremlin and into the street.

"No one is permitted to linger around here after he comes out of a building. He must move on. The authorities are afraid of nihilists, and suspect every one who pauses about the Kremlin," said the courier. "Had you persisted in refusing to go outside you would have been arrested and sent to prison. If it could have been shown that you might have designs against any of the institutions of the empire you would never have been heard of."

While I was standing in the street awaiting the courier, who succeeded by the persuasive influence of a routine in securing admission to a forbidden place, an undertaker passed me. He moved in the center of the street and on his head carried a great Russian iron coffin ornamented with sham silver and decorated with a huge floral offering. The flowers were of wax. A small boy followed the undertaker and carried a soldering apparatus. The corpse is placed in the coffin, after which the latter is soldered. The funeral procession is frequently led by the corpse in a coffin on the head of one man. People carry immense loads on their heads in Russia. They have headpads of cotton battin covered with oil cloth, the whole soft and thick enough to keep the contact of the article carried from the head. I have frequently seen half a dozen men moving household effects by carrying everything on their heads. They put stoves, tables, refrigerators, bookcases, coal boxes, etc., on their heads, get into single file and march through the streets or country for miles

never stopping to rest or ease the weight.

Coffins, caskets, sarcophagus, and all kinds of burial cases are made of metal in Russia. Wood is used only for coffins and in the most infrequent instances.

There are probably 500 places in Moscow alone where shrines are sold. One goes into shops and stores of every description and finds a supply of shrines. A drug, book, clothing or hardware store will have a stock of shrines. The landlord keeps a few on hand for guests too hurried in their departure to expect full stocks. All shrines are made of brass and one can get them anywhere from the size of the hand up to eight by ten feet. Most of them have a painting, a chromo or other colored picture of the head of the Saviour or the Virgin Mary, in the center, and usually about the picture are sheets or sprays in the brass, like the reflections from the sun. Many have arrangements for a candle or a lamp immediately above or below the painting. The shrine stores are a perfect glitter of brass. Going through the streets in any Russian city or village one sees a shrine at least every 200 feet. Most of them have a candle or lamp burning, and the Russians are kept in a perfect fervor of bowing and crossing. Every bridge, even if it be but a dozen steps in length, has from one to six shrines. The long bridges at St. Petersburg, Moscow and Nijni Novgorod have shrine-houses, with a lot of candles burning, an attendant and arrangements for worship. All these shrines are maintained, directly or indirectly by the empire. As the churches are supported by the public funds, it makes little difference whether the money comes directly from the treasury or from the coffers of the church.

Four horses are driven to the street cars in Moscow. As at St. Petersburg, Paris, London and other European cities, the cars are two-storied, and the upper part is open, with long seats, and is reached by a winding stairway at the rear. But the cars here are very long. Below and above almost a hundred passengers may sit. There is a conductor, a driver and a hostler. The latter drives the foremost "off" horse. The driver rings a bell alternately. The conductor gives a check to each passenger, who must pay 20 kopecks (about 9 cents) a ride, and the speed is about that of street cars in America. At some places I have seen the street cars in Russia do as those at Genoa, Italy, do--cut across a corner where the street is smooth, and then run back on the track. But where this is done there is no flanges on the wheels.

Shops and stores of all kind do not open in Russia till 9 o'clock in the morning, unless there is some special thing in view, and they close at 5 p. m. The jewelry shops have a display in the windows, but when one enters he sees no goods. The keeper jumps to his feet, and when you call for what you want, he begins to open drawers and take out trays. Only dry goods shops make a full display, and these do so very humbly. When I consulted friends in London, Paris, Vienna, etc., about English speaking people in Russia, I was generally told that all shopkeepers spoke my tongue. I have found no more than one shopkeeper, banker or landlord in twenty who could speak English, and it is very difficult to shop without an English-speaking courier or companion, for the Russian language is worse than Greek or Arabic to American ears, while a Russian is unable to even interpret the signs of a foreigner. Others may have found it different, but I and fifty other Americans I have met can bear witness to this fact, and we have come in contact with the so-called "educated Russians," too. Government buildings are all painted a dirty light yellow. The paint is a kind of wash and is put on with a broad brush attached to a pole. Near all these yellow-colored buildings are posts or low fences--maybe not around, but surely

in front--painted white and black, in stripes like a barber's pole. Thus one can distinguish the property of the empire from that of the people, and may know where soldiers are stationed, for at these signs are always seen "regulars."

As a general thing the hotels are as good as the traveler encounters in the far western and southern portions of the United States. But he gets more fleas, etc., here than in America. Salt meats, especially fish and insipid vegetables, form the principal diet. Caviar--the eggs of salmon, sterling and some of the other large fish, salted or cured in oil and pressed--is seen everywhere in a dining room. It is generally eaten a la russe, like pickles. In the markets great hogheads full of caviar and cakes of it as large as tubs are seen everywhere, and on them are paddles, so customers can help themselves. Some Americans learn to relish the stuff, but they are few. Russians say it is a stomach-stayer and will help to prevent sea-sickness. Sauerkraut, cucumbers and berries abound. The plums and raspberries are fine and large, but there are no apples. Some peaches and pears come from the Crimea, and Black Sea grapes, and hot-house grapes are served. The landlords present their bills every day, and they are about 20 per cent higher than elsewhere on the continent. After dinner lighted candles are placed on the table and nearly everybody smokes. The women of Russia are inveterate smokers.

At one of the principal cafes here there is a large fountain and pool in the center of the dining room. The patron can order a fresh fish and go to the fountain and select it, swimming about. The fish is a cross between a pike and a eel, with a bull head and skin instead of scales, and is known as the starlet. With a little dip net the waiter takes up the fish and you examine it while it flounders. In fifteen minutes it is brought to you on a great plate, boiled, with lobster sauce. The flesh of the starlet is waxy and almost tasteless. I cannot recommend it except as a novelty.

When Russian friends meet they kiss twice, once on either cheek. The man great each other in this way, the same as women. Frequently I have seen great, burly Russians, with flowing beards, smoking strong cigars, meet and kiss each other so affectionately that their lips gave out sounds like the suction valves in air pumps. Sometimes they forget to take their pipes or cigars from their mouths, and the collisions are amusing to the spectator.

A Russian never thinks of announcing himself at the door. He enters without knocking, and if he discovers the occupant of the room is not expecting him and does not desire his presence he simply sits down and waits, as if he expected to be lifted up by the shoulders and heaved out. I have never seen a lightning-rod in Russia. This is not because there is no lightning here, but because the people do not believe in rods to conduct to the ground the deadly bolts. They believe it would be trifling with the invisible and defying the invisible. I believe Ajax came from another part of the globe than this. Scarcely all the chimneys at the factories, and many of those residences, have semi-like coverings, to prevent sparks and embers going out and causing conflagrations. This is true with the locomotives. While there is much to condemn in the railroad management here--slow trains, few sleeping cars, long stops at every station, extra baggage charges, high tariffs for every thing--there is little said and no dirt thrown from the locomotives to fill one's eyes. For some unaccountable reason, a charge is attached for pass-park examination, amounting to 1 rouble and 30 kopecks here--about 60 cents--while at other places the charges are less than one-fourth this sum. When one enters Russia he gets his passport issued by the local officer where he stops, and is per-

mitted to remain in the country on this six months. If he stays over this time without a new passport and a renewed permission he is fined 30 kopecks a day. He must take out at the expiration of his six months, if he has not a new passport, a Russian address-billet. The usual fee for examining a passport is 30 kopecks, and it must be examined at every city, village and station the traveler stops. When the American goes into a Russian city his passport is asked for before his name. This is sent by the landlord to the police. If it is all correct, all right; if not he is arrested. When he is ready to leave he calls for his passport. It is sent for and is handed back with charges. The same routine is necessary everywhere, and when one leaves the country he is stopped on the frontier, his passport examined, and he must get permission to leave. By all this is no reason for the traveler to be charged by the state department at Washington for a passport, simply certifying that the bearer is a citizen of the United States. P. S. HEATH.

#### Loaded Ivory.

London Times: The London and Liverpool ivory sales have just been concluded. An interesting feature of the London sales was the offer of 50 tons of what was termed "Stanley's ivory." It was the first lot of ivory sent by Mr. H. M. Stanley from the Congo. It was forwarded to the Belgian government, from whom it came to London. The quality and weight were very good. One parcel of 3 cwt. knocked down to Rodgers & Son, the Sheffield cutlery manufacturers, averaged about three teeth to the hundred weight. Ivory is now so freely used for so many purposes that there is some peril of the elephant being exterminated. In the Congo, the consumption is twenty-five tons per annum, and includes Gaboon, Angola and Niger, East Indian, Cape and Egyptian. The large tusks weigh from 50 pounds to 100 pounds each; middle from 25 pounds to 50 pounds each; and small from 5 pounds to 15 pounds. The firm's average weight is 35 pounds. Twenty-five tons contain 1,600 tusks of 35 pounds each, and as each elephant provides only one pair, it follows that at least 800 elephants per annum must suffer from Rodgers & Son alone in their cutlery and other productions. Very little Egyptian ivory has recently come to hand. The Cairo merchants buried their treasures during the Sudan war to keep them out of the mahdi's hands, and even now they are reluctant to send to market. What is sent is the result of hoarding, not hunting. Egyptian ivory, which is mainly sold in London, is largely used by cutlery manufacturers and on other Sheffield industries, as well as by piano makers for keys. The paucity of Egyptian ivory is largely compensated for by the increased weight of west coast African, which is growing in favor for halting the higher classes of table cutlery.

The ivory dealers of Assica are very good hands at obtaining full value for their goods, and some of the Sheffield firms find that they are not victims in fraudulent trading. They can load ivory quite as cleverly as Lancashire can load cotton. By pouring lead into the cavity of the tusk the weight is greatly increased, and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivory has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind the lead, sometimes snapping the steel teeth. One Sheffield firm recently found lead embedded in several elephants' tusks, from eight to twelve pounds each. As ivory is worth 12s per pound, there is a profit in selling lead at that price.

At London the prices of soft Indian and eastern African tusks, soft Egyptian, Cape and west coast African were dearer; but in the opinion of practical brokers, ivory has not much altered for fifteen years, for while some qualities are now of greater value others have got cheaper.

#### ABOUT THE AMERICAN GIRL.

##### Ella Wheeler Wilcox Prefers Her to the Imported Belle.

##### A MULTITUDE OF VIRTUES.

##### Hurrying through Childhood--Early Flirting--Her Reign of Belle-dom--Enjoying the Delights of Liberty in Yankee Land.

[Written for the Bee--Copyrighted.] A foreign-born gentleman who had traveled the earth over, told me that American girls were in every respect the most charming and agreeable in the world.

He did not like American men; quite naturally he regarded their inferior foreign-born gentlemen. They annoyed him by talking trade, and as for their habits, he referred me to the condition of public stairways and conveyances of travel.

"It is declared that the Englishman never steps across his threshold without his umbrella," he said, "well, the American ought never to go over his porch unaccompanied by his cap and sword, for the sake of decency. But American girls--they are divine. The most beautiful, the most entertaining, the most fascinating, the best dressed, the most original women in the world."

That was his opinion. Having never traveled far into foreign lands I am only able to compare our own girls with the few imported belles whom I have met, and I must confess my preference for the native article.

The American girl has a multitude of virtues and a few faults. Where so many brilliant qualities send forth their splendor of light some shadows must naturally fall. As soon as she is born she rules the household. Brothers are made to stand aside as pages, or to run as courtiers to this new queen.

The American small girl hurries through her childhood as fast as the American girl. As the assertion is correct she is eager to enjoy the privileges she sees accorded her older sister.

One of the first phrases which fastens itself upon her impressive mind is her mother's assertion, that "baby is a perfect little flirt." As the assertion is correct the idea that to be a perfect little flirt is a most desirable accomplishment. At fourteen she is mature in body, but precocious in mind, and she begins to think about beaux.

She does not entertain ideas of marriage, save in a vague way. She is in no haste to become a wife. It is her reign of belle-dom she longs to see inaugurated. Unlike her foreign sister, freedom and pleasure signify the years of girlhood lying between the school room and the altar. During that period she expects to enjoy all the delights of liberty in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Her expectations are generally realized. She is allowed to walk, and talk, and drive, and dance with youths of her own age, and her very independence is her protection. Because she is expected to be prudent she is prudent. She is like the young bird, pushing the edge of the nest and left alone and told to fly. It is expected to maintain its equilibrium in the intoxicating air, and it seldom fails. The American girl seldom loses her

head, or meets with disaster as the result of her freedom of action. She who does would have been liable to meet it in the guise of a tutor or priestly confessor, had she been never so carefully guarded in court circles or nursery.

On this phase of the American girl the foreign born gentleman differed with me. He believed her a most charming creature, but the very freedom and liberty of action which had rendered her charming he decried.

He liked her easy manners, admired her bright conversation and perfect deportment, but he regretted the circumstances to which she owed her sang froid.

He thought her situation full of dangers, which she could not in every instance be wise, or strong enough, to resist.

He cited various instances where, entirely unknown to the parents, he had made the acquaintance of unchaperoned young ladies on railroad trains, or during their visits as schoolmates in neighboring towns. "No man would like to think his wife had ever been guilty of such indiscretions," he said, "yet no man is quite sure that any American girl he meets in society may not have indulged in some foolish flirtation escapade, so great is the liberty allowed young ladies in this country."

As I was aware that the speaker had made strenuous efforts to obtain an American girl for a wife, his arguments failed to carry the conviction with me they might otherwise have done. Still, I must admit that the growing custom of chaperoning young ladies is an admirable one. I have talked with several married ladies upon the subject, who have said: "I am glad no chaperone was considered necessary when I was a girl; yet I would not allow my daughter to go about as unprotected as I used to go for any consideration."

The American girl is not an ideal daughter. As a rule, she is something of a tyrant in her home, and inclined to rebuke her parents if they displease her in any way. She has been reared to regard herself of foremost importance, and she expects everybody and everything to conform to her wishes. Once taught respect to her elders, she becomes the most devout of daughters.

At a sea-shore resort last summer, a young lady who was deemed one of the belles was constantly scolding her dotting mother for the most trivial things, and are have heard a cross nurse scold a refractory child. Had she heard the comments of her disgusted listeners she might have been surprised at the estimation in which her belittlement was held.

The American girl craves conquest as much as any general who ever marshaled his forces for battle. She enjoys playing with danger, and possesses a spirit of independence which is worthy of her pilgrim fathers. Her head is level and her heart is warm, and when once her affections are won, she makes the proudest of wives, and the most devoted of mothers. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### BARTHOLOI AT HOME.

A Description of His Studio, House, Surroundings and His Methods. New York World: The sculptor Bartholdi has his atelier in the Rue Navin, a renowned street of an old and historic part of Paris, on the boundary line between the famous Latin Quarter and the aristocratic Faubourg Saint Germain. As one enters M. Bartholdi's side-hy is greeted by a large copy of Liberty Enlightening the World, his greatest work. M. Bartholdi's studio is divided into three rooms, crowded with models and making a very interesting museum of statuary. One of the first things that strikes an American is a life-like bust of Evans, which stands near the doorway. The artist has caught the features and expression perfectly, and the marble seems almost to

be in the middle of a long and resonant period of rhetoric. Here are models of the great statue which adorns the entrance to New York harbor, showing it in its process of construction, different fragments and portions, such as the arms, the hand, the torch and the majestic head. It was interesting to note the progress in the completion of the work from these different modes. In some there is a slight deviation in the poise of the head, the arm is stiffer, the torch is held in a more angular position until after various casts of these members separately Miss Liberty assumed her present graceful proportions. M. Bartholdi could well point with pride to the evidences of a long and successful art career scattered around his studio. There are numerous designs for fountains, small monuments, general decorations, all of which are unique and striking, and are adorning different cities in Europe. M. Bartholdi, who handles the brush with no mean skill, showed me a picture he had just completed of his celebrated lion of Belfort. The time at which the view is taken is at dusk, and the severe outlines of the majestic figure stand out clear cut against the background of pale evening sky. Two other paintings--these American subjects--hang in this room and are very striking. These are two companion scenes of California life, which Bartholdi has aptly called the true and the false gold. The latter represents a mining camp with the mines working at the barren mountain sides with their picks, although the sun has set and a storm is brewing with the falling night. The picture is so true and so beautiful, effect being the ruddy glare of too camp fire, and the faces of the miners are haggard and their garments worn and ragged. The other picture is the reverse of the medal--the true prosperity of California. It is a harvest scene and the fields of the grain are golden in the sunlight. A merry party of young people are having a straw ride in a big farm wagon stacked high with wheat, and olive trees with their dark foliage make an effective background. In the foreground there are several barns and houses, all bearing the evidences of the thrift of their owners, and an old forty-year sits on the porch of one of them, reading a newspaper--the perfect picture of contentment and happiness.

Down stairs is the modeling room, and here it is that the rough work is done. It is a simple room, devoid of any ornament and just what Mr. Bartholdi wants it to be--a workshop. M. Bartholdi does most of his work in the morning. He rises very early, takes his coffee and repairs to his workshop. He breakfasts at one and then devotes an hour to seeing his friends. He is very methodical and a good business man. He attends to all his correspondence himself, writing fluently both in French and in English.

As she reached the outer salon, M. Bartholdi said: "You heard me speak about the monument which America is to give to France. It is to be a living expression of American sentiment on the soil of France. Nothing as to the form of this monument has been decided upon, and I have not yet made any definite plans." At the door M. Bartholdi pointed to a fresco which is just above the entrance of the studio. "I want you to look at that carefully," he said, "and tell me if you can guess the fable." It was a representation of the quaint old town of Alsace, Colmar, his birthplace. On the ledge of the door stood a stuffed stork, the emblematic bird of Alsace. On its head was a Prussian helmet, and in its beak a bit of tricolor of France. "It is not hard to guess," said M. Bartholdi, laughing, "it is Alsace."

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