

SPECIAL SALE OF 5,000 YARDS

Desirable Dress Goods!

AT 5 and 10 Cents Per Yard Worth 10c and 25c.

Monday morning, April 9th, store will open promptly at 8 a.m. The goods to be sold at 10c are manufactured by Joseph Turner & Sons' at Kent, Ohio, and are retailed everywhere in Omaha at 25c per yard.

THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO 1319 Farnam-st., Omaha.

HOWE, KERR & CO'S. RED LETTER SALE OF CHAMBER SUITS, ON MONDAY

Suits worth \$25, sold at \$15. Suits worth \$35, sold at \$25. Suits worth \$55, sold at \$47. Suits worth \$85, sold at \$72. Suits worth \$175, sold at \$155.

We have just received two car loads of Chamber Suits in the latest designs and finish, in addition to our immense stock, and in order to make room, will continue the sale

On Monday of Each Week Until Our Stock Is Reduced 1510 Douglas Street, Opposite Falconer's. HOWE, KERR & CO.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT HOME

A View of His Historical Castle—Argyll Lodge.

A LIBERAL ENTERTAINER.

A Nobleman Who Loves His Books as Well as His Friends—His Dislike for Publicity—The Duke as an Orator.

LONDON, March 20, 1888.—[Special correspondence of the BEE.]—The head of the clan Campbell is by that sole fact one of the great men of the earth to every Scot, and to every Campbell.

In no jesting sense it may be said that the Duke of Argyll is a truly great man. Perhaps he is underrated by the many. I am not at all sure that he is, but there is a singular conspiracy of silence among the cliques who write up every scribbling friend as a genius. These logging gentry love a weak man, they cannot appreciate a strong one. They go often to a would-be somebody, who is thankful to use their laudations as stepping-stones to fame. There is a tendency in some quarters to ignore those who have already risen, or who are born so high they need not trouble to rise higher.

And perhaps the Duke of Argyll is himself the cause of his own semi-isolation, for such is his situation. His character will, to some extent, explain the matter. Though a duke, and nearly allied to the sovereign, the titular rank of "Argyll of the Isles" is only that of a baron, which stands thus in the order of precedence; archbishops, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, bishops, barons. His dukedom is Scotch, and does not count in the English peerage. He sits in the house of lords as Baron Sutherland, which is an English title, and by that name he speaks and votes in parliament, the queen's son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, is in England only a commoner, and has to be elected to the house of commons like any other M. P., but the constituencies reject him.

The duke of Argyll is in his sixty-fifth year. He succeeded to his title in 1847. For many years he has been an intimate friend and adviser of the queen—less so since than before the marriage of the queen with the prince. He was a brilliant scholar in his student days. Nothing that concerns the practical welfare of his class, the landlords, and of his tenants has been neglected by his shrewd Scotch brain. The duke has been a hardy rover of every book on every new project, new philosophy or new social movement. By instinct and training he has always been a liberal, generally an advanced liberal. At times he has shown an independence amounting to heresy, bravely holding himself ready to prove the majority against him wrong in facts and in deductions. Perhaps his physique accounts for this.

In stature, the duke of Argyll is a very short man, quite a midget for a duke. He has a really handsome, noble face, a face like that of John Bright, so like that in certain positions it would be easy to mistake one for the other. His eyes are rather more tip-tilted than those of the two, and this gives a sharp expression to an otherwise most dignified face. A wealth of golden hair fronts backward from his high arching brow right over his coat-collar behind, a Niagara of silk, that waves and flaps as he takes his bounding strides along the floor. His hair is all but white now and the changed hue increases the dignity of his expression. He is rarely seen in re-

pose; there is always an alertness, quite unusual in wearers of coronets.

This natural hauteur, and a good deal of it is pride of the ordinary sort, has tended to build a hedge around a remarkable man, better worth knowing and admiring than are many popular heroes of the day. The head of the Campbells must necessarily be a man of high notions, and the native cunningness cropped out in the clever and ambitious match-making for his son. Viewing it in the lowest way, as a speculation, it was a failure. It made the duke more unpopular than before. He was more than a little cold-shouldered by peers, who inwardly resented this presumption of a Scotchman, and, no doubt, it drove the duke more into himself. Always a prominent speaker in the house of lords, it was the sheer force of his abilities that opened the door of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet to him. Incomparably the ablest statesman and orator among the old whigs, the duke of Argyll was never received into the inner and upper circle of his party.

In his native Inverary castle the duke is a minor deity to the country round. The Scotch think much more of their dukes than the English do. It is a grand old castle, historical in every stone, and furnished in the half-medieval style that lends so delightful a flavor to our older British homes. The duke has done hard work in its well stocked book room. Here he wrote his "Reign of Law," his many controversial essays on agriculture, science, foreign policy, domestic policy, and theology. The severe bent of his mind may be traced in the curious recreation chosen by his son the marquis, who toned down the frivolity of his semi-court life by turning the Psalms of David into verse.

In London the duke has been a lavish entertainer. His fine house, Argyll lodge, is one of the old and charming mansions situated in grounds that it will never be possible to multiply. Here again, though the rooms and hall abound with art treasures, mostly old fashioned, the study is the principal feature. The duke finds solace in work from the many cares of his family life. His heir, the marquis of Lorne, is not happily married. He is cold-shouldered by his royal brothers-in-law, and has not the art of winning friends. His younger brother, Colin, has recently brought grief to the venerable duke, whose spotless life has never been assailed by scandal. Another brother is in the London stock exchange. The duke is poor, and brought up his sons to earn their own living. None of them possess a title of their father's splendid talents.

There are few finer orators in the United Kingdom, and none more skillful in controversy. If only the duke had been born a commoner he would have excelled as a speaker as Disraeli or Gladstone, and would have been a great popular hero. He is very particular in his friendships. His entertainments—at least in London—are among the most select. He is averse to newspaper publicity and gossip. Of late, as can be well understood, this reserve has been more marked. Another cause of his being made less of in the papers than he deserves is the fact of his uncompromising independence. Only last year the duke expressed his satisfaction that the Tories had again come into power, because, liberal though he is, he admits "that the social reforms of this last century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party. . . . I have, therefore, no dismay on account of the accession for a time of the conservative party to power, no dismay whatever." In his speeches the duke is intensely earnest and animated. He is a fine figure as he throws back his lionine head and his waving mane, and rolls out his always clear and sometimes loftily eloquent periods. He is apt in culling his illustrations, so that the hearers

might suppose him to be a thorough man about town, a sportsman, and generally a very shrewd customer, which latter he certainly is, but his true and dominant note is that of the practical philosopher. I do not know that he indulges in any sports, but his walk proclaims his liking for exercise, and his whole bearing indicates the highly cultured, highly tempered head of a proud Scotch clan.

Mat Lovelace, a young Texas farmer living near Bonham, brought to town a remarkable freak of nature. The curiosity is a pig with eight legs, two tails, four ears, but only one head and mouth. It has two bodies as far up as the shoulders, where they unite a reputation for strange shaped fruit.

Mr. J. L. Atkinson, of Maxey's, Ga., showed us on Saturday last the most extraordinary hen egg we have ever yet seen displayed. It was the output of a common hen, and was 6 1/2 inches around one way and 8 1/2 and the name of a well-known bird who was a respected member of the community.

A singular freak of nature, originally discovered in western Australia, is likely to remain unexplained. It consists of nine fine pearls adhering together in the shape of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft and one on each side of the shaft. A suggestion is that a fragment of seaweed in the shell of the oyster formed the frame on which the cross was built.

There is a young lady in the town of Clatsop, who has been taught to sit at the table with a napkin about his neck that takes meat from a plate with its own paws as dexterously as an ape. When given a piece of meat or fruit it will hold the fork in its fore paws and take the meat from the times, and when given a cup of milk it will hold up the cup and drink the milk. It has a well developed thumb on each fore paw.

In a study field in Tatlow county, Georgia, are four trees in a row; one is but a barren, leafless tree, the other three are gnarled and twisted. Recently just at dusk some negroes saw these trees outlined against the evening sky, and thought they looked like a gigantic 1888. They at once decided that that meant that the world was coming to an end in 1888, and the result is that a very powerful revival is going on down there now.

A reporter discovered in Findlay, O., a queer freak of nature in the person of a ten-year-old son of Martin Rollins, a Bohemian glass blower. The boy's eyes are as red as those of a white rabbit, and he cannot see to distinguish an object ten feet from him in the daytime, but as soon as the sun goes down and darkness comes on his eyesight is better than most persons when the day is brightest. He is a lively, healthy child, and in all other respects his faculties are normal.

A gentleman in Atlanta is peculiarly affected. One of his eyes is dark blue and the other is a light gray. In the daytime—from sunrise to sunset—he cannot see anything out of the blue eye, but can see distinctly and well with the gray one; and from sunset to sunrise he cannot see anything with the gray one. He can hear only on the blind side; thus he can hear with one ear during the daytime and with the other during the night. He never discovered this until recently.

A VOYAGE TO GREENLAND.

PAINT II. Written for Sunday Bee by A. G. Jamieson, M. A.

Now let me mention a few words about the animal itself. From a commercial point of view seals may be divided into two groups. First—The haired or earless seal, or in scientific language the Phocidae.

Second—The furred or eared seals or Otariidae. The former are valued for the oil they yield, and for the skins which are converted into leather; the latter for their skins alone. It is entirely with the first group that I have to deal, as the second is confined to the Perilyoff islands off the coast of Alaska.

An adult seal measures about six feet long, although they swim and dive with the greatest ease, often remaining as much as a quarter of an hour or more below the surface, and are dependent for their sustenance entirely on living prey captured in the water, yet they frequently resort to sandy beaches, rocks and icefields for the purpose of bringing forth their young, which happens about the middle of March. The young seals take to the water at first rather reluctantly, and have actually to be taught to swim by their parents. The number of young produced is one annually, occasionally two. They are at first covered with a coat of very thick, soft, white fur, and until it sheds or falls off they do not enter the water.

Their mode of progression is remarkable. The fore feet are used in walking, the hind solely in swimming. Thus when on land or ice the hind limbs are perfectly passive, being stretched straight back parallel with the tail, with the soles of the feet applied to each other and often raised to avoid contact with the ice. It is by the action of the fore limbs, combined with the powerful flexor muscles of the trunk that the seal shuffles or wriggles along. They press the palmar surface of their paws on the ice, lifting and dragging the body forward in a succession of short jumps. In this way they manage to move so fast that a man requires all he can do to keep up with them.

One great peculiarity is in connection with the arm and forearm bones, which are concealed in the general body cavity. This is so different from most other animals. They have a regular season of migration, moving south in winter, north in summer. They are usually harmless and inoffensive, though being polygamous the old males often fight desperately with each other, their skins being frequently found covered with wounds and scars, and it often results in a case of the "survival of the fittest." They are fond of their young and easily domesticated. We kept one on board, and the sailors used to tease themselves with such a token of affection. By its structure and habits most people think such an animal little fitted to be a companion of man, yet, perhaps, there is no wild animal which attaches itself so readily to the person who takes care of it and feeds it. In the zoological gardens in Regent's park, London, these animals can be seen in captivity, gambling and sporting in their tanks, and when going through their various performances one can arrive at an estimation of to what extent man is capable of educating such creatures. They are full of curiosity, and it is a very old and apparently well attested observation that they are strongly attached to music. This, on several occasions, had practical proof of. One night when out

shooting wild fowl on the ice, I came to a lagoon (or pool of water surrounded by ice) which I knew to be teeming with seals. I sang to the best of my ability a line or two of the Scotch air, "Annie Laurie." Up they came and raised their heads above the water and gazed with silent admiration as if spellbound, and I am sure that even had the great mystic Orpheus (who played so divinely on his lyre that all nature stopped to listen to his music) been performing he could not have had a more attentive or august audience. Yet these animals have to all outward appearance no ears—only a small aperture two inches behind the eye, through which sound can be conveyed. This aperture is capable of being closed by a fine membrane when the animal is under water. The inner ear, however, makes up for any deficiency externally; it is a bony chamber just like a shell and curved on itself. Their sense of smell is very acute and their voice varies from a harsh bark or grunt to a plaintive bleat or whine. They feed chiefly on fish, lobsters, cuttlefish, and occasionally seals which they seal when swimming or floating on the water.

I trust I may not be thought too egotistical when I recount the circumstances which at this juncture very nearly led to the loss of my life. It was towards the close of our second day's seal hunt that I proffered my services to return to the ship, some four miles distant, for some refreshment which had been left behind. Our commanding officer, deeming it unwise for me to go alone, ordered the second mate, whom I will for convenience designate as "Tom," to accompany me. On the way to the ship we came across the smallest seal I ever saw, in fact, a kind of monstrosity, so I bound it on my back with the intention of preserving it when I got on board. We came to a stand-still at a point where the main ice had parted asunder, leaving a channel about two hundred yards broad. This had just been newly frozen over and was black in color as compared with the surrounding white ice. Now the question came to me: "Should we be able to cross this 'bay floe,' we could save about one mile and a half, but we reach our destination sooner?" Well, I must confess I doubted the safety of such a plan, and was for taking the round about route, but by my shipmate's taunting me by saying with a laugh that I "hadn't the gump of a mile," I said, "well, go ahead old boy and I'll follow you." I did not notice the manner in which he proceeded, but a few weeks after I learned that there was a knack in walking over newly frozen water, viz., "Keep in your breath and shuffle along with your feet, never standing in one place for a minute." I stalked along as if I had been walking on Farnam street, when, to my dismay the ice gave way beneath me, and I was only prevented from entirely disappearing by stretching my arms straight out at right angles to my body. "Oh, I'm in, Tom," cried I, "well jump out and swim over the ice."

White ice about one and one-half feet square. There it lay some fifteen yards in front of me with an inviting smile. Oh! if I could only get to it, thought I, I might still have strength to reach the other side in safety. My lower lip held me, and out pushed, and you can imagine what feelings of thankfulness reigned within me when I rested at full length, balanced as it were on this, my only rock of salvation which separated me from a watery grave. My chum, by this time, had reached the other side in safety, and stood silently watching me. Enough presence of mind was left in me to tell him to hurry to the ship for ropes with which to rescue me; but he first bade me to make an attempt to cover the remaining portion. I did so, but this time my swimming method failed me, and I found myself all fours in the water. I scrambled back, however, and again took up my former position on my old friend, the square piece of white ice, but under very different circumstances, as I was thoroughly drenched, and the frost being intense it made matters extremely uncomfortable. Seeing that there was no help but to make for the ship Tom, wheeled round, and soon was lost to view behind an ice hummock. Left to myself in such an outlandish place things certainly looked very black for me. Minutes seemed like hours, and I was driven nearly to desperation. I felt I could hold out no longer, all the actions of my past, my short life came up vividly before me like a flash of lightning, and yet I was unwilling to die, being fond of life and energy, so commending myself to the care of Him who "willeth what is best," I waited on, patiently, for Tom's return.

At last he appeared, but empty handed, for he had been unable, from the nature of the ice, to reach the vessel. All he said was: "There's no hope for you, leave me your swinger," and with this cold blooded remark he departed. By the swinger he meant a fine new sealskin coat which I had received as a parting gift from a near and dear friend. Fine consolation this! Left now entirely on my own resources I made up my mind to retrace my steps the way I had come, so rising on my feet I literally skimmed over the ice, falling in and jumping out in a miraculous way, some seven or eight times, till I actually found myself once more on the "bay floe." A feeling of intense drowsiness now came over me, and I would feign have laid down and fallen asleep, but remembering the words of my captain that if ever lost on the ice always to be on the move I began to roam about in wild dismay, at every step my frozen garments causing one to feel the most acute suffering. Darkness set in, which made matters worse and had it not been that by good luck I stumbled on a "bay" of newly killed seals my fate would in all probability, have been sealed.

To allay my severe thirst I killed a baby seal which happened to have been overlooked, and I hope I am not too indelicate, when I say that I drank greedily of the blood that issued from its throat. I then lay down in the midst of the skins and what occurred after that I know not, till I awoke to consciousness and found myself in a sleeping berth on board a large Norwegian steamer, my hands and feet in a feverish state from frostbite. All seemed like a dream, and the kind young Norwegian who had been placed to act as my nurse would insist on my keeping quiet, and would on no account relate to me the sequence of events till I had partaken of some food. At last I got round him and learned that early on the following morning their men had stumbled on me and borne me to the ship like a helpless organism. I received every kindness while on board, and shall never cease to remember it. But what must have been the anxiety and suspense on board my own ship. They all agreed, to a man, that I had now become a prey to the teeth of a shark or some of the fish in the watery depths; but lo! the lost sheep that had gone astray returned one day to the fold and great was the rejoicing, not as the prodigal son, but as one who had come out of the darkness into the shining light. Some of these tough old fellows actually wept with joy and no one

more than the comrade who had accompanied me. Every story has an end, and my hairbreadth escape closes at this point. I unquestionably had a close shave but others have had more prolonged suffering, for in the words of one who lately visited the polar north are the following sentiments. He says: "My last exercise of the duties of my profession associated me with an expedition to the polar seas. Our ship was crushed in the ice. Our march to the nearest region inhabited by humanity was a hopeless struggle against the merciless furies of nature. One by one my comrades dropped and died. Out of twenty men there were three left, with a last flicker in them of the vital flame, when the party of rescue found us. One of the three died on the homeward voyage. One lived to reach his native place and to sink to rest with his wife and children around his bed. The last man left out of that band of heroes lives to be worthier of God's mercy and tries to make God's creatures better and happier in this world, and worthier of the world that is to come."

RELIGIOUS. Harvard university students had a prayer meeting last week with an attendance of 500. Moody made many converts at Leadville. The miners seemed to take to his fervent style.

Bishop Taylor of Africa, is on his way to attend the general Methodist conference. He has just been holding the Liberia conference.

The choir of the Church of England include 154,000 voluntary and 19,000 paid male singers, and 37,000 voluntary and 2,109 paid female singers.

The missionary debt of the Southern Methodist church in May, 1887, was \$30,241,12. It is now \$21,750,46; a notable reduction in less than one year.

The largest colored church in this country is said to be the First Baptist church at Petersburg, Va. Its pastor, Rev. C. B. N. Gordon, is temporarily in New York.

Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, rector of Calvary church, New York city, declines the place of assistant bishop of Ohio, on the ground that he must stick to his own parish work.

The Rev. Ida C. Bulton opened the Iowa senate at Des Moines with prayer, which is believed to be the first instance in the history of the world of such office being performed by a woman.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury supplied the pulpit of the Unitarian church at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, in the absence of the regular pastor. In spite of rain and mud, she had a large and appreciative congregation.

The American Sunday School union's premium of \$1,000 for the best manuscript for the purposes of the society upon "The Christian Obligations of Labor and Capital," has been awarded to Henry W. Cadman, of San Francisco.

What makes the coming session of the Methodist Episcopal Church conference so interesting is the fact that the eligibility of women as lay delegates to the conference, and the advisability of abolishing the itinerancy, are to come up for discussion.

Father Drumgoole, who died at New York Wednesday, was the founder of the new boys' lodging houses, Lafayette place, which became in 1882 the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, where the poor were cared for without regard to religion or race. Joseph Cook crowds Tremont temple, Boston, every week, and the Traveler says his popularity is owing to the fact that "he speaks emphatically, fearlessly, upon live issues, and is sufficiently politic to speak the known sentiments of many dead-in-carest men and women."

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt of San Francisco, Cal., recently delivered in sermon on temperance. Upon the edge of the pulpit he placed seven bottles containing samples of liquors from seven different saloons. The audience was sufficiently politic to speak the results of a chemical analysis of the samples which he personally conducted. It is said that realism is used to such effect by a scientist.

William Merz, a San Francisco grocer, while laughing heartily fell from his chair and broke two ribs. The broken ribs caused such injury to internal organs that the man has since died.