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BEG TO ADVISE THE CITIZENS OF OMAHA

That they will open the store at the southwest corner of 15TH AND DOUGLAS' STREETS on or about OCTOBER 25TH with their complete line of CLOTHING FURNISHINGS, HATS AND CAPS. Answering the call of many, we simply announce to the people that we have come to stay and will show later what we intend to do. Look for our opening invitation and announcement in the daily papers.

WAIT FOR US.

We Are Store No. 8---But in Sales and Enterprise Hope to Be No. 1.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

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MILWAUKEE

OMAHA

CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Breezy Gossip from the Pacific Slope.

THE ALIEN LAND CLAIM MAN.

Bad Prospects for Coal—The New Bathing Resort—The Political Shooting Scrape—Sarah Althea Still Living.

California Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 2.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The City of the Golden Gate has seldom had such a healthy, breezy excitement as the ocean yacht race of last Saturday. The race was for the pennant of the Pacific coast and \$1,000 in gold. The two contesting vessels were the America, a pilot boat built by Matthew Turner, of Benicia, who was made famous by the qualities of his yacht Chispa, and the sailing schooner C. H. White, built by Charles G. White, of North Beach, which is a highly odoriferous part of San Francisco, frequented by thousands of seagulls, who come there to pick up the refuse of the city that is discharged there. Visitors come to see the place because Henry Meigs, the Peruvian millionaire, had a wharf there, which has never been repaired since the year he ran away a ruined man. There was quite a bitter feeling between the two builders, who have been victorious over each other several times, and as the two boats that made the race are their respective masterpieces, there was much excitement over the match. Each builder had a host of friends who succeeded in the sentiment that money talks, and planked down their twenty-dollar gold pieces quite freely. The genuine Californian always wages gold coin, from habit, probably, and because he has a love of the shining metal dating from old times. The race was about fifty miles from the lighthouse out to the smallest of the Farallone islands, a mere rock, round it, and back again, and it was won by the America, which beat the sailing schooner by four miles.

BAD PROSPECTS FOR COAL.

The incoming steamers from Australia brought bad news with regard to the great coal strike there. So far from any attempt at settlement masters and men are more embittered against each other than ever, and 500 men employed at Newcastle in shipping the coal, and who had taken no part in the strike, were summarily discharged, a piece of domineering brutality on the part of the bosses which has enraged the miners. This reacts most unpleasantly upon San Francisco and the whole of California. No real coal has been discovered in the state, and as geologists have declared that there cannot be, we have learned to rely very much on the coal of Nainimo in British Columbia, on the Wellington coal of Mount Ranier, and on the Australian coal from Newcastle. San Francisco imported last year 1,250,000 tons of coal from all quarters, but chiefly from Australia, for that is a superior article, and is absolutely needed in some important industries, such as the glass works. It has jumped up \$2 a ton already, with the strong probability that when the present supply is ex-

hausted there will be no more until the strike is over. This will virtually place us at the tender mercies of the South-Pacific, which, in combination with the Oregon Improvement company, owns the Mount Ranier coal beds, and we have before us the prospect of paying the highest price for the poorest article.

THE NEW BATHING RESORT.

It is a singular fact that no bathing arrangements on anything like a proper scale have been made on the beautiful Pacific ocean beach until very recently. Adolf Suro, the man who made the Suro tunnel at the Comstock lode in Nevada, though he did not realize a colossal fortune as he supposed he would, did succeed in getting something out of his enterprise, and he invested it in the Cliff house and the Seacocks, one of the favorite resorts of all Frisicans. Everybody rides or walks through the golden gate park to the Cliff house, and breakfasts there after loading on the piazza and watching the sea lions crawl up and down their rocks and dump themselves into the sea. The distance is a little far for real study of the queer actions of these creatures, and Suro conceived the idea of making a causeway from the beach out to one of the rocks which was untenanted by the marine monsters, and turning it into a bathing place. It was a great scheme, and will result in making the Cliff house a resort without an equal in the United States. This action of Suro has stirred up the park commissioners who have already done wonders for the city, for they have turned, by the patient work of years, sand dunes into a paradise of flowers and shade trees. Superintendent McLaren deserves the highest encomiums for his skill and fidelity to his work. The latest addition is to be a deer park, and a man of Sonoma county felt so sympathetic that he sent down a herd of ten deer before anything had been done to make a place for them. A plot of ten acres is to be enclosed, and as the winters in San Francisco are really more agreeable than the summers (because there are no fogs there), there is no necessity for a deer house, and the antlered pets can roam about with nearly the freedom of their mountains and with much more security.

THE ALIEN LAND CLAIM MAN.

David Evans, who was formerly the superintendent and manager of the California Redwood company, and whose chief business apparently was to hire men to swear out land claims in the best redwood timber land of California, and to hand over the land certificates to the company, has been admitted as United States evidence in the suit which the national government has brought to punish this glaring abuse of national generosity to genuine settlers. The first prisoner to be tried is Charles Beach, of Eureka, which is in Yreka county and must not be confounded with Eureka, Nev. Evans was a Scotchman who came to California and bought land patents under the firm name of Rugs & Evans, but the firm afterward merged in the California Redwood Co., and Evans became its superintendent. Whatever disguise may be put upon it, there is no doubt that the business of Evans was to hire men to cheat the United States by representing themselves as intending settlers. Beach, of Eureka, was in all probability Evans' chief agent, and he affirms this, but Evans denies the fact, and when challenged to show his books admits that he burned them up. Evans, however, admits that the lands he bought from Beach he immediately conveyed to the president of the company. It looks very much as if the chief offender was testifying against a subordinate, and there is an unpleasant odor about the matter which suggests that

the whole gang of scoundrels will be permitted to go scot free, although their crime is of the most dangerous character. It will be a miscarriage of justice.

SARAH ALTHEA SHARON TERRY STILL LIVELY.

Mrs. Judge Terry was released from imprisonment to-day for her contempt of court. The rumor ran that she would be immediately rearrested on some one of the indictments found against her. But the indomitable lady is by no means denuded of friends, nor has she lost any of the pluck for which she is notorious. During her retirement she sent a communication to a morning paper here, in which she strongly denied that she drew a pistol from her satchel, affirming that the satchel itself was not in her keeping at the time, being in the hands of Porter Ashe, the well-known racing man. She declares that the case then before the court was simply on the motion to substitute the name of Frederick Sharon (the son) for William Sharon, and that the tissue of abuse indulged in by the counsel and directed against her was part of a conspiracy to irritate her so that she might lose her temper, and might be attacked by the officials of the court as actually happened, and that she had received verbal permission from a former mayor of San Francisco to carry a pistol, and was forced to do so in her own defense. Sarah Althea is not to be subdued by such a little thing as a month's imprisonment, and if she can only half make out her charge that the whole scene was carefully pre-arranged in the interests of Frederick Sharon it will have a reaction that may cost him millions.

THE POLITICAL SHOOTING SCRAPE.

The point whether Jack McAuliffe, the prize-fighter, did or did not shoot Harrington is a minor consideration, although the democratic papers are making much of it to hide the very serious fact that Harrington is supposed, with good reason, to have been the shooter of David Donahue in the fracas at the republican county committee rooms. The autopsy revealed that the fatal bullet, which had not been extracted, was of the same calibre—No. 38—as Harrington's revolver, but the man makes light of this and said with a laugh that many men carried .38-caliber guns. The two other wounded men, Martin Kelly and Anton Christensen, are in St. Mary's hospital, and the latter's case is considered likely to end fatally. The republican state central committee has sifted the matter thoroughly, and asserts, unhesitatingly, that the cause of the trouble was a conspiracy of democratic women, ward-strikers and subordinate officials to break up the republican primaries, and to stuff and in some cases to destroy the ballot boxes, and that in pursuance of this scheme they broke open doors and set fire to a building, and in another case expelled the republican officers and took possession themselves. And they denounce Buckley the blind democratic boss, as having been the instigator of these proceedings and as morally responsible for the blood that has been shed. The people of San Francisco believe them, because the democratic undertrappers of the city are notoriously a vile, criminal mob, priding themselves on just such acts.

IT HAS BEEN WORSE.

Globe Democrat: The general opinion is that the yellow fever epidemic in Jacksonville is severer than any which has hitherto raged in this country. This view is not in accord with the facts. Figures show that in Jacksonville one person dies to every ten who are attacked. In the epidemic in Memphis and along the lower Mississippi

ten years ago the proportion was one death to four attacks. Yellow Jack not only exercised sway over a much larger area in 1878 than he does in 1888, but his assaults were far more deadly than they are now.

EDUCATIONAL.

The class of '92 at Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., number thirty-five, being 25 per cent more than that of last year.

Our youngest American university, and it is now building, is the richly-endowed Clark university, of Worcester, Mass.

Colvin Huntington, of Fort Scott, Kan., has given \$4,000 to Yassar college to found a scholarship for the education of his descendants for all time to come, or of those bearing the Huntington name.

To all the alumni and friends of Williams it will be a matter of much interest to know that at last a suitable monument to the memory of the late Dr. Hopkins has been erected in the college cemetery.

Prof. F. T. Farrell, who has been a very prominent instructor at Yale for ten years, has permanently severed his connection with the university, and will this year be the assistant director of the American school at Athens.

Prof. C. J. White has resigned the registrarship and chairman of the parietal committee, both of which positions he has filled for ten years. Chapman has been appointed chairman of the parietal committee, and the office of registrar has been abolished.

The students of the Tuskegee (Ala.) normal school, for training colored teachers, of which Booker T. Washington, a Hampton graduate, is principal, have just completed a large three-and-one-half story brick building, on which the students have done all the work, except putting on the roof. The building has been named "Armstrong hall," in honor of General S. C. Armstrong, of the Hampton institute.

The question of Synanton's text-books in the Boston public schools will delight woman suffrage advocates in the number of women who have nearly voted. The plans show that women of the Hub are prompt at the polls when they have an issue—the maintenance of the integrity of our school system, which is the basis of the state. The number that registered was 4,120, bringing the total over 12,000, and some predict that it will reach 20,000 before the registrar closes his books.

President Barnard, of the Columbia college, New York city, is by no means an athletic enthusiast. Of a college like Columbia, which has no regular gymnasium, he thinks it particularly true that only a very small proportion of the students persistently engage in the exercises which contemplate match games with members of other universities. He submits to the trustees as a question deserving careful consideration, whether match games of any sort with persons not students of Columbia should not be totally prohibited.

The foundations of the new Yale recitation building, money for which has been given by an unknown friend of the university, have nearly been laid. The plans show that the structure will be a beautiful one architecturally, bettering the location, which is the most conspicuous on the campus. There is no special type of architecture. It is a mixture of Arabesque and Romanesque, happily blended, and producing a pleasing effect. That part of the building on the corner of Chapel and College streets, where the much-misnamed "fence" formerly stood, will be partly circular in form and will have two sides.

REMARKABLE AVOIRDUPOIS.

A Bit of History About an Old-Time Monstrosity.

LOUIS CORNELIUS' GREAT SIZE.

His Antipathy for the Scales—How He Smashed a Bully—An Overgrown Coward—How He Kept Order.

A Whopper.

New Orleans Telegram: The death of Winnie Johnson, the negro giantess, who was buried recently in Baltimore, recalls another monster of corposity who died in Milford, Pike county, Pa., on September 27, 1841. His name was Louis Cornelius, and he was a noted bicephalous in his day. When in good health Cornelius weighed between seven hundred and eight hundred pounds. His exact live weight never was known, as he had an extraordinary antipathy to being weighed. After his death, which followed a short but extremely wasting disease, he was weighed and accurately measured by five of his fellow-townsmen, whose record of that performance appears to this day in the following quaint chronicle inscribed on the fly-leaf of one of the musty record books in the county clerk's office:

Louis Cornelius, died September 27, 1841. Dimensions are as follows:

Height, 6 feet.	
Circumference below the waist.....	8 2
Circumference at the waist.....	6 3/4
Circumference arm below elbow.....	2 3/4
Circumference arm at elbow.....	1 3/4
Circumference wrist.....	1 3/8
Circumference thigh.....	4 3/4
Circumference knee.....	2 7/8
Circumference ankle.....	2 7/8
Weight, 655 pounds, without clothing.	

We do certify that we were present and assisted in weighing Louis Cornelius after his death, and that the statement above is true and correct.

Horace L. West, John Schimmel, M. Dimmock, E. B. Elmer, O. H. Mot. While Winnie Johnson weighed nearly 200 pounds more than Cornelius did after his death, she was practically unincapacitated for anything but her profession of a museum freak. Cornelius, on the other hand, was an active man for his size and possessed the strength of an ox. He was the proprietor of the Sawkill house, which is still standing and is being run as a hotel by his daughters. He was only forty-four years old at the time of his death, and until a few days before that event always enjoyed robust health. Numerous stories are told of his many eccentricities. In spite of his great strength he was an ardent coward and peaceable to the last degree.

One day, according to the local legend, some workmen were digging a sewer in Main street. Among them was a strapping big Irishman from Port Jervis—a quare-jawed bully—who had more than a local reputation as a pugilist. He had heard of the Pike county giant, and made up his mind before he left town that he would measure strength with him. He did not have long to wait. One afternoon Cornelius happened to be in the neighborhood of the sewer when he was espied by the Port Jervis bruiser, who hurried out of the ditch and confronted him on the sidewalk.

"Stop," he shouted as he faced him; "I want to spike wid yo'."

Cornelius halted, as he was bade. "So yo're the Pike county giant, are yo'?" Cornelius was too much astonished to reply.

"Well, I'm the Orange county bully,

and I'm going to lay ye out afore I go back to me work."

"I-don't want to fight," stammered Cornelius, his teeth chattering with fright.

"Fight ye must, and quick, too," continued the bully, feeling easy as to the result of the scrimmage, as he advanced ferociously upon his unwieldy antagonist.

Cornelius was too big to run, and too cowardly to fight, but he had to defend himself, so doubling up his huge fist, he struck one blow at his opponent and fled from the scene as rapidly as his size would allow, without even looking back. The bystanders heard a crunch, such as a battering ram might make as it strikes a board wall. Then they saw a tall and angular Irishman spring backward half a dozen feet into the air and fall to the ground like a log. They went to him and found that his face had been crushed almost to a pulp. His nose was flattened and his jaw shattered. The bully had been altogether unprepared for the blow, and the entire weight of the two giants met at the end of Cornelius' arm. That established the prowess of the Pike county man, even if it did not do so much for his courage, and from that time on he was never coaxed into another fight.

While he was extremely cowardly, Cornelius would never allow any disturbance in his hotel. One day, when he was sitting in his big arm-chair by the open window, a drunken guest became unduly boisterous, and refused to go out when Cornelius requested him to. Whereupon the host caught the man by the nape of his neck and seat of his trousers, and, without stirring from his chair, tossed him through the window, over the porch and into the gutter on the other side of the pavement.

It was always a matter of curiosity among his acquaintances to learn his exact weight, and many were the tricks resorted to to ascertain the figures. But none was ever successful. Cornelius was in the habit of visiting this city once or twice a year to buy goods. On one occasion some clerks placed a big arm-chair on a pair of scales and invited him to sit down, but before the weights could be adjusted he discovered their purpose and hastily left the store, never to return.

Cornelius suffered greatly from the heat. In summer time his favorite resting place was in the hotel cellar, and in the severest winter weather he was accustomed to walk around the streets in his shirt sleeves. In character he was extremely modest and retiring. He disliked, above all things, to be regarded as a curiosity, and the greatest anger he ever felt was caused by the receipt of a flattering offer from Barnum to exhibit himself in the Broadway museum.

He had three sons and five daughters, one of whom weighed over five hundred pounds at her death. One of his sons was afterward sheriff of Pike county, and while he was a giant in height and strength, was not abnormally stout.

IMPIETIES.

St. Peter (sternly)—Halt! Who goes there. Beautiful spirit—O! I'm all right. I'm from Boston.

If church bells did not ring no one would remember that it was Sunday. That's why they ring, and it prevents lots of men from starting out with fishpots.

The Episcopal minister who said he would vote for Harrison because he thought a surprise was a good thing has been disciplined for unseemly levity.

Now that they have made John Bunyan out a plagiarist it only remains for somebody to show from what defrauded and heretofore unacknowledged genius Dr. Watts stole his immortal hymns.

Rev. E. L. Cowan of Pittsburg declares that profanity is more profusely indulged in among Americans than any other people in

the world. The good parson should permit a little lingual latitude in a presidential year.

Old gentleman (to little boy fishing Sunday)—"Won't your parents be angry when they learn that you've been fishing on the Sabbath day?" Little boy—"They will if you stand there much longer botherin' me and scarin' the fish. I've had bad luck so far, an' ev'r's minnit counts."

Husband (on his way to church)—"I'll just skip on ahead, my dear, and get some change. I've nothing less than one dollar, and that's too much to give. Wife (on his overtaking her)—"Did you get the bill changed? Husband—Yes. Wife—You will contribute half a dollar, John? Husband—I can't very well now. I happened to meet three or four friends, and I've only got a quarter left.

Mr. Pompadour—"Would you like to go with me this evening to the church?" They have just introduced a new boy choir, and the service is said to be very interesting. Very high church, you know? Miss Heavyweight (in mourning for her father)—"I hardly know what to say, Mr. Pompadour. You see I have been to no amusements since poor papa died.

"Yes, papa," said a Black Rock urchin, to his father one bright, starlight night, and his son sat at an open window, "I do believe in my Sunday school heaven, but, really, I don't know what to do. I've got to go to school from star to star, and live all the time traveling from one to the other and seeing all those new worlds, that to play a harp in a regular church house, don't you?" And the father coughed and said it was time little children were in bed.

SINGULARITIES.

A chicken with hair instead of feathers is a curiosity at Perry, Ga.

A man died in Baltimore last week from the effect of falling asleep with his chin hanging over the rim of a celluloid collar.

A beetle as large as a sparrow has been reported by the state entomologist of New York. It came from Central America.

Tom Hrook is a colored boy seventeen years of age, who died standing on his feet the other day at Jackson, in West Tennessee. He was a tenant on the farm of Dr. W. A. Wood, who vouches for the truth of the story.

A man in Clayton, Ill., has a Maltese cat that takes to water even more kindly than a spaniel. He will go into the water on his own account and seems to enjoy it hugely. Like a dog he will bring back a stick thrown in the water.

In digging a well upon the Webster place, near the Cherokee line, last week, the diggers dropped on something about thirty feet below the surface that is white as chalk, free from grit and about the consistency of dough. It is thought to be a chewing gum vein. If it proves to be such it will be a bonanza.

A remarkable double-headed child was recently born to a French family named Houllibault in Manchester, Me. The heads are both perfect, and are joined to the body by two short, well-shaped necks. It uses its mouths and eyes apparently as will in eating, crying, winking and even sleeping. The child is likely to live.

Three months ago M. H. Wilson of Manchester, N. H., was stricken with a severe attack of the vertebra and causing complete paralysis of the body below the neck. The doctors don't know what to make of him. He can't feel pins stuck anywhere in his body, but retains his flesh and his appetite, and can talk and read. His flesh below the neck is described as "white as alabaster, and nervous as a sponge."

Several months ago the mother of Emma Fitch, of Danvers, Mass., died from cancer. The daughter soon afterward fell ill, and declared that she, too, had a cancer. The physician could find no symptoms to warrant her belief, but the girl insisted that she was right, and located the cancer. She refused food, saying that it distressed her, and, after lingering illness, died. An autopsy showed that she had no cancer. That the disease was right, and that her disease was purely symbolic.

Rose Coghlan and her company are actively rehearsing the new play of "Jocelyn," and M. Senac, a maitre d'armes, is giving the gentlemen of the organization instructions in the use of the sword. Under his direction Miss Coghlan has already become quite proficient in the use of the foil. Charles Whigham is painting the scenery for the new play, and Frank Howson is composing the music.