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IN A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP

Thrilling Adventures and Escapes of a Brave Diver.

MANY DANGERS ENCOUNTERED.

What the Hero of the Rubber Suit Told a Reporter—A Human Amphibian and What He Saw.

A Diver's Story.

"Yes, I've spent a good deal of time under water," said Mr. Peter E. Scully, of the contracting firm of Hopkins & Scully, that has so successfully built the Omaha and Council Bluffs bridge. "For sixteen years I've earned a dollar on top of it, but I turned over a good many at the bottom."

"How did I start into the business? Well, it was away back in '53. My father was a stone cutter, and I learned the business. He wasn't paying me going wages, however, and I ran away from home. I struck a job at my trade when they were building a bridge across the Schuykill for the Reading road, and in those days they sank stone pillars at the bottom as a foundation for the piers. Somehow they got them too long, and they had to be cut down. We had a diver, but he didn't know anything about stone cutting, and I was young and volunteered to go down and do it. I got through it all right, and they paid me \$10 a day. No more stone cutting for me then."

"I quit, and I have been in the diving business more or less ever since. What do they pay a diver? Oh, all kinds of prices. I'm paying one man \$2,500 a year, whether he works or plays. Good, all-round divers get from \$300 to \$500 per month when they're working, but I only know of four in America worth that. Sometimes they get heavy pay for a risky job. I once got \$1,000 for three hours' work."

"It was when they were building the St. Louis bridge, and I was working up the stream for \$400 a month. The superintendent came up and offered me a job, but when I told him what I was getting he said he could get all the divers he wanted for \$125 a month, and that settled the deal. By and by the river began to raise, and his men couldn't stand it, and came up without being able to close the gate in the caisson. He sent for me and I managed to do it and saved the pier. Then I sent in my bill for \$1,000, and after grubbing a day or two he paid it. It was worth it, though, for the river was running fast and I was down 110 feet."

"Yes, I've done work in Europe and South America," continued Mr. Scully. "I was in the employ of the New York Wrecking and Diving company, and they used to send us wherever they had a contract. I was one of two that were sent to Sevastopol—by the way that is the correct way to spell it, for the Russians have no 'b' in their alphabet—to raise a lot of guns from the wrecks in the bay. They were raised on account of the British government, and our company got the contract. Joe Atwood and I were sent out, and we were there about eleven months, but I never could get my tongue around their lingo. We worked in about eighteen fathoms, and recovered a great deal of property. Then I was sent to Valparaiso in South

America. They were building a dock there, and I was sent down to saw off some old hickory piles that had been under water for a century. I thought I could cut out about a half dozen a day, but they had almost turned into bone, and I was in luck to cut out one in two days. They had them carved into all kinds of trinkets and sold them for curios. But most of my work was done in North America."

"No, I never was troubled with sharks," continued Mr. Scully, "and very few divers are when they wear suits, though I do think they might be troublesome while a man is on top of the water. But they are very big cowards. The only fish that ever troubled me were the eels and a kind of jelly fish. The eels are very inquisitive and come up and look in your eyes or poke their heads between your fingers. The jelly fish adhere to your hands, and leave a smarting, itching sensation—worse than handling nettles."

"How does it feel beneath the water? Well, I can hardly describe it. It's rather pleasant for thirty or forty feet, but the steady side of the work, or in fact to feel a pressure on the chest, and you can tell every foot you go below one hundred, and you can tell any one that talks to you about divers going down 300 or 400 feet, and seeing dead bodies floating around, is no use and it's all wrong. No living man can go down that depth and come up alive, and besides, no matter how clear the water is you can't see five feet from you. I've read a newspaper forty feet below the surface, but the water looks like a fog and you can't see anything a few feet away from you. More than that, a diver doesn't keep his eyes open—he can't, he would be blinded if he did. If you get on the sunny side of a wreck the reflection of the sunlight through the water and through the glasses in the helmet dazzles and injures the eyesight. Then when you go to what you might call the shady side of the wreck, or in the cabin or hold of a sunken vessel, it is as if you were in a sea of ink—blacker than the darkest midnight. Divers do their business by the touch, and that is why some of them, that are first-rate, bridgemen are no use around a wreck, others know just where to put their white hands on any part of a vessel, and can detach and recover the machinery and other valuable portions."

"The deepest I ever went down? I guess it was in Lake Erie, when old man Quigly, a Canadian, and myself, went down 165 feet to bring up the safe of the steamer Atlantic. I don't know how much was in it, but of course they said it was a million. I once did bring up a million though—and five of them at that, all gold. It was when the City of Baltimore sank in Charleston harbor ten or eleven years ago, and she was bringing in \$5,000,000 English gold as the proceeds of the sale of some railway bonds. When they opened the safe, emptied the bags, and counted the coin it was piled up like wheat in a bin and was the most money I ever saw at one time in my life."

"Divers have to take a good many chances, though, and are often knocked out without a minute's warning. A break in the air pump, a kink in the air tube, the fall of a rock, or the one hundred and one things that may and do happen, go to lessen the number every year. If the air gives out while they are working at any depth, the life is at once crushed out of them, they are ghastly looking objects when brought to the surface. Generally, the back part of the head and the front of the thighs are burst open, but death is always sudden."

"I've seen a good many killed, and in different ways. The worst was

at St. Louis, where they were laying five-foot water pipes, and the diver employed a worthless brother-in-law of his to attend him. I warned him, but he had the privilege of engaging his own helper and he went down. Two hours afterwards I was passing and saw that something was wrong, and another diver went down. He found him wedged in between the ends of two of the pipes, and ground put of shape as if a railroad train had passed over him."

"The Vinal, a Boston man, was killed by the engineer in charge, who was thumbing the valve of the air pump in an absent-minded way, and turned it off. He was on board at the time, but didn't notice it, and went overboard in forty feet of water. He was brought up dead. Pat Anthony was working along side of me at Havre de Grace and was hit with a rock that fell from above and Jim Jordan was killed in the same way by a heavy chain they were lowering from the surface which slipped from the hook."

"There was another man, an amateur, killed near Baltimore. Then divers were scarce and they were worth \$100 a day and they counted it a day if they only got the air supply. We were doing some work for a gas company, and they kicked at the price, and finally bought a suit of their own. It just fitted a big Scotchman and one Sunday morning he was sent down. He didn't get down, however, for the first time he got about four feet and no higher. I dug out a channel beneath her and worked my way along it on my back carrying a plank to fit the leak, when one of the pumps stopped, and she started to sink. The channel was the only thing saved me, but she pressed so closely that I thought my time had come. They started up the pump, however, and she slowly swung up. I rapidly slid out, and she came across and told them to stop on the bottom, and I had to leave in two months to save my life. A gang of cutthroats, who called themselves vessel owners, were in the habit of heavily insuring unseaworthy vessels, and then putting to sea and scuttling them. I was sent to investigate, and found a number of such. One of them, the Sarah Mingo, sank just out of Baltimore, and I had to go down twice, the second time to bring up the plank that contained the auger holes. I did it, and was a witness, and after that was warned to leave town."

"Yes, I've recovered a good many bodies, and I guess I took the most from the 'Morning Light' after she sank off Bangor, Me. They were all easy to move except one. The hatches had been battened down, and they had been drowned like rats in a hole. We knocked off the hatches and I went below, but all we had to do was to catch a corpse, tow it to the open hatch, push it through, and it would rise to the surface and be secured. There was one long-whiskered old man, however, that would not rise. I pushed him up a dozen times, and next time I'd come back, he'd be rolling back and forth at the foot of the hatchway. I finally left him alone until the next morning, and then my partner and I carried him up between us. When they were dressing him for burial, they found he had been weighted down with a belt full of gold, but there was nothing to say to whom he or it belonged. There was a Swedish woman drowned in the same vessel, and when we came to her we found two sweet little twins clasped to her breast. She had been wrapped around them and her, crossed in front and tied behind, and her arms were folded around as if to protect them, but

her efforts had been vain. She was a handsome girl, and with her babes made a picture I can't forget, and the ladies of Bangor were so affected that they bought a handsome coffin with a glass lid, and all one day the residents looked around to look at her. No one knew her and doubtless the husband and father spent many a weary night before he gave up for lost the passenger on the ship that never returned."

"I recovered the body of another woman, and a very handsome one, but although the sympathetic ladies of Baltimore furnished the coffin, and the sadness of the case won her every token of respect when dead, I won't give you the name of the ship for her friends may be yet alive. She was drowned in a coal laden vessel that went down in a squall while at anchor off Harbor de Grace, and while the woman's husband, the captain, was ashore rectifying some errors in his clearance papers. Of course, he was terribly out and didn't give a thought to his entire fortune that had gone with the vessel, but only wanted to look once more on his wife. I was doing bridge work then, and the superintendent came down and told me to try and raise the body for the captain's sake. I went and felt my way to the sliding door of the cabin, but couldn't open it. I thought it was either sprung or swollen, and went above for a crowbar to force it open. I succeeded, but found the door had been locked. Then I groped in the dark until my hand came in contact with a floating body, and as I drew it to the light I found it was that of a man—one of the crew—in night attire. Again going in I found another corpse, and this time it was that of the woman, who was also in her night dress. I shoved back the body of the man and brought that of the woman to the surface, where it was received by the husband with an outburst of grief that touched the hearts of all that saw him. He asked me to bring up such of the crew as I could find, but I refused and gave no reason, for they like the wretch I had found were black, and I was afraid I might bring him up in mistake from the nameless grave he had found. As I said before, the sea hides many secrets that are better not revealed, and this is one of them, known only to myself and the dead."

"But come sometime when you have an hour or two to spare, and I have thought things over, and I'll give you some that are worth printing," said Mr. Scully, as he made his way back to the bridge, while the reporter wandered down to the office and thought.

SAM E. PETERIKER.

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SINGULARITIES.

An "eight-footed horse" was billed as an attraction at the Custer county (Dak.) fair. A child was born in North Carolina a few days ago with two perfectly developed tongues.

A potato two and a half feet long has been dug up within a day or two on W. G. Wall's place at Dawson, Ga.

A curious bird, with the wings of an owl and the face of a monkey, was caught the other day down in Virginia, and will be sent to the Smithsonian institute for exhibition.

Hanson Craig, of Kentucky, is probably the heaviest man in the world. His weight is given at 725 pounds, and it requires thirty-seven yards of cloth to make him a suit.

Two teeth have started the all-the-year residents of Asbury Park, N. J. The teeth protrude more than an eighth of an inch from the gums of a tiny girl baby, born to the wife of Health Inspector P. A. Lippincott of the park. The babe came to the world with the teeth and a fully developed tongue.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Mather has added Piner's "The Squire" to her repertoire.

Minnie Palmer will fill her American dates. She will star in Europe all next year.

Mr. Croston Clarke, nephew of Mr. Edwin Booth, is playing Hamlet in Philadelphia.

Mme. Maljaska is still on her ranch at El Estero, in the lower portion of California.

Emma Abbott will sing Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in San Francisco at the Baldwin theatre.

Mr. Steele Mackaye went to Boston to lay out his plans for Mr. Stuart Robson's new play, as yet unnamed.

Janus Hadim, whom they call "the French Adelaide Neilson," just made her American debut in New York in company with Coquelle.

Signor Campanini sailed for the United States on October 30, and the artists of his company will all be here within a very few days after his arrival.

Pauline L'Allemand will share the honors of prima donna with Zelle de Lussan in the Boston Ideals. Lakme will be produced during the season. The company begins in Troy on October 13.

The dramatic version of Rider Haggard's impossible romance, "She," produced at the London Gaiety theatre last week, proved a dismal failure, and the audience quickly fell into a yawning mood.

In Dublin the boys who attended the Daly performances, named "Miss Rehan," "The French Ideal," and when the play was over they would go out in squads whistling the ballad of that name.

Charles Gounod has nearly completed his new opera, "Charlotte Corday." It is to be done at the Theatre de la Renaissance, which in exchange for it has surrendered the rights to "Roméo et Juliette" to the Grand Opera.

Robert Downing will be seen this season in "Inezmar," "Otello," "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Grand Duke," "St. Marc" (in which E. L. Dayenport once starred), in addition to the old standard, "The Gladiator."

Lillie Lehmann has been re-engaged by Mr. Stanton in the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, a fact over which many people will rejoice, but the name of her husband, Karl Lehmann, to be found in the published list of singers.

Mme. Bernhardt's present tour will extend as far as Cairo, Egypt, and will close next April, in time to allow her to appear in Paris during the exposition. Her repertoire for this trip includes, besides "Fédora," "Theodora," "La Tosca," "Camille," "Frou-Frou," her own play, "La Vie."

Mary Anderson opened in Liverpool with "A Winter's Tale" last night, and will play at the Alexandra theatre in that city for a week, after which she will make a brief tour of the provinces. She sails for New York on the Umbria October 28 to fill her American engagements with Mr. Abney.

Miss Emma Jench, after having won laurels and wealth by many years' experience as an artist, has started out in a modest way as a manaceras. Although the contracts for her concert tour are signed by Mr. Locke, as agent of the Emma Jench Concert company, it is understood by the artists that the soprano is the responsible employer.

The cable reports from London on the production of Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard," do not quite agree to the satisfaction of the pieces. Shall we be surprised, as usual, made a hit, but there seems a doubt about Mr. Gilbert's libretto. W. S. Gilbert was always a very much over-rated man.

Sarah Bernhardt began her tour under the management of Abbey, Schoenfeld & Grau in Antwerp last night, producing "Fédora," and her husband, Damala, appeared with her for the first time since their reconciliation, playing Louis. Maurice Grau travels with her, taking personal direction of the management.

The season of the Coquelle company will be very short, lasting but three weeks. They open at Wallack's with "La Jolie Faut Four." The following is the repertoire: "Don Cesar de Bazan," "L'Aventuriere," "Home," "Grigore—King's Pissaro," "Les

Surprise du Divorce," "Jean Marie," "Mlle de la Seclerie," "Frou-Frou," "Charmiac," "Le Maître de Forges," "La Jolie Faut Four," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "La Dame aux Camélias," "Le Debut de Bombignac," "Tartuffe," "L'Etrangere," "Denise," and "Les Fantes de Mouches."

It was the intention of Booth and Barrett to produce only "Julius Caesar," "Otello," and "The Merchant of Venice" during their three weeks' engagement in Chicago, and they so announced, but the large number of letters sent to the theatre asking for a performance of "Hamlet" has induced them to produce that tragedy for three nights next week, which is the last of the engagement.

"Hamlet" last season drew the largest audience of any piece in the Booth-Barrett repertoire, and the Chicago people seem to think that a season of Booth without "Hamlet" is an anomaly.

EDUCATIONAL.

The public schools of St. Helena, Cal., closed for three weeks to enable the children to gather grapes.

The Chicago Evening Law School has had a lively fight over the question of admitting women as students.

The board of education of New York decided to appropriate \$4,200 to pay for a series of free lectures for workmen and women.

Prof. Brainard G. Smith has begun the instruction of a class in journalism at Cornell university, and has more applicants than he can accommodate.

Brown university has decided not to admit women to participation in the benign and healthful influences which it sheds over Providence, R. I., and vicinity.

Baron de Hirsch having guaranteed an annual grant of 8,000 francs to the Jewish school at Hottoschau, Roumania, that institution will be shortly reopened, after having been closed for several years owing to want of funds.

The freshmen and the sophomores of Rutgers college had a rush in the chapel on Tuesday. The freshmen had called a class meeting and the sophomores called a prayer meeting for the same time. The two met, and their meeting was followed by a disturbance that brought in the faculty. President Gates decided that the prayer meeting had precedence.

A traveler riding recently through the pine woods of North Carolina, states that he came across a neat new building which he knew must be a school, and on calling found it occupied by from thirty to forty colored children with a teacher of their own race. A little further on he found a white school much smaller in a building not nearly so good.

IMPRITIES.

A genius has invented and patented an electric contribution box for church use.

Can was the first base man. Abel was the first man struck out, after he had just made a sacrifice hit.

It is said that Sam Jones, the revivalist, has made \$100,000 since he began to save souls. Let us hope that he has saved the money.

Clergymen on vacation ought to be back in their pulpits now. Satan left the fashionable watering places some weeks ago and will soon be working the cities in the same way.

An old preacher was once criticised for giving a passage from Matthew and attributing it to Job. He said: "Brother, the mind sometimes goes off on an excursion on its own."

Saluted church singers pay little attention to the words of the selections they are called upon to render, but when a noted singer in Baltimore while rendering a solo in Warren's "De Deum," sweetly warbled, "Petal, great Gamba, and swell, it even astonished the choir. He had mistaken the instructions to the organist for the sacred words.

On top of a pile of bibles in front of a Grand avenue book store in Kansas City is placed bearing the tempting injunction:

Ab, There, Singer! Buy a Bible While They're Dead Cheap.