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—DON'T FAIL TO VISIT OUR—

Millinery Department. The Largest and Finest in Omaha.

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SALE BEGINS MONDAY.

J. L. Brandeis & Sons "THE FAIR" J. L. Brandeis & Sons

502, 504, 506, 508, 510 S. 13th St.

WASH Dress Goods

3 Cases Best Quality

AMERICAN SATEENS,

5 CENTS YARD WORTH 12½c.

400 Pieces Fine Imported

FRENCH SATEENS,

12 CENTS YARD WORTH 25c.

180 Pieces Best Quality Imported

FRENCH SATEENS,

17 CENTS YARD Worth 35c.

WHITE Dress Goods

1700 Yards 36-inch Wide

INDIA - LINONS,

6 CENTS YARD; WORTH 15c.

40-inch Wide Imported

INDIA - LINENS,

12 CENTS Yard; Worth 25c.

180 Pieces Puritan and Lace Check and Satin Stripes

WHITE - GOODS,

15 CENTS YARD; Worth 30c.

Dress Goods Dept.

GIGANTIC DISPLAY!

Millions of Yards; Thousands of Styles and Hundreds of Colors.

1000 Remnants

FINE CHALLIES,

21 CENTS YARD; Worth 10c.

22 CENTS YARD; Worth 10c.

4 Cases

New CASHMERE,

7 CENTS YARD; Worth 15c.

1 Case Double Fold All Wool

Summer - Tricots,

20 CENTS YARD; Worth 39c.

40-inch Imported Tartan

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25 CENTS YARD.

NEW SPRING EFFECTS

SILK FINISHED VELVETEENS, ALL SHADES, 15c YARD.

FANCY STRIPED VELVETEENS, 21c YARD.

SHORT LENGTHS FINE SILK FLUSHES, 39c YARD.

J. L. Brandeis & Sons, 502, 504, 506, 508 and 510 South 13th Street.

EMBROIDERIES

From the Great Auction Sale of Field, Chapman & Fenner.

Swiss Embroidered Skirtings, 39c

40 inches wide; beautiful work. Greatest Embroidery Bargain Yet.

Swiss Embroidered Skirtings, 50c

45 inches wide; Embroidered to the waist.

Fine White Embroidered Flouncings, 19c

Fine work; good width for Children's Dresses.

Red and Blue Embroidered Flouncing, 25c

Elegant work; very wide.

COLORED EMBROIDERIES, 3c

In Red and Blue, 3c Yard.

LACE CURTAINS.

AUCTION BARGAINS! FINE WHITE OR ECRU

69c - - LACE CURTAINS - - 69c

Three yards long; taped edges.

\$1.19 Extra Long Nottingham Lace Curtains, \$1.19

Elegant designs; worth fully \$2.50.

\$2.29 Imported Nottingham Lace Curtains \$2.29

3 and 4 yards long; worth \$5.

"THE FAIR"

502, 504, 506, 508, 510 South 13th Street.

A TRIP TO THE END OF TRACK.

First Railway Excursion Over the Union Pacific.

THE DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS

A Second Chapter of Dr. Miller's Reminiscences of the Construction Days of the Union Pacific Railway.

Youth of the U. P.

Dr. George L. Miller gracefully submitted to another interview, and gave the reporter more of his charming reminiscences of early days:

"It was in my first impression that it was in 1865 instead of 1866," began the doctor. "I confounded the two dates owing to the fact that the general was here in 1866 as he was in 1865. General Sherman reached Omaha October 10, 1865, and was met by a committee consisting of Colonel John Patrick, chairman, and other prominent gentlemen, who escorted him to the Herndon house, then the hotel now the Union Pacific headquarters, where the late Lorin Miller, at the time mayor of Omaha, formally welcomed the guest to our city in a brief conversational speech. A great ball was given the general in the hotel the next evening, October 11, at which all of our leading people had the pleasure of meeting him.

"It was the next day, Thursday, October 12, that the railway excursion to the end of the track came off. This 'end of track' was a transitory place, bearing the name, however, all through the construction. At the time indicated it was located at Sailing's grove, taking the appellation from the farmer then residing in that vicinity, fifteen miles away from Omaha. The train was of the construction character and was made up of the locomotive General W. T. Sherman, named in honor of that gentleman, and dirt cars on which were mounted boards supported by nail kegs with buffalo robe upholstery serving as seats. Fortunately it happened at this time that Dr. Durant, the great manager of the road, and Colonel Silas Seymour, its consulting engineer, were here, and they were among the guests on this occasion, as were Governor Saunders, Senator Paddock, Judge William Kellogg, chief justice of the territory, Senator Hitchcock, Edward Creighton, A. J. Poppleton and many more. The 'end of track' effectively stopping our westward course, oratory was the order, and General Sherman was toasted, and made a speech congratulating everybody upon the beginning of the great work of building the railroad, saying that he had had something to do with trying to begin at the other line in San Francisco many years ago. It was in the course of this speech that he expressed the hope that the younger men whom he addressed might live to see the completion of the railway, and said that he could hardly hope to behold it himself. The point of this story, and it has been frequently told, is that four years after the delivery of this speech General Sherman himself rode over the Rocky mountains on the completed Pacific railroad, with two oceans joined by

iron, in a Pullman car, at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

"One instance in the early construction of the Union Pacific road was the method of getting material brought to the ground—the iron, spikes, and all that enters into railroad construction. As I may have said before, there was no communication by rail with Chicago and the east direct, and everything had to come to us by steamboat and river. One of the most remarkable events in connection with this method of transportation, I recall, was the production by Durant, one morning on our levee, as we called it (the bank of the Missouri river at Omaha), of several barges laden with iron that had been towed up the river from St. Louis, a distance of over nine hundred miles, by the steamer Elkhorn, against the predictions of all river men, who said that the feat was impossible of execution. The trip was made in nine days, but of course the water was in what was termed a good stage.

"The principal occupation of the people of Omaha in those days," continued the doctor, "was watching for the arrival of steamers, indulging in hopes of a railroad across Iowa, and observing the progress of the construction of the railroad. I remember to have made a rambling announcement November 29, 1865, to the effect that thirty-two miles of the Union Pacific railway had been finished, and that the Elkhorn river had been reached. It was before this that a great exigency in the history of this railroad arose in respect to the line upon which it was to be built from Omaha. The conflict of opinion between Dr. Durant and Peter A. DeWitt, chief engineer, led to the adoption of the new line as against the one at first surveyed by DeWitt, now known and located as the DeWitt line. Great excitement was caused in the little community by the discussion of this proposed change, and a committee was appointed by the citizens to go to Washington and present it. Mr. DeWitt supported his position, General DeWitt supported the movement that was changing the terminus of the road and had secretly designed to build from Bellevue, and that meant the destruction of Omaha, if it was true.

"On this account there was great unanimity here among the people against the change. I was sitting in my editorial room one day in the midst of when Edward Creighton called and wanted me to start immediately for New York to see Dr. Durant and ascertain the true inwardness and cause of this innovation, and also to learn what the result to Omaha would be. I obeyed the order, the same evening it was given, and took coach at Council Bluffs for St. Joseph. On arriving there I received a telegram from Mr. Creighton saying that Mr. Durant had started for the west from New York and that I should get at once to Fort Leavenworth, where General Dodge was stationed in command of the Department of the Missouri. He was, as he had been during the war, chief engineer of the road, and it was supposed that from him I could glean a good many facts and then return to Omaha and await Durant's arrival.

"I found the general a sick soldier,

shot in the battle before Atlanta, and in very feeble health, but ready to impart all necessary information, and he went so far as to expose with great freedom the correspondence he had had with Dr. Durant upon the question of substituting the Mud Creek for the Day line. He said that the change was necessary, and that while he did not approve it altogether, it was the better thing to be done and that it meant no harm to Omaha. Reasons were given at length why this course was necessary. I have always believed that it was because of a lack of timber and greater need of money—there was a million of floating debt at that time which Webster Snyder, the superintendent, hardly knew how to manage, and in addition a threatened strike on the part of the unpaid laborers. I returned to Omaha and reported accordingly. Durant arriving here and reassuring us, and the result is known, that he was acting in perfect good faith and that he commended his railroad, and as I shall always believe, by his energy and foresight, saving the trunk line of the Pacific railroad to Chicago and Omaha as against St. Louis and Kansas City.

"This element of time comes in now in connection with the original provisions of the charter ordaining, as I remember, that whichever one of the three branches of the Pacific road first reached the 100 meridian should be entitled to the subsidy for the main trunk of the road. It was right here and on that issue that Omaha was saved by the energy, forecast and resolution of Durant, in ordering this change of line, thereby cheapening construction and enabling him to complete the first forty miles and obtain the first moneys on the road. Then all was easy sailing. Anybody could have built the railroad after that. Oceans of money were at hand, the subsidies which the government had granted, and millions were made out of the construction, as everybody knows.

"Next time I will call your attention to the great flood of April, 1856, and its bearing upon Omaha interests, and also our fears of destruction at the hands of Bellevue."

A Hindu Fancy.

W. E. S. Pines, in the Home-Maker.

Upon Prince Murad's natal night,
 Each fairy brought a precious gift,—
 Beauty and valor, singly might,
 Success in love and wisdom's thrift.
 And one, from out her diadem,
 A pearl laid by the cradle's side,
 "Use long as he retains his wit,"
 "He shall have happiness," she cried.

The happy years rolled by. One day
 Some demon hid the magic stone;
 Great was the wonder and dismay,
 And great the sorrow of the throne.
 Upon his face the monarch's gloom,
 Drew many a furrow, long and deep,
 And filled with figures of despair
 The silent chambers of his sleep.

The days came fraught with deep distress,
 The nights were filled with wailing gloom,
 "Fill Murad, in his restlessness,
 Entered one morn his children's room,
 Straightway from care and sorrow free
 The happy monarch was once more,
 For there his little ones in glee
 Played with the gem upon the floor.

Very Warm.

New York World: Foreman—What fellow would that name all about mashing and kissing in "the twilight's twittering light?" He must be a bin crazy.

Editor—Do you mean that passion poem by Amelia Bive, "Condense Love in One Fond Embrace?"

Foreman—Yes, that's the fellow. He ought to be ashamed of himself. His poem has melted three sticks of type.

THE GLORY OF THE FORESTS.

General Brislin Urges a General Observation of Arbor Day.

A HINT TO THE LEGISLATURE.

The General Thinks the State Could Well Afford to Offer Prizes for the Planting and Cultivation of Trees.

Arbor Day.

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., March 8.—[Special to THE BEE.]—As we approach the time again for Arbor Day in Nebraska, I feel like making an appeal to the people to observe it and plant more than ever before. Nebraska is the pioneer state in tree planting and her example has been followed by all or nearly all the states and territories of the union. The author of Arbor Day, J. Sterling Morton, is a Nebraskan, and in originating the beautiful custom, did more for the honor of Nebraska than any other man who has yet lived in the state. Tree planting is honor, science and the highest type of development in civilization. Colbert prevented the useless destruction of the forests of the old world and all Europe rose up to do him honor. But if Colbert was honored for merely being instrumental in preventing the waste of forests, what shall we say of the man who creates forests. All can share in the honor, and as Jonathan Swift said, "whoever makes two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow on a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than a whole race of politicians put together." If this is true of two ears of corn or two blades of grass, how much more true it is of a tree. "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the olive tree 'Reign thou over us.'" So let us say to every tree. Be thou our king, but let the olive tree of the glory of its worth and blessing to Ceres and Flora. Why not here in Germany, for if the Germans had anything to thank God for there, they surely have much more cause to thank Him for here.

The old Mexican Indians even planted trees on certain days of the year and named them after their children. The Aztecs also used to plant a tree every time a child was born and it bore the name of the child.

Says James Russell Lowell: "Our Teutonic ancestors, if they did not worship trees, at least held certain species sacred and made votive offerings to them on certain days of the year. In this vegetable mythology the oak and the beech held the first place, for the frugal reason, perhaps, that they most

furnished a gratuitous food for swine, the chief wealth, one may assume, of these humble dwellers of the primeval forest." When the Aryans crossed migrated westward from Asia they probably brought this custom with them, for there also trees are looked upon with religious veneration. So, too, the Greeks in this, as in many other things of civilization, had an imaginative faith in trees and associated the lives of superhuman though not immortal things with trees. "I cannot believe a man wholly bad who has sympathy with and loves a thing so innocent and beautiful as trees," exclaims the poet Lowell, so I believe that no man has lived in vain who plants a tree to live after him.

But quite aside from the poetical and imaginative sense of tree planting which is certainly very beautiful, is the common sense view of the case, the necessity and usefulness of trees in Nebraska. Their influence upon our climate, the increased rainfall resulting from their planting, the protection they give from storms, and their use for wood and lumber in a state where nature has deprived or denied us forests, are reasons enough why we should plant.

I have always thought Arbor day came too late in Nebraska, if it were in May instead of April, if more trees would be planted, and that the trees would do better. I submit this to the author of Arbor day and our legislature, and hope they will change the time for Arbor day from the second Tuesday in April to the second Tuesday in May. I have always thought the state should offer a direct reward in cash to the family that planted with their own hands the greatest number of trees in one year. Let the family that sets out the most trees next Arbor day have \$500 out of the state treasury; the next \$400; the next \$300; the next \$200; the next \$100; the next \$75; the next \$50, and the next \$25. It would all be less than \$2,000 per annum, and this the state of Nebraska could well afford to pay annually for the encouragement of tree planting on its treeless prairies; yes, it can afford to pay \$5,000 a year for that matter, and then be greatly benefited. Think what a stimulus to tree planting the hope of a reward of \$500 up a nice, crisp draft out of the state treasury would give to our tree planters. I would bind them to keep the trees growing for five years and protected from fire, or return the reward.

There is so much in this subject of tree planting that when one gets to writing upon it he never knows when to stop, but I wish only to write a short letter this time, calling attention to a matter so important, and I want the letter short so that the country press can use it and help the good work on. This is one thing I wish somebody would do, and that is, tell the people what kind of trees are best to plant in Nebraska. Every week I get letters asking: "What shall I plant?" J. Sterling Morton, ex-Governor Robert Furness and others can readily answer this question and advise the people what to plant.

JAMES S. BRISLIN.

THINGS WE CAN'T EXPLAIN.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.—Hamlet.

James Martin, a well-to-do farmer, is the owner of one of the oldest homesteads in Blount county, Alabama. The place has been owned and occupied by several generations of Martins, and the mansion, a large frame affair, is a very old one, and is much the worse for age and want of repair. About five years ago James Martin married Miss Noel, one of the belles of the county. The young couple went to live at the old Martin home, and all went well until one year ago. Mrs. Martin, naturally very timid, heard a ghost rambling through the old house one night and was badly frightened. She told her husband about it, but he could hear nothing, he said, the following night Mrs. Martin heard the ghost again, and from that time it became a nightly visitor at the Martin home. Mrs. Martin wanted to leave the old home at once, but her husband objected, declaring the strange noises heard were made by rats. Several times Mrs. Martin, so she says, saw a white-robed figure wandering through the wide halls and dark rooms of the old house, and soon her nerves and health began to give way under the strain. She begged and pleaded with her husband to move away from the haunted house, but he still refused. Mrs. Martin was finally prostrated by her fears of the ghost, and went to the home of her parents to recover her health and strength. Her relatives and friends joined her in appeals to her husband to give up the old house, but he still refused, when fear of the ghost overcame love of husband and Mrs. Martin refused to live with him again. Martin tried in vain to induce his wife to return to the haunted house to live, but she refused, and a few days ago he filed a suit for divorce on the ground of abandonment.

One Sunday night, not long ago, while the snow and wind storm was at its height in New London, Conn., a Blount street lady was awakened by a buzzing sound in her ear, and was startled by a far-off voice repeating in melodious tones, "Wake up! 'Get up!' The lady obeyed the strange summons, and was terribly frightened on discovering that the house was on fire. The soot in the old-fashioned fire-place in the kitchen, which was over a foot deep, was burning, and the flames were shooting through the fire board. The lady soon aroused the household, and the fire was extinguished before any serious damage was done. That the warning was given to one who knows the lady will doubt, and but for the warning it is probable that the house and some of the occupants would have been burned.

There is excitement and agitation among the occupants of the handsome four-story house at 109 West Eleventh street, New York City. The house was the scene of a terrible tragedy a few years ago. It was here that Dr. Connelly killed his two children by cutting their throats and then killed himself. Through a glass partition his wife saw him kill the children and she ran, violently insane, into the street. The house is leased by George L. Herrick, who sublets all of it except the first

floor, which he and his wife occupy. The second floor front is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Nichols. Mrs. Nichols declares she has heard footsteps at the door of her apartments at night. Believing some one was trying to annoy her, she has opened the door, but could not discover any one. One night last week she was frightened while sewing in her room at about 11 o'clock by a heavy rap on the table. People in the next room heard the rap. She jumped to her feet and was almost paralyzed by the sight of the transparent form of a man disappearing behind a sofa. Mr. Scott, another tenant, says that while sitting up one recent night waiting for her husband who saw through the glass panel of a door the ghostly figure of an elderly man, who seemed to be dragging something behind him. The ghost passed behind the bed in her room and disappeared. She has found the door of her room mysteriously open often she had bolted it on the inside. A few nights ago Miss Gartin, teacher, Charles Lee, Miss Lee's brother, and the Scotts were having a card party in the Scotts apartments. The game was broken up by an apparition at the glass panels of the door. The ghost had the bearded face of an elderly man.

What Would Shakespeare Say?

New York Morning Journal.

Oh, if Shakespeare were alive, and would cross the mighty main,
 To see the Jersey Lily play the wife of Scot,
 Land's daughter,
 And sport his tragedy, as easy as rolling off a log,
 While shining in her raiment like a fire-fly
 In a bog;
 Or, if some evening he'd drop in where the "Four Hundred" meet."
 To sit in ease and comfort in a two "semon" seat.
 And see fair Cora Potter the handsome Kyrie beguile.
 As the immortal Socrates of Egypt's glowing Nile,
 I'll wager my suspenders that in accents of despair
 The awful cry of "murder!" would rend the sacred air.

The Preacher Knocked Him Out.

The Rev. Isaac W. Bagley, pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church, Camden, N. J., has demonstrated that he is as good with fists as he is at preaching, says a Philadelphia dispatch to the Chicago Times.

Edward Mayer, a Philadelphian, and a friend, called on the minister and wanted to know if he had married his brother George. He was told to consult the newly-married man, when Mayer commenced to use profane language. This caused the minister to order the two men out of the house. Instead of going out they showed fight and struck at Bagley.

"That's what you want, is it?" shouted the minister, and he hit Mayer a stunning blow on the nose.

The friend then pulled out a "lilly" and hit Mr. Featherstone, the pastor's father-in-law on the head. Mr. Featherstone went after Mayer and a general fight ensued. The unknown man made an effort to get at the minister, when the clergyman was again blown to the occasion and hit him a blow between the eyes, which knocked him headlong across the dining room table. Both men made a retreat and left the house. The unknown man made good his escape, while Mayer was captured and lodged in Camden jail. Mayer claims that the minister's father-in-law hit him first. He is a book-keeper, and comes from a good family in Rose borough, near this city.