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Elegant Spring Suits.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF OMAHA.

How the City Looks From the Tower of the New York Life.

A LONG JOURNEY BY LADDER.

A Sail Through Cloudland—Magnificent Distances—Floating Viaducts and Bridges—An Army of Workmen and Clouds of Dust.

From Mid Air.

"You will have to climb ladders," remarked the superintendent of construction of the New York Life insurance building, as he wrote out an order to pass the reporter through the building. Nothing very appalling in that, certainly, thought he, as armed with the pass he set out upon his journey heavenward. Gradually, however, the full significance of the remark dawned upon him. Three, four, five, six stories were passed. Eyes, ears, hair and clothes are sifted full of lime. Elevators loaded with brick, stone, mortar, everything, shoot up and down in uncomfortable proximity. Hoarse voices far up above warn the unwary to "look out below." Huge pulleys creak above and below. Splashes of mortar and bits of brick and stone are falling in every direction, and reaching away above, into some impalpable aerial region, is a long weary vista of ladders. Up, up, up the visitor climbs, at every floor passing new detachments of the army of workmen—painters, lathers, plasterers, stone masons, brick masons, tile workers, hod carriers, glaziers, carpenters, joiners, iron workers, all busy at their allotted tasks. They swarm through the halls and corridors or cling to ladders, derricks and window ledges like human flies. What a babel of voices, clattering of ropes and wheels, clatter of hammers, whistling of lutes! It is a bedlam of industry where each and every mite in the huge hive contributes his share to the gradually forming monument to the greatness of the human brain and the power of human muscle.

The tenth story is passed when suddenly the climber gets a glimpse down, down, down, somewhere into the bowels of the earth. With a startled gasp he clutches the ladder and closes his eyes. One glance is enough. Such a reeling, dizzy, helpless sensation as comes over one, when, between the rounds of his frail support, he catches sight of the little specks of humanity in the depths of the seemingly bottomless darkness will not be courted a second time.

The thirteenth floor is reached at last, and whitened with dust, the visitor comes out into regions of mid air. At the first flush the experience is not altogether pleasant. There is that dizzy, falling feeling which great altitudes always inspire, and involuntarily one speculates as to the consequences of a fall. Will he be spotted on the mire of the Kountze Memorial church, or crashing through the glass dome of THE BEE building? Distance is not considered, for most of the city lies immediately below and there is apparently a choice of a falling spot anywhere within fifteen or twenty blocks. Gradually, however, this feeling wears away and the magnificence of the view is appreciated.

can be seen along the whole length of Farnam, Douglas, Dodge, Capitol Avenue, Harney, Howard, St. Mary's, Avenue, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth, and occasional glimpses can be had of every street in the city from the river to the crest of the hills on the west and from Lake to Vinton. Beyond the city the view is limited only by the horizon. At this season of universal brown it is interesting only for its extent, but when spring has begun to clothe the hills, valleys and groves with verdure and beauty the magnificence of the scene may be imagined and will no doubt attract many visitors to the tower.

When visited last week a dense cloud of smoke rolled over all of the eastern part of the city. The Big Muddy glorified by distance and sunlight, measured down through a broad sweep of mingled grays and browns into the distant purple of the hills of Iowa. To the right and almost within hand-shaking distance, is the stony figure of justice which surmounts the dome of the court house, to the left an open space, which at first glance is apt to be taken for some one's back yard till a little black speck crawls over it and it is recognized as Jefferson square. Fort Omaha, Sheeley's station, the round houses and Union Pacific shops, Hanscom park are all in full view, but if the reader will stop to think of some place where the tower of the New York Life cannot be seen he will get an idea of what is not visible, which is more to the point, there are, for instance, no filthy alleys, or noisome back yards, in sight, but with all these unsightly blemishes obliterated by distance the city is seen from this vantage spot fair and beautiful. Sixteenth street especially with the long stretch of pavement from Kountze's place to the hills, a trail of silvery smoke indicates the passage of a railway train. All along the river bottom scores of other pulling and snorting locomotives dart hither and thither. On all sides, north, south, east and west, cable cars, horse cars, hacks and buses without number crawl hither and thither, and the rattle and rumble of their myriad wheels floats up to the tower blended into a monotonous drone.

A little over to the right, floating over the housetops, are two delicate semi-ephemeral structures suspended in mid-air—the viaducts. Over the river are two others, one with a long train of cars creeping across.

Look up a minute. Soft white clouds are sailing across the clear blue sky. No! The clouds are motionless and the tower on which we are standing is rushing like the wind through space. The city with all its noise and smoke is left behind, and with a delicious feeling of exhilaration we are rising into the regions of infinite blue. How fresh and pure the air which we drink in, in deep draughts! One can almost imagine himself etherealized, spiritualized, freed from the fetters of a material body and traveling, as thought travels, into infinite space.

A WONDERFUL WESTERN MILL

Fashioned by an Enterprising Danish Citizen of Council Bluffs.

WHAT PLUCK WILL ACCOMPLISH.

He Had Neither Money Nor Lumber, and Yet He Built a Mill Which Makes His Living.

An Antiquated Mill.

Near the south limit of the city of Council Bluffs, where the compactness of its buildings gives place to straggling houses, as though the town was undecided whether to stop or go ahead toward Lake Manawa, there stands an old mill. It is old in all senses. Its form is a familiar feature in sketches of German and Danish scenery. It stands as the exponent of the civilizations of past centuries and suggests the life and manners of the Rhinish peasant. A group of men in short coats, baggy pants and monocopia hats, and women with short skirts and handkerchiefs would lead a real transformation to the scene and picture in its realism of the humble life of the "Fatherland."

This mill was built many years before Council Bluffs took to itself in any considerable measure the metropolitanism which characterizes her buildings and business to-day. It was erected by Christopher Christiansen in what was then as it is now, the "Denmark" of the city. The builder was by trade a cabinet maker, and a good one, too. He also possessed a practical knowledge of milling and turning. Being an intensely practical man and business to the core, he conceived the scheme of putting up a combination mill which would cover the above lines of manufacture. He was practically without means but his ingenuity bridged over the seeming necessity, and with the expenditure of but little money the mill was completed, together with its necessary appliances. There were lathes and saws and an old-fashioned but serviceable set of burr stones. This was for years the Mecca to which the Danish wheat and corn as well as the broken chairs came, and while the grist was ground for the time in toll, the miller and his friend spun yarns of their youth time in the Fatherland across the seas.

Many times had THE BEE man looked upon the monument of ingenuity, industry and unusual interest. It is the only thing of its kind in the west, if not in the entire country. It is octagonal in form, covering, perhaps, thirty feet of ground. Its sides rise to an altitude of probably eight feet. This, the lower floor, is surrounded by a half roof, which ends with the four-foot walk. This walk runs around the turret, which bears the fan, or motive-power of the mill. The turret forms the second story of the mill, and is probably eight feet or twenty feet high. The four spectral arms which constitute the fan are about fifteen feet wide and revolve at an angle of fully fifteen degrees.

various lengths and sizes are made to do the same service, and fit the places for which the ordinary artisan would require an entire lumber yard. Shingled? Yes; but with such shingles as the reader never saw before. Oyster cans, battered out to a smooth surface, and odd pieces of sheet iron got from various places where they were serving no purpose are nailed on to serve as weatherboard and roof.

A few days ago THE BEE sought to gain access to the queer structure feeling certain the inside must be as quaint and odd as the exterior. Permission was granted by the housewife and a tour of investigation was made. The lower floor was found to be divided in half, forming two rooms of fairly good size. In one room the sawing and rough work is done. Table legs, chair backs and various parts of broken furniture were scattered about also piles of lumber waiting the use of the owner. The other room contains the saws, lathes, etc., with which that part of the business of the owner is prosecuted. The walls are papered thickly on all sides with Danish papers, and a more comfortable workshop it would be hard to find. Ascending into the turret the writer found the stones which years ago had ground the flour and meal but were now cast aside and unused. The "New Process" together with the rapid affluence of the Danish character with American customs doubtless forced the owner to lay aside the mill stones and devote his entire time to his trade proper.

Passing away from this curious pile the reporter was filled with wonder at the sturdy pluck and genius which out of things which would not serve the uses of another this industrious Dane had wrought to so noble a purpose and with such grand results.

Good for the Little Princess.

An anecdote of the Empress Frederick's early days when among us as princess royal is told by no less an authority than Earl Granville, says a writer in Modern Society. His lordship relates that one day he was driving in Windsor park in an open carriage with her royal highness, aged then about nine years, and her governess, Lady Lytton. Whether or not the little princess found her companions too staid for her juvenile taste, on their passing some poor children playing on the grass she remarked: "How happy those little girls look." Lady Lytton, in true, prim governess style, to "improve the occasion," answered sententiously: "They look happy because they are good." "How do you know that?" retorted the ever-smart Vicky; "I think it very likely is because they have no lady governess."

Cute Little Indian Maid.

When Miss Ellen Terry was last in Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Record, she became deeply interested in the Indian children at the Lincoln institute on south Eleventh street, and paid them several visits. While she was very generous in her gifts to them, her curious mannerisms made a deep impression upon their unsophisticated mind, and one girl remarked to a lady connected with the management: "How nice Miss Terry was. But isn't it a pity she is always drunk when she comes to see us?"

Another story, not a whit less natural, relates to an evening which some of the young redskins spent at the Academy of Music, where many of the ladies present were in full evening dress. After the little Indians had reached home that night one of them said very plaintively: "It was beautiful, but I wonder if we couldn't get to work and make some clothes for those ladies."

MADE LOVE TO THE COACHMAN

How a Rhode Island Girl Outwitted an Obdurate Papa.

HE FOUND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

A Connecticut Man Turns Up Wealthy After an Absence of Twenty-One Years—Her Fortitude Converted Him.

Little Romances.

Chief of Police Hughes of Montreal is responsible for an amusing story connecting the name of the daughter of a wealthy resident of Newport, R. I., with that of the family coachman. A month ago, it seems, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of a Mr. Seyward or Stewart of Newport was asked in marriage by some gentleman whose name does not appear. The father was willing, but the girl was not, and said so. There was a stormy time between parent and daughter, which ended by the father forcing her to marry the man of his choice. The daughter determined to foil the objectionable suitor, and began making love to the family coachman, whose name is either Stewart or Seyward.

Within a week the coachman was ready to lay down his life for his mistress, and she, promptly taking advantage of his devotion, proposed that they elope. The coachman consented, and three weeks ago the father awoke to find his daughter and the coachman missing, and a note telling him that his daughter didn't think she would marry her father's choice after all.

Detectives were employed, and one of them came to Montreal. He located the pair in a small cottage at a village about six miles from the city on the bank of Montreal island. The girl had regretted her step, and it took little argument to induce her to return home. Coachman remonstrated considerably, but subsided on being threatened with arrest.

Before parting the girl swore eternal fidelity to Stewart, or Seyward. She promised that she would never marry anybody else. They had not been married. The coachman cannot be found.

News has just been received in Waterbury, Conn., from a man who formerly resided in that city, and who, for twenty-one years, had been reported to be dead, but who is now a wealthy resident of Victoria, Australia. In April, 1869, Fred H. Woodworth, of Waterbury, aged twenty-three, disappeared. Nothing was heard of him and it was supposed he had committed suicide or had been foully dealt with, and a large sum of money was expended in trying to find his body. All efforts proved fruitless, the search was abandoned, and the Woodworth family mourned for the missing one as the victim of a mysterious tragedy. A few days ago Woodworth's friends received a letter post-marked Australia, and on opening it discovered that it was Fred. He said that since leaving Waterbury he had led a somewhat adventuresome life. Immediately after he disappeared he went on a whaling voyage and for three years encountered all the perils incident to life on a whaling vessel. At the end of that time he went to Australia, where he has since resided. A few years ago he purchased for \$25 a gold mine supposed to be worthless, and a day or two later discovered gold sufficient to make him rich.

A dying man was found the other night upon the streets of Indianapolis,

he having taken twenty grains of cyanide of potassium with suicidal intent. On his person was a note saying that unhappy circumstances and a woman had ruined his life; that he had lost all he possessed and was without a home and beyond the aid of friends.

The body was the next day identified as that of Emil Borstel, of Phillipsburg, N. J., where he was a prosperous business man. He came of a wealthy family in Heidelberg, Germany, and while making a pleasure trip back to his old home he formed the acquaintance on the steamer of Miss Carrie Remius, of Cleveland, O. They were betrothed, but the engagement was broken off because of parental opposition. Upon the meeting of the couple in New York some time afterwards the attachment was renewed and the marriage day was appointed. On going to Cleveland, however, to claim his bride, he found her parents had persuaded her into marrying with Charles Reich. Borstel last Christmas came to this city, but he acted like a heartbroken man and disappeared a short time ago, only to be found lying in the roadway dying. Quite recently he received a \$1,200 draft from Germany. He owns property in New Jersey, besides a large ranch in Texas, where his brother is a wealthy stock trader.

City front pedestrians of San Francisco were edified recently by the eloquence of the first Chinese evangelist who has made his appearance in that locality. He announced his name as Ah Qui. He did not claim any connection with either the Salvation Army or the Holiness Band.

"Ten years ago I was a very bad man," said he. "What you call Highlanders here, that's what I was in Canton, worked for a big mandarin fifteen years. During that time I killed fifty-one people for money. Twenty of them were women. I will tell you how I was converted. My master set his eyes on a christian Chinese girl, but could not get her, so I was sent to kill her. I was given \$10 for the act. I found her alone in the house one night, and on her refusal to accompany me to my master I did her the most dirty thing I could pray. I was so affected that the knife dropped from my hand, and that incident led me to christianity. I grew to love her and she became my wife. The preacher at whose house she lived married us."

"One night we were seized and carried to the house of my former master. He ordered me to murder her and I refused to do it. Then he said that another would post, you call office and that I could not my days by hard-karl. His order was obeyed in one case. They disrobed my wife and three men bound her, while a third cut off limb after limb. She prayed for them while they were doing this as long as she had breath in her body."

At this point Qui leaped into the air and shrieked three unearthly yells, while the crowd who had listened to the weird story stood aghast with suppressed excitement. He seemed to be insane for at least a moment. Trembling his eyes he said: "The next day I escaped, and here I am."

The exhortation which followed lasted for at least twenty minutes and was intensely earnest. He said that he proposed to go all through this land and tell the story of his conversion to show the power of grace.

Just What She Wanted.

Chicago Herald: "My dear I have another piece of mince pie?" "No, my child, you'd dream of your grandmother."

"I like to dream of my grandmother, ma. She used to give me two pieces of pie."

THE ANGELS WERE MOULTING.

How a Little Girl Explained the Dream of Jacob.

HIS TEACHER WAS LIKE RUBENS.

Johnnie in the Art Gallery—An Angel of Mercy—Princess Victoria and Her Governess—Our Gate Babies.

Lottie solves a Great Mystery. Pittsburg Press: The rector was a very genial old gentleman and always taught the small children in the Sunday school. One day he, by request, handed the class over to his young nephew, who undertook the duty very willingly. The subject was Jacob's dream. All went along smoothly until, in an unguarded moment, he impulsively asked: "Children, why did the angels walk up and down the ladder instead of flying?" Profound silence. (The young man confessed when he came home that he had no sooner asked the question than he was compelled to acknowledge his inability to answer it.) At length one small child held up her hand. "Well, what is it, Lottie?" "Please, sir, I think I know." "Speak out, then; don't be afraid." "Please, sir, I think it was because they was moultin'." Young man (immediately relieved): "Quite right, Lottie." Note—Lottie's mother kept canaries for sale.

A Modern Instance. Yonkers Statesman: "What a wonderful painter Rubens was?" remarked Merrill at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Cora; "it is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnnie in disgust, "my school-teacher can do that."

An Angel of Mercy. A little girl was graciously permitted one bright Sunday to go with her mamma to hear papa preach, says a writer in Harper's Young People. It was a time of great rejoicing and responsibility, and the little face was all alight with happy anticipation. Now it changed that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the "warning" order, and his earnest voice rang out solemnly in the Sunday quiet. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out in sweet childish tones, "What for is you scolding all the people so, papa?"

Deposition. Boston Beacon: "Minnie has been in to see me to-day." said little five-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady." "And I hope you did too," said her mother.

"Yes, indeed, I did; I turned sonnets for her on the bed."

Arithmetic and A. V. Philadelphia Record: First Little Girl (at the theater)—"Am I nice to have two of those funny bromides?" Second Little Girl—"Yes, it's twice as funny as if there was only one."

Very Modest. New York World: Johnnie (who is surreptitiously making a raid on the jam in the pantry)—"Little children should be seen and not heard." Well, I don't want to be seen or heard either.