

HAYWARD BROS., 1515 Douglas-St., Omaha

The Human Understanding.

THE NEW STYLES ARE NOW READY. We are pleased to announce large arrivals of new goods, fresh from the manufacturers. Our strong inducements are reliable goods and low prices.

For the Week, Beginning Tomorrow.

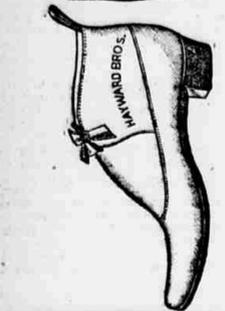
We Shall offer Some Unparalleled Bargains on New Warranted Goods



OUR NEW PRAIRIE TOE.

We have added a new line of above goods, in line with the Prairie Toe, in B. C. D and E lasts, at \$5.00. They cannot be excelled.

Full line Misses' and Childs' PRAIRIE TOE Spring Heel Shoes.



Kangaroo Southern Ties.

This shoe has taken the place of low cut shoes, and is much cleaner and more desirable. We shall offer a big line of these goods from \$2.50 to \$5.00 this week.

Men's Seamless Shoes cut from \$2.50 to \$1.75.

We shall offer this week an elegant line of Men's KANGAROOS for \$4.50.



One lot of Genuine Alligator Slippers

We shall offer at \$2.00. These goods would be cheap at \$2.75.



OUR OWN WAUKENPHAST.

We are showing the best line of Waukenphast on our own lasts, at \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.00, that can be produced for the money, and our \$6.00 line, is equal to any of the \$7.00 lines.

Mail Orders Filled. We Pay Postage.

Our line of Hamburg Cordovan Shoes at \$5.00 and \$6.00 have gained a reputation that we are proud of. We have many customers that get a full year's wear out of them, and we can recite dozens of customers that have worn them nearly two years, and worn out the second and third half sole.

Fine line of Kangaroo and a good line of Seamless Calf Shoes at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.

CHILD'S KID OXFORD.

Hand Turned, Size 8 to 10 1/2, at 75c, Worth \$1.15

Every pair of Kangaroo Shoes we offer we guarantee to be genuine. We have the cheapest grades of Dongola, that are sold for Kangaroo in many instances, if you wish them.

INFANT'S SHOES.

Hand Turn Button, Kid or Goat, 35c. Hand Turn Button, Kid or Goat, 50c. Hand Turn, an elegant French Kid, at 65c.

A Child's Iron Clad Sole Leather Toe and Heel at 50c, the same in Spring Heel at 75c.

Mail Orders Filled. We Pay Postage.

Misses and Children's Shoes.

Child's Kid and Goat Spring Heel, Warranted, \$1.00.

Misses Grain, Button, 11 to 2, \$1.00.

Misses Kid, Button, 11 to 2, \$1.25.

Misses Goat, Button, 11 to 2, \$1.25.

These goods are 25c and 50c under price.



OUR French Seamless Oxfords

These goods we have in four grades, and all widths from narrow to E. THEY ARE ELEGANT. We shall offer one lot of these at \$1.00

That would be cheap at \$1.50.

Russett Oxfords.

Ladies' Hand-Turn Seamless Russett Oxfords,

\$1.50,

\$1.75 and \$2.50,

and all grades up to the finest French Goat

Bright Red Oxfords.

CHILDREN'S Russett and Goat Shoes

2 to 5, 95c

5 to 8, \$1.15



Our New Seamless Oxford Wigwam.

They are not to be classed with the ordinary Wigwam, and for comfort, style and wear they surpass all. We have them in four colors: Plum, Tan, Brown and Wine.

Child's, 6 to 10 - - 90c

Misses', 11 to 2, - - \$1.00

Ladies' and Boys' - - \$1.25

Buy a Pair and Prove Their Value.

We have the Cheaper Wigwams, if you wish.

Ladies' Fancy Top Shoes made to order to match any dress.

Our line of Custom Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Shoes have gained a big reputation, and are not to be classed with ordinary grain shoes, as they are not heavy and clumsy, but are good fitting and good styles.

OMAHA
Hayward Bros.
 CASH SHOE HOUSE
 1515 Douglas St.



60 pairs Ladies Hand Turn Seamless Oxfords for this week only.

\$1.00.

Worth \$1.50.

Mail Orders Filled. We Pay Postage.

175 pairs Ladies Hand Turn Oxfords, Extra good value and warranted not to rip. \$1.40. Plain and Patent Tips.

Ladies fine Imported Kid, Oxfords, Common Sense and Opera lasts, Plain and Patent Tips,

\$2.50

Ladies' Ooze Calf Over Gaiters

75 pair Ladies Kid Button Shoes, equal to the \$2.50 shoes. Warranted.

\$1.65

A full line of the finer grades in FRENCH KID, BRIGHT DONGOLA and STRAIGHT GOAT.

In all widths from AAA to EE.

We are not quoting prices on cheap, inferior goods that are not what you want, but are quoting specials to introduce to you our new spring goods.



OUR \$4.00 Ladies' Common Sense.

Long Vamp, no Seam at the Back. An Elegant Fitting and Wearing Shoe.

Widths, A, B, C, D and E.

FAT BABY SHOES.

We shall offer for this week only, an elegant line of Ladies' Hand Turn Button Shoes for \$3.

Worth \$4.50.

Mail Orders Filled. We Pay Postage.

Opera and Common Sense, lasts width B, C, D and E.

Shoe Dressing, 5c per Bottle.

Point House Slippers.

Kid, 3 point..... 50c

Dongola, 3 "..... 65c

Goat, 3 "..... 75c

Extra Kid, 3 "..... 90c

Dongola, 3 "..... \$1.00

THE THIRD PACKING CENTER

Sights and Sounds of the South Omaha Stock Yards.

BUYERS AND SELLERS OF STOCK

The Hog Yards on a Busy Morning—Through the Cattle Pens—Mounted Dealers—Weighing Stock—Personal Description.

The Live Stock Market.

VERY stranger in a large city, as a matter of course, visits the stock or produce exchange, and from the visitors' gallery, gazing down upon the animated scene below, is told that the excited men, the sound of whose voices produce a veritable babel, are buying and selling stocks, grain or provisions, and he goes away with his mind so indelibly impressed with what he has seen that ever after the mention of a market will bring before his gaze the contest of the bulls and bears "on change" or in the provision pit.

Perhaps no one who visits the live stock market at South Omaha for the first time anticipates seeing a repetition of the scenes in the New York stock exchange or the Chicago provision market, but he has been told that stock is sold to the highest bidder and he may expect to see a crowd of men actively engaged in making bids for stock. Hence the question, so frequently asked by strangers on entering the yards: "Where is the stock sold?"

The answer is, "Everywhere in the yards where a buyer and seller happen to meet and agree on terms." But still there are

CERTAIN POINTS in the yards which, perhaps, by common consent, have come to be places of rendezvous for the buyers and sellers when not engaged in looking at stock. A stranger arrives at the yards at 8 o'clock in the morning, rather an early hour for a pleasure trip, but if he were to wait until later the market would be over and nothing to see but long rows of empty pens. An obliging friend, familiar with the stock business, conducts him first to

THE HOG MARKET.

Down one alley, up another, past a number of gates which must be closed again and carefully locked, round another corner or two, here we are among a crowd of men who are pointed out as the hog buyers and sellers. At this early hour they have hardly "got down to business," the forces are being gathered, everything is being put in readiness—it is the lull preceding the contest.

Salesmen have looked over the hogs which they are to sell, the buyers have figured up the receipts, all that is lacking is a knowledge of the receipts and condition of the trade at eastern points. A messenger boy suddenly appears, quietly hands out a dispatch which is as quietly received, read and tucked away in an inside pocket, an assistant, who has been waiting at the telegraph office, whispers something in the ear of another salesman, others arise and there are divers whispered words, nods, winks, and knowing looks,

and the salesman are being posted. At the ringing of

A TELEPHONE BELL a buyer quickly secludes himself in the telephone box or house, which every packer has located conveniently in the yards, and here receives his orders for his morning's work. No one would imagine, from the interested look on his face as he reappears that upon him devolves the responsibility of making transactions during the coming hour that would mean hundreds of dollars of loss or gain to his employer, as his judgment might be good or bad, nor could the shrewdest salesman detect from that look what his orders have been. Perhaps his chief has said, "Buy every hog you can get, as low as you can buy by the yard, or not have he said: "Do not buy a hog unless you can get a reduction of 10c per hundred from yesterday's prices." It is all the same to the buyer. He steps out, cool and collected; it would not do to show eagerness, for

THE SALESMAN would at once detect that he was anxious for the hogs, and would put up the price on him; nor does the experienced salesman show overcautiousness. It is like the fencing of skilled swordsmen before coming to close blows.

"What have you got?" inquires a buyer, and the salesman walks away with him to show him the different loads of hogs, which he has for sale. The buyer looks them over, inquires the price, buys them if it is satisfactory, if not, signifies what he would be willing to pay for them, and then goes to the next salesman and in this way the only one remaining. But one by one the buyers and sellers, until the crowd has assumed its former proportions.

THE MARKET is higher and the buyers have shown a willingness to pay the prices asked, perhaps a good proportion of all the hogs in the yard have been sold during the first twenty minutes, but if the buyers have not wanted the hogs very badly and have only been trying to "bear the market," bidding lower prices, perhaps no trading to speak of has been done. Then it is a question of nerve or stick-to-it-iveness, bit or the salesman must come down on the prices asked or the buyers must raise their bids and which one will give in depends largely upon the opening of the eastern provision market. If pork is reported higher, perhaps the buyers are freely exchanging, some of them pretty hard ones, but there is no use in being offended, the only recourse is to give the tormenter a worse one, and a shout goes up as a good point is made. To hear them one might think they were all Bill Nyes and that each one was editing a Boomerang of his own, though a very large percentage of the jokes are meaningless to one unacquainted with nothing to do but to await the outcome.

BEFORE you are hardly aware of it the crowd has dispersed, a buyer has received a fresh order or there has been some change in the situation, and the buyers and sellers are again trying to

trade and are scattered through the yards. If they do not succeed in making a trade, the whole crowd will break again before long and the same or similar scenes will be re-enacted. But as a general thing the hogs are sold by the middle of the forenoon.

After the trading is all over comes the "WEIGHING UP," which is by no means an uninteresting feature of the market. The yards are laid out on the same general plan as a city; the pens, which might be likened to factories and mercantile houses, are built in blocks, and each pen opens into a street, or alley as it is always called, which runs at right angles throughout the yards. As soon as a salesman has sold out he gives his assistant orders as to whom the hogs are to be weighed up to and directly the word "key-oh" is heard in the loudest voice the caller can command, repeated again and again until the key man appears, unlocks the gates of the pens and turns the hogs out into the alley, whence they are driven toward the scales. Others are calling, "Key-oh," and soon the alley is full of hogs, all moving slowly on in the same direction, but each load is kept separate. Every time a load is weighed over the scales the whole procession moves up a little further, until the scale house gate has closed on the last load. When

from the scale house they are the property of the buyers, and are turned into large pens until they are wanted at the packing houses. As a rule the market has barely closed before the hogs are purchased by the different packers are on the way to the slaughter house. To one who has never seen more than the fractional part of a hog, as represented by a pork tenderloin or a cased ham hanging in the market, the hogs being driven along the alley to the packing houses is quite a surprising sight, and one that invariably brings forth the remark: "What a lot of them! Where do they all come from, and where are they going to?" When the said hogs seem so many it is hard to realize that a million and a quarter hogs passed through that same alley last year. But the market is closed and the hogs are being weighed and delivered to the buyer in the same general way as the hogs, still there are some points of special interest that are well worth a visit. The scene

IN THE CATTLE ALLEYS is certainly more picturesque—the buyers and sellers are mounted on horses, as the distance around the yards is too great to go on foot and then, too, a great many of the cattle have no respect for a man on foot and consider him only a fit ornament to decorate the tips of their horns, as several men have found to their sorrow during the past year. When there is a good demand for cattle and everyone is buying freely the sight is certainly very animated. Mounted men are riding here and there, usually in couples, urging their horses into a sharp trot, or even into a gallop, and droves of cattle are being rushed through the alleys, urged on by loud shouts and cracking of whips.

To keep a cool head and make no mistake amid all this hurry and bustle requires a long experience and a general adaptability to the business in hand. Many of these men have followed the business a life-time. They began when New York was the great live stock market, and when the center of the trade moved to Albany, they went with it, and kept up with it in its westward march, stopping successively at Buffalo, Chicago, and at last at Omaha.

Some idea of the responsibility resting on these men may be gained from the fact that one buyer alone last week

purchase over 4,000 head of cattle, which cost on an average about \$45 per head, and all this had to be done, as it were, on the spur of the moment, and not as one buys a stock of merchandise or a piece of real estate with plenty of time to examine all the points, and weigh the pros and cons.

But the stranger came to the yards with only an hour to spend. Two hours have passed. Yet he has had only a glimpse of the South Omaha stock market. A. C. DAVENPORT.

RELIGIOUS.

A little church was lately dedicated at Groveton, Ga., as a memorial to Paul H. Hayne, the gentle poet whose home was at that place.

There are thirteen missions in Africa—6 British, 4 German and 3 French. One society, the Church Missionary alone, has spent \$500,000 in the last thirty years in East Africa.

It is rumored about that about the 1st of June the pope will issue an important encyclical, which will be an appeal to the nations of Europe to settle the question of the temporal power of the papacy.

One of the greatest hindrances to the gospel in Ceylon is said to be "the coquetting with Buddhism, which has become fashionable among the Europeans." Buddha's birthday is now a government holiday in the island.

Work on the divinity building of the new Catholic university at Washington is progressing rapidly. The work of plastering the interior walls was begun this week. The spacious grounds are being artistically laid out under the direction of a competent landscape gardener.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has accused the charge that he is too liberal by boldly declaring his belief in a personal devil. No shadowy evil influence, no wicked tendency in the human mind will do for him. He believes in a solid real devil who can be seen and felt—a devil with a local habitation and a name.

In 1794 Yale college had but four or five students who were church members; to-day nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton in 1813 had but two or three professing christians, now one-half of the students are members of churches, and among them are numbered the best scholars. In Williams college, 445 out of 548, and in Amherst, 233 out of 282, are members of churches.

Viscount Mori, a well known Japanese statesman, fell a victim to fanatical violence last month, the age of forty-five years. The viscount had no faith in the old Shinto creeds of Japan, and two years ago he entered the shrine of Ise with covered feet and lifted a sacred curtain with his case. One of the fanatics who saw the action followed the viscount around for two years before he got an opportunity to plunge a knife in his back.

Tanning Sole-Leather by Electricity.—A Swedish inventor has applied the alternating electric current to a commercial problem so successfully that its use bids fair to revolutionize the tanning industry both in this country and abroad. The process has been in successful operation in Sweden for eight months, and an experimental plant has been established here to demonstrate its value, as the owners of the patents in this country are determined to verify all claimed for the process before its actual introduction. Patents are held in seventeen different countries. By the process it is claimed that sole-leather can be tanned in 800 hours by the application of an alternating current for one-eighth of the time, the old methods requiring six months.

HER MAMMA WAS VERY MAD

The First Love Affair of Winsome Maggie Mitchell

DEAD ON HIS WIFE'S COFFIN.

'Twas the Waiting Broke Her Heart—The Pathetic Suicide of a Vermont Maiden—Found Them in Their Graves.

Little Romances.

The absolute divorce granted to Maggie Mitchell, the popular actress, has again set agog the gossips touching her first love affair, which has about it the flavor of romance and adventure. Away back in the sixties, when the war was under way, Washington city was an armed camp. The city then had not emerged from its old lethargy, and the invasion of a great army in the midst of its people, while it amazed those to the manner born, gave them the first full realization of what genuine activity and bustle meant. It was at this period, too, that Maggie Mitchell, an actress, was at her best. Maggie loved a horse. It was her wont before the sun was fairly up to dash out over the hills, then, enervated with forts and menacing guns, and at a breakneck speed rush helter-skelter, to the amazement of those less courageous. Many times alone she scoured the beautiful outskirts; not always thus alone, however, for at times it was observed that her escort was a manly youth of sturdy appearance and goodly features. Like-wise it was noticed that when together speed was not so necessary, and rather did they jog along side by side, interested both in each other and the beauties of nature, such as autumnal September can alone unfold. The dream of love was awakened in each. The climax came when, upon a return from such a jaunt, Maggie, flushed with some excitement, made a confidant of her mother. She almost choked her when, in girlish glee, she said: "Mamma, I was married this morning."

Treating it jocosely, her mother said: "Well, I hope you have married a saint."

"He is," she added, and then in a serious tone she gave the details. A cloud overshadowed the maternal countenance. There was no longer doubt. In a tone of command Maggie was ordered to her room. The very overture of her matrimonial career was the maledictions of the mother-in-law.

The air was surfeited with womanly rage. In a condition fairly wild, the groom was ordered away with injunction to never address his wife again, and the two were early engaged to be married. The match was considered a good one, and everything was progressing towards what was hoped would be a happy marriage, when suddenly hidden broke off the engagement. Not long after he was married to another woman, who died about two years ago. Soon after the death of his wife, Hidden renewed his attentions to Miss Majors. Finally last December they were again engaged to be married, and the date of their union was fixed for some time in January. Miss Majors went to Keene, N. H., to visit friends and prepare her

wedding outfit. Everything, even the bridal veil, was ready. Suddenly, only a few days before the appointed day for the wedding, Hidden, it is charged, informed her again that he wished to delay the wedding. The shock, the pain, of a double postponement, was too much for the lady, and she ended her life by taking drugs.

Mrs. Annie Gardner, aged thirty-two, was found dead in bed at Harrisville, Mich., the other day. Five years ago she was a happy wife and the mother of two bright boys. She then lived with her husband in Toronto. An estrangement occurred and one night the husband took the two boys and came to Michigan. The distracted wife and mother followed and after a weary search located him near Greenbush, six miles south of Harrisville, but her husband learned of her arrival and at once fled to Saginaw, where the two boys died. The mother followed her husband to Saginaw, only to learn of the death of her two boys. Her father had buried them in an obscure spot. She, after long search, found their graves and had the remains exhumed and buried in a cemetery. Then the heartbroken mother returned to Harrisville, where her story gained her shelter and friends. Care and sorrow had whitened her hair and her bowed form seemed more like that of a person far advanced in years than that of a woman of her age.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Another elegant couple flees to Milwaukee and are made one. The Milwaukee minister ought to make up a purse and present it to young Aubrey of Chicago.

A man in Milwaukee has lately been convicted on the charge of putting sticks loaded with gunpowder in his divorced wife's woodpile. He wanted to get even somehow.

A woman in Toledo, O., sues for divorce because her husband is a baseball crank. He fears that such a lady writing to his wife would even find fault with a "poor, lone harness maker."

A Live Oak, Fla., widow advertises as follows: "Wanted by this widow, a widower, must be a man of good moral standing; not over forty years of age; industrious; must be able to support his wife. He is perfectly sane. Rev. Mr. Solmers, a bachelor minister of Mercer, Pa., says that when his congregation unanimously pilloried this widow, he put his wife in the stocks for a "better or worse."

Young Mrs. Homer arrived in San Francisco the other evening from Los Angeles, on her bridal tour. She left her husband somewhere and then went on an enormous spree, finally landing in the station house. She gave bail from a well-filled purse, and was taken back to the hotel at 4 o'clock in the morning, where she was received with open arms by her husband, who said never a disagreeable word. He was doubtless setting an example for the regulation of her own future conduct.

"For a paradise this wilderness would be," says the Boston Herald. Messinger, "for a carload of corn fed girls from the states. We know of more than four hundred bachelors (a rough estimate), holding down good rates in this valley, who put in their days with the crops in the fields and their evenings sewing on buttons. And they are good fellows, too; men who would make any nice, intelligent girl happy, if only given a chance. Why don't somebody start a matrimonial agency for the benefit of these gentlemen?"

Mack Carter, a son of Bill Carter, married Tuck Phillips' daughter, and Tuck Phillips married Bill Carter's daughter, and Bill Carter married Tuck Phillips' daughter. Bill Carter is therefore Tuck Phillips' son-in-law and father-in-law, and Tuck Phillips is his father-in-law's son's father-in-law, while Bill Carter's son's wife is his father-in-law's daughter. Now, if Tuck Phillips has a daughter born to him she will be Bill Carter's father-in-law's child, and at the same time his son-in-law's child. But the thing to tell is what relationship would exist between the respective children of the three couples in case they have children. Can any one tell?

Weights of straw by the sack scales are but that have fallen by the weight side.