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OUR PIONEER JOURNALISM.

A Continuation of Dr. George L. Miller's Reminiscences.

POETICAL DREAMS OF THE ARROW

Pattison's Pictures—The Omaha Nebraskan and Its Editor—Peculiarities of Early Journalism—Issues of the Day.

Newspaper Reminiscences.

When you last called upon me I had closed all that I wanted to say about the early history of the Union Pacific railway interests, bridge, depot and other affairs, and I see no occasion for extending the record of these matters beyond that limit. I stated what was the truth in respect to what occurred and illustrated the subject by the documentary record. These matters are all buried in the past now and are even pleasant memories compared to what they were in the most critical periods of the history of this city.

You come this morning to ask me for some reminiscences of Omaha newspapers and of the men connected with them. This will be a three-told tale and yet it may not be without interest to large numbers of people here that know little of the early life of the city. The first newspaper established in Omaha was called the Omaha Arrow. It was edited by John W. Pattison, a printer in the Council Bluffs Bagle office in that town, which was owned by Joseph Johnson, a Mormon, who recently died, as my remembrance is, in Salt Lake City, where he had resided for many years.

Byron Reed has a file of the Arrow, I believe, and it is the first registered account of conditions that we found here in the summer of 1854. Pattison lived in Missouri in his later years, and died there some ten years ago. He was a bright, voluble young man; wrote with readiness, and made his mark in the little paper chiefly in imagining the future of this country, which he drew in poetical pictures by means of what he called dreams. He would come over from Council Bluffs and sit about the prairie here taking notes of persons and things, and go back and produce his matter, and a few copies of his paper would be handed around by himself to visitors to this then speculative spot.

The Arrow had a brief existence, and it was not really published in Omaha. In discussing the town Mr. Pattison would convey the impression to men who had not seen it, because there was really no town here at all, that this was quite a flourishing commercial city. At that time we had not even begun to sweep lots as boys swap jackknives, and there was an utter absence of anything even like the foundations of a city. Omaha Indians strode around on the plateau and camped on the low bottoms, looking with aboriginal curiosity upon the whites that had invaded their country, and a few people would struggle over from the Bluffs to take observations of a few sod, log and cottonwood shanties that were scattered over what was called the townsite.

The first paper that was printed in Omaha was the Omaha Nebraskan. It was the property of the first delegate

from this territory to congress, the late Brad Chapman, of Olympia, O., who never had a real residence among us, but who, as a Buckeye democrat, ambitious of public station, came out here to try his fortunes in a perfectly new field. He needed an organ, and had no one. His first editor bore the name of John W. Sherman, a young man by the name of Strickland being the forerunner of the printing office. These gentlemen, a small bunch of type, a hand-press and two or three printers constituted the material and editorial part of the concern.

Sherman was a mild, affable man, who lived here several years; not strong as a writer, but it was thought then, and is thought now, that behind him were several strong men who furnished a good deal of editorial matter. And among them was the secretary and acting governor of the territory, Thomas B. Cuming, one of the most brilliant men that ever crossed the Missouri river. He it was that organized Nebraska under civilized rule, and did it with an executive strength and comprehensive view of the needs of a new people which at once stamped him as a rising man in this part of the west. He was cut off all too soon, and died in March, 1858.

The Nebraskan was subsequently edited by Theodore H. Robertson, one of the really strong editors of this section of the country at that time. He wrote with great ability on all subjects which he chose to discuss, and for powers of attack and defense and in maintaining his own views and upholding the interests which he was bound to defend, he was the peer of any newspaper man of that period. The issues were simply local. There was a good deal of talk about democracy, and Pierce, and Buchanan, and slavery, but the questions of the time were those of capital location and local political rivalries, which reduced the contentions in politics to factions among the democrats, and to personal rivalries and conflicts, some of which were very ridiculous.

It is surprising to look back upon the incidents of those times and to reflect into what passions simple things throw our friends who were struggling for political or personal interests. One against the other. Byron Reed could give some very interesting incidents of collisions that took place of hand bills that were issued, fights that were threatened and duels that were never fought among the brave men of the time. It was the era of the Claim club which furnished its full quota of excitement. But the absorbing question was the capital location and it continued to be so for several years. Battles over it were carried from the newspaper into the legislature, especially into the lobbies thereof, and Hanscom, Poppleton, Morton, Mason, and the Bradfords and Nuckolls and Cuming, who was always either in spirit or in fact, at the head of the Omaha forces, made this country very lively for one that was without inhabitants. The constitutions had a great deal more voice than numbers. Robertson retired from the Nebraskan, after several years' service, to his home in LaPlatte, where he lived as a farmer. A warm-hearted, genial man, a good fighter, amiable as a girl, I may say that he was the first man that thought he had discovered that I could make an editor. This was not until after I had handled the little sheet known as the Omaha Herald for more than a year. I cherish for him the most pleasant memories and I was attached to him by the strongest ties. It is only just to say that he rendered valuable service to this community in days when such service was of very great importance to its interests.

next sitting some facts about the Republican and its first editor, Colonel E. D. Webster, who is so widely known out here, and who has had a career upon which it will give me great pleasure to comment.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Just now straw hats show which way the wind blows. Novel and exceedingly pretty printed silk tissues form an attractive portion of dressy spring costumes. The Empire long coats for utility uses during the inevitably wet and chilly days of spring are stylish armaments. Ashes-of-roses and cat-an-lait silk waists are worn with the new fashion jackets of raspberry or russet-red froule cloth. Striped, plaided, and barred materials are still arranged with great ingenuity, and all sameness and monotony is thus avoided.

The new and artistic medieval tea-gowns, with curiauss borders and full skirts are charmingly made of the beautiful rare tinted silks so scarce.

One of the very marked characteristics of present fashions is the skillful coloring. Many dress toilettes involve the blending two or three different colors.

The transition from winter to spring costumes is stylish and agreeably effected by the Dre-toire and Empire redingotes and the graceful Russian polonaises.

The number and variety of small wraps that have been invented is truly wonderful. All sorts of small vests, pelisses, and shoulder capes are made with silk and black lace.

Very many of the lovely new evening toilets for full-dress wear are in close princess shape at the back, with open redingote fronts that reveal a vest and petticoat of accordion pleated tulle.

Campbell cloth is a new Scotch material of fine wool, with enough of cotton in its weaving to keep it from shrinking, yet it is soft, pliant, and very light, coming in all the latest devices noted in Scotch gingham.

Many women are disappointed in the display of bonnet models, averring that, with the exception of two or three shapes rather striking and bizarre in outline there are none which afford any genuine protection.

GIRDLE 'ROUND THE CITY.

Made by Hundreds of Happy Homes and Busy Manufactories.

A DAY ON THE BELT LINE.

How the Suburbs Have Sprung Up on Plain and Hill and Thrive on the City's Prosperity.

A Day on the Belt.

Omaha is a surprise. Few people realize the marvellous extent of her growth. Neither can they realize it without a drive into the suburbs to observe her wonderful advancement. The writer made a tour of the suburbs yesterday and noted that where nothing but wild, virgin prairie met the eye three years ago, one may now see miles of country covered with buildings, the charming, happy little homes of well-to-do, industrious mechanics, and thrifty and prosperous business men. An occasional mansion, magnificent in its architectural proportions, occupied by some merchant prince, proud capitalist, sleek banker, or aristocratic professional man looms up castle-like among the cottages and other modest dwellings. These mansions as a rule, are usually found upon commanding heights, affording the occupants an enchanting view of the surrounding country.

The desire to obtain an abode elevated above those of his fellow-man no doubt accounts for the small houses, four, five and six miles from the business center of town. That they are delightful spots in which to while away the joyful hours of home life, will be readily admitted.

Furthermore, the advantage of owning and accommodations to be had in securing property where fortunes need not be invested in the purchase of a single lot, are becoming more assured day by day. These cable and electric railways are reaching out great distances in all directions, thus guaranteeing transportation to and from the stores, shops and offices, and make the life of suburban citizens worth living.

But these generalities convey very little idea of things as they are actually to be found. At Oak Chatham the writer with a friend, made his first stop. It is a romantic little station, nestled in the inviting shade of tall cottonwoods and over looking a vast stretch of low, level lands, below rugged bluffs and along the silent winding river. In this vicinity are located two prosperous institutions, the Western Casket manufactory company and a large mill owned by F. H. Miller and G. M. Gunderson, where immense consignments of frames, sashes, doors, mouldings, scroll sawing and all kinds of stair work are turned out every day in the year. These were visited and a pleasant half hour spent at each. Mr. L. A. Bryant as president and secretary presides over the former factory. He kindly welcomed and entertained his visitors. They were given to understand that since the 29th of April one year ago, when himself and partner, John McConvey, came here from Michigan to look for a location, they had built up an establishment, costing originally \$15,000, and which has now back \$1,400,000, and employs forty-five skilled workmen and

is turning out over two thousand styles of the finest coffins made. They are so pressed with business that they are unable to meet the demands upon them. Another enlargement is contemplated.

A few yards distant stands the other factory and there the seekers for information learned things that few people in this vicinity have an intelligent knowledge of. It was Mr. Miller who did the talking. He assured the visitors that the proprietors were constantly busy and added much to the interest of this wonderful city. Twenty men find steady employment at good wages.

These industries are located on the edge of Boyd's Place, an addition which is being converted into an attractive residence place as rapidly as homes can be built. Lots are selling at \$700 each and are going off very rapidly. Everywhere could be seen new houses in course of erection.

To the right, a mile distant, and crowning Omaha Heights, a new town has sprung up like magic, and is the scene of great activity. There are at least a hundred buildings, ranging from cheap board shanties to fine brick mansions already inhabited, and judging from the manner in which scores of mechanics are rushing things, as many more residences will be added before snow flies.

The Swedish hospital, an attractive three-story edifice, with two towers, is nearing completion. Dr. Mercer is going out there with his Sixteenth street motor line, and then Monmouth park will be one of the most desirable sections to be found in the whole range of suburban localities. In fact, the doctor has his track already laid nearly to the hilltop. It is understood that he proposes to make a complete circuit and come in past the deaf and dumb asylum.

He does it will not be long until the ridges, slopes and ravines northwest will be converted into streets with rows of nice cottages on either side.

"Druid" is the rather queer sounding name painted in white letters on a long black board surmounting the Japanese looking structure which answers the purpose of a depot on the belt. Here, as at the places just left, numerous improvements are being inaugurated. Just across the tracks, Murphy, Mosley & Co., have commenced to construct their mammoth furniture factory, and when completed it will be the king of all concerns herabouts. This firm comes here well equipped financially to maintain an institution that is sure to have its influence and become an institution to which the city may point with pride. Foundation walls are already in for two buildings, the largest to be 120 feet square and five stories high, and the smaller 60x150 and three on an extensive scale. Employment will be given to 400 men. Naturally some have families and will want homes, therefore the outlook for that locality is indeed encouraging. The hills thereabouts are already dotted over with new houses, and no less than half a dozen have been commenced. Half a mile further along the track a new station is noted, to be called Hitchcock, about being completed. A thriving settlement is rapidly developing there. On sped the skittish sorrels past an old foundry, given over to bats and owls months ago, but well located for an industry of that kind, and only waiting the arrival of the right man to take hold and start its furnaces blazing. Between this and Orchard Hill matters are quiet, though we heard the loud clatter of numerous hammers, the hum of saws and planes, and located no less than twenty buildings in the valley to the east side of the road, Orchard Hill, now a part of Walnut

Hill, is spreading rapidly in every direction. The combined additions have long been recognized as the most attractive residence spot around Omaha, therefore its marvelous growth is not to be wondered at. Lovely little palaces, ornamented with many gables, bay windows and fantastic carvings confront the spectator at every turn. From there one can have a rarely charming view up and down the wide valley, over the smoky, bustling, noisy city and far away across the rolling prairie. But we have no time to linger. Towards the southeast winds the two strands of iron and along their course are distinguished tall, dark shafts, from which float volumes of black smoke, indicating that times are not as cranks would like to have you believe, and that the greatest city on the Missouri river, between its source and mouth, is fast becoming a manufacturing center. But before reaching Lawrence & Holland's planing mill, at Emanuel street crossing, which started one year ago, very modestly, and is now booming, we took a whirl through Dundee place, which gives splendid promise of becoming an exceedingly swell neighborhood. Residences, an organization just starting in, are growing like mushrooms, and the owners of lots have set their figures high. Since the addition seems to be in demand by men who have plenty of money, and want to live in style, they evidently know their business.

West Side is not doing much, though it has hopes of the future and may get to the front yet. Brecht's vinegar works, which turn out seventy-five barrels a day, are located there.

Away out in West Lawn, on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley, the Omaha Basket company has put up an immense brick building. It is equipped with new machinery, and is running at full blast. They estimate the value of their plant at \$12,000. Twenty-five men are now engaged and within a month the force will be increased to fifty. Adjoining them is the Omaha Mantel and Casket company, an organization just starting in. It is backed by Messrs. Walker, Calloun, C. E. Roth and T. H. Taylor, who propose to furnish the market with all the marble mantels and grates that it wants.

There is probably a score of smaller industries here and there along the line not enumerated in this account, but which contribute their share towards the buzz and excitement of the booming outskirts. They give employment to five, eight and ten men.

The journey homeward was made by way of Hanscom park, and we discovered that the city is extending beyond there at an astounding rate. In all directions new houses are in course of erection. People who stay down town all the time have no conception of the magnitude of the improvements being made on the outer edges.

All through the western portion of town strong forces of men and teams are plowing, scraping and getting the streets in possible condition. Along the south limits of Walnut Hill, in Dundee and Boyd Places, this work is being prosecuted vigorously. They are cutting down the ridges and filling up the hollows. The Belt Line people are doing everything they can to push along the general trend of improvements. They have put in two new side tracks at Druid station as a special accommodation to the big furniture factory going up there.

Everything indicates that this will prove an extraordinary good year for the suburban neighborhoods.

A Man Chokes a Mad Dog to Death. Yesterday afternoon a large and shaggy black dog was seen running up

Greenwich street, snapping at the different objects it passed, says the New York Times. When it reached the corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich street it made a savage lunge at a workman who was passing, and bit him in the arm. The man at once took in the situation, and grasping the brute by the throat threw it to the ground and fell upon its body. After he had secured a good grip on the dog's wind-pipe with one hand he seized its tongue with the other, and held on until the animal was dead. At that moment a police officer made his appearance and shot the dog in the head three times.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A tobacco trust is the plug ugly of monopolies. The president is said to be a physiognomist. We thought he was a Hoosier. There is not much milk of human kindness in the pale of civilization.

"Man wants but little here below"—a post-office, or department clerkship will do. Massachusetts has officially declared that hard cider is the bulwark of our liberties.

Mrs. Potter claims to have a mascot. Probably its color is Bellow, and its hair is Kyle.

George Washington was a grand father for a country. In his case the office sought the man.

If Minnesota intends to win the pennant the players must overcome their aversion to playing base ball.

If the Illinois legislature doesn't adjourn pretty soon, the members will be unable to get out their coats.

Pennsylvania will not go prohibition because there is a possibility that sometime prohibition may prohibit.

We sincerely hope that the overwhelming defeat of the Massachusetts prohibitionists will not drive them to drink.

The oyster moves out with the rest of the world on May 1. "The coffee and the baked beans are with us the year 'round."

The report that Lord Rich Executioner Clarkson uses the original hatchet of G. W. in making decapitations is denied.

If the centennial ball had only happened in Boston about ten days ago, Massachusetts wouldn't have gone as "wet" as she did.

The Philadelphia Record heads an article "Lawyers Want more Money." Just as if there was something strange in that fact.

It was not long ago when it was reported that were some whippers on the moon. Astronomy is booming.

Sir Julian Pauncefote greatly resembles Adam Forepaugh. Adam will manage the American circus, while Julian looks after the Canadian aquarium.

George IV. was called the "first gentleman of Europe," but he wasn't as much of a gentleman as was America's George, who polished off George III. with neatness and dispatch.

"The last that anybody would have expected of the Oklahoma boomers was that they would have been collecting strange in that fact. The promised land by paying 10 cents a glass for water.

The menus of the centennial banquet were printed in French. How disgusting Washington would be could he know that the English language wasn't good enough for Americans in 1889.

There is no doubt about it. There are many fine openings in Oklahoma waiting for enterprising young men from the east. Most of them are about six feet long by two feet wide—some according to the digger.

The base ball columns of the newspapers, the rampant condition of the wine trust, the frequency of new-laid eggs, the book beer lithographs and the scramble for office, all indicate that this is going to be a very lively spring.

There are no tramps in this country now. The fellows who come to the back door and ask for crusts and grumble if they don't get pie are all "Oklahoma sufferers." In this happy centennial time they should learn a lesson in veracity from George.

That was a great moving day just 100 years ago when the first president took up his residence in the executive mansion on May 1. History will bear us when we say that the president did not swear when putting up the stovepipe or putting down the carpet.