

GREATEST SALE ON EARTH.

ADMISSION FREE. CHILDREN HALF PRICE.

13 Great Shows Under One Roof

McSHANE'S BARN.

Dodge & 15th Sts.

JONES' BARN DOOR.

PRICES, not PALACES, PLEASE the PEOPLE

FURNISHING GOODS!

Large purchases from the great Lindauer Bros.' failure and the wind-up of Simeon Farwell & Co. enable us to offer the following:

- MEN'S \$5.00 SACK SUITS, made from mixed dark patterns... \$5.00
MEN'S \$7.00 SUITS, made from a grayish check cheviot pattern... \$7.00
MEN'S \$8.50 SUITS, made from neat and stylish chevots, at... \$8.50
MEN'S \$10.00 All Wool Gray and Brown CASSIMERE SUITS... \$10.00
MEN'S \$12.00 WHIPCORD WORSTED SUITS, wear like iron... \$12.00
MEN'S \$12.00 ASSABET BLUE FLANNEL SUITS, guaranteed strictly all wool and fast color... \$12.00
MEN'S \$14.00 Black Plaid Diagonal WORSTED SUITS... \$14.00
MEN'S \$15.00 BANNOCKBURN CHEVIOT SUITS, regular trousers to wear, a variety of patterns... \$15.00
MEN'S \$16.00 FITZBURGH WORSTED SUITS, in small brown stripes... \$16.00
MEN'S \$17.00 Velvet Finished CASSIMERE SUITS, dark and blue colors and plaid patterns... \$17.00
MEN'S \$20.00 SUITS, 25 elegant styles, at... \$20.00
MEN'S \$22.50 SUITS, made from fine imported worsted, small check... \$22.50
MEN'S \$25.00 Edinburgh Diagonal Cheviot SUITS... \$25.00
MEN'S \$28.00 Soft Finish French Worsted SUITS, in sack and frock... \$28.00
MEN'S \$30.00 English Worsted Prince Albert DRESS SUITS... \$30.00

- Gent's English Half Hose at... 50c
Gent's 25c Cloth Covered Collars, per box... 50c
Gent's 15c Cloth Covered Collars, per box... 50c
Gent's 15c Wire Spring Sleeve Holders... 50c
Men's and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles, in fine braids, fancy tips and leather sweats... 30c
Men's 70c Crush Hats, every body wears them... 75c
Boys' \$1.50 Jacket and Pant Suits, neat patterns... 75c
Men's Summer Coats and Vests, nice patterns... 75c
Men's Odd Vests, summer weight... 10c
Men's 20c Black Silk Bows... 50c

Bargains, not buncombe, carry the day. The McShane Barn sale, a grand success. Thousands have visited the novel establishment, to be surprised and delighted.

L. C. JONES, AMERICAN CLOTHIER,

CORNER 15th and DODGE STREETS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS. OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK.

THE MAN WITH THE GRIP.

His Coming and Going in and About Omaha.

TWO FUNNY TICKET EXPERIENCES

Tobin's Objections to Livery Monopoly—Tim's Advice to the Discouraged—Poor Accommodations at York—Lincoln Notes.

The Boss Carpenter. One day this week, about 2 p. m., the B. & M. was pulling through the sand hills toward Alliance. Behind me sat an aged lady, and I heard her ask another lady, "Are we coming to Ellsworth?" "Yes," said the lady, "but you don't want to get off there. It is only a station, and there is no place for you to stop." The old lady explained that she had a son living near that place and he would meet her. She then pulled out a letter from her son which showed that the place she wanted to reach was Ainsworth, on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley road.

The story above suggests another error more grotesque still. It was on a southern road, and a pretty-looking gentleman was the hero. He had a combination and a form, indeed, where every dog did seem to set its seal to give the widow assurance of a square deal. A few seats in front sat a queer-looking widow, whose nose was like the one spoken of in the songs of Solomon, "that looked down like the tower of Lebanon upon Damascus." The square moved its curiosity to the seat just in the rear of the widow. In a little time they were engaged in an animated conversation about the weather and crops. The square showed his ticket to the widow. She pretended to read it, and handed him back his ticket and hers also. He looked at her ticket, and with a knowing air said: "You are going there, are you?" After a time the square moved to another seat, fell into a slumber and snored seemingly with the mad intent of out-puffing the engine. A bystander was reached and the widow was put off. She protested, but the conductor said that was the place her ticket called for and if the agent had made a mistake he could not help it. The square woke up in Wiltville, a hundred miles from his home. It then dawned upon him that he had changed tickets with the widow. The citizens made up money and sent the widow home rejoicing. The square found no sympathetic friends, and had to write home for funds, and it was more than a week before he heard his "honest watch dog's bark, baying deep-mouthed welcome." Whether the square, while waiting for money, called to see the widow, after her arrival, is not known, but it is safe to infer that the acquaintance, so unhappily formed, was not renewed.

Little does the outside world know of the trials and tribulations of the traveling man. Many are the hardships which they endure without a murmur, and, true to their nature, grievances are suppressed without a whimper. The writer has in mind a case which occurred within the past week that would have aggravated the ordinary citizen to desperation. The facts were these: There were five representatives of Omaha

houses doing fine work on the Black Hills branch of the Union Pacific last week, and in their earnest desire to keep ahead of competitors, found it necessary to make a drive around the "Horn." Frank Tobin, of the Schuyler Gun company, who was recently made "president of the Schuyler Gun club," was selected as chief of the "big five" on livery. His first bill received was \$6 for two teams 14 miles, whereas \$2.50 each was the regular rate. Frank said he would see the liveryman in obstinate before he would pay it, and started out for more bids. Finally he found a man that had a set of harness—excepting the whines and bridles—also two left wheel horses, and if he could borrow Reynolds' brown mare and Jenkins' team horse and some more harness, he would make the drive for \$3 the usual price. In his eagerness to bid the bargain, Frank handed him a \$30 gold piece for a silver dollar, and would probably never have discovered his mistake had not the man commenced to bite it and remarked to a bystander that he had never seen one of them kind of dollars before. The start was to be made at 12:30 p. m., but preliminaries had consumed so much time that the start was not made until growing impatient, and Tom Harvey, the anarchist, declared that if the start could not be made by 1:30 p. m., he would take the next steamer down the Loup and navigate the waters of the Red Cedar by government ram, or dam-rite the whole party forever and anon. Ed Stroeter, of "Payne's Hoop," was also growing quite tropical for fear some unprincipled competitor would reach Albion ahead of him and cut a bid out of "Banana's" order, and he would lose a valuable order, while Hollaway, of the Omaha Rubber company, protested earnestly against the unprincipled delay and moved the impeachment of Tobin as chief of the "Big Five," the motion was lost, as it required a two-thirds vote. At 1:30 p. m. the whistle sounded and the party started. The party consisted of five or six more towns the same day, it was agreed that he drive and the party would get there if among the possibilities.

The star was effected and good time was made for the first eight miles; when Garret's cracker man was met with much displeasure in spirits, he enquired how far it was to Newman's Grove, and when told that he was on the road to Cedar Rapids, he became indignant, and in his ravings declared that the "Big Five" were a set of road agents, and that the left hind wheel of their conveyance was about to drop. The party, which upon examination, proved to be a fact. This was a stunner to the peaceful party. Numerous suggestions were made as to what should be done. Hollaway, the rubber man, wanted to bound over the prairie to Albion on foot. Stroeter proposed that the party skulk in the tall grass and play high five until the second team came up. Anarchist Harvey produced dynamite from his grip and insisted upon the party being at peace with the world. Tobin, however, pulled his Smith & Wesson revolver and commanded the party to join him in prayer. It was afterwards voted that Knapp should drive to the nearest village, procure another vehicle and return for the party, as it was not certain that the second team with the trunk and grips would come this way. While Knapp was gone a "blizzard" came prancing over the prairie and proved extremely fatal in its result. The wrecked party (and wrecks they were) happened to be directly in the pathway, and it is thought like a feather into mid-air (so light, you know), and the next heard of them Hollaway and Harvey were in St. Edwards. Stroeter lit in Newman's Grove. Tobin's hat was seen in Schuyler (his alleged home), but a farmer near the pathway of the destructive "blitz" said he saw a man two days afterwards, answering Tobin's description, rearing the prairie like mad, shouting that he would never pay an extra dollar to any monopolistic liveryman, nor would he stand on the back end of a freight train caboose and throw stones at an agent in the depot. There are hopes of his recovery.

Tim Gives Advice. I take it, dear Ben, that at some time or other you have been "on the road." If so, you will recall many of the discouragements and embarrassments to which the traveling man is subject. Many a time case starts on a trip fraught with hope, justified in expectation of a great trade, and yet is doomed to

disappointment. Business is dull; the bottom seems to have dropped out. Your customers receive you coldly; instead of orders you receive complaints, and everything seems to go wrong with you. You become nervous, irritable and fretful; you feel as if you had "lost your grip," and approach your trade without confidence in your salesmanship. These are critical trips for the drummer, especially if he happens to be a novice, and if he should succumb to his feelings of discouragement, and "go in," his horse is liable to share his distrust of his own ability, and in many cases his career "on the road" ends then and there. I wish to give a word of advice to the drummer: Always finish your trip if possible, if it starts out poor, keep your good humor and persevere, and in the end it will generally average you well. If your representative happens to meet with bad luck, do not add to his trials and vexations by harsh letter or sarcastic complaints, but encourage him with kind words, and you will spur him on to better endeavors and better results.

At the Millard: C. Plattenburg, J. P. Kelly, George M. Nobles, O. C. Phillips, J. M. Young, Chicago; Y. C. Tussey, August Horner, St. Louis; William Brennan, Milwaukee; Edgar H. Scott, Rockford; Tommie Pierce, Boston; A. H. Carthorn, Baltimore. At the Paxton: F. O. Bunn, J. G. Hitchcock, G. E. Balluff, L. L. Rappal, S. H. Kahn, C. Bajley, Chicago; H. H. Ragun, W. H. Scheson, Joe Hingler, New York; P. E. Collins, A. Hirschberg, T. J. Tigan, D. S. Sherry, St. Nebraska. At the Murray: A. B. Elmer, New York; John S. Stull, Auburn, Mich.; F. C. Follett, St. Louis; N. C. Fish, Boston; H. A. Clover, near his new block at 175th and P. in the A. C. Annot personal last week showed he had read: "Formerly with the Omaha Rubber company, will work the Elkhorn and Black Hills Territory in the interests of Williams, Van Aorman & Hart." Knight Whiting, head of the St. Louis tobacco plug, has been kept at home this week by the dangerous illness of a child, who is now convalescing. Whiting's firm, by the way, sold nearly 2,000,000 pounds of plug last year, or about 575 car loads, and he placed the share of it in Nebraska.

Lincoln has two quarter-million-dollar hotel enterprises on the string. At the head of one is General McBride, who wants it near his new block at 175th and P. in the same block with the Windsor. He had Chicago and Kansas City men on the grounds the other day, and they agreed to go in if Lincoln parties will take \$50,000 of the stock. Mr. J. J. Imhoff is booming a scheme for a similar enterprise several blocks south of the other.

Dyspepsia and Constipation. Henry B. Archer, receiver of taxes of the city of Yonkers, N. Y., says of BARNETT'S PILLS: For the past ten years I have been using BARNETT'S PILLS for self and family. We find them a sovereign remedy for indigestion and constipation, taking one or two every night for ten days. They are also admirable blood purifiers, perfectly harmless but exceedingly effective as a cathartic. I first used them myself, particularly for biliousness and dyspepsia. They relieved me in two weeks. I cheerfully recommend them.

THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME

At Least That Is the Opinion of a U. P. Section Boss.

COULDN'T TALK AUSTRALIAN.

A Strange Transformation Scene in the Elkhorn Office—News and Gossip About the Various Roads.

Called Him Burke For Short. An employe of the Union Pacific has drawn many a dollar from the exchequer of that company under an alias, and is at present on the payroll under a bequeathed name. About three years ago an Australian came to Omaha. He sought employment and was hired by Patrick McCarthy, a section boss on the Union Pacific, to work for the company at South Omaha. The Australian dialect was as foreign to Pat as was the English tongue to the Australian. Pat must have the name of his employe, but when he propounded the question, "Pnat's your name?" the Australian stood and gazed at him in utter dismay. Finally Pat had to make his report, in order that each man might draw his earnings. He checked up all the names until he reached a blank space in his time book. Here was where the Australian came in. He again attempted to ascertain the name, but the last attempt was as unsuccessful as the first. Finally Pat, stepping up to the Australian said: "Shure, yuro name is Burke, or do you know yes well," and in the time book he traced a name legible only to Patrick, "Michael Burke."

Subsequently the Australian acquired command of sufficient English to pronounce his name. It is Aita, but he still draws his pay under the name of M. Burke, and is known by that name among his associates. Aita, himself, makes general use of his acquired cognomen, although his appearance strongly contrasts with that of persons who lay claim to the name through their ancestry. The boys in the general passenger depot of the Elkhorn were started a few days ago by the appearance of a man whom they regarded an entire stranger. The individual alluded to walked into the general passenger agent's private office and seated himself at the desk. Thinking that it was some intimate friend of the general passenger agent, a clerk stepped to the door and informed the suspected intruder that Mr. Buchanan, (the general passenger agent) would soon return. The supposed visitor started everybody in the office by taking a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocking private compartments of the office. One gazed at the other in astonishment. Meanwhile the visitor was busying himself peering over private manuscripts. Just as an inspection committee had been organized for the purpose of "firing" the unwelcome guest, the latter gave them another shock by announcing that he was Mr. Buchanan, also general passenger agent of the Elkhorn. And sure enough he was. But he did not look much like the Mr. Buchanan of one hour previous. In the meantime he maneuvered to a tonorial artist and had his glowing beard shaved off, leaving but a moustache to adorn his rotund features. The change was so great that Mr. Buchanan came near having to put the barber on the stand to testify that he was really himself.

Local Military Notes.

The measured tread of the Omaha Guards was heard Friday and Saturday nights, as they marched to and returned from the war concert. The young men on Seventeenth street are practicing base ball, and will soon play a game with the officers at Fort Omaha. The Fort Omaha also plays the Council Bluffs team, next Sunday. The game will take place on the latter's new grounds. Mr. Wedemeyer, who was one of the successful candidates before the department board, is in New York. He is on his way to the Second Infantry head, has gone to Chicago to participate in the six-day race, which commences to-day. The soldiers all have confidence in him, and have backed him with money. Sergeant Kinneman went as the Unknown's trainer.

THE HYDROPHOBIA VICTIM. Funeral of John Shubert—No Fear of New Cases. John Shubert, the victim of hydrophobia, was buried yesterday in Laurel Hill cemetery. A large number of people, besides relatives and attendants who had known the deceased, attended and followed his remains to the grave. Rev. H. C. Crane, pastor of Hill-side Congregational church, officiated at the house and preached a short sermon. The horrible death of this man left a very sad impression upon the minds of those who knew him. He was a sober, industrious citizen, in the prime of life, and was rapidly making his mark as one of the most skilled wood carvers in this city. The fear occasioned by the reports that eight other people have been bitten by the victim's neighbors learned that his illness was the result of a wound created by the animal, some woman was heard to remark that it had bitten a little child, and she being sister-in-law in the foot, but further than this the matter is a mystery. Two or three weeks ago the young man with the dog was killed or is still alive at large. Dr. Lord says his understanding is that the child had a thick woolen stocking on its foot, and that that the bite was not serious enough to draw blood. If such are the facts, he has no fears of the result.

THE HYDROPHOBIA VICTIM.

Funeral of John Shubert—No Fear of New Cases.

Two Little Girls.

I have two little girls—one two and the other four years of age. They were both very badly afflicted with eruptions on the face and neck. Sometimes when they were struck the sores ran all over their bodies, they would bleed as long as ten minutes; they were in fact so painful that we had to tie up the hands of the younger with soft rags to prevent her from scratching off the flesh. They suffered in this way for about eight months, during which time we tried several remedies without any relief. Swift's Specific was recommended highly. I discarded all other remedies and bought one of it, and gave to the children, and it cured both sound and well, and they are now in as good health as good blood and skin troubles as S. S. Bowling Green, Ky. W. L. Woodward.

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PAINS AND WEAKNESS. If females instantly relieved by the new, elegant and infallible Anodyne to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and only pain-solvent Plaster especially adapted to cure Female Pains and Weakness. Vastly superior to all other plasters yet prepared. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Put up in a package with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for \$1.00. PORTER DRUGS, HERALD, CIRCULATION, BOSTON.