

HILL & YOUNG'S FIRE SALE.

SALES RUNNING HIGHER EVERY DAY. GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. PATENT ROCKERS.



\$6 Embossed Plush Rockers, Sold everywhere for \$12 to \$15. \$7 Crushed Plush Rockers, Worth \$15. \$10 Embossed Plush Student's Rockers, Worth \$20.

We have a large line of Patent Rockers in all the latest styles; all being sold regardless of cost, to make room for new goods which we are compelled to put in to take the place of our FIRE STOCK.

THE FIRE

CHAMBER SUITS—Heavy Antique Suits, full size, \$12.50. CHAMBER SUITS—Solid Oak Chevelle Suits, full size, \$20.00. PARLOR SUITS—Crushed Plush, all colors and combinations, six pieces; \$25. LOUNGES—All kinds, \$4 and upwards. CARPETS—Ingrains 20c a yard and upwards. Tapestries, Brussels, Body Brussels, Velvets, Wiltons and Moquettes, at from 25 to 75 per cent below what any other house in the city can sell for. These are not damaged 2 per cent.

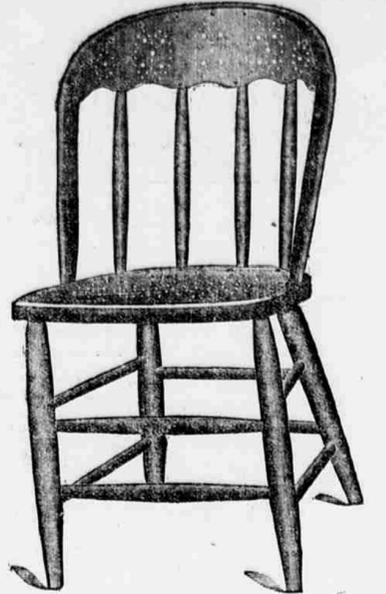
Desks, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Safes, Bedsteads, Refrigerators, Stoves, Crockery, Cutlery, Lamps, Pictures, Shades, Curtains, Draperies, Rugs, etc., at same low prices as balance of stock.

It will be advantageous for out of town customers to visit us now.

THE FIRE That occurred in our stores April 13th has turned out to be a perfect BONANZA To buyers of Furniture and Household Goods. We succeeded in settling with the insurance adjusters in a very satisfactory manner, and we are therefore in position to offer you Household Goods and Furniture At such prices as cannot begin to be quoted except under similar circumstances. All New Goods, Only Slightly Soiled.

HILL & YOUNG'S FIRE SALE.

SALES RUNNING HIGHER EVERY DAY! GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES! DINING-ROOM CHAIRS.



We have a large stock of Dining Room Chairs. On account of the fire, we will sell them at

300 A CHAIR.

Only 6 of these chairs sold to a person. We deliver them free and will not deliver but to a residence. None to dealers. Perforated Seat Chairs, not damaged, 40c. Cane Seat Chairs, not damaged, 50c. Cane Seat Brass Arm Chairs, not damaged, 60c. Omaha people appreciate and patronize a house that always lives up to just what they advertise. HILL & YOUNG have the reputation of keeping the best of goods, and they propose to hold this well gained reputation.

Come early in the day. Don't wait until the afternoon rush. You cannot afford to allow this chance to pass, without buying everything you will want for a year to come.

HILL & YOUNG, 1211 and 1213 FARNAM STREET.

BOB INGERSOLL'S DAUGHTERS

They Have Never Attended Church Nor Knelt in Prayer.

THE HANDSOME ICONOCLASTS

Both of the Young Women Hold Views on Religious Matters in Common with Their Father—Delightful Home Life of the Family.

Ingersoll's Home Life. "Yes, Miss Ingersoll is in," and the empire-coated butler led the way to the drawing-room in the great iconoclast's stately home at No. 400 Fifth avenue, says the New York World. The room, with its book-lined walls, bits of colored proclain and carved silver—artists' dreams in marble and on canvas—was beautiful enough, but the slim, sweet, timid creature, in her silver-gray dress, was radiant. She might have been taken for a Quaker maiden, for a member of some new order of nuns, but for the daughter of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll—tantalizing monster, commonly denominated from every pulpit and by every preacher in every tongue and creed—never!

But there sat Miss Eva Ingersoll in a little slipper chair, beaming in the loveliness of her youth and beauty, and this is what she had to say regarding the Rev. Dr. Peck's address before the general conference of the Southern New England Methodist societies: "That is about the fifth time I have joined the church, in print, and it is so ridiculous because neither my sister nor myself has ever attended service. Once Mr. Carnegie invited us to hear Henry Ward Beecher. It was in the evening and the address he delivered was the only one we have ever heard. Another time we went to Dr. Collyer's church to attend a friend's wedding, and that is the extent of our knowledge of churches."

"But why haven't you gone out of curiosity?" "Well, I don't know. I never had any desire, somehow. I have been told that the music might be entertaining, but I'm sure it can't compare with operatic music, and we go to some opera or concert three or four nights in a week. I have read a great many sermons, but never was sufficiently pleased or interested to care to hear one. Our parents are not responsible for our attitude. Indeed, sister and I are more radical than they. Father has always told us that if he wanted us to realize the greatest happiness in life and advised us to examine for ourselves and to act in accordance with our convictions. We have had books of all kinds and all sorts, and friends to exchange ideas with. Father has read with us, and together we have looked up references, localities and proofs, but the more we know about Christianity the less admiration we have for it.

"Just now we are studying the 'History of the Inquisition,' and can't bear to think of church or creeds. My grandfather, you know, was a Congregational minister, but most of our relatives have been extremely liberal. They all believed in religion, and so do we, but neither they nor we are Christians. This distinction often amuses the people we meet for the first time, and they in turn amuse us by almost demanding an explanation."

were playfully tying the long, silky ears of a magnificent hunting dog across his face. "Rust is one of the family. We've had him five years. His temper is absolutely perfect. They tell us we have spoiled him, and perhaps that is a fact, but father is too kind-hearted to be a hunter. He wouldn't kill a bird or see one killed for pleasure, and that's why Rust has been allowed to live in the family and get spoiled." Standing against her knee with his face in her lap and the perfect golden brown of his coat contrasting with the delicate silver gray of her dress, the two were a picture for a Landseer.

"Did I ever pray? Never. We were never taught prayers as children, but when old enough to reason, mother selected the prayers that are considered most beautiful and touching and told us, as she always did in making selections of poetry and prose, to read them carefully and learn the ones that pleased us. None pleased me especially, and I didn't commit any of them to memory. I could not see the wisdom of praying for or against things I knew were beyond the human influence.

"And I never prized a bible as most girls do, not even in silver or ivory covers. I don't like the book because there are too many improbable and impossible things in it, and worse than that, it abounds in cruelties. "We doubtless seem horrible people to you believers, but we are very happy together and if my parents are as odious as some people fancy they are, most still have many very redeeming qualities of mind and heart because it is a tax for them to make new friends, the old ones are so numerous and so exacting in their affection. In all my life I have never heard a cross word spoken by my parents, either to one or the other, or to my sister or myself. I keep myself busy with school a day in our lives. Mother preferred to have us trained at home under her own supervision, and father made out the course of study and allowed us to make optional whatever we liked. We are stupid enough, but it is all our own fault."

The modesty of Miss Ingersoll did not permit her to state that she is a close student and takes great pride in her lessons. Every day she learns a lesson for a French, German and vocal teacher, finds time for several hours of practice and personally cares for her wardrobe, not only designing but actually making all her own dresses. Believing that too much valuable time is spent in a miscellaneous toilet, each daughter has her own peculiar style. Miss Ingersoll always has two dresses—a silver-gray cashmere made with a round waist laid with cross plaits, between which is set a vest or "y" of soft white silk. About the neck and sleeves is a finish of gray ribbon, and the straight skirts are simply stitched. A long gray cloak and a gray hat, with a gray silk veil and gray gloves complete the toilet in which she walks, visits, drives, goes to afternoon entertainments, studies and receives morning callers. Her evening dress is made of white silk or net's veiling, and is but one fashion, gathered skirts, round waist, with Y-neck and half sleeves.

Miss Ingersoll, who is a decided brunette, wears black lace. Neither daughter has ever been seen on the street alone, the mother or aunt always acting as not a chaperon but a companion. They know nothing about shopping, larks, slang, chums or beaux, and there never has been a time so merry or so gay that these beautiful creatures were induced to leave the terrible infidel and his wife. Similar examples of family devotion there must be among the "ethodox" people,

but greater devotion it must be impossible to find. The entire family has a passion for music, and it is not an unusual thing for the mother and daughter to call at the lawyer's office and drag him off to some symphony or oratorio uptown or over in Brooklyn, leaving a group of clients in open-eyed wonderment. If there is anything they admire in people it is their talent—an ability to do something or say something a little better than anybody else—and if there is anything they despise it is veneration. Show counts for nothing with them. It is never tolerated and indulged in. There must be jewels in the caskets, but if so they stay there, for neither daughter is ever adorned save in the beauty of her own charming personality. So Rev. Dr. Peck, of Taunton, Mass., "Bob Ingersoll's daughters have not joined church," and apparently have not thought of doing so.

My Neighbor's Chickens. H. C. Dodge in Post-Dispatch.

Of all the nuisances that make a rural life accursed, my neighbor's chickens take the cake. For being just the worst.

I rise before to plant a bed, As soon as I'm away Those hens, by the big rooster led, March in and spend the day.

And when I hasten home at night To see my labors crowned, They chicks, with eyelids' dim light, Have scratched my pretty ground.

My wife the baby leaves alone To shoo those hens away, But, as she cannot touch a stone, They laugh at her and stay.

Around my house is little seen But dusty holes and dirt; They eat the grass before its green, And all my flowers hurt.

My neighbor has a garden, too, And keeps his chickens there, For he has trained his pirate crew To fly right into mine.

In case I shoot the feathered plagues I go to jail alike; If in my yard they drop some eggs My neighbor wants them back.

Beneath my window ere the dawn His rooster comes to crow, Then I, half crazy, seek the lawn And chase it with a hoe.

I live in strife and misery, Because my neighbor tries To handle chickens that should be Upon a farm of size.

FAIR LIPS SAVED HIS LIFE.

A Thrilling Adventure in a Mexican Outlaw's Cave.

SHE WAS THE CHIEFTAIN'S PET.

Mme. Nixon, a New York Opera Singer, Herself a Prisoner Obtains Mercy for a Captured Traveller.

A Mexican Romance. It was during the long cold spell of the winter, three years ago, when the snow fell and lay for months in the mountain gorges, that business took me over the Comanche Pass, from the Chilli country, east of the Manzano range, to the plains west of the Rio Grande, says an Albuquerque correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It had ceased snowing when I left the placita of Cuervo in the grasp of the young day, and the peaks of Muesay lay dim and cloud-veiled in the distance. Over the Piedra Blanca to the east the faint glow of a sullen sun crowned their white summits with a fleece of clouds that augured ill for this journey. Beyond the village of Chilli the way led directly to the mountains over the old trail that had for years been the fighting ground of the Navajos and Mexicans. The snow lay one great white, glistening mass as far as the eye could see to the eastward.

Westward the foothills heavily wooded, were piled high with the wind-drifted heaps that treacherously filled up the cañadas and obliterated the trail. My pony was the best of the sturdy Mexican snowing and he meekly over the brittle path, familiar to him, but totally strange to me. At nightfall I found myself on the summit of the peaks, with the river still miles away. Between me and the town of Valencia, there was not a hut or a herder's camp that I knew of, and I had decided to make a hunter's hut and trust to luck for fair weather in the morning. Finding a sheltered place I picked up my hat and made a fire, where I soon had bacon frying and the savory smell of coffee filling the crisp air.

BEFORE MY SUPPER

was over the clouds that swathed the peaks resolved into soft, feathery, falling flakes. The position was not a comfortable one, for men had gone up on the Muesay peaks that winter and never come back again, and I was not frontiersman enough to feel perfectly safe in the sagacity of my broncho, who, munching his ration of corn, contentedly watched the storm. Wrapping my blanket about me I lay down, deciding to return to Chilli in the morning and take the more circuitous route over the plains to Albuquerque.

I fell asleep and was awakened by a hand roughly shaking me and a pleasant voice saying in Mexican: "Amigo, amigo, este es Mexico!" "Friend, friend, this is death!" I certainly was very stupid and dumb, and scarcely realized when I was put on my horse or where I was taken. I had an idea that there were several armed, swarthy fellows about me and that something very hot had been poured down my throat and something moist and disagreeable rubbed over my face and hands. I was freezing and had not found the process in the least degree a painful one. I was vaguely conscious, too, of seeing a bright, low, black

walls, and hearing a woman's voice, and that I knew no more till broad day.

With a return of consciousness I heard again the low, musical woman's voice that had pierced my dull senses in the night, and, opening my eyes, I saw a group of natives squatting and lounging about a room that I quickly made up my mind was a sort of "chessa," or hut built against the rough side of a canyon out of poles (poles) and brush. Door there was none nor any opening for ventilation. The hut was absolutely bare of anything excepting some rugs of sheepskins and a few gay blankets that were evidently the personal property of the five evil looking fellows who were intently watching the movements of a sixth.

The latter was a tall, magnificently proportioned, manly young Mexican, with something of the air of a leader and the outlook about him, and he was busily engaged examining the contents of my saddle-bags, and before him, on the earthen floor, lay my watch, money-belt and pistols, and against the wall at his side my Winchester stood, far out of my reach and where his long, snowy arm could easily reach it. I saw no woman, and concluded it was a figment of delirium that had twisted itself into my drowsy, half-frozen brain. I was most undeniably uncomfortable, and not in any state of nerve to be able to decide upon a wise course of action.

At this moment the black wall behind the investigator seemed to move, and I saw what in the fright I had thought was solid earth was a heavy, unadorned and narrow door which, when closed, it was almost impossible to detect. Again this soft voice was distinct and the words were unmistakable:

"Marino, why do you not come?" The words were Spanish, with a foreign accent, that showed that the speaker was not of the people of this country. In an instant I knew where I was and the man into whose hands I had fallen. It was Marino Leyba, the boldest freebooter of New Mexico, upon whose head a price was set, and of whose bloodthirsty, cruel nature I had not only heard but had seen sorrowful evidence in the assassination of an American, whom he had the year before searched for for days and at last found lying on the plain half eaten by coyotes, and Marino Leyba's mark of vengeance in the missing right arm.

And the woman was not altogether unknown to me. She was the mystery of the mountains, known only as one who had come from Old Mexico with Marino on one of his predatory excursions over the border. The people in the eastern Sierras plazas said she was French and very beautiful; that the bandit had waylaid a party of American travelers, robbed them and carried off the senorita.

After hearing up my valuables and swinging my trusty Winchester over his shoulder, the handsome barbarian lazily walked through this hole in the wall toward the voice. There was a murmur that rose and fell now and then as though a warm discussion was going on. I was afraid to move, afraid to more than half open my eye to see what the five were doing. Simply nothing, with that exquisite grace of entire freedom from any other business in life, "TRICKY SMOKED AND BREATHED," and apparently no more. I ventured to turn, when on the instant five knives gleamed in the right hand of each good fellow. My time was certainly not long. There was an unaccountable quarrel. It was my life that was being thrown pro and con between the precious pair.

To make a long story short, when Leyba came back I came up and gave me a kick that brought me to my feet.

Then, with the same pleasant intonation and in the same fluent Spanish that he had used to rouse me from death, he told me to arise, have my breakfast and go back to Chilli, as the snows were heavy on the western slope and Leyba's men were in the Sierra. He brought me coffee, tortillas, chilli con carne and a glass of very American whisky, and waited upon me with the grace of hospitality with which these brown-skinned people entertain their guests. Then, gravely handing me my few trinkets and refusing compensation for saving my life, he led my horse to the trail and through the blinding snow turned his head eastward.

"I know him, senor; let him have his head; he will take you to Cuervo, and come not this way again. Marino's men are my bravo and they are very poor." That night I made Chilli, and as my saddle was taken off the tired brute a small scrap of rag was found sewed to the lining. It was folded over and in it lay a delicate bit of foreign letter paper, on which was scribbled in French: "I am a prisoner!"

The following day three of us went up the trail, but the "chessa" was empty, and the next I heard of Leyba was in March, when Luckey, a rich sheep owner on the plains, was found shot dead in his own cabin with two of his herders beside him. Leyba's name was on the list of those who had been in the cabin in March, when Luckey, a rich sheep owner on the plains, was found shot dead in his own cabin with two of his herders beside him. Leyba's name was on the list of those who had been in the cabin in March, when Luckey, a rich sheep owner on the plains, was found shot dead in his own cabin with two of his herders beside him.

Of the woman nothing was heard, and she seemed to have passed out of history. A few weeks ago an old Mexican woman called upon me and told me that she had seen her in the city of Chilli in the old town, and begged that I would come to her. "She waits to see you. She is very triste and dying pauvre-cita." I went with the madre through the narrow, noisome streets of the ancient plaza to the bedside of a girl scarce out of her teens, and whose story I repeat as she gave it.

Less than six years ago New York was given a week's racy, delightful scandal when young Danmunn, one of its glided youths, fell madly in love with Mme. Nixon, a singer of the opera bouffe, bought her release, spent a fortune for diamonds and gewgaws and disappeared with his prize. They were heard of occasionally, darting first through the west, then Europe, then south, but were never located and when at last the youth reappeared in his old haunts New York insisted to cure for or remember the pet of the footlights. From the seaboard they came west and stopped at the famous Hot Springs of Las Vegas, where the nights, in the halls of Montezuma, were filled with the music of the prima donna's voice and the popping of corks. The venerable pussy cats slipping through the corridors and lingering over the galleries were scandalized by the wild revelry in the musician's quarters, and one morning, after a particularly wild orgy, the young man was handed a bill, astonishing for magnitude, and asked that musician's suite be vacated.

They went to Old Mexico, where they launched forth upon the sea of lice and extravagance that culminated in the Lorelei leaving her lover and disappearing with a Spaniard. Her fortunes varied and fluctuated after that and she decided to return to the United States. Before doing so, however, she joined a party of free lances bent on camping

saturnally in the mountains. They were held up by Marino's banditti and poor Lorelei fell into the hands of the chief.

She had begged my life of Leyba and thought his suspicions were unaroused. But immediately upon my departure down the trail he had set out for the south and established his lair over the border. After months of suffering she succeeded in escaping, to find herself without money, her beauty vanishing and her health broken.

The end was not long coming. She fell into bad hands at every turn. She sang and danced throughout the mining camps of the territory and then drifted to the old town to die.

She had sinned much, but she had suffered much, and when the end came she lay as peaceful and beautiful in her coffin as if she had never been beaten her down. I had no reason to doubt her story, but yet I wonder if the frail, faded little dead woman whose thin, wan, mournful hand lay folded with a white lily in the slender fingers, was the beautiful sprite of the opera, who had sold herself for a diamond necklace and the fancy of a young prince of Gotham.

A SEA OF FIRE.

Phosphorescent Flames Scare the Superstitious Passengers and Sailors.

A sea of phosphorescent fire, extending as far as the eye could reach, was passed on Tuesday last, 185 miles east by north of Cape Horn, by the Allan line steamship Manitou, from Glasgow, now lying at Washington avenue wharf, says the Philadelphia Record. Captain Dunlap, master of the Manitou, said yesterday:

"Early on Tuesday night the heavens appeared to be breaking on a storm, intensely dark and I left the bridge temporarily, leaving Second Officer Johnson in charge. I had hardly reached the chart room when the cry of fire was announced on the starboard bow, and I rushed on the bridge and found the sea to be like a mass of flame, presenting a scene of sublime grandeur.

"Whenever a sea broke over the bow of the vessel the drops of fire spread over the rigging and decks like the flying embers of a genuine conflagration, where sparks were driven by a strong wind. Everywhere on the decks were found tiny sparkling phosphorescent beads, which did not disappear until the next morning. For two hours the vessel was steaming through this sea of fire, causing considerable alarm to many of the superstitious sailors and passengers. In the distance the sea appeared to be breaking on a strand but a dip of the log without finding bottom indicated that shoal water was near at hand."

This unusual phenomenon has caused considerable interest among scientific men, a similar sea having been seen months ago in the bay of Bengal, which puzzled the learned heads of Europe. An elaborate report will be prepared for the hydrographic office.

A Robber's Waterhaul.

A highway robber compelled George Fairbank, of Indiana, to sign a check on a bank for \$20,000, but George would have signed one for \$75,000 just as gracefully. He isn't worth over \$2, all told.