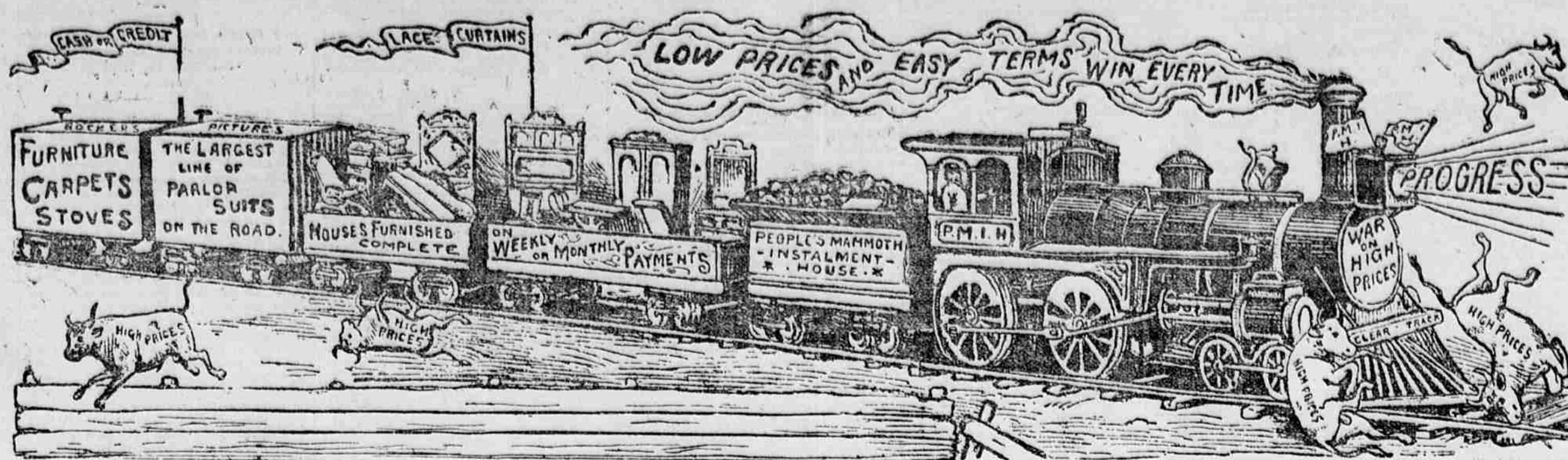


OFFICIAL CLEARING SALE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK.

Our Terms.
 \$10.00 worth of goods, \$1.00 per week or \$4.00 a month.
 \$25.00 worth of goods, \$1.50 per week or \$6.00 a month.
 \$50.00 worth of goods, \$2.00 per week or \$8.00 a month.



Our Terms!
 \$75.00 worth of goods, \$2.50 per week or \$10.00 a month.
 \$100.00 worth of goods, \$3.00 per week or \$12.00 a month.
 \$200.00 worth of goods, \$5.00 per week or \$20.00 a month.

We made preparations for doing a big trade, we have done it, and are doing it every day, but nevertheless we might find ourselves overstocked at the end of the season. As our stock is so extraordinary large now, we do not want to run this risk, but prefer to unload in season, at a time when it will benefit you most. We know that this is an unusual proceeding, but we believe in novelty. Let other houses cling to their prices.

Read our Great Clearing Sale Prices

120 Bed Room Suits all colors	\$12.00 reduced from \$22.00	75 Center Tables90 reduced from 2.50
40 Wardrobes	12.00 reduced from 20.00	900 Chairs35 reduced from .65
25 Sideboards	15.00 reduced from 25.00	85 Gasoline Stoves	8.50 reduced from 7.00
80 Parlor Suits	28.50 reduced from 45.00	165 Cook Stoves	9.50 reduced from 15.00
60 Lounges	5.00 reduced from 10.00	75 Refrigerators	11.50 reduced from 20.00
240 Extension Tables	3.90 reduced from 7.50	120 Ice Boxes	5.00 reduced from 10.00
480 Bedsteads	1.90 reduced from 3.50	50 Rolls Ingrain Carpet35 reduced from .65
190 Mattresses	1.90 reduced from 3.50	60 Rolls Matting19 reduced from .40
125 Springs	1.90 reduced from 4.00	80 Rolls Strir Carpet20 reduced from .40
300 Pillows40 reduced from 1.00	840 Rockers	1.50 reduced from 3.00
600 Window Shades49 reduced from 1.00	925 Comforts75 reduced from 1.50
			150 Toilet Sets	2.00 reduced from 3.50

THOUSANDS OF OTHER ARTICLES IN PROPORTION.

No interest asked. No security required. Come at once. Avoid the rush. No trouble to show goods. Polite attention to all. Everybody invited to inspect our Goods, Terms and Prices.

Peoples' Mammoth Installation House,

LARGEST GENERAL CREDIT HOUSE IN THE WEST.

613, 615 N. 16th Street, Between California and Webster Streets, Open at night. Telephone 727. B. ROSENTHAL & CO. Prop's.
 Goods sold and delivered free of charge to Council Bluffs, Florence, Fort Omaha and South Omaha. The Instalments we offer, Low Prices, Easy Terms, Good Values and Prompt Shipments.

THE LOCAL FIELD OF SPORTS

Record of One of the Equestriennes Who Appears at the Coliseum.

FACTS ABOUT LINDSAY'S RECORD

Weekly Resume of Local Sporting Matters—The Base Ball Outlook—Diamond Spots—Miscellaneous Events.

A Noted Horsewoman.

Miss Jennie Reber, one of the equestriennes who take part in the race against the lady bicyclists at the Coliseum this week, is one of the best known horsewomen in the country. She is from San Jose, Cal., but was born in Morrison, Ill. She is nineteen years of age and weighs 115 pounds. She first began riding in races in the fall of 1884, since which time she has ridden through out the south and west, closing the season of 1888 at the Shreveport, La., exposition, where she was awarded a handsome medal and gold mounted riding whip as the best lady rider out of thirteen entries. Miss Reber has ridden several races against Miss Williams, her companion in the present race. She is said to be the best hurdle rider in the world, and has gone a mile in a race, with 146 pounds up, in 1:51 1/4. She has been in arduous practice at the Coliseum for a long time. This will be Miss Reber's first race on an indoor track, and the first attempt of any lady to ride a six day race. One hundred miles is the record for a lady, that of Nellie Burke, at Galveston, Tex. She and Miss Williams both are eager to try this long race, and they couldn't have found a better man in the country to pilot them through, than Marv Beardsley, and if they obey his instructions there is little doubt but what they will get through all right.

A Hundred Yard Dash.

There was a one hundred yard sprint race out at the ball park yesterday morning, that furnished considerable excitement among the players. Willis and Nichols got into a dispute over their individual merits as runners, and finally the latter said he would run Willis 100 yards for \$25 a side. The banker was immediately accepted, the money deposited in Canavan's hands and Crooks chosen as referee. The course was from the home plate to center field, and after several false starts the two men got away, with the Kid a trifle in the lead. This he held until within twenty-five yards of the goal, when Willis let himself out and dashed by Nichols, winning the race by a yard. Nichols felt a little sore over the result, and still claims that he can beat Willis, but it will be a cold day when he puts up another \$25 on such a venture. Willis covered the hundred yards in 1 1/4 seconds.

A PROSPECTIVE MILL.

Something About Jimmy Lindsay's Record.

It may not be very generally known, but Jimmy Lindsay, the local middle-weight champion, is preparing for a battle with Danny Needham, the redoubtable St. Paul light-weight. It has not been given out where or when the fight is to take place, but it is thoroughly understood that all the arrangements have been made, and Jimmy is to go into active training at once. These men are both stragglers, and the mill will be worth many a mile's travel to see. Danny Needham has won some notable battles, is a dead game two-handed fighter, and said to be by many the superior of Billy Meyers. Meyers, however, was awarded the fight in which he and Danny made, although many old ring sports claimed that Needham was the victor. But in speaking of Needham, Jimmy Lindsay must not be overlooked. He is a remarkably clever man, and will be able to go up against any of them in his class. His last fight was with Sam Stevenson, some four years ago, in a hall on Douglas street. It lasted twelve rounds and was declared a draw. His next appearance was within the squared circle with Sid Clarke, of

Brooklyn, a year ago last summer, on a sand-bar up the Missouri river. Lindsay put his man to sleep in nine rounds, himself escaping without a scratch. Following this came his four-ounce glove fight with Billy Hennessey in the opera house two years ago. This was a vicious battle, and although Hennessey had the best of Lindsay by twelve pounds, Jimmy succeeded in besting him. His next victim was Prof. Cranston of South Omaha, whom he knocked out with a punch in exactly four minutes. His last fight was with California Dempsey in Pat Rowley's new hall in central Omaha, and which he won handily after four rough-and-tumble rounds. Lindsay today is a better man than he ever was. He keeps himself in fine fettle, carries no superfluous flesh, and can get into the pink of condition with but little hard training, and when Mr. Needham gets through with him he will realize that he has had a fight. The mill will attract much attention throughout the whole northwest, and it can be depended upon that Lindsay will make the effort of his life to conquer the St. Paul slugger.

What Crooks Believe.

"It is betting that wins games this season," said Captain Crooks the other day, "and you can bet on that. Our team is fielding just as good as the best of them, but some of our most reliable men have lost their good eye. However, I'm not a doctor, and we are in the hunt yet, and it won't be long before our streak of good luck will come. St. Paul's game hasn't been any better than his, and I hope to see them in our way in the lead, simply because they have had all the luck."

Among the Amateur Wheelmen.

The runs of last Sunday were again abandoned and the old reliable one to Council Bluffs taken. Missouri Valley to-day, 8 o'clock sharp. It is hoped that all the active riders of the club will be on this run, as they ought to swell the number, which this month has fallen away behind that of April. M. L. them has again taken hold and joined the active ranks; he will be seen riding a Victor safety. Here's hoping that he will be seen often on the road with the club. The hundred mile ride of June 2 is to be an exclusive O. W. C. affair. All members who intend to take part will please notify the captain before Thursday evening, so that he may have an idea of how many meals will have to be ordered ahead at the various stopping points, which will be Glenwood for breakfast number two and Red Oak for dinner. It is expected that Red Oak will be made by 11 o'clock, where two hours' rest will be taken. Members should get the idea out of their heads that it will partake in any nature of a search. The pace will be about seven and one-half miles an hour.

The L. A. W. has gotten out a very neat membership ticket for the current year.

People who do not know whether they would like wheeling or not can try for themselves and see, and at a slight expense. Machines can be hired here now by the hour, week, month or season. It is always those who don't know, who make the most mistakes that have the least trouble in learning.

Don't's.
 Don't swallow too much cold water, when hot.
 Don't ride without a brake.
 Don't start out with an empty oil can.
 Don't cut corners too closely.
 Don't start out on a day's ride with only 10 cents in your pockets.
 Don't ride too soon after eating.
 Don't sit on damp grass after riding.
 Don't stop to thump a road boy, unless you have to.
 Don't act like a coward.
 Don't scorch on a club run.

Fishing at Omaha.
 Messrs. Henry Webster, Oscar Pundt,

Charles Tate, John H. Hull, Hal Pease and J. W. Schoepflin, under the guidance of S. M. Smith, civil engineer of the Northwestern, are casting for bass at Lake Omaha, Iowa. The party, which was accompanied by a number of gentlemen from Missouri Valley, left for the lake Friday evening in a special car. They will return to-morrow.

The Australia in Omaha.

Peter Jackson, the celebrated colored Australian pugilist, who has recently made such a great record in Frisco by knocking out all comers, passed through Omaha Friday morning en route east. He is a tremendous big fellow, and looks as if he might knock a horse down, let alone a man. Jackson's views of local sport are in alignment with his conduct in the ring since he came to this country. In all his contests it has been evident that his desire was to win without inflicting unnecessary punishment upon his opponent, and to win by a margin just wide enough to be decisive. Pugilism as exemplified by Jackson has shown less of the brutalizing tendencies, and more of the chivalrous spirit, than that of any fighter, white or black, that the history of the ring has ever known. Fighting with him is an art, and he has shown in his active work as well as in his oft expressed views that he has followed the science into all its recesses and mastered its every detail. In the coming battle between Sullivan and Kilrain, Jackson is inclined to believe that John L. will win.

The Value of Stick Work.

"How did it come that Omaha dropped three straight games on their own grounds to Sioux City?" is a question that has been asked a hundred and one times since the disaster. The answer is simply that the Corn Huskers put up the better game, Omaha's principal weakness lying in his hitting. There is nothing that has a more depressing influence on a player's confidence into all its recesses and mastered its every detail. In the coming battle between Sullivan and Kilrain, Jackson is inclined to believe that John L. will win.

Horses vs. Wheels.

To-morrow afternoon the great six-day race, horses vs. bicycles, will commence at the whole team in a fine humor, and they went in and smashed the ball at will, winning the game hands down. You very rarely hear a player "blow" for a long running catch, or a circus stop of a hot ground, or a fine jump and catch or any play of that description, but let him bang out a single drive at a critical stage in the game and bring in a run or two, or get the ball over the fence, and he will try to it every day until it becomes a grey-whiskered chestnut. If the Omahas had a "little" in the Sioux City game, the shoe might have now been on the other foot.

The "Has-Beens" are a drag in the base ball market. It is not what a player has done that pleases a audience these days, but what he can and does do, and nothing more.

Cleveland leads in batting for the Omahas, with an average of .300. Crooks is a close second with .280, followed by Canavan fourth, Messitt fifth and Straus, Nagie, Willis, Wain, Clarke and Andrews in the last name.

Holladay, Duryea and Earl, the Western association players with the Omahas, are proving themselves the hope of that aggregation. They are all three hard hitters, good base runners and elegant fielders. Above all they are ambitious, hard, contentious workers.

St. Paul has done remarkably well since the opening of the season, and bids fair to get into the lead. They won eight out of the ten games played abroad, and seven out of the eight played at home. They are putting up a pretty game—one that can not be very well improved upon.

Sioux City is improving in her work every game, and she promises to make it exceedingly warm for the St. Pauls. In China, Glenn and Genies they have a great com-

Hardin Challenges Reading.

OMAHA, Neb., May 25.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please insert the following and oblige:

On behalf of Wilbur F. Knapp, whom I consider the fastest bicycle rider in the world, I hereby challenge Ned Reading, the soldier, for a 25, 50 or 100-mile race with the Denver boy, for \$100 to \$500 a side, the race to come off at the Coliseum within the next two weeks. Enclosed you will find my check for \$50, which I post as an earnest of the above duty.

JOHN J. HARDIN.

Flashes From the Diamond.

Denver has signed pitcher Shore. The Mountainers this afternoon. Won't somebody please head of St. Paul. Last game to-morrow until the 16th of June.

Shut-outs are few and far between this year.

The mascots this year have all proven Jonahs.

Sioux City has re-signed George Washington Bradley.

The White Sox leave for Sioux City to-morrow evening.

There will be an immense crowd at the ball park this afternoon.

Kelly, who couldn't hit a balloon last year, leads St. Paul in batting.

Milwaukee and Des Moines are the "snapp" clubs of the Western association.

Milwaukee is trying to induce "Lady" Baldwin to play for them.

McAleer is winning golden opinions by his extraordinary fielding for Cleveland.

Omaha might get Frank Graves, the disengaged California catcher, and he is a No. 1 man, too.

Dan Shannon now heads Louisville's batting list. He has been playing great ball for the Falls City team all spring.

Denver did a vast amount of crowing over her two victories over Omaha, but of late she "hasn't been sayin' a word."

Minneapolis now has two ex-Philadelphia pitchers—Vinton and Mitchell. They are also after O'Connell, Omaha's last year's first baseman.

Joe Strauss has made four home runs, Cleveland, Crooks, Messitt, three each, and Cooney and Canavan two each, and Walsh one.

The "Has-Beens" are a drag in the base ball market. It is not what a player has done that pleases a audience these days, but what he can and does do, and nothing more.

Cleveland leads in batting for the Omahas, with an average of .300. Crooks is a close second with .280, followed by Canavan fourth, Messitt fifth and Straus, Nagie, Willis, Wain, Clarke and Andrews in the last name.

Holladay, Duryea and Earl, the Western association players with the Omahas, are proving themselves the hope of that aggregation. They are all three hard hitters, good base runners and elegant fielders. Above all they are ambitious, hard, contentious workers.

St. Paul has done remarkably well since the opening of the season, and bids fair to get into the lead. They won eight out of the ten games played abroad, and seven out of the eight played at home. They are putting up a pretty game—one that can not be very well improved upon.

Sioux City is improving in her work every game, and she promises to make it exceedingly warm for the St. Pauls. In China, Glenn and Genies they have a great com-

A PATROLMAN ON THE BEAT.

He Details the Pleasures and Hardships of His Calling.

THE FRIGID TERRORS OF WINTER

How the Officers are Considered By the Subordinates and the Acts Which the Latter Appreciate—Saturday Arrests.

The Man With a Star.

"I do not mind my job in summer time," said the proud bearer of a metropolitan police star, as he stopped for a moment to chat with a Hazz representative, "but it is fearfully tough on us in winter. There have been nights in midwinter when it has been so cold, and the wind so penetrating, that I expected to freeze to death before morning; and yet, I did not dare to leave my beat as I was afraid some sergeant would come sneaking around, and I would lose my position by not being at my post. Those nights come up before me now like horrible nightmares. I used to slap my hands against my breast to keep them from freezing until my chest, hands and arms up to the elbows were a mass of bruises. My ears and nose have both succumbed to the cold and been frozen as white and hard as marble. Some of the boys object to patrolling a beat at night, four weeks at a stretch every other month, but I did not object to it in the summer time, as I consider it almost a snap. The nights are generally cool and it is much more pleasant to be on the streets at that time than it is in the glare of the hot sun at noonday. I have been on duty at night for a long time, getting to sleep on a hot day, as you, gentlemen, know yourselves, who have done night service on THE BEAT, and had to sleep day-times."

"Our business is full of perils, and we are daily compelled to face danger. If a shooting or cutting scrape is in progress, we can't do like other men—turn tail and fly, but we must, instead, walk into the thickest of the fight, interfere with the men attempting to kill each other, and run the risk of being murdered ourselves. I have been shot at, stabbed, and knocked down and rolled over in the mud many a time in my attempts to serve the people faithfully. I have had men with loaded revolvers in their hands and a look of inflexible determination on their faces tell me if I dared to approach a foot nearer they would blow my brains out, and yet, I have to see the first time when such threats have frightened me from my line of duty and deterred me from arresting and disarming the violators of the law. I have gone into bawdy houses, where rowdies were shaking every pane of glass in the windows, and have been threatened with a similar treatment if I interfered."

"I have had to follow burglars down back alleys when I could scarcely see an inch before my face, and I expected every moment to be shot down like a dog. There are dozens of heroes among the faithful men on the police force of which the people never hear, and the men wearing stars, to-day, are mostly men who have been through the same as the boys who wore the blue. There are men on the police force who have served in the army also, and they say that, during all in all, their experiences as soldiers were no more remarkable than those of some of our patrolmen."

"Some people affect to despise a policeman, but my experience is that all law-abiding and intelligent citizens respect us as friends, while the thieves, thugs and other law-breakers regard us as their enemies."

"There are officers who are anxious to get their names into THE BEE and the other papers, and frequently they are the very first to sneak away in the face of danger."

"But, while speaking of these cowardly officers, let me tell you that all the boys are getting to dread Saturday night. Since the order for the closing of saloons on Sunday went into effect."

"I do not like to arrest many of the men I find on that night, because, sometimes, they are good, hard working men, and I generally

A PATROLMAN ON THE BEAT.

He Details the Pleasures and Hardships of His Calling.

THE FRIGID TERRORS OF WINTER

How the Officers are Considered By the Subordinates and the Acts Which the Latter Appreciate—Saturday Arrests.

The Man With a Star.

"I do not mind my job in summer time," said the proud bearer of a metropolitan police star, as he stopped for a moment to chat with a Hazz representative, "but it is fearfully tough on us in winter. There have been nights in midwinter when it has been so cold, and the wind so penetrating, that I expected to freeze to death before morning; and yet, I did not dare to leave my beat as I was afraid some sergeant would come sneaking around, and I would lose my position by not being at my post. Those nights come up before me now like horrible nightmares. I used to slap my hands against my breast to keep them from freezing until my chest, hands and arms up to the elbows were a mass of bruises. My ears and nose have both succumbed to the cold and been frozen as white and hard as marble. Some of the boys object to patrolling a beat at night, four weeks at a stretch every other month, but I did not object to it in the summer time, as I consider it almost a snap. The nights are generally cool and it is much more pleasant to be on the streets at that time than it is in the glare of the hot sun at noonday. I have been on duty at night for a long time, getting to sleep on a hot day, as you, gentlemen, know yourselves, who have done night service on THE BEAT, and had to sleep day-times."

"Our business is full of perils, and we are daily compelled to face danger. If a shooting or cutting scrape is in progress, we can't do like other men—turn tail and fly, but we must, instead, walk into the thickest of the fight, interfere with the men attempting to kill each other, and run the risk of being murdered ourselves. I have been shot at, stabbed, and knocked down and rolled over in the mud many a time in my attempts to serve the people faithfully. I have had men with loaded revolvers in their hands and a look of inflexible determination on their faces tell me if I dared to approach a foot nearer they would blow my brains out, and yet, I have to see the first time when such threats have frightened me from my line of duty and deterred me from arresting and disarming the violators of the law. I have gone into bawdy houses, where rowdies were shaking every pane of glass in the windows, and have been threatened with a similar treatment if I interfered."

"I have had to follow burglars down back alleys when I could scarcely see an inch before my face, and I expected every moment to be shot down like a dog. There are dozens of heroes among the faithful men on the police force of which the people never hear, and the men wearing stars, to-day, are mostly men who have been through the same as the boys who wore the blue. There are men on the police force who have served in the army also, and they say that, during all in all, their experiences as soldiers were no more remarkable than those of some of our patrolmen."

"Some people affect to despise a policeman, but my experience is that all law-abiding and intelligent citizens respect us as friends, while the thieves, thugs and other law-breakers regard us as their enemies."

"There are officers who are anxious to get their names into THE BEE and the other papers, and frequently they are the very first to sneak away in the face of danger."

"But, while speaking of these cowardly officers, let me tell you that all the boys are getting to dread Saturday night. Since the order for the closing of saloons on Sunday went into effect."

"I do not like to arrest many of the men I find on that night, because, sometimes, they are good, hard working men, and I generally

Miscellaneous Sports.

Colonel Frank Parmelee, of this city, got a piece of almost every race shot at the state sportsman's tournament at Norfolk last week.

Lottie Stanley is here, and it is more than probable that a race between her and Jesse Oakes for the championship of America, will be arranged for next week. It should be a sweetest, however, in order that Lily Williams, Beauty Baldwin, Kitten Brown, Jessie Woods, and others, may go in. Any of them are as good as Oakes, or Stanley either, for the matter of their recent achievements into consideration.

Ed Rothery has again arranged for a trial flight by his homing birds. The fly will be from Fremont, and will take place next Thursday. The birds to be liberated at 12 o'clock, noon.

The ducks have at last all gone, and the spring shooting for 1889 is over. Sportsmen must now confine themselves to the line and rod for excitement and recreation.

John J. Hardin is in Cheyenne making arrangements for an athletic tournament to be held there in June.

Dave Bennett, the Canadian sprinter and long distance runner, is in the city. He has a race on for the Council Bluffs' arena's tournament in June.

Senator Morgan, W. F. Knapp, Tom W. Eck, Bob Nelson, Albert Shock and Jack Prince, all the champions of the world, came in from Chicago last night.

Beauty Baldwin, Kitten Brown, Jessie Woods and Jesse Oakes, the lady bicyclists, arrived yesterday from New York.

Reading and Nelson are booked for a fifty-mile race at the Coliseum one week from next Saturday night for \$250 a side.