



# TRADE



Has been the advance we have made in the confidence of the Omaha public, and now we stand **UNDENIABLY** at the head of the clothing trade of this city. Upright Methods and Unapproachable Values are the keynotes to our phenomenal success.

## LOOK AND PONDER.



**WE ask \$10 for Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, worth \$10.**  
**WE ask \$12 for Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, worth \$12.**  
**WE ask \$15 for Cheviot Cassimere and Worsted Suits, worth \$15.**  
**WE ask \$18 for Cheviot Cassimere and Worsted Suits, worth \$18.**  
**WE ask \$20 for Cheviot Cassimere and Worsted Suits, worth \$20.**



The above consist of Sacks, Cutaways and Prince Alberts, all new, fresh and reliable. You have but to look into our 15th street window to be convinced of this fact.

## WE HAVE KEPT THE BEST FOR THE LAST.

And now call your attention to the unapproachable values in light summer clothing for men & youths. On Monday, June 3, we will place on sale the **GREATEST BARGAIN** we have ever offered.

**250 THIN COATS AND VESTS**  
 AT THE REMARKABLE PRICE OF **\$2.00.**

This price is far below that which our would be competitors are obliged to pay for them. See them and acknowledge the truth of this statement. In looking over our mammoth stock, do not forget for an instant that our **FURNISHINGS** and **HAT DEPARTMENTS** are as ever replete with all the novelties of the season.

## MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

# BROWNING, KING & COMPANY,

S. W. Corner 15th and Douglas Streets, Omaha.

### BLUFFS DWELLERS IN TENTS.

Itinerant Laborers and Their Manner of Living.

### THEIR PRECARIOUS EXISTENCE

Cheerfulness Under Difficulties—Hardships of the Winter—The Team was Tired—As Happy as Anyone—Hordes of Children.

The Nomads of a City. Within the aureole of light that flashes from the several electric light towers in Council Bluffs, there are some strange scenes besides the varied landscape of hill and dale and river levels, clothed with the beautiful verdure of summer and dotted with magnificent palaces and cozy cottages. Within this expanse that covers nearly thirty square miles, there is as great a diversity of homes as can be found on any spot of the same dimensions on the surface of the globe.

Council Bluffs is pre-eminently a city of homes. Ninety per cent of the dwellings in which her 40,000 people live are the castles in fee simple of the men and women who live in them. The palace of the millionaire and the cottage of the laboring man are alike inviolable to the sacrilege of the rent day evictor.

The palaces and cottages where thrift, happiness and contentment are enthroned are familiar to the world and are open to the daily visits of THE BEE, but there is another class of castles to whose interiors the general public is a stranger, and which are open to the visits of almost anything that may come along, including the vagrant breezes and all other kind of vagrants, down to the homeless cur dog. They are castles of which their owners are just as proud and in which they are just as contented as the millionaires are in theirs, although they are not worth as many coats as the humblest workman's cottage is worth dollars.

They are the tents, wicker-ups, teepees and dug-outs of a class of nomads that have no connection and no fellow ship with the genus tramp, but are a distinct and in their own way, a thrifty element and product of the past and present civilization. There are several hundred of them in the corporate limits of the city at the present time, and the number varies but little from the season of the year to another. Canvas and dirt walls form the only barrier against the weather in the hottest day in the summer or the bitterest cold in winter. Their owners are like the hardy English sparrows—have but one home and one suit of clothes for every day in the year, for storm and sunshine, for hot days and bitter nights, and always carry that with them.

A BEE reporter has spent a few hours as an intruder among this class of homes where a tax-collector is an unknown quantity and where a newspaper never goes unless the winds carry it. There is a score of "settlements" of these nomads along the river and the northwestern part of the city, as well as many isolated parties hidden in the seclusion of the hills. The first settlement visited was one not far from the Broadway bridge. There were a dozen tents constructed of various materials ranging from unbleached muslin, grimy

canvas and boards to huge sections of old roofs that had been carted from the city and dumped as garbage. The great desideratum of the architects seems to have been to repel the water, and the general appearance of the interiors confirmed the opinion that water was the most unwelcome visitor to the occupants. A reporter accosted a woman who was bending over a smoking fire stirring the contents of a black pot.

"Happy? Well, I don't know why we shouldn't be as happy here as anywhere else in the world. We've got plenty to eat and all we want to wear and no need to worry about anything. Besides its comin' summer now, and there 'haint been much rain or nuthin' else to plague us and them's enough things to be happy over, be'ant they?" And the woman returned to the work of stirring the pot which had begun to boil over and put out the smoking fire.

On the sandy floor of the tent there were a few boxes and bundles, and on each box and bundle a little begrimed elf was perched watching the stranger with just enough curiosity to make its eyes snap and twinkle.

"What do we do for a livin'?" Well, we don't do much of anything; mostly nuthin'. The old man an' me an' the young'un's fishes a little, ketches drift-wood and picks up things around town. My boy that's livin' with his woman in that big tent there teams a little in the summer time when there's grass for his horses, but he can't do much with his horses in winter for they don't get no strength from dead grass and willer twigs. How much money do we spend for our livin'?" "Ded I don't know; precious little, I reckon. There's a bushel of corn that didn't cost much, and when I get through bilin' it with ash-water it will make two bushels of good hominy, and with the fish we get and what we pick up, that will keep us all fat for a month. We don't bother nobody and nobody don't bother us, an' I reckon we're as happy as it's best for us to be."

"When cold weather comes we find a place where the water won't come in, mostly on a hillside, lookin' to the south and we dig out a square and put a tent or something over it, an' we get along all right, but some times it's pretty hard to get enough to eat. But takin' it all around we're as happy as the most of them."

The woman turned with a sound that suggested a sigh and resumed the work of stirring the contents of the black pot, while the reporter dropped a quarter in the hand of a chubby little urchin and continued his walk through the old village. In the "big" tent, where the woman's boy was living with "his woman," and bringing into the world the third generation of these unambitious nomads, there were a few more of the comforts of a home than were found in the parental abode.

There were a few less children and a larger number of bundles and heaps of nondescript stuff. A woman, apparently but little younger than her mother-in-law was sitting on a box in front of the abode, doing nothing, and apparently neither enjoying it nor regretting the necessity that enforced her idle and vacant life.

"A wful weakenin' to hosses, and it 'pears like the grass don't have no strength to it neither. We got here in April, and I reckon if Pete's hosses git more strength he'll do a little teaming and dirt haulin'. He can git the haulin' if he wants it. Yes, and work, too, if he wants it, but Pete ain't no great make-at-work. Reckon he's like the hosses—eats too many willers and hain't got the strength to work."

There is an aristocracy among the squatters that is just as imperious in its demand for deferential consideration as in the ranks of life many degrees removed above them. There are those who have considerably less than the best of them, who have so nearly nothing and there is the same sycophancy and condescension between them as you will notice between the parvenu and his servant. Many of them do a thrifty junk and scavenger business in the city, and although they are squatters in the full meaning of the term, they have a nice bank account laid up for a rainy day. Many of them are unmarried men, who are engaged in public works, grading and street building, and live under canvas for the cheapness of the mode.

There is another class that number perhaps two hundred, and have strong, commodious tents that look like the acme of picturesque comfort. Everything is fresh and clean about them, and their domiciles comprise two or three tents, including a canvas stable where well fed and well groomed horses are housed. These are men who have lived in comfortable cottages during the winter and when spring comes pitch their tents on some vacant spot and remain there until the weather gets too cold in the autumn, and save by the deal six months rent, and often when a stable is included this amounts to from \$10 to \$18 per month. Many of them are engaged in street work, and many of them are others have sub-contracts that involve thousands of dollars. Their wives and families accompany them and enjoy the summer camp-out while saving \$150 rent and getting new physical vigor.

These are the highest aristocrats among the squatters, so far above those previously described that there is not even a thought in common between them. Their dress is the van of their superior outfits excites among their less ambitious brethren. But many of them are true nomads, half of whose adult lives have been spent in canvas houses. They fit from city to city where public improvement are going on or follow the line of some new railroad from the start to the finish. They are shrewd, thrifty and wide-awake, send their children to the nearest school, attend churches on Sundays and generally deport themselves as good citizens of the locality they happen to be in. The women dress neatly and comfortably and keep their canvas homes scrupulously clean and do their culinary work as systematically and as generally as if they were in a home that cost thousands.

Another class of nomads that are almost always within the borders of the city are the real children of the fields; the gypsies. At the present time there are three or four camps of them here. But they avoid the botoms and are found in some beautifully wooded dell as near the city as they can get. They are a race of traders and bargainers, and carry on an active commerce with the people wherever they may be. The men are born horse-traders and every old woman is a fortune-teller. The older, swarther and more haggish she is the profounder astrologer she is accounted to be, and more than \$100 weekly goes into her possession contributed by the jejune young men and

romantic maidens who are anxious to pierce the cloud of futurity. They have been wandering over the world for the past sixteen hundred years, and have foregone been, and perhaps forever will be, without a country and without a home. Civilization seems to be impotent to break up their tribal and nomadic character, and as long as superstition exists, and young men and women remain under eighteen years of age and continue to fall in love their avocation will not be gone. They could not trade a horse or tell a fortune if they remained a month in one place, and necessity as well as disposition drives them forever onward. Like the sombre night birds, whose prototype they are among the human kind, they flit come to the night time. A morning finds them in your vicinity, and after a few days have passed a night comes, and if it is a wild and stormy one so much the better, they vanish, leaving nothing but some scattered embers and some victims among the jejune people and horse-traders whose professional skill has not been sufficient to protect them from the snares that have been so deftly set.

### HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Soft silk is most used for tea gowns. The princess gown, either short or trained, is the robe of the day in Paris. Umbrellas of more than all the colors of the rainbow are among the threats of the near future.

The handsomeness of new spring costumes are made of plain fine wool sparingly trimmed with the richest possible garnitures. A magnificent new silk is called damask matelasse, and has the flowers in high relief as though heavily embroidered upon it. Satins, though exhibited in every fabric, are now very generally of the softest silks, and frequently of the same silk as the dress.

There is a threat that full-draped skirts are to reappear, when muslin and cambric are again to be the only materials used. Big turned down collarettes of white lace, with turned back cuffs to match, will grace beauty's throat and wrists in the near future.

Some new rich gowns for afternoon or reception wear have trained skirts under trained pelissees that open all down the front.

New sun umbrellas are perceptibly smaller, but what is lost in size is gained in stick, as many of the handles are so huge as to make the carrying uncomforable.

Black spirits are generally relieved with touches of color here and there. Embroidery in soft, dull cashmere tints is the best thing worn with bright colors.

The handsome trained redingotes, made to wear with skirts of different color and stiff, are now very generally of the softest silks, and frequently of the same silk as the dress.

Among the newest new colors are "soap blue," a soft, dull, gray-blue; "oak heart," a pink, with hints of red and yellow, and "dried roseleaf," which reproduces faithfully the faint yellow cream of the dead petals.

In pinneries of every device and shade, veritable marvels have been created this season. Nothing can equal the grace and beauty of the designs, the fitness of the work, and the richness and elaborateness of the effects.

### A FIREBRAND OF FRANCE.

Paul Deroulide and the League of Patriots.

### JOURNALIST, SOLDIER AND POET.

Remarkable Career of One of the Most Dangerous of Boulanger's Supporters—A Standard Bearer Among the Socialists.

### French Journalists as Politicians.

PARIS, May 20.—[Special to THE BEE.]—French lawyers and doctors are rarely engaged in politics. On the contrary the chamber of deputies is made up largely of journalists. Among the republicans are Jules Ferry, the editor of the Temps, Floquet, Spuller, the present minister of the interior, and Camille Pelletan, one of the founders of the Republique Francaise, Clemenceau, who long ago threw his doctor's hat under the mills of Montmartre to assume the editorship of Justice. Then there is Emmanuel Arène, the deputy of Corse, who delights us with his caustic criticisms in the Matin, or with short idyls of great poetic beauty. He is refined and elegant, the very type of a true Parisian. Quite the reverse is Pichon of La Justice, a silent, self-contained man, whose articles are of the first order. On the other side of the chamber—that is on the right—are the irrepressible Paul de Cassagnac, a terrible polemic, a perfect swordsman, and withal a man of ability, Paul Delafosse, one of the founders of the Journal du Paris, and now connected with Le Matin, who confines himself to French politics in their varied relations to foreign countries. Cuneo d'Ornano, who left Paris to start a paper in Charente and came back as deputy. Among the Boulangerists, Laguerre stands out prominently. He began journalism on La Justice and is now the dictator of La Presse. Then come Alfred Moquet, who preaches divorce, Laisant and Laporte, directors or editors of La Cocarde and La Presse.

Next to Boulanger no man is exciting more attention to-day than Paul Deroulide. He was born in Paris on September 2, 1846. He studied at the college of Vanves, at Louis-le-Grand, at the lycée Bonaparte and at Versailles. His professor, one Chappe, who was guilty of a poem called Verunguetoria, created a similar taste in his young pupil. In 1863, having finished his studies, Deroulide began the publication of some of his verses in the Revue Nationale, under the pseudonym of Jean Ebel; and in 1869 we find him assailing at the inauguration of the Suez canal. On June 9 of the same year the Comedie-Francaise produced a play of his, "Juan Streones," which was written in verse and was in five acts. It met with only moderate success. In 1870 he enlisted in the Third Zouaves. One day his mother leading her young son Andie visited Paul in camp and said:

"Your brother will fight with you. I have brought him here."

After the march upon Sedan, his regiment endeavored to force the German lines—Andie fell. His brother lifted him, carried him to a safe place under a tree and returned to the combat. He was made prisoner and confined at Breslau, believing at the while

his brother to be dead. Escaping from Breslau he reached Bohemia and returned to France to recommence the fight. After the attack upon the Chateau de Montvillard he was mentioned with distinction. During this time his brother, having recovered from his wound, was fighting the Arabs in Algeria. The day upon which the French academy crowned the Chants du Soldat, the two brothers sat side by side, the oldest in the uniform of a second lieutenant of foot, with the cross of the legion of honor and the younger in the uniform of a student of the polytechnic, decorated with the military medal. Peace once signed, Deroulide marched with his regiment against the commune at Belleville. He was shot in the arm. This proved to be exceedingly troublesome, and in the Chants du Soldat he dedicated a poem to Dr. Doubeau who treated him with such signal success. Some time since, with the regiment, he composed his book, Chants du Soldat, which he dedicated "To those who taught me to love my country—to my father and mother." Upon the request of his colonel, Landes, Deroulide remained six years with the regiment. He was made lieutenant, but a tumble from his horse broke his leg and sent him back to literature. During this convalescence he wrote "Nouveaux Chants du Soldat" and "l'Hetman." Then followed "Les Marches de Sancerres," "Hetman," a drama in five acts, the scene of which is laid in Poland. The latter met with great success at the Odeon in 1877. It was intended to deepen a love for fatherland, and introduced the struggles of the Cosacques who were oppressed by Vladimir IV. "Le Moabite," a drama in five acts in verse, was played at the Odeon and at the Theater Francaise, but for some reason it had only a few representations. De Girardin thought the public presentation of such a work dangerous, although Claretie had spoken strongly in favor of it. He then commenced work upon a Russia drama, Pierre le Grand when, in January, 1882, he saw in the Matin that both he and his friend, Detaille, had been placed upon a commission of military education by the minister of instruction. He accepted at once and was soon actively engaged. After a stormy interview with Jules Ferry, however, he soon after resigned.

Some of his friends then proposed founding a society for patriotic education upon the views of Deroulide, and a month after the League of Patriots was started, that is on May 18, 1882. They adopted as a motto: "Qui vive! France!" The wisor among the people thought, and still think, that the fiery impassioned appeals of the president, Deroulide, could only result in upsetting the general welfare, but the younger men and those who revel in strife and disorder enrolled themselves under his direction. He started Le Drapeau as the organ of the league. Out of his own purse he re-established the shooting contests at Vincennes. To-day he is under indictment and will in all probability be brought before the higher courts in April for trial. He is also a Boulangerist candidate for one of the adjoining districts which will be voted upon in October. Deroulide's acknowledged ability, his poetic enthusiasm and his power of inciting the passions of young men and dissatisfied Parisian loafers, make him a very dangerous element in French politics. Starting out with lofty principles, the League of Patriots degenerated into a band of agitators, anarchists, socialists and vandals. The true Parisian lives upon excitement, and to this Deroulide panders. He became so involved in the vortex of French politics that he thought to save himself by arousing the people to internecine warfare. He

had 200,000 people, so trained as to be ready for instant mobilization. His point d'appui was modified Blanquism—"No God, no government, no order." Fortunately for France, Constans came into power when most needed. He had the courage to strike at the root, and if the cabinet will only sustain him by legislating against the fiery, badly organized men and women who are now allowed to spend their venom as they will, we may yet hope for a season of tranquility and prosperity.

### PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Cool and bracing—the bunco steerer. New wheat never ruined as many men as old rye. The night rolls on until stopped by the brake of day.

The doctor is a man who speaks ill of a good many people. A man's worth of authority frequently puts a man up 25 cents worth.

In ancient times everybody played the yarl; now the liar plays everybody. The cryin' need of this country is a back gate that nobody can hang a toke on.

Strange but true: "The quiet marriage" makes the most noise when it gets out.

Few men like to see a woman smoke, yet they are always ready to help her to alight. The crab may think he has a "soft snap" on the fat of your foot, but you never think so.

Some men have blossomed out in new spring suits, while others still remain as old rye. Chicago wants "a machine for deodorizing divorce suits." Chloroforming the witnesses might do it.

The announcement that there is an over-production of onions comes direct from trade sources. Buffalo Bill is doing Paris, and Paris is so happy with the new comer that Boulanger is scarcely missed.

What this country really needs is less scrambling for office and more strawberries in the shortcake.

It was a drunken gymnast of whom the policeman remarked he was calling a tumbler full of whisky.

A Chicago paper heads an account of a wedding: "The 'That Binds.' Must be a mistake somewhere."

Humanity much resembles the succulent and seductive strawberry. The green ones generally go to the bottom.

"Prof. Wiggins lives away off in Canada," says an exchange; and Canada is not the only thing Wiggins is away off in.

It is when a landlord creeps through the barb wire fence of a delinquent tenant that he is almost sure to get his back rent.

Speaking of the weather, a warm spring may be anticipated when a man sits on a hot flat-iron placed on a chair by his wife.

Mining speculators salt their mines to catch the fresh chaps who are always ready to go in and win a fortune on nothing.

"I'm an O-clear-homer," growled the dis appointed boomer, as he sadly plodded his way over the lies toward civilization.

Colonel Elliott P. Shepard is spoken of in Washington for minister to Russia. What a vast field for foreign missionary work! The most appropriate costume that can be worn to a summer concert is an accordion waist with fluted ruffles. The effect is always noted.

A professional thief is also an arithmetical paradox—he works out all his essays in addition and multiplication by means of subtraction.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger is said to be writing a novel. It will be called "Only a Jar; or the Romance of a Heavy Load, in 13 chapters and a pocket flask."

Count Herbert Bismarck is to receive the Japanese decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun," says the Pittsburg Chronicle. It strikes us that the stove polish business is being run into the ground.

It is announced that Nat G. Goodwin will have a share of the management of the Standard theatre next season, and will have a stock company to support him in his different plays.