

GOLD DOLLARS for FIFTY CENTS

Would not be a better bargain than the tremendous low prices we are making to reduce our enormous stock of Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Housefurnishing Goods. Although our Special Sale last week was a grand success, we wish to give you

One More Week of Bargains.

- 22 Parlor Suits \$25, reduced from \$35 sold elsewhere at \$45
- 58 Bed Lounges \$9.25, reduced from \$14 sold elsewhere at \$18
- 120 Oak and Mahogany Chamber Suits \$11.50, reduced from \$17 sold elsewhere at \$22
- 71 Wardrobes (assorted) \$12.50, reduced from \$18 sold elsewhere at \$22.50
- 267 Extension Tables \$3.75, reduced from \$6.50 sold elsewhere at \$8
- 875 Wood Seat Chairs 33c, reduced from 50c sold elsewhere at 65c
- 86 Kitchen Cupboards \$3.40, reduced from \$6 sold elsewhere at \$7.50
- 34 Cook Stoves \$9.25, reduced from \$15 sold elsewhere \$18
- 3,500 yards Ingrain 29c, reduced from 50c sold elsewhere at 65c
- 75 pair Lace Curtains \$1.25, reduced from \$2.50 sold elsewhere at \$3.50
- 66 Baby Carriages \$6.50, reduced from \$9 sold elsewhere at \$11.50
- 85 Ice Boxes \$5, reduced from \$8 sold elsewhere at \$10
- 75 Gasoline Stoves \$3.50, reduced from \$6 sold elsewhere at \$7.50
- 45 Bureaus \$7.50, reduced from \$10 sold elsewhere at \$12.50
- 165 Mattresses \$1.90, reduced from \$3 sold elsewhere at \$4
- 323 Springs \$1.50, reduced from \$3 sold elsewhere at \$4
- 14 Folding Beds \$25, reduced from \$40 sold elsewhere at \$50
- 425 Pillows 38c, reduced from 75c sold elsewhere at \$1



A CHEERFUL HOME FOR ALL

OUR TERMS.

- \$10 worth of goods \$1 a week or \$4 a month.
- \$25 worth of goods \$1.50 a week or \$6 a month.
- \$50 worth of goods \$2 a week or \$8 a month.
- \$75 worth of goods \$2.50 a week or \$10 a month.
- \$100 worth of goods, \$3 a week or \$12 a month.
- \$200 worth of goods, \$5 a week or \$20 a month.

Peoples' Mammoth Instalment House

THE GIANT TIME PAYMENT HOUSE OF OMAHA,

613-615 North Sixteenth Street, Between California and Webster.

Open Evenings until 9 o'clock.

Telephone 727.

B. ROSENTHAL & Co.

Goods sold in Council Bluffs, South Omaha, Fort Omaha and Florence.

PROPRIETORS.

A DEFENSE OF THE SPINSTER

Many Compensations in a Life of Single Blessedness.

HOW QUEEN VICTORIA PROPOSED.

She was Brief to the Point and Albert Accepted Her Promptly—Perfunctory Kisses—Mrs. Harrison's Housekeeping.

The Little Wife at Home.

Woman's Exchange. The dear little wife at home, John, With ever so much to do, Stitches to set, and babies to pet, And so many thoughts of you; The beautiful household fairy, Filling your house with light; Whatever you meet to-day, John, Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary, You needn't be cross or curt; There are words like darts to gentle hearts, There are looks that wound and hurt. With the key in the lock, John, Drop the trouble out of sight; To the little wife who is waiting, Go cheerily home to-night.

Perfunctory Kisses.

Heaven preserve me, writes Master Geoffrey in the Boston Globe, from the perfunctory kiss of two women. There is something about a kiss of the kind that is as dismal as the desert of Sahara. There is not even one oasis in it to mark the dreary waste. It is worse than melody measured out with a yard stick, or poetry doled out by the quart. There is no inspiration about it; none whatever, of any kind. What a dull, sodden affair is the face of a pretty girl who is kissing the lips of another pretty girl! How the same pretty face becomes illuminated with the fire of the world when it is kissed by—well, perhaps it is getting to be an over delicate matter, and something ought to be left to the imagination of the reader. However, there is no rhapsody in the kiss exchanged by two girls, or two women. It is as uninviting as the fields in winter time.

How Queen Victoria Proposed.

"I wonder how many people know that Victoria the Good, as it has been suggested the queen of England shall be called, when she fell in love had to do the proposing for herself!" said an Americanized Englishman the other morning, to a Philadelphia Press reporter.

"I was much interested in reading recently the account of her betrothal. It had always been expected that she and her cousin Albert would eventually make a match of it. When they were both about eighteen years old he visited England, but did not make much impression on the newly crowned queen. However, three years later he made up his mind to a 'now-or-never' game, and with his brother visited her at Windsor Castle. Like more humble lovers, he was placed in a rather embarrassing predicament by the non-arrival of his luggage, and was thus prevented from dining with her majesty on his first evening as her guest. For five days did Victoria study him, and then after first telling her adviser, Lord Melbourne, what she had decided to do, she sent for Albert, saying that she desired to see him particularly. One account of the affair, certainly valuable for its brevity, reads as follows: "What the queen told him was that she loved him with her whole heart, and that she desired to be his wife." She was accepted without hesitation, as any good-looking

sovereign of twenty might have hoped to have been, and so they were married.

Mrs. Harrison's Housekeeping.

Here is what a lady, who is a frequent visitor at the white house, and who ought to know, says about Mrs. Harrison and the housekeeping: "It is absolutely untrue that Mrs. Harrison goes around with the keys jingling at her belt and oversees the housekeeping. In the first place, she has not the time, and in the second place, the steward attends to all such matters, as he has always done. Where things were unsatisfactory, as they were in a number of instances where servants had been retained so long that they thought they owned the place, she has suggested that they be remedied. I don't see why, because a man is elected president, that even in the matter of domestic servants the whole nation must rise up on masses and dictate to him. Or, why, even if his linen is not well washed, his dinner not well cooked, nor his bed well made, he must continue to employ the people who misdo those things merely because they are republicans, or democrats, or mugwumps, or because they are black or white. A man's happiness depends to a great extent on the efficiency of his servants, and he ought to have his own way about them. Arthur did it and he was comfortable."

The Spinster as She Is.

There are a few people who have not looked into the dictionary especially, who know how the term spinster originated. We often find it in Shakespeare and other of the classics, but it is used to define the spinster. This is its specific meaning. Its general significance is wider. There was an old practice, in the years ago, that a woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easily the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and fixed. It is not the fashion among lawyers nowadays to specify the maiden by the term spinster. Single woman is the term employed in its place, and perhaps with more satisfaction, because there is something about the word spinster which is objectionable.

It is associated with acerbity, wrinkles, moroseness and general disagreeableness. The term spinster is decidedly objectionable to an unmarried woman. It occupies a close position to old maid, which is certainly an always resented with scorn, and oftentimes with indignation. Really, there is nothing reproachful in the term old maid, provided, of course, the lady is well on in years. To call any woman old when her face is not puckered up into a lot of wrinkles, when her eyes are bright, her figure erect and elastic, is an unparadiseable sin. But the term fills the bill. Around the word maiden cluster most of the fancies and recollections of youth. To most people a maid is a dream of adolescence. To apply the term to an elderly spinster would be a misapplication, because in the abstract a maiden is to the average mind a combination of beauty, bithomness, buoyancy and youth. Hence, if the term is to be used in connection with one well on in years, the adjectival qualifier old must be employed to note the distinction in age.

It is unfortunate that there should be so great a horror felt on the part of unmarried women toward this epithet—old maid, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. She has an individuality of her own. She has a name which is, in itself, a compliment. She does not hide her light under the bushel of matrimony. She is not absorbed into another's legal existence. In fact, she has just as much personality as any man.

Everything in this world is based upon the law of compensation. And in this fact may be found the compensation for the unmarried woman. If she has property she can do with it as she pleases without consulting a man, who possibly may be stubborn, or selfish, or mean. If she has no property, but has to work for her living, she is not compelled to spend a portion of it on a husband who is too lazy to work; or if he is able and willing to work is not able to support two in reasonable comfort.

These are compensations which are not without great value. In the mind of everyone that has a kindly nature is an old maid. This woman was one of those rare exceptions, and it has often been said that the exceptions prove the rule. Not long ago a woman killed herself because, as she confessed in her ante-mortem letter, she had not the courage to be an old maid. This woman was one of the foolish virgins. The old maid becomes in many cases a hallowed character. Her pure and kindly face, unmarked by a single selfish impression is significant of the struggle that has been carried on within and the final triumph of spirit over matter. It takes a great deal of courage to stifle the aspirations of womanhood, to banish the dreams of youth and settle down to the life of self-abnegation and sacrifice which maidenhood imposes.

The maternal longing is strong in the breast of every woman. Nature has implanted it there. She who is without it is not worthy the name of woman. And in extinguishing this longing there is a great burden of sacrifice. But this has its reward, too. There shines out of the eyes of nearly every unmarried woman who has reached the old maid period a light which speaks of gentleness and perfect serenity within. There are few old maids who, if they originally had lovable characters, are not really beloved by a wide circle of friends. She is more than esteemed. She is loved by every one that knows her. And, better than that, every one is ready and willing to show her those little courtesies and attentions which are so prized by all womankind.

There seems to be a desire on the part of every thoughtful member of society to contribute as much as possible to the comfort and happiness of the old maid. There was a time when the woman who was forced to live a single life was looked upon with a sort of pity. But that time has passed away. Spinsterhood is not now looked upon as disagreeable. How can it be, when there are so many beautiful, charming and lovable women, not to say heiresses, who are included in its ranks? Some women remain old maids from choice. Some are old maids because they are true to the ideals of other days. Some because they are fearful of the quicksands of matrimony. Others because their ideal has not yet come to them. The reasons in each one of the instances is not only creditable but honorable.

Someone has said that every woman, whether she be ugly or beautiful, deformed or symmetrical, has at some time in her life a chance to marry. Society should honor the beautiful and lovable woman, who, rather than throw herself away upon an unworthy object, so respects herself and sex that she prefers the single life. And what praise is enough for that woman's true heart whose life on her own motion is bereft of maternal joys and blessings because her affections are true to one that is no more? In whatever light we look at it may be found the compensation for the unmarried woman. If she has property she can do with it as she pleases without consulting a man, who possibly may be stubborn, or selfish, or mean. If she has no property, but has to work for her living, she is not compelled to spend a portion of it on a husband who is too lazy to work; or if he is able and willing to work is not able to support two in reasonable comfort.

Household Arts. To mend broken china use a cement made by stirring plaster of paris into the white of an egg. If, while house-cleaning, you drop soot on the carpet, cover it thickly with salt and it may be swept up without blackening the carpet. When the rubber rollers of a wringer become sticky, as they often do after wringing flannel, rub with kerosene and wipe dry, and they will be nice and smooth. Care should be taken to remove the sprouts from the young bulbs which sprang up at the base of calli. This is especially necessary if your large plant is about to bloom. Do not water plants too much; they are much injured by having their roots water-soaked. Wait until the plants show the need of water before giving it. In cleaning oil-cloths use no soap or scrub-brush, but wash off the dirt with water and flannel. Then go over it with milk, and rub with a soft brush till dry and shining. Thick brown paper should be laid under carpets if the patent thing is not to be had. It saves wear and prevents the ingress of moths, which, however, will seldom give trouble if tarred paper is placed beneath the ends. If a new broom be immersed in boiling water until it is quite cold, then thoroughly dried in the air, it will be far more pleasant to use and will last much longer. Frequent moistening of the broom is conducive to its usefulness and also saves the carpet.

A correspondent of the Scientific American gives this as a "sure death to buffalo moths." "Take strips of red or blue flannel (as these colors are particularly attractive to them), dip in liquid ammonia and lay between the ends of the carpets or wherever the pests are troublesome. They will soon eat a desired amount and collapse to the entire satisfaction of the house, without the least injury to the carpets."

In company with many readers, Table Talk has been annoyed with the nuisance of a greasy lamp—a lamp through which the oil seems to exude. Now the remedy for this is very simple. If persons would be careful when they blow their lights out to turn the wick low enough for the top of it to be below the edge of the burner this annoyance would be averted. They blow out the light, never thinking to turn down the wick, and, as the suction started by the flame continues for some time after the light is extinguished, the oil will spread over the surface of the lamp.

The Household is asked what is a cheap, effectual, and harmless cosmetic for the face and hands. The question is easily answered. Wash the face and hands in very warm water, with plain, good soap, and with a handful of fine ground oatmeal rubbed in with the ends. A pound of oatmeal will cost 6 cents, a cake of castile soap 10 or 15, and they will last a long time. Such a cosmetic is perfectly harmless and effectual. It cleanses and softens wonderfully and leaves a gentle luster that no other cosmetic will give.

Apollo is said to be the first gentleman who ever struck a lyre. If he had only hit him a little harder we might not have so many magnificent liars at the present time.

HELENA'S PRETTY MILLINER.

How Her Advent Cost Handsome Al Worrall His Life.

BILL BURR'S COWARDLY THRUST

A Terrible All Around Fight at the International Which Resulted in Several Lynchings and a General Reformation.

Both Were After Louise.

"I saw the first hanging in Helena, Mont., the notorious desperado, by the Helena regulators as described in the Sun recently," said a former New Yorker, who was one of the engineer corps that made the preliminary survey of the route for the Northern Pacific railway, to a reporter for that paper, "and I saw the memorable deadly fracas that followed that execution, and which resulted in the summary cleaning out of the remnants of Jim Daly's gang, who had continued to haunt Helena, and were showing a disposition to run things again with a high hand. That bloody affray was indirectly caused by a woman, who subsequently became a social leader in Helena, and who probably is yet, if she is living.

"For a while after Jim Daly was hanged there was a peaceful lull in the town, and it seemed an ominous calm to the citizens. Gradually the gambling halls, hurdy-gurdies, and other lawless establishments became as free as ever. Still there was no trouble, and the regulators had come to the conclusion that things were going on as well as might be expected, when calamity was precipitated by an unforeseen circumstance. The stage from Gallatin drew up in front of the International hotel one afternoon, and from it alighted a dainty, genteelly dressed young woman. She was clad in black, and an unmistakable air of mystery surrounded her. She entered the hotel, and nothing was seen or heard of her by the outside world for a day or so, when a modest sign was hung out opposite the door of the hotel stating that 'Madame Louise' was prepared to do millinery work for the female portion of Helena. Madame Louise was the handsome and mysterious arrival by the Gallatin coach. That was all she saw fit to make known of her personality or antecedents, and that was all that the public ever knew of her history. But the men all fell in love with her, toughs and all.

The leadership in toughness, after the hanging of Jim Daly, seemed to have fallen, by natural selection, to the part of Bill Burr, one of Dally's chief aids. Bill got a fair load of Helena tangloft on board one day, not long after the pretty milliner had settled in Helena, and in the course of his remarks he referred in very warm and confident terms to the possibilities in the direction of Helena. Madame Louise was promptly informed that he was wide of the mark in his calculations, as it had become an open secret at the hotel that the milliner was already in love with Al Worrall. This threw Bill in a terrible rage. He swore that the statement was a lie, and made a big wager that he would come out ahead in the favor of the young woman.

he exclaimed, 'or I'll make Al Worrall crawl!'

"Al Worrall was a handsome young Philadelphian, and is remembered yet as one of the best amateur athletes that had ever settled in the west. Bill Burr's bravado and boasting remarks soon reached the ears of both Mme. Louise and Worrall. They amused the lady, but made Al mad. He threatened, in the event of hearing any further remarks of that kind from Bill Burr or any of his friends, that he would stand them on their heads.

"The next day was a lively one in Helena, for it was Saturday, and miners had come in from all sides to make a day of it. Our engineer corps was at the International, and Saturday afternoon Al Worrall came into the barroom to see some of the party with whom he was acquainted. Al was a strict teetotaler. While he was there Bill Burr walked in with half a dozen of his toughs, and, striding to the bar, called all hands to step up and drink. A number of citizens, knowing of the presence of Worrall in the saloon, naturally supposed there would be a fuss, and came in to watch the result. Worrall refused to drink, because of his temperance habits. Bill worked himself into an ugly fit.

"Any one that won't drink with me," he shouted, with an oath, "will give more than he does now when I get through with him!" "Al, seeing that the remark was directed for him, turned slowly around, and placing a hand on each hip, said calmly and coolly:

"I have heard enough from you, Bill! If you raise any more fuss in this room I'll break your head!" "Bill stooped down, and placing both hands out before him in a pleading sort of way, said:

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" "All the while he kept coming closer to Al, as if he was afraid of him, stooping low with all the appearance of fear. Worrall stood still, quietly watching the ruffian. He nor no one else was prepared for Bill's next act. When he got within reaching distance of Worrall, quick as a flash he whipped a long murderous knife out of his boot leg, and plunged it into Worrall's abdomen, giving it a vicious turn and twist as it dashed into his victim's vitals. Worrall dropped to the floor. Bill started to go out. His friends crowded around him, and for a terrible moment nobody spoke a word. Then a young miner who had been quietly sitting by one of the windows, coolly rose up, and leveling a revolver sent a bullet crashing through Bill Burr's brain. The cowardly desperado fell dead in his tracks. Instantly Bill's companions opened a fire upon all who were left in the room. The fire was returned, and the fusillade was fast and furious. Two of Bill's gang dropped to the floor before they could reach the door, riddled with balls from outside and in. A third one in hurrying to escape, stumbled over an old miner, who had remained sitting tilted back in his chair against the wall during the entire affray. The fleeing desperado made good his escape from the room, and jumping on his horse, started at full run down the street. The old miner rose from his chair like a shot. He reached behind the door, and pulling out an old army rifle, leveled it at the flying member of the gang, and fired. The desperado was forty rods away. With the crack of the old miner's rifle he threw his hands in the air, tumbled headlong from his horse and never moved again. The mountaineer had sent his bullet plumb between the wretch's shoulders, in less than three minutes from the time Bill Burr issued his invitation to the crowd to drink with him, he and three of his gang, were done for, and

two of the best citizens of Helena lay dead on the floor. Other citizens were badly wounded. An inquest was held, the deliberations of which occupied just five minutes. The verdict was such that next morning several more of Bill Burr's friends were hanging by the neck from trees at different points surrounding Helena, none more than a mile away. To the back of each one was pinned, in large handwriting, plain enough for the blindest man to see, this warning from the regulators:

TO ALL FRIENDS OF BILL BURR'S: GIT.

"The warning was heeded, and that was the last of Jim Daly's notorious gang, and the last of the rule of the desperado in Helena. The leader of the regulators who accomplished the work was the same well-known judge from the east who had conducted the hanging of Daily. The mysterious milliner made a great show of mourning for poor Al Worrall for a time, and then set Helena in commotion by marrying the regulator judge. That put her at the top notch of society in the town, and no one ever bothered himself thereafter about who she was and where she came from, and nobody ever knew."

The Shower.

James Whitcomb Riley. The landscape, like the awed face of a child, Grew curiously blurred—a hush of death. Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glimmer-work of light and shade Dappled the shivering surface of the snow. The frightened ripples in their amusements Of willows trembled and shook.

The sullen day grew darker, and anon Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky— With rumbling wheels of wrath came roll on on.

The cloud above put on its blackest frown— And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain, The lightning snatched it—ripped and flung it raveled shreds of rain—

While I, transfused by some wondrous art, Bowed with the thrifty lilies of the sod, My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart Drenched with the loved of God!

SINGULARITIES.

A calf with three horns is a recent curiosity at Lenox, Iowa. From Huesport (Mo.) it is reported that a cat is sitting on a nest of eggs which a hen had deserted. Lou Allen Sprint, a Baltimore child of five and one-half years, is assisting at church entertainments and astonishing people by her proficiency on the piano. The natural gas question must be getting serious in Indiana if a farmer cannot go out on his porch and light a pipe without setting all out of doors and the water well on fire, as occurred near Noblesville a day or two ago. A mouse attracted no little attention in the window of a Danbury, Conn., merchant. The little fellow ran about among the goods, and climbed up to the top of the large show-window and curtains, catching flies. He has made the window his abode for several weeks, and keeps the flies away in the most approved manner. A Newfoundland dog in California, which lost its master, was found no less than three different times trying to dig open his grave. After the last visit, according to the San Francisco Bulletin, the body, for some reason or other, was disinterred and the dog, upon sniffing the coffin, took to the woods and thereafter refused all food. Twin girls, weighing together only five pounds, eleven ounces, were born in New York a few days ago. The smaller one weighed two pounds, eight ounces. The attending physician, in his report to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, said that the babies were healthy, possessed of good lungs and pleasant in appearance."