

# TWO ORPHANS

## ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING,

### HATS, CAPS AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

## TO BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

**THE TWO ORPHANS will Begin Monday Next to Close Their Entire Stock of Goods.**

**Everyone Should Investigate This Closing Sale as the Entire Stock MUST BE SOLD.**

**Unless the Stock Should be Sold in Bulk, as Other Dealers are Liable to Buy it, We will Sell the Same to the Consumers, Regardless of Value**

**TILL OTHER ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE TO CLOSE THE WHOLE STOCK.**

# TWO ORPHANS, Corner 16th and Douglas Streets

### HIDDEN STREAMS OF WATER.

One Hundred and Fifteen Miles of Them Course Through Omaha.

### IMPELLED BY MIGHTY PUMPS.

All of Which Have Cost the American Waterworks Company More Than a Million and a Half of Dollars.

#### Omaha's Water Supply.

An interval of nine years would be but an insignificant paragraph in the history of most of the older cities of the country, but in the marvelous record of Omaha—the predestined metropolis of the west—it has been a period of such remarkable growth as to amaze even those whose memory can recall its every progressive phase. In no respect has such improvement been made as in the matter of supplying the city with water. In 1880 Omaha's population of 80,000 souls secured its water supply entirely from wells and cisterns. To-day the supply is furnished by a waterworks plant which, it is said, has but two equals and no superiors on the continent. In fact, it has no equals when the source and character of the water is taken into consideration.

The new works of the American Water Works company at Florence have just been put into operation. Work was commenced on the plant in 1887, when the company bought 100 acres of ground along the river bank east of Florence and alongside the railway tracks. The first work necessary was to protect the site chosen from the encroachments of the river. This was done by sinking stone jetties at various points north of the plant and building a stone dyke 80 feet in height and 15 feet wide along the river bank. For this work 2,500 car loads of stone were used, the entire cost of the protection improvements exceeding \$100,000.

The new pump house is a model in its way. The main building is 125x65 feet with a wing 55x120. It is built of cut stone in the Norman style of architecture and is perfectly adapted for the purpose for which it is to be used. The machinery rooms are all large and finely finished, having ample space for an increase of capacity. The building is fronted by a handsome square tower which, while enhancing the beauty of the building, also furnishes a splendid observatory and offices for the engineers and officers of the company in charge of the works.

It is interesting to trace the water, as did a reporter under the guidance of Manager Hall, of the waterworks company, the other day, from the time it is taken from the river until it is delivered at the pipes, ready for use by the consumers.

These are five in number of irregular shape, and each about 300 by 400 feet in size and 35 feet deep. The basins are dug out of the clay, then floored with six inches of concrete and plastered with Portland cement, making them absolutely impervious to the action of water. The walls are of solid masonry with stone coping. The bottom of each basin is built with depressions, like so many hills and valleys, each depression being connected with a mud-valve so that it can be cleaned when necessary. The basins are also so arranged that any one of them may be emptied and cleaned without interfering with the work of the other four. It is the fifth basin, or the one farthest to the south, that the water is delivered by the Allis low-pressure pump already mentioned. The fourth basin is several feet lower than the one which receives the water direct from the pump. They are connected by a cut in the top of the stone wall which allows the water to overflow into basin No. 4. As everyone knows how rapidly a sediment forms in a pail of Missouri river water, it can easily be understood that the water which would blow over the top of a 35-foot wall into basin No. 4, would be clearer than when delivered into basin No. 5. This overflow process is continued until the water is delivered into basin No. 1, situated nearest the pumping house and below all the others. At present only two basins are in operation, but the others are being completed as rapidly as 700 men can do the work; and, when they are all in operation, the Waterworks company promises to deliver Missouri water to consumers almost clear as spring water.

The process of settling the water is simple. It couldn't do otherwise, under the circumstances, than to overflow the various basins. In other words, run down hill, to basin No. 1, where it is delivered in as nearly pure and clear state as it is possible to get it. But here the work commences. It is necessary to get the supply through six miles of thirty-six-inch pipe to Cummings street, and then up that long grade to Walnut hill, where are located two reservoirs, each with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons, from which the city is for the most part supplied. To do this work a monster Gaskell pump, with 800-horse power, is used, each revolution of which sends about six hundred gallons of water pulsating through the main artery leading to the reservoir. The water from the reservoirs at Walnut hill, owing to the altitude of the latter, furnishes a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch at hydrants in the lower parts of the city, and the supply for the majority of consumers is furnished from their reservoirs. Consumers in the more elevated portions of the city are furnished by a high pressure system, formed by pumping directly into the mains with a pump at the Walnut Hill plant.

The reservoirs at the Florence plant have a total capacity of about one hundred million gallons, and from them the water is conducted through 115 miles of pipe to reach the consumers in the different portions of the city. The present pumping capacity of the machinery on hand is 15,000,000 gallons per day, with ample building rooms for increasing the machinery supply at any time. The company, at the completion of the work now in progress, will have expended over a half million dollars and will have a plant of sufficient capacity to supply the wants of the city in its line for many years to come.

The grounds around the company's works are to be graded and seeded, giving the entire 160 acres the appearance

of a handsome park with a system of rock-banked lakes extending through it.

The old works of the company, in the bottoms north of the Union Pacific shops, are to be abandoned as soon as the new plant is in successful operation as the location was not suitable for a proper arrangement of the necessary settling basins.

Manager Hall expects to have the new works in full operation by August 1, when the citizens will be invited to inspect the plant.

#### HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The rubber-finished and cork-soled bathing stockings find a large sale this season.

Simple white waists made of French muslin, silk, India linen, American surah, or China silk are worn over skirts of various kinds.

Both here and in Paris and London the sailor hat is again very popular, and is seen everywhere and upon almost every occasion.

Cool and dainty summer toilets in white and green, or white and gold, are of white crepe or India veiling, with a garniture of Chinese silk and soft, heavy Empire vest, with drapery in sash form deeply fringed.

Many of the pretty indoor dresses at the summer resorts are made in quite simplicity. Most of the skirts are full and straight, the bodice fitting closely, and pointed front and back, and lightly pointed with lace or point d'esprit.

Some of the picturesque flower-crowned hats in Empire and Directoire styles are triumphs of French art and taste. Others, on the contrary, particularly those known as the "Tosca" styles, have a Bacchanalian air, and are triumphs of ugliness.

The fabrics and costumes for bathing used this year show as much variety as those for tennis. Some are as pretty as they have ever been made, which is not saying a great deal, but there are neat and sensible waists and skirts of proper material and design.

Among some pretty summer dancing toilets recently shown was one of anemone pink. The color was hardly as deep as the faintest tint of the sea-shell, and but for the volume of the material laid fold over fold, the tulle would hardly be visible as pink.

In passementeries and embroideries of every device and shade, some veritable marvels have been produced this season. Nothing can equal the grace and beauty of the designs, the fineness of the work, and the richness and elaborateness of the effects.

The flat has gone forth in London's best society that bare arms will appear as much at dress as at the evening.

At kedietrons, lunches, 5 o'clock teas, etc., "the hair will be worn powdered, the long gloves drawn off, and then fair rounded arms will emerge from laces and draperies, bare to above the elbows, without bracelets, but the fingers glittering with costly rings.

Charming little "Seaside" hats are in the "Nimble" shape, the broad rim slanting down in front, from underneath which protrudes the pointed or rounded edge of a closely shirred ruffle of point d'esprit lace. These hats are made of fancy straw in all the fashionable shades of moss, olive, strawberry, tan, etc., and are decorated outside with large Alsatian bows of gaily striped ribbon.

The pale, shadowy broche patterns produced by the Jacquard looms are noticeable in many of the beautiful semi-diamonds textiles imported for midsummer wear. These lovely devices appear on the creamy surfaces of the new delicious crepe-lace fabrics, and among some ethereal and very poetic-looking garden party toilets, these tulle of these materials over silk like tint were particularly admired. En suite were shirred hats, and parcels edged with primrose lace.

India cashmeres are exquisitely fine and beautifully colored this season. The three popular shades are willow, primrose yellow and pale mauve, and novel use is made of them as linings to toilets of transparent embroidery on cream net representing lace. Skirts made thus are extremely soft and pretty. The bodice is draped in surplus form with folds of the net. Gowns of this description are designed for wear at the seaside, where the cashmere proves a light protection against the strong sea breezes. Yet the dress has a most dainty and delicate effect, while still avoiding the danger of a thinly lined transparent gown.

### GRIM SENTINELS ARE THEY.

A Night With the Guards at General Grant's Tomb.

THEIR'S IS A LONELY VIRGIL.

A New York Reporter Who Remained During One Watch Gives a Graphic Description of the Sombre Scene.

#### Guardians of the Dead.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the last light in the village of Edgewater, across the Hudson, has been extinguished. An hour later, save for the street lamps, Harlem is in darkness. The last belated bicyclist in Riverside park has whirled past on his phantom steed and the only sounds that relieve the monotony of the vigil at Grant's tomb are the quarter-hourly rumbling of an elevated train and the rustling branches of the trees that line the river's brink. It is the loneliest hour of the watch. The cool sea breeze freshens and the two men in uniform who stand in front of the tomb button their great coats closer about them and scan the sky for the first signs of dawn.

Ordinarily there are but two men on guard at Grant's tomb, but to-night there are three. The third is the World's sentinel, on duty for one night only. He came on just now at 10 p. m. with Cornelius Hoesy and John Fagin, of the Park police, whose "tour" will last until 6 o'clock in the morning. George Mott and John Fuller, having answered all sorts of questions propounded by all kinds of people since 2 p. m., have gone home to their families feeling very tired and pessimistic. A similar fate, though of shorter duration, awaits Charles Buttner and Pat Meehan, who will relieve the present guard at 6 a. m. sharp.

"The sharper the better," comments Hoesy, who is a trifle under the weather and finds the air unpleasantly keen. The World's reporter drew a flask from his pocket and said: "Have some of this. It will warm your blood and keep you from catching a worse cold."

Both men started back in amazement. It is as much as their heads are worth to touch liquor, even when off duty. To do so at their posts would be official suicide.

"The same rule applies to you, too, while you are with us," says Fagin, firmly, and the flask was returned to its appropriate pocket with the cork untapped.

"Have a cigar, then?"

Hoesy and Fagin shook their heads as firmly as before. The business of the night is to watch Grant's tomb, not to drink or smoke. The outcome was not encouraging. For a year after General Grant's body was placed in the tomb built for it opposite One Hundred and Twenty-third street in Riverside park it was guarded by a company of regular soldiers, sent alternate months from Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island. The company lived in barracks

on the brink of the river a hundred yards west of the tomb. One sentinel was always on duty in front of the tomb. Immediately to the left was a sentry box, to which he was permitted to retire at intervals in stormy weather. A corporal and three privates occupied the guardhouse, built on the elevation back and to the left of the tomb. June 30, 1886, this military guard was withdrawn and the duty of protecting the celebrated soldier's remains, and the casket and tomb enclosing them, from possible acts of vandalism, was confided to the department of park police. In the estimation of the neatly uniformed, courteous, clean-looking men who preserve peace and good order at Riverside Park, this military guard was a good deal of nuisance. There was too little to do and too many to do it. Though out of the twenty or thirty men in the company ten or twelve were officers, there was a lack of discipline and restraint, and a tendency to boastfulness which scandalized the park police the more because they were not permitted to interfere.

When the military guard was taken away six men of the park police force were appointed guard to the tomb, two at a time, eight hours on and sixteen hours off duty. The morning "tour," from 6 a. m. to 2 p. m., being the least monotonous, and that from 10 p. m. to 2 a. m. the most so, the order of the guard is changed every month, so that the disadvantage of the watch shall be equally distributed between the six men assigned to that duty. The work is very much more irksome than that of patrolling the park drives, but there is a certain distinction attached to the position that offsets the inactivity and monotony of it.

At 11 o'clock the park is closed to pedestrians, and the roundsmen are occasionally heard challenging some one who is unfamiliar with the rule or wishes to break it. The clouds which obscured the sky earlier in the evening have been blown by the rising sea breeze into a heavy bank on the northern horizon, and the moon, well along in her last quarter, transforms the Hudson into a sheet of burnished silver. The fringe of trees along the bank is seen in the moonlight as a dark line, and the elevation of the spot occupied by the tomb is such as to give the lights of the village of Edgewater the appearance of floating in the bosom of the river.

The guard house is in the shadow of the wild cherry and hemlock trees that grow on the highest part of the elevation, but on the front of the tomb, its rays, even penetrating to the flower-covered sarcophagus, the moon shines in all its splendor. One can easily read the inscription on the white memorial arch set on Memorial Day by the Envoy Extraordinary of the Emperor of China—"Enshrined in the Hearts of His Countrymen"—and other floral emblems are plainly outlined against the iron grate, though their colors cannot be distinguished. The moon's rays light up the interior of the mausoleum sufficiently to reveal the profusion of flowers and growing plants that half bury the casket and cover the floor with a luxuriant carpet of living green. By day, the vicinity of the tomb is the most commanding and romantic part of the park. In the silence of a moonlit midnight the romance of the surrounding scene and the sentiment inspired by the tomb and its associations are enhanced a hundredfold.

But by the time Hoesy had remarked that it was midnight the World reporter had become fully alive to the disadvantages of his position. The air was cold and constantly growing colder. There was a combine on the part of the two sentinels that refused to sanction a

temporary adjournment to the station, and all intercourse with the still carefully corked flask was sternly prohibited. There never was a more faithful exemplification of the desirability when one is in Rome of doing as Romans do. For at least half an hour Fagin and Hoesy stood like statues at their respective sides of the iron gates, never moving a muscle or uttering a syllable. In front of the tomb is a perfectly flat and smooth space about fifteen feet square. Twice or thrice up to the present time first Hoesy and then Fagin have stalked sedately about the margin of this space, but had not ventured one step beyond. Once the sound of footfalls on the drive brought them both forward three or four paces, and as the steps drew near the clubs of both were struck against the stone pavement with a ringing sound, and Hoesy called out:

"Who comes there?"

"It's only a roundsmen on his beat

approaching when the moon was under a cloud."

At 2 a. m. there were no signs of life in any direction. The lights of Edgewater are all out and the street lamps of Harlem are out of sight behind an elevation back of the tomb. The necessity of doing or saying something becomes imperative. Both of the regular guards stood erect on their feet, with arms folded. The imperturbable Fagin might have been carved out of gray sandstone, but there were signs of life about Hoesy, who was not quite himself that night, and so to him the question was addressed:

"Is it the very night?"

"Pretty nearly. One night is about like another, unless it rains."

"Has there ever been any attempt to steal Grant's remains?"

"No."

"Nor to mar or desecrate the tomb in any way?"

"None at all. There would be no object in marling the tomb that would warrant the risk of arrest and punishment, and it would be useless for any one or number of persons to attempt to remove the remains."

"How so? There are only you two to over-see."

"There is always another within

"Three would be no match for a dozen who might first overpower the roundsmen nearest to the One Hundred and Twenty-second street entrance and be down on you in a body before you had time to give any alarm."

"Even then the attempt would be useless," said Hoesy. "The outer casket and its contents weigh 4,200 pounds. Enough men to carry it out of the tomb would get hold of it. As to breaking open the outer casket and removing the coffin containing the remains, that could not be done at all without tools made expressly for that purpose. The case which contains the coffin is made of hardened steel plates, five-eighths of an inch in thickness, fastened together with steel bolts of equal hardness. It is calculated that it would take a skilled workman four days, with tools made for the purpose and renewed as fast as they gave out, to get at the remains. The entire police force could have time to get here before a mob of fifty men could make a start at such a job."

Nevertheless, Hoesy and Fagin kept up a sharp lookout in all directions. It may be an extremely difficult task to steal the body of General Grant, but once stolen and successfully secreted, what ransom might not be asked for its restoration. Superintendent Walling is said to have paid \$20,000 to the men who delivered to him a body said to be that of A. T. Stewart, and A. T. Stewart was only a private citizen.

A little before 3 a. m. the very small stars began to disappear, and the larger

ones had lost their brilliancy. The moon had gone to rest over in New Jersey somewhere. Though now the tree cast no shadow, a dim, all-prevailing light which seemed to have no source, outlined their trunks and branches almost as plainly as did the moon's rays earlier in the morning.

A glance at the eastern sky solved the riddle. The fleecy margins of a bank of wind-whirled clouds were dripping in the warm tint which heralded the approach of dawn. The spectacle had not escaped the eyes of Fagin and Hoesy. They gazed upon the steadily brightening eastern sky with evident satisfaction, and so far relaxed their dignity as to stretch their muscular arms and yawn melodiously in unison. The World reporter had barely enough energy left to sneeze respectfully. Noticing the easier dignity of his companions now that their vigil is nearing its end he ventures to inquire:

"How long have you two followed this sort of thing for a regular business?"

"Three years," answered Hoesy.

"And during those three years has nothing ever happened?"

"Yes, once—about two years ago, was it? John Buttner came along at 2 o'clock in the morning and lay down on the grass beside the tomb. We stirred him up. 'Can't you let a poor devil take a stone out of his shoe?' says he. 'Certainly,' says I, 'an' now you'd better move on. What are you doing here at this hour in the night, anyhow?' 'I'm tryin' to find Mrs. Vanderbilt's house,' says he. 'I've an engagement to take breakfast with her, an' etiquette requires that I shall be on time. Mornin' gents.'"

"With that the chap moves on. I guess there's nothing else to tell, is there, John?"

"No," said John, "that's the only adventure that's ever been heard of around here."

Presently the sun came up rosy and smiling out of Long Island Sound.

"Hoist the colors," says Fagin, and ten seconds later the American flag, at the top of a tall staff, floated in the breeze above the tomb of General Grant.

The early bicyclists began to whirl down the drive, and occasionally an ambitious horseman jolted along on his stiff-legged but fashionable trotter. Promptly at 6 o'clock Charles Buttner and Pat Meehan arrived and relieved the guard—much to the guard's relief. Such is a night with the guard at Grant's tomb. There are 365 of them in each year.

#### IMPIETIES.

The first match made in heaven was Lucifer.

No good clergyman can conscientiously go to the Paris exposition for the benefit of his throat. There are lots of good throat places in this country.

The Pittsburgh papers have become so expert in handling a series of articles on "Some Mistakes of Noah."

A young preacher said to Dr. Weston: "Your audience seemed a little drowsy today. It could not have been the fault of the sermon. I have noticed the same thing when I preached."

Infidel (discussing osteichem with old colored woman)—Now, kintie, if God made man of dust, what did he do on rainy days when there is no dust? Auntie—Oh, I speck he makes infidel's dem days.

Gertie (after the pastor's visit)—Mamma, were you engaged to a minister before you married papa? Mamma—Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask such a question?

Gertie—Well! I was just thinking what dull time we'd have had if you had married him.

A popular youthful toilet at the fashionable resorts is a tinted silk blouse waist with skirts of lace, either white or matched to the blouse in color.