

GRAND SPECIAL SALE OF FINE TABLE LINENS AND REMNANTS OF THE LATE FALL DRESS GOODS!

502, 504, 506, 508 and 510 South 13th Street.

MAMMOTH BASEMENT SALESROOMS! We will To-morrow offer over \$100,000 worth of New, Staple Domestic Dry Goods. If you want anything in this line come To-morrow.

CALICOS. Standard Calicos, slightly wet... Muslins. Fine Bleached Muslin...

FLANNELS. Great Auction Sale IN NEW YORK. We are the only house represented at these great sales from Omaha...

LINENS. Turkey Red Table Damask. Imported Turkey Red Damask... Cream Damask Table Linens...

REMNANTS. Mr. A. D. Brandeis, while in New York, closed out from one of the largest manufacturers all the Remnants that had accumulated in the mills during the entire season...

White Sheetings. Largest & Cheapest Stock in Omaha... Pillow Cottons. Largest & Cheapest Stock in Omaha...

RED FLANNELS. Extra Heavy Twilled Flannel... WHITE FLANNELS. Best Shaker Flannels...

CRASH. Nice Brown Cotton Crash... LINEN TOWELS. All Linen Checked Towels...

PLAIN COLORED LAWS. All the Best Quality Figured American Lawns... PLAIN COLORED LAWS. All the Best Black and Plain Colored Lawns...

Cheap Tickings. Splendid Mattress Ticking... Gingham. Best Apron Check Gingham...

HANDKERCHIEFS. Big Job Lots. 1000 doz-n Ladies' Fine Colored Bordered Handkerchiefs... 3c Each.

Bed Spreads. Largest and Cheapest Stock in Omaha. Splendid Marseilles Quilts...

WHITE GOODS. Very Best Quality American Sateens... Fall Novelties. Comprising Stripe Foule, Serges, Camelote Cloth...

502, 504, 506, 508, 510 South 13th Street.

We are now prepared to show the largest and cheapest stock of Dress Goods in the city, in fine goods as well as low priced goods. Be sure and attend this sale, as never again will such bargains be offered.

100 PIECES Double Fold Wool 12 1/2c. Serge Cashmeres, 19c. 46-INCH WIDE SILK FINISHED 50c. 42 PIECES New Invisible Plaid 48c. 2 CASES FINE 40-INCH WIDE STRIPED CHEVIOTS 19c. ALL WOOL 40-INCH WIDE Billiard Cloth, 29c. 36-INCH WIDE Imported All Wool 35c. 100 PIECES NEW EFFECTS IN Fall Novelties 49c.

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DIRECT IMPORTATION! NEW PLUSHES. Buy your plushes now, as they will be worth double the money in a month from now. SILK VELVETS. 16-INCH SILK PLUSH, 35c. VERY WIDE SILK PLUSH, 49c. 24-Inch Wide Finest Quality SILK PLUSH, 75c. 100 PIECES SILK VELVET, 48c.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS, - 502, 504, 506, 508, 510 South 13th Street, Omaha.

THE LOCAL FIELD OF SPORT.

The Range of the Omaha Schutzenverein.

INTERESTING BASE BALL GOSSIP.

St. Joe Says Cash or Collapse—Questions and Answers—Cycling, the Rod and Gun and Miscellaneous Sports.

The Schutzenverein.

This organization is a healthier, more flourishing condition than any of the shooting clubs in the city, and in a short time will take a premier position over all of them.

The Schutzenverein is now rapidly perfecting arrangements for a grand tournament to be held at their range out at Ruser's park.

The tournament will open up on Wednesday next, the 28th, and continue to the 30th inclusive.

There will be both short and long range competitions, and the prizes will aggregate nearly \$1,000 in value.

Invitations have been sent to all the well known rifle shots of Iowa, Missouri, Dakota and Kansas, and the management is expecting a large attendance from abroad.

The Omaha Schutzenverein can boast of the finest, most complete and attractive range in the west.

It is situated at Ruser's park, on the West line, within half an hour's drive of the city.

The club membership has run up to sixty and the average attendance at their weekly shoots is somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty.

All their shooting is done under the rules of the American Rifle Association, and there are developing some fine shots.

The club has recently expended about \$800 upon the range, and it is as near perfection as they can make it.

They have a big pavilion, ten regulation targets, electrical markers and annunciators, shooting stalls, racks, resta, and in fact all of the accessories necessary for a complete and comfortable range.

The club was organized by Mr. Will Krug, who takes much pride in the improvements and progress of the organization, and continues one of its most active and influential members.

Mr. Krug himself is a good shot with either shotgun or rifle, is ardently fond of field sports, and just the man to have at the head of an organization like the Schutzenverein.

Meeting of the City League.

There will be a meeting of the City Base Ball League at the gun store of Gwin & Dunline next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

It will be an important business meeting, and all the clubs belonging to the league are urged to attend to have a representative present.

A Dead Game Sport.

H. A. Lyon, proprietor of an athletic goods house in Sioux City, is here with a boodle which he desires to place on the Corn Huskers in this afternoon's game.

The Apollo Byke.

The regular weekly run takes place today to Florence lake, the start to be made at 3:30 sharp.

by being hit by the pitcher, does it count in the score a time at bat?—Sluggar, city.

Ans.—It does not.

Will you please confer a favor by informing me through the Bee, if you can, what year was Tom Hyer the champion of America, also what was his nationality?—A. P. Duff, Blue Springs, Neb.

Ans.—From 1841 to 1850, when he retired, English.

Will you please answer the following in the Sunday Bee's sporting column: Is a flyman if muffed by one player, then caught by another before it touches the ground, an out? Is a ball hit into the diamond, but rolling out, a foul ball?—A. B. Board, publisher Nebraska Observer, Kimball, Neb.

Ans.—Yes, to both questions.

A bats B that St. Joe never had a club in the Western league, nor never had a club in the same association with Omaha before this year. Will you please answer in Sunday morning's Bee and decide the bet?—Henry P. Camp, Holdrege, Neb.

Ans.—Omaha and St. Joe were both members of the Western league in 1877.

Will you please answer the following in Sunday's Bee? I who has the right to the umpire, the visitors or the home team?—Frank D. Miller, Suplee, Mo.

Ans.—Among amateurs, the visitors are courtously allowed to name the umpire, but one is agreed upon when the game is arranged. Among the professional associations the umpires are scheduled like the teams, or assigned by the secretary.

Will you please inform me how to obtain fielding and batting percentages.—Base Ball Enthusiast, Council Bluffs.

Ans.—Add the put-outs, assists and errors together and divide the total into the total number of put-outs, and you will get the fielding percentage. Divide the number of times at bat into the number of hits made, and you will get the batting percentage.

We have a number of sprinters here, and one of them bats that the fastest 100 yards ever made was by H. M. Johnson, in 17 seconds. Is he correct?—Runner, Seward, Neb.

Ans.—As to time yes, but it was made by George Seward, in England, in 1844.

Will you kindly inform me through the Bee who holds the world's record for twenty-four hours bicycle riding?—Alber Munz, Omaha.

Ans.—Senator? W. J. Morgan.

Flashes From the Diamond.

Des Moines is in the last hole for keeps. Sioux City's outfield is a very strong one. Elmer Foster is playing in his old form again.

Minneapolis is said to have signed Pitcher Nat Hudson.

St. Paul knocked three straight out of Dave Howard's stomach in last week's game.

Chipney McGarr says that "Omaha shan't win de pennant!" The giddy little bird.

Pitcher Hennessy, released by Des Moines, has returned to his home in Covington, Ky.

Tom Lovett, Omaha's star twirler of last season, is proving a regular padding in the American association.

There will be two games for one price on the local grounds next Wednesday afternoon with Chipney McGarr's aggregation.

player in the Western association, being eighteen years of age. Ezra Sutton is the oldest.

Phelan has been laid off permanently by Des Moines. He is in no condition to play, and probably will not be again this season, at any rate.

Players have learned pretty thoroughly without a no balling umpire Tim Hurlst, and there is no goos, every time, without any back talk.

St. Joe has been playing rotten ball. The papers explain this fact in one word—"beer."

The papers are right—they've a great old lushing team down there.

Chicago has not used Hutchinson in the field lately. The cause, it is rumored, that the swarthy Chief Rapid twirler had a falling out with Auson.

Mains, St. Paul's elongated twirler, made great record for himself the other day. He gave thirteen men bases on balls, had five wild pitches, and hit two men.

Pitcher Krook, formerly with the Chicago and Indianapolis National league clubs, has signed with Milwaukee to pitch in their game to-day with Des Moines.

Grand Rapids, Mich., would like to take Sioux City's place in the Western association, but the Western association has too many burys of Grand Rapids' stripe already.

They are still talking down in Kearney about the home team's victory over Milwaukee. The Omahas play there next Friday, and they expect to take their scalps, too.

The sale of John Barnes' interest in the St. Paul club to Mike Roche is a bluff. Barnes still holds his stock, and instead of receiving \$15,000 for it, he couldn't get \$2,500.

Hobby Black, late of Wilkesbarre, has signed a Sioux City contract. The Indians' outfield, which is composed of Glenn, Black and Cline is second to none in the Western association.

Pickett's arm gets worse instead of better, and he is not likely to play much this season. He got wet and caught cold in his arm during an exhibition game in Indiana on the club's last eastern trip.

There is considerable ill-feeling between the Omaha and St. Joe players, owing to their freely expressed opinions of each other. Chipney McGarr, who was always treated nicely here, seems to be the premier agitator.

Manager Watkins has asked Catcher Guntson to go to the St. Joseph club, to be held in reserve for the Kansas City club. Guntzy refused to go, saying that he would prefer to be released outright, and Guntzy's head is level.

Very few newspapers are publishing the sacrifice-hit column in their base ball scores, notwithstanding that the rules demand it, and the fact that sacrifice hits are as potent a factor in averages as bona fide hits.

A base ball score is incomplete and unsatisfactory with this column omitted.

The Corn Huskers and the Omahas at the local park again this afternoon. It will be a day game, but the Omahas are in no particular, and anxious to take the ball. The usual tremendous Sunday crowd will be present and it wouldn't be a bad idea to go out early and get a good seat.

Ted Sullivan is making a handsome income dealing in the purchase and sale of ball players. He was in this city all last week endeavoring to secure the best buy on the market, and he has never before been offered 100 yards with astonishing regularity, but does some fancy wing shooting that would put to shame the efforts of many of our best holes in Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis.

There will have to be a stop put to the pernicious practice of loaning players sooner or later, or disastrous results in more ways than one will be the consequence. Players have the power to remedy this matter themselves. They should refuse to be farmed out, but demand their unconditional release whenever such a proposition is made.

Gentle Francisco Sele's usual placid countenance now wears a smile as broad and deep as that of a colored camp meeting convert tackling a watermelon. The grand strides of the White Sox pennantward are liable to make the general manager crack his face beyond repair, and a defeat today is all that can avert such a disaster.

Danny Shannon has been made manager of the Louisville. Danny was an old favorite

here, and he is a man of much base ball capacity, as well as the usual and a gentleman. He is liable, however, to get on a second-hand load of peaches smelling the gang's breath as they fly in the net in the small hours of the morning.

The patronage down at the village of St. Joe has not been equal to the expenditures, and there is no doubt what day manager is quietly casting about to sell the entire team and franchise to some other city to secure itself against serious loss.

Manager Truckenmiller has all the glory he wants this season, and he has begun to squall for help, declaring that if the business men of the village wish to maintain the team as an advertising medium they must come to the front with some stuff, or let it go by the boards.

It has a chance to sell the players for an amount which will cover the deficit and leave me in possession of the improvements. Manager Truckenmiller says, "or I can transfer the franchise contract and get out that way. It has been suggested that I delay action until an effort can be made to reach the business men, but unless that is made at once the club will go as sure as my name is Truckenmiller. I have formerly in thirty years cared and the scores of the St. Joseph games daily in the Globe-Democrat, Chicago Tribune, New York Herald and other metropolitan papers, and I know what people are beginning to look for news of the city, it is of inestimable importance to those who have money invested in real estate and in business to maintain it."

Somebody has been responsible for the sale of the recent games, and if the merchants show a disposition to help the club, I'll promise them a rattling team for next year, which will start out on a pay-day basis. Since we have been playing ball, St. Joseph has been mentioned more frequently in one issue of the great newspapers than formerly in thirty years.

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The result of John L.'s trial has soured the death knell to London prize fighting in this country. The B. first-class manager, ordered a damper to pugilism generally for a long time to come.

Wilbur F. Knapp, now in Frisco, Cal., with the Harding-Morgan combination, claims the title of the champion professional bicyclist of the world, and has an open challenge to ride any living man any distance from one to one hundred miles for \$1,000.

The sporting editor of the Bee is in receipt of a handsome lithograph from Richard C. Fox of himself behind his incomparable double trotting team, "Sir Mohawk and Nellie South." What a splendid pair! Fox takes great delight in an spring behind this great pair.

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Many years ago the Otoes and Pawnees were united under one organization, and presided over by a wise chieftain by the name of Quenchauqua. Under his leadership happiness and prosperity reigned. The Omahas became their strong allies, and they waged successful war on the murderous Sioux and Cheyennes when occasion required, and that was quite frequently, for the braves of the last named tribe, who occupied vast tracts to the west and northwest, gave chase to the herds of Buffalo, as those animals made their regular visits to the Salt Basins.

Quenchauqua had a daughter, the prairie flowers, which entitled her to the name of Shogo. The trophies of the chase adorned her wigwam. None were more attentive to her than the young chieftains, Kohlama, of the Pawnees and Popotne, of the Otoes. The rivalry bred discord. Fair Shogo decided that Popotne was good, but Kohlama was far better, and in this comparative judgment the aged chieftain coincided. Then a division of territory became necessary. The Otoes were given the territory east of the river, whose waters flowed to the northward, and the Pawnees a broad expanse of territory west of the river flowing to the southward, while the prairie between remained neutral. A union of forces became necessary to repel invasion and so continued until the death of Quenchauqua, which must have been prior to the time when Coronado went in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola. After several years' entanglement, Popotne sent a swift messenger to Kohlama to request him to meet the Otoes in council at the Salt Licks for an adjustment of difficulties. The Pawnee chieftain, ever ready to reunite with his brave allies, obeyed the request and together with a few of his wise counselors wended their way towards the rising sun to the appointed place. The lithsome Shogo rode with him. Arriving at the designated spot where bubbling springs quenched the thirst of the weary travelers, they met and exchanged greetings. The presence of Shogo aroused the green eyed monster, and despite the good intentions of the Otoe chieftain, the preordained of native treachery directed a steady blow that laid Kohlama low.

The deed was done, but the avenging SPIRIT OF QUENCHAUQUA AROSE from the spring and slew Popotne and put to flight his warriors who were about to follow the example of their leader in waging a war of annihilation on their defenceless guests.

The spirit of Quenchauqua seizing the tomahawk of the dead slayer washed its blood stains in the waters which were turned to bitterness, and he decreed that it should be unfit for man or beast for many, many winters. Then turning with the weeping Shogo and her followers they departed towards the setting sun. One-half day's journey brought them to a rapidly flowing stream where waters sprinkled over rocky beds shadowed by gigantic trees and winding grape vines. Proceeding to the west of the river the spirit of Quenchauqua SMOTE THE ROCK under a huge tree trunk and sprang a crystal fountain of pure water over which the sad hearted Shogo presided, healing the wounded and curing the sick of her nation until the Big Medicine water became a panacea.

Shogo was now the acknowledged queen of the Blue valley, her good deeds and self-sacrificing devotion to her people resounded throughout the nation, and she was the recipient of many favors and worshipped as one who had direct communication with the Great Spirit. A high promontory situated a few hundred yards to the southward of the Big Medicine water, adorned by sturdy oaks and overlooking the Go-go rapids, where the waters of the river lap the sepulchered banks was the quiet retreat of Shogo, as she watched the rising sun and appeared to

HOLD SWEET COMMUNION with the departed chieftain Kohlama. This habit of prostrance to her supposed supernatural powers, and the picturesque elevation was held sacred by her dusky followers.

Years elapsed and a strange people clad in helmets and armor of brass came from the south and learning the story of the Indian queen, pursued her that the one she mourned now inhabited the happy hunting grounds situated many hundred miles to the southwest, beyond mountains and streams, and that they were sent as special messengers to carry her to the realm of delight. Their strange tongue and gorgeous array, unknown but in mythical traditions of her own people, added plausibility to their representations and coinciding with her dreams of the future, she was willing to undergo the hardships of dreary march and camp to again join the companion of her youth.

Thus attired she was persuaded to accompany the cavaliers, with a few trusted companions, and after the sacrifice of a spotted fawn, on the promontory and dedication of the springs to the afflictions of her nation.

SHOG MADE THEM FAREWELL, nevermore to be seen, but ever worshipped as a guardian spirit.

The legend needs no explanation, as it requires no great stretch of the imagination to prove that the Waters of Bitterness is located in the vicinity of the artesian well at Lincoln, and the Medicine water has its existence in the Lithium Springs at Milford.

Two Middleville young men fought with knuckles about a young woman, the foregoing young woman standing near and encouraging both. At the end of the fight the female turned a shoulder upon both because the combatants didn't fight to a finish.

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