

# HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR COMPULSORY CLEARING SALE

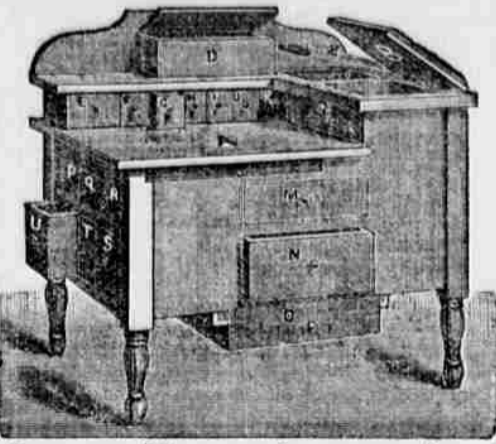
Our Sample Floors are literally jammed with goods, our store rooms crowded and our warehouses are actually shaking from the immense stock of Furniture, Carpets and Stoves stored there, besides car-loads unloaded for want of room. Our stock to-day amounts to the enormous sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, we are overstocked and must unload. We therefore begin to-morrow Monday morning, Sept 30th., the greatest sale ever attempted by any concern in Omaha, prices cut to the core, previous selling prices and cost not taken into consideration as we must unload, without regard to what our loss may be. This a chance once in a life time. Remember this great sale lasts only one week, positively no goods sold at the cut prices after Saturday, Oct 5th., when this "greatest of all" sale ends.

## HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS FOR LESS THAN HALF THEIR VALUE



- \$8 Extension Tables..... This week \$3.75
- \$15 Bureaus..... This week \$7
- \$7 Kitchen Safes..... This week \$3.50
- \$4 Bedsteads..... This week \$1.75
- \$40 Folding Beds..... This week \$25
- \$60 Folding Beds..... This week \$35
- \$18 Bed Lounges..... This week \$9.50
- \$1 Window Shades..... This week 30c
- 50c Ingrains..... This week 25c
- 75c Ingrains..... This week 40c
- \$1.25 Brussels..... This week 70c
- \$1 Pillows..... This week 40c
- \$2 Comforts..... This week 90c
- \$10 Lace Curtains..... This week \$4
- 65c Chairs..... This week 30c
- \$4 Rockers..... This week \$1.50
- \$6 Dining Tables..... This week \$3
- \$6 Center Tables..... This week \$3
- \$2.50 Center Tables..... This week 90c
- \$6 Hanging Lamps..... This week \$3
- \$2.50 Decorated Stand Lamps..... This week \$1.25
- \$15 Book Cases..... This week \$7.50
- \$15 Polished Rocker, Oak and Mahogany..... This week \$7.50

### HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND \$9.50



We guarantee this to be the same identical Kitchen Cabinet, known as the Housekeeper's Friend, that has been sold in Omaha for the last year for \$18. We will sell it for \$9.50, and take \$1 cash and \$1 per week.

This is the same identical Housekeeper's Friend that is sold for \$18. We have secured a quantity of them and will sell them for \$9.50, with \$1 cash and \$1 per week. Call and see it.

### \$9.50 for a Housekeeper's Friend. NOTE 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.

## REARER'S MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE

613-615 N. 16<sup>TH</sup> ST.



- \$50 Parlor Suits..... This week \$23.50
- \$75 Parlor Suits..... This week \$40
- \$18 Plush Rockers..... This week \$9.50
- \$8 Plush Parlor Chairs..... This week \$3.50
- \$4 Springs..... This week \$1.75
- \$4 Mattresses..... This week \$1.75
- \$50 Base Burner..... This week \$30
- \$40 Base Burner..... This week \$25
- \$25 Heaters..... This week \$15
- \$20 Heaters..... This week \$12.50
- \$15 Heaters..... This week \$8.50
- \$10 Heaters..... This week \$5
- \$40 Ranges..... This week \$25
- \$18 Cook Stoves..... This week \$9.30
- \$50 Secretaries..... This week \$30
- \$40 Secretaries..... This week \$22.50
- \$25 Ladies' Writing Desks..... This week \$15
- \$20 Ladies' Writing Desks..... This week \$12.50
- \$5 Pictures..... This week \$2.50
- \$10 Clocks..... This week \$5
- \$7.50 Toilet Sets..... This week \$4
- \$2.50 Set Potts Irons..... This week \$1.25
- \$1.75 Wash Boiler..... This week 98c

#### A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

Some Good Stories of Men and Other Animals.

#### A TUSSELE WITH A TARANTULA.

Lively Scene in a New York Station House—A Maiden Who Could Shoot—Sentenced to Hang in Rhyme.

#### The Curious Side of Life.

I overheard a jolly story in a cafe on Fifth avenue the other evening, says a writer in the San Francisco Call. A good-looking young fellow was telling it to his companion.

"You know I bought a beautiful little game rooster about a week ago, intending to take him down the shore and put him up against that bird of Smithers'. Well, not having any better place to keep him before I left town I let him go about in the yard at the back of the house. I noticed he began crowing pretty early in the morning, but I'm a pretty hard sleeper, and it scarcely entered my head that he was disturbing any one in the neighborhood. Well, night before last I was at a party, and did not get home until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning. It was broad daylight at that time, you know, and while I was getting my clothes off I heard that bird of mine crowing away like a good one. I went to the window to look down on him, when I was confronted with one of the most extraordinary sights that my eyes were ever dazzled by.

The house in the rear of mine, on the other street, is a small boarding school for girls. Two of those girls were standing in the window, gawking down upon the game rooster. It was a fearful sight, you know. But what do you suppose those girls were preparing to do? One of them had a revolver in her hand. They both were waiting for the bird. The girl with the revolver raised her weapon, rested the barrel on her left arm, drew a bead on the bird, and fired. By Jove that spoiled the rooster's crowing. He tipped over as dead as a herring. As soon as the report of the revolver rang out the girls gave a quick glance about the neighborhood, and of course saw me looking at them. I could hear them both scream a little and then vanish from the window. The next day I received an anonymous note saying that the rooster would be paid for if I would send my servant to the school at exactly 4 o'clock that day. I sent my man with a note assuring the young ladies that I would have a bird in my yard for them to shoot at every morning, for such a picture as they formed was equal to anything in the Paris salon.

Police Captain Thomas Reilly had a visitor at the West Thirtieth street station house yesterday morning that did not receive the hospitable welcome the captain usually accords to his guests, says a New York dispatch. It was an enormous tarantula, and succeeded in scaring the occupants of the station house half out of their wits. Charlie Mehan, the doorman, lights the gas in the station house just before roll call at midnight, so that the men can be inspected as they turn out. On Saturday night the doorman noticed the "giant" to get the gaslighter, and as he reached for it he disturbed the spider. The latter ran along the wall, frightened by Mehan's yell of horror, and took refuge in the corner of the room. The captain and Sergeant Sheldon

rushed out from behind the desk, and when they saw the tarantula the captain seized a night stick and prepared to do battle. He did once saw, however, that the rounded end of the stick would prevent him from hitting the insect, so he tied a piece of cloth on it and then hit at the spider. Although usually a good shot, the captain missed his aim and the tarantula ran up the wall to the ceiling and then down toward Sergeant Sheldon, who stood armed with a cricket bat, captured in a raid on some "shiny" players.

The sergeant stood ready, and as the tarantula reached him he struck at it. His aim was fairly good, and the tarantula fell to the floor, where it faced its foe defiantly. Another blow and the tarantula was past doing injury to any one, and he was quickly gathered in to be sent away in alcohol by a collector of curiosities of insect life. It measured about three inches across and was about nine in circumference, and about as vicious a looking insect as has ever been seen in a station house.

Last week Captain Reilly ordered a raid on peddlers, and as a result, several wagon loads of bananas were housed in the station house. It is supposed that the tarantula was brought from South America in the bunches of bananas, and left there to seek the seclusion of the top of the rogue's gallery, where it was lying when dislodged by the movement of the doorman. Sergeant Sheldon was congratulated by all who witnessed his fight with the venomous spider, when the policeman realized that one bite meant death. The sergeant recognized the species before he struck it, and shouted a warning cry when it dropped to the floor.

Last night while a party of young men and women were walking under the shade trees, skirting the Lafayette cemetery, they were startled by a number of wild cries issuing from the center of that burying ground, says a Philadelphia dispatch. The hour was so late, although the moon shined brightly upon twenty persons about, none of them at first could muster enough courage to go in. As they stood in listening attitudes the cries again went up. The girls were soiling with terror, and even the young men glanced anxiously at one another and inquired in whispers, "What did it mean?" In a moment the terrifying sounds ceased, and then they came again with renewed vigor.

"Let's see what it is," suddenly suggested one young man. "All right," came from half a dozen others. Guided by the sound they made their way between the graves to a vault near the center of the cemetery. The vault top rises only a few inches above the ground, but there are a number of holes piercing the sides and the investigators threw themselves upon the vault in question. For a time they could see nothing. Then one of the watchers discovered the outlines of a moving form, and another piercing cry rent the air. Satisfied now that the conscious condition leaning against the side of the vault was a ghost, the men sprang to their feet and ran like mad for the streets.

seventeen bodies here. As I entered, the door closed with a bang, and I saw that I was caught. The lock is a spring lock, and opens only from the outside. At first I laughed, but as no one came to my relief I soon quit that. When night came I was thoroughly frightened. There was no fun in the prospect of passing a whole night in a narrow vault with seventeen corpses. Then I shrieked for help, but no one came. The sun was shining, for when I awoke the sun was shining. I knew no more until you came. I'm going into some other business now."

McCoy, who was recently hanged at San Antonio, Tex., for murder, was for fifteen years one of the most notorious desperadoes in southwestern Texas, says the New York Sun. Nobody but himself knows how many men he has murdered. He had escaped conviction in five trials for murder. Four years ago he lost his right leg from a wound received in a street fight in Cotulla. He was one of the most daring and heartless members of the Alita Fen gang, which terrorized southwestern Texas for years, until Captain Charles McKinney came along and began a war against them.

McKinney, as sheriff of La Salle county, thinned their ranks until Jim McCoy and Bud Crenshaw were about the only members left. They decoyed McKinney on the day after Christmas, 1886, to Twohig station, a few miles from Cotulla, the county seat, where they had plotted to murder him. McKinney and a deputy named Edwards were met at Twohig by Crenshaw and McCoy, who proffered them the use of their horses to ride to the house where a crime was alleged to have been committed. McKinney mounted one of the horses, and while he was inquiring the way Crenshaw pushed the muzzle of a killing knife into his chin and fired. At this stage in the proceedings the Irishman appears on the scene plodding slowly up the walk in front of the tomb. He stops, hearing the music, and looks around. Presently he spies the figure in the doorway, and undoubtedly looked rather forlorn; and while standing in the doorway, waiting for the passage of the shower, unconsciously commenced singing.

At this stage in the proceedings the Irishman appears on the scene plodding slowly up the walk in front of the tomb. He stops, hearing the music, and looks around. Presently he spies the figure in the doorway, and undoubtedly looked rather forlorn; and while standing in the doorway, waiting for the passage of the shower, unconsciously commenced singing. At this stage in the proceedings the Irishman appears on the scene plodding slowly up the walk in front of the tomb. He stops, hearing the music, and looks around. Presently he spies the figure in the doorway, and undoubtedly looked rather forlorn; and while standing in the doorway, waiting for the passage of the shower, unconsciously commenced singing.

The other day as I lay in my hammock I saw a huge toad winking and blinking lazily under the large leaf of a foliage plant, says a writer in the Ashland (Ga.) Gazette. He looked contented and happy, and just as if he didn't care whether school kept or not. A bumble-bee came buzzing around the flowers. That toad opened his eyes, looked around, deliberately winked one eye at me, and then, to all appearances, went asleep again. He was not asleep, however, for the next moment, when the bee came a trifle nearer, he made it little spring, opened his countenance till I thought he would drop in two, there was a flash—and the bee had disappeared. I was just beginning to wonder where

it had gone to when I noticed the toad ejected and lay on the grass before me. I was startled, for the toad was not like an alderman's. In less time than it takes to tell it he was the most lonesome-looking toad that I ever saw. He seemed to reflect a minute and then got into an attitude in which the prints represent Nobuchanezzar when he was out to pasture. His big mouth was close to the ground, while his hind feet stood on tiptoe. He had swallowed something hot and was now going to get rid of it by reversing the process. After several violent efforts, during which his whole anatomy heaved with emotion, the troublesome Jonah was ejected and lay on the grass before me. The toad wasn't winking at me anymore. Instead, he was venting looks of revengeful spite at the unfortunate author of all his troubles, which by this time presented a sorry appearance. Soon the toad cautiously approached, and with a lightning-like movement, the bee again disappeared, this time to stay. For a moment the toad moved cautiously, as if to avoid stirring up the matter, but then, seeing that it was all right, hopped back with an elated air and went to sleep under the leaf.

A Boston young lady visiting in this vicinity relates a pretty good story at the expense of some poor old son of Ireland who resides in this city, name unknown. She was thoroughly soaked before arriving at the entrance, and undoubtedly looked rather forlorn; and while standing in the doorway, waiting for the passage of the shower, unconsciously commenced singing.

A Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis notes that hardly has the discovery of the six of life by Dr. Brown Sequard ceased to startle the French capital before Dr. Charcot, "the man among us who is most habituated to the marvelous," draws the attention of the world to a female chat, or cut-woman, whom he has discovered.

Dr. Charcot's femme-chat is an inmate of the hospital of Salpêtrière, as the story goes. She is a pretty child, about 14 years old, with blue eyes, and long, blonde hair falling down her back. She is modest and gentle up to a certain moment, when the visitor suddenly beholds her eyes "frantically convulsed in their orbits," her mouth shrivels up, a horrible grimace distorts her features, and she drops to the earth on all fours. Then she scampers about the room, over and under chairs and tables, seeking everywhere an outlet of escape, and if anybody attempts to capture her, she spits with the unmistakable piff, piff of an enraged puss. She humps her back and gives vent to long imitations in cressendo and it a bit of paper or other trifle he thrown to her she stretches forth a paw or a hand, as the case may be, and plays

with it as a cat will. Finally, after having done the entire puss business to admiration, she curls over on her back, the crisis is over, and the femme-chat becomes pure femme once more.

All this, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, recalls the fairy story of the man who married a beautiful woman and found out too late and much to his dismay that his bride was but a cat transformed. A mouse chanced to scamp across the floor, and in an instant the woman was filled with uncontrollable fury, sprang from beside her husband, and in a jiffy had the mouse by the nape of the neck. The cat holds a great place in folk-lore and popular tales of sorcery and witchcraft, and as sorcery is not far removed from insanity it is not unlikely that at least some of the stories had their rise in facts like those detailed concerning Dr. Charcot's patient. Such a patient might easily exist outside of the imagination of a French sensation-monger like him who spares the readers of the Courier des Etats-Unis the observation that the femme-chat of the Salpêtrière has no special, elongated mustache which erects itself and stiffens into bristles when she becomes puss pure and simple.

Four feet from the ground in the wall of a large brick building in the Washington navy yard, known as the ordnance foundry, is an iron plate about eighteen inches square bearing this inscription:

Within this Wall is Deposited The Leg of Colonel Urean Dahlgren, U. S. V., Who was wounded July 18th, 1862, while skirmishing with the Rebels in the streets of Hagerstown, after the Battle of Gettysburg.

An explanation of the freak of sentiment which prompted the interment of the amputated leg in such a place is left to the imagination of the reader, who can probably guess as well as I can the names of officers who were a colonel's eagles during the war. As soon as the stump of his leg was healed he sprang into the saddle again, and on March 3, 1864, was killed almost in the suburbs of Richmond during Kilpatrick's famous raid upon the confederate capital. Colonel Dahlgren's body fell into the hands of the enemy, but was sent through the union lines and delivered to his friends. It was charged that the body had been barbarously mutilated. This provoked a long controversy, the confederate authorities denying to the last that there had been any mutilation, except that by the missiles which caused his death. He was struck by several bullets in a volley fired at short range from an ambuscade.

One Fare Excursions. September 10th and 21st, and October 8th, round trip tickets will be sold via the Santa Fe route at one lowest first class fare to Kansas, Texas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah, reaching cities of Galveston, Austin, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma, Guthrie, Panhandle City, El Paso, Deming, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Trinidad, Salt Lake City, Ogden and intermediate points. Tickets good thirty days. Stop over privileges at pleasure while on the Santa Fe. For maps, rates and full information regarding optional routes call on or address E. L. Palmer, Freight and Passenger Agent, S. M. Osgood, General Agent, Santa Fe Route, 1308 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.

#### STORY OF A HUMAN SKULL.

An Early Tragedy in the History of Adams County.

#### SLAUGHTERED WHILE THEY SLEPT

How Four Emigrants Were Massacred at Their Camp Fire By the Pawnees Nine Miles South of Hastings.

#### Their Sleep of Death.

A human skull and a number of bones for a long time used in one of the school rooms of Hastings as an aid to the study of anatomy, have a story connected with the early history of Adams county that has, we believe, says the Hastings Gazette-Journal, never before appeared in print. The facts have been in the possession of the Gazette-Journal for a number of years and the incident to which they relate will be readily recalled by the oldest settlers of Adams and Clay counties.

Previous to the year 1866 there were but a few straggling settlements in the part of Nebraska now designated on the maps as Adams county. A few hardy, adventurous spirits had pushed westward from the Missouri river bottoms and formed small settlements along the valleys of the Big and Little Blue rivers. One of these settlements was started by William Kress, or "Wild Bill," as he is more familiarly known to the people of Hastings, near the present site of the village of Ary. Another was located near the present village of Spring Ranch, in Clay county.

In about the year 1863 a party of four men—some accounts say nine—whose names have long been effaced from the memory of men, left the settlement near Spring ranch on a long journey over the plains to California. Their equipment consisted of two emigrant wagons, a teaming machine and a couple of horses and mules. The party was a small one, but it was known that at that time the most of the Indians who roamed the plains in large numbers were in the extreme northern part of the state, engaged in a war with the Dakota Sioux. This fact, together with the large number of emigrants constantly passing over the trail, emboldened the four men to undertake the hazardous journey.

They started confidently enough, but their journey was destined to come to an unexpected and most tragic ending. At the close of the first day of their travels they halted for the night beside the old Fremont trail at a point where it enters the rough, broken valley of old Pawnee creek, nine miles south of Hastings, on the road to "Olmsted" county. The picnic parties who drive from this city to Olmsted pass nearly every week pass within a few rods of the fatal camping ground; and the writer, in company with a party of hunters a few years ago, camped on the same spot and enjoyed an evening meal beside a camp-fire with as much zest as if the ground had not, thirty years before, been the scene of one of the bloodiest tragedies that was ever enacted within the boundaries of Adams county. The small party of emigrants cooked and ate their frugal meal and lay down to sleep beneath the twinkling stars, as unconscious of danger as the innocent babe who, tired of its own childish prattle, sinks to sleep on its mother's breast. They slept the sleep that knows no waking. A party of marauding

Pawnees discovered their camp and with a dash and a yell, rushed into the breasts of savages, ruthlessly slaughtered them as they slept. The morning's sun arose upon the remains of the butchered men and the smoking embers of their camp fires, and the wreckage of the horses and mules, were, of course, stolen by the Indians. Another party of emigrants passing along the trail a day or so later discovered the crime and gave the bodies of the victims a decent burial beneath the soil that had drunk their blood.

Years after, when Hastings had grown to be a city of 3,000 inhabitants, the story was told to Prof. C. J. Davis, then principal of the public schools of this city, but now a resident of Colton, Cal. Prof. Davis resolved to investigate the story. In company with Dr. Perry, at that time a well-known physician of this city, he explored the spot where the tragedy was said to have occurred. The place was easily identified, and several mounds of earth offered conspicuous places for research. The largest mound was cleaned and about a few feet below the surface four human skulls and a large number of bones were unearthed. The story has been verified. Selecting a skull and a few of the bones showing the best state of preservation, Prof. Davis removed them from the earth that had held them so many years, and the grave with its ghastly memories of early days was carefully re-filled. The skull was cleaned and placed in the old east ward school house, where for several years it was used by the classes in anatomy. When Prof. Davis resigned his position several years later he carried the skull with him. If the writer is not mistaken, it to-day occupies a place in the museum of Hastings college, a mute witness of one of the darkest tragedies enacted in the early history of Nebraska.

As a funeral cortege would slowly up Jefferson avenue last Friday, says the Detroit Free Press, an unwanted sound of hilarious laughter from the carriage, four adults and two children, and they had provided themselves with all the necessary refreshments for a picnic of the most festive kind. Each child had a chicken sandwich in its hand and the older people were partaking of liquid refreshments in generous quantity. On being remonstrated with they said it was not any relation of theirs, only a friend, and it was some of his stories they were laughing about. They agreed to postpone the eating, but acknowledged they couldn't cry.

"Jim wouldn't have wanted it," said one of the two men in the carriage, "and if he knew what a good time we were a-havin' goin' to his funeral, he'd want to be with us, wouldn't he Jake?" "Yaas, but is so, he wouldn't like no cryin' at a funeral," he answered. The funeral director decided, however, that they must conform to the custom in such cases, and they finished the journey in grim silence.

A Natural Product of California. It is only found in Butte county, California, and in no other part of the world. We refer to the tree that produces the calumet and penetrating gum used in that pleasant and effective cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis and coughs, SANTA ABIE, the king of consumption. Gootan Drug Co. guarantees and sells it for \$1 a bottle or three for \$2.50. By the use of CALIFORNIA CATRACURE all symptoms of catarrh are dispelled, and the diseased nasal passage is speedily restored to a healthy condition. \$1 a package. By mail, \$1.10. Circulars free. "Ellie Akers" is presenting "Annette the Dancing Girl" in the large city of Pennsylvania to crowded houses.